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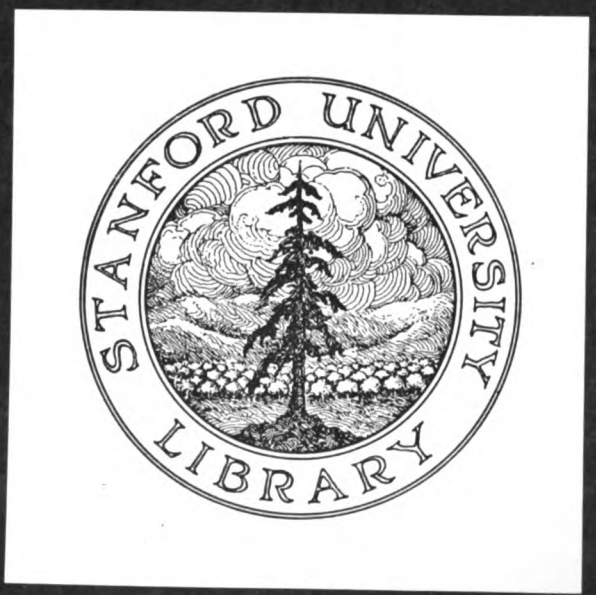

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THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

A MONTHLY REVIEW

EDITED BY JAMES KNOWLES

VOL. XXV.

JANUARY—JUNE 1889

LONDON

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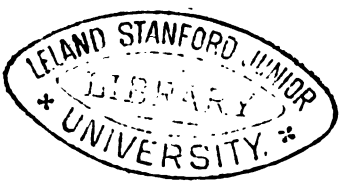

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THE

NINETEENTH CENTURY.

No. CXLIII.—JANUARY 1889.

THE BRITISH FLEET AND THE STATE OF EUROPE.

'THE existence of the Empire depends on the strength of the fleet: the strength of the fleet depends on the Shipbuilding Vote.'

The facts which I brought out before the House of Commons on the 13th of December prove clearly that we are living in a state of false conviction as regards our security with reference to the defence of our enormous Empire. Any way, the facts which I produced clearly and definitely before the House were totally unanswered, either by statement or in argument, by any member of the Government. I did not point this out immediately, because the Government were most anxious to continue votes in Supply, and an answer from me at a late hour could not have done much good for the object in view, but would unquestionably have delayed the Government considerably in their Supply.

My contention was, first, that the fleet of this country should be of a strength sufficient to protect our shores and commerce (particularly the importation of raw material), and to insure the punctual and certain delivery of our food supply against the fleets of two powers combined, one of which should be France. That should be laid down as the standard for the British fleet.

I took the fleets of Great Britain and France, built and building, according to Parliamentary Return No. 218, 1888 (Navies—England and other Countries), in battle-ships and cruisers, and put them in the position which they would and must assume (taking the present

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disposition of the French ships) in the event of a war. I proved that it would be impossible to carry out the only programme which ought to be adopted in the event of a war, namely, to watch and if possible destroy the enemy's ships, with the present relative proportions of the fleets of Britain and France. The 'Plan of Campaign' I suggested might be altered; but I defy any individual, whether he be 'expert' or otherwise, to carry out any plan which does not contain the fundamental principle adopted therein.

The Plan of Campaign presented to the House of Commons, giving the actual ships and the positions they would be in with reference to the vessels of the French in a war with France alone, is here reproduced, with a few words of explanation.

Assumed Distribution of British and French Navies in 1890–91.

MEDITERRANEAN.	HOME WATERS.	CHANNEL.	ON FOREIGN STATIONS.
At Toulon, *French* have 15 battle-ships built and building.	At Cherbourg, *French* have 9 (5 battle-ships, 4 coast defence), and 4 gunboats.	At Brest, *French* have 6 (4 battle-ships, 2 coast defence), and 4 gunboats.	*France* has 1 battle-ship.
British.	*British.*	*British.*	*British.*
Agamemnon	Ajax	Agincourt	Audacious
Alexandra	Anson	Black Prince	Bellerophon
Benbow	Belleisle *	Iron Duke *	Orion
Camperdown	Collingwood	Monarch	Penelope
Colossus	Devastation	Northumberland	Swiftsure
Conqueror	Hercules	Sanspareil	
Dreadnought	Hotspur *	Sultan	British Total:
Edinburgh	Invincible *	Temeraire	5 battle-ships
Hero	Neptune	Trafalgar	
Howe	Thunderer		
Inflexible	Triumph *	British Total:	
Rodney	Rupert *	9 battle-ships	
Superb			
Nile	British Total:		
Victoria	12 battle-ships		
British Total:			
15 battle-ships			

BRITISH.	FRENCH.
36 in European waters.	30 in Europe.
5 abroad.	1 abroad.
Grand Total: 41 armourclads.	Grand Total: 31 and 8 gunboats.

* Inferior to French coast defence both in speed, armour, and armament.

In the Parliamentary return it will be found that Great Britain is credited with forty-nine battle-ships and France with thirty, as built and building at the present time. From the French total there must be excluded the 'Brennus,' as she cannot be finished for some years; also the four marked 'Sans valeur sérieuse,' the 'Savoie,' 'Revanche,' 'Montcalm,' and 'Thétis;' and one iron-clad abroad. This leaves twenty-four in European waters, to which must be added the six coast-defence vessels of 'Furieux' and 'Tempête' class, superior to many of our battle-ships, making thirty

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available, plus the eight armoured gunboats of 'Achéron' and 'Fusée' class. From the British forty-nine must be deducted eight marked non-effective, viz., 'Minotaur,' 'Achilles,' 'Warrior,' 'Hector,' 'Defence,' 'Valiant,' 'Lord Warden,' and 'Repulse,' the two latter being offered for sale as old iron. There are also five battle-ships on foreign stations, leaving only thirty-six British available in European waters. Our coast-defence vessels cannot leave their own ports, not being constructed as sea-going ships.

No allowance is made here for the exigencies of coaling, for accidents or possible injury from torpedo attack, or for the doubt as to capabilities of such vessels as 'Hero' and some others for blockading purposes, because there is not another battle-ship available; every such ship being named above.

These fleets require auxiliaries of various kinds, which can only be taken from our small stock of fast cruisers, as given in the following list, in less proportion than is actually necessary, because of our lamentable insufficiency in this class of ship.

61 *Cruisers and Torpedo Vessels of* 15 *knots and over.*

As auxiliaries to battle-ships.			For protection of COMMERCE.
MEDITERRANEAN.	HOME.	CHANNEL.	
Australia (over 3,000 tons)	Immortalité	Orlando	Imperieuse
Aurora (over 3,000 tons)	Narcissus	Undaunted	Warspite
Galatea (over 3,000 tons)	Inconstant	Shah	Blake
Amphion (over 3,000 tons)	Leander	Phaeton	Blenheim
Arethusa (over 3,000 tons)	Severn	Thames	Raleigh
Forth (over 3,000 tons)	Mercury		Bacchante
Mersey (over 3,000 tons)		Medusa	Active
Iris (over 3,000 tons)	Medea	Bellona	Volage
Magicienne (1,500 to 3,000 tons)	Barham	Serpent	
Marathon (1,500 to 3,000 tons)	Racoon	Blanche	Melpomene
Archer (1,500 to 3,000 tons)	Alacrity	Blonde	Tartar
Brisk (1,500 to 3,000 tons)	Surprise		
Cossack (1,500 to 3,000 tons)	Barracouta	Rattlesnake	Total, 10
Mohawk (1,500 to 3,000 tons)	Barrosa	Grasshopper	Australian, 7
Porpoise (1,500 to 3,000 tons)			17
Scout (1,500 to 3,000 tons)	Skipjack	Total, 12	
Fearless (1,500 to 3,000 tons)	Spanker		
Sharpshooter (under 1,000 tons)	Speedwell		
Salamander (under 1,000 tons)	Total, 16		
Seagull (under 1,000 tons)			
Sheldrake (under 1,000 tons)			
Sandfly (under 1,000 tons)			
Spider (under 1,000 tons)			
Total, 23			

BRITISH.		FRENCH	
15 knots and over	61 7 for Australia 68	15 knots and over	31 cruisers 8 torpedo vessels 39
Under 15 knots	33	Under 15 knots	36
Total	101 as per return	Total	75 as in return

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The above tables absolutely prove that we have no reasonable argument to adduce for considering that we could defend our coasts food supply, &c., against France alone. And be it remembered that this position with regard to France alone must exist, so far as battle-ships are concerned, for the next four years, as it takes about that time to build and properly equip a battle-ship.

It cannot be too carefully noted that, in the reply of the First Lord of the Admiralty, the questions which I raised as to the standard of the fleet were not referred to at all. He went back into the old argument of numbers of ships and tonnage, which is quite beside the point, is most misleading, and is perfectly useless for upsetting my contention, as numbers and tonnage have nothing to do with the argument. What is to be taken into consideration is the work the respective fleets would have to do. The First Lord also brought up the old statement that he had added more to the fleet than his predecessor; this again has nothing whatever to do with the point, whether the fleet under the present building programme is strong enough or not. The First Lord's argument that the French have more *unfinished* ships building than we have is also beside the question: it does not at all confute the fact laid down by the official return mentioned, that Britain must remain for the next four years in the proportion which I have given, namely, 36 *available* British ships for watching and attempting to destroy the French fleet of 30 ships plus 8 armoured gunboats of a most formidable character. Mr. Shaw Lefevre's reference in the debate in the House as to the comparative numbers of battle-ships which will be available in the next four years for actual hostilities is ludicrous; it is so incorrect that he cannot have studied the Return No. 218. Besides this, during the last two years we have laid down no battle-ships, so we are actually five battle-ships short, allowing for the wastage of the fleet alone (according to Lord George Hamilton's own sensible proposal of reckoning twenty-three years as the life of a battle-ship), and this independently of the numbers needed to bring up its strength to the proper standard.

With regard to the actual position we hold in reference to our fleet and that of France, it may be well to look into the contingencies likely to be brought about by political affairs on the Continent in the present state of Europe. Public attention appears to be riveted on the immense armaments of France and Germany. On account of the strength, efficiency, and preparation of the two armies, opinions are often expressed that war between France and Germany is more or less imminent, and certainly likely to constitute the next breach of the peace in Europe. I hold a totally different view. I think the mere state of preparation is enough to make the statesmen of those countries very careful before either of them embark on any enter-

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prise which may cause a rupture between the two countries; and more than that, it must be apparent to them, as well as to other people, that a war between France and Germany would be one of those wars which history proves to us are of the most terrible and merciless character, simply because each country would be fighting for its actual life and existence as a nation. Whichever suffered defeat would pay the penalty of being scratched out for a time from the list of nations; but for the victor the expenses in men and money, and the contingencies for which he would be responsible after the campaign, would be almost as bad as a defeat in ordinary circumstances. In addition to the loss of men and money there would be an utter and entire disturbance of the victor's country; and there is no doubt that the prominent towns and fortresses of the defeated country would have to be occupied, which would involve almost the same army and reserve being kept up as if the war had not occurred.

Now let me take the possibility of a war between this country and France. Politically, France has seldom been more unstable, more uncertain, or more in a condition calculated to hurt her pride and to make her wish for a change. A succession of weak governments, holding office but a very short time, has shaken the public confidence in the present system of government altogether. The pride of a martial and powerful nation is naturally ruffled at being in the position of having no government, or no leader able to declare '*France says* so-and-so' with the real authority which commands respect. Whatever faults or weaknesses may be detected in 'Boulangism,' the fact cannot be denied that it exists, and exists to a far greater extent than is generally appreciated out of France. The possibility of General Boulanger coming into power every day becomes more of a probability. If he comes into power, it will mainly be through the help of the army and that large portion of the working classes who are anti-socialist. Is it likely in that event that he will be able to sit still? He must move forward, or his tenure of office will be as short-lived as those of his predecessors, and there is only one direction in which to move in a manner calculated to appeal to the military instincts of the nation.

I have given the reason why I think a rupture between France and Germany is, in my opinion, a remote possibility. But why should the same be said for a rupture between France and this country? France has everything to gain and nothing to lose in a war with Britain in the near future. France would not be vitally affected if she lost the whole of her mercantile marine and the whole of her men-of-war; but Britain has everything to lose and nothing to gain, for even if victorious, she could gain nothing, owing to the losses at the beginning of a war being so tremendous. An absolute victory for England would still leave a disastrous disturbance of the trade of the country, and even with a victory

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our shipping trade might have been destroyed. If France won, the gain to her could not be calculated, for her victory would mean the destruction of the British Empire. Such a war must be entirely and absolutely a naval one. We have no army except what is necessary for a frontier police force for our scattered territories; and our existence as an Empire would in no degree whatever depend upon the strength of our army, though its numbers were ten times as great as at present.

Looking to the maritime interests of each country, it is hardly possible to draw any parallel or even comparison. The maritime interests in France mean interests of a more or less extensive character connected only with individuals or localities; and, if lost altogether, have nothing whatever to do with the national existence either as regards food supply or the importation of the raw material, from the manufacturing of which a large portion of her working population derive their daily wages. France, it must be remembered, has a land frontier by which she can receive supplies, and in this respect her position differs materially from ours. But look at Britain: not only is her very existence bound up inseparably with the question of her maritime security, but two-thirds of her people actually live on water-borne food, and nearly the whole of her working population are dependent for their daily wages upon the sure delivery of the raw material which they work up, most of which requires water transport.

With reference to this question of a war with France, the argument is often used, '*We* don't want to fight,' but that is no reason why France, seeing such a magnificent opportunity afforded her, in the next two or three years, should not take advantage of a campaign where she has everything to gain and nothing to lose. It cannot too often be insisted upon that, if France loses the whole of her navy and the whole of her maritime marine (which is, in steamers, 481 over 100 tons, as compared with Great Britain and colonies, 5,715 of same tonnage), she still remains a first-class Power, while with Britain the diminution of her trade, the temporary stoppage of her food supply, or even the loss of two battle-ships (looking at the near equality in numbers of battle-ships of the two Powers), might bring about events causing her destruction as an Empire.

Arguments may be adduced against the theory which I have enunciated, but the following facts cannot be denied. At this moment England is regarded generally throughout France with more dislike than she has been for years—it is stated by those who know that the dislike at this moment far exceeds that against Germany. The old traditional ill-feeling against this country appears to be reviving on the part of the French. Although Great Britain is not hostile to France, or in any way anxious for anything but amicable relations with her, it is at the same time absolutely necessary—in these days of immense armaments, steam, speed, and electricity—that every

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nation should keep careful watch on its neighbours. Affairs in Egypt and other circumstances have tended to fan the flame which all right-thinking men must deplore. The domestic political question in France may, in the course of weeks even, bring about a state of affairs which it is impossible to foresee the end of. The possibility, I repeat, does exist of General Boulanger getting into power, and, if he does, his tenure of office must depend upon some big, bright, or unusual scheme, and there is no reason then why he should not adopt the programme I have mentioned.

The old question of allies will here be brought up; and if we have allies, it is easy to point out who they would naturally be—Italy, Austria, and Germany. But any such alliance with this country must be visionary and chimerical, as it has not had the ratification of Parliament and therefore cannot be counted upon except theoretically. On the other hand, it is perfectly possible for this country to be engaged in a war with France, or even with France and Russia combined (a war which, be it remembered, must be entirely maritime), without other countries feeling inclined to lift a finger by disturbing or moving their great armies on the Continent in support of our chimerical alliance. Take the question of a supposed actual alliance with Italy. It would be of very little use to us from a maritime point of view, even with as good a fleet as the Italians have. I doubt if they would consent to move a single battle-ship out of the Mediterranean, but there is no reason why the theatre of action, so far as the battle-ships of France and Britain are concerned, should be limited to the Mediterranean; and I am perfectly certain that the Italians could not afford to lend us a single cruiser to protect our largest interest and our weakest point, the mercantile marine. It is not likely that Germany would move against France, for the reasons I have given; and Italy alone would hardly be disposed to launch her armies at those of France in consideration of the little good that England with her fleet could be to Italy. A war in which Italy and Britain were engaged against France would probably be the end of Italy, as it would become for Italy a military war in which France must beat her; and the alliance would therefore be of no earthly use at all to either England or Italy. But, argue how we like as to alliances, there is no proper reason why Great Britain should not have her fleet at such a standard as I have named—that is, able to cope with any two first-class powers combined against her.

Owing to our Parliamentary system of government, and our natural wish as a people not to interfere in other nations' concerns, a definite alliance for this country is almost impossible; and this fact is one of the principal reasons for our unpopularity generally in foreign countries. We appear to court alliances with foreign nations only when our own selfish interests are concerned; but, through the indefinite and chimerical nature of these transactions, we leave other nations in doubt as to our real intentions one way or the other.

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Having shown what I regard as the absolutely dangerous position of this country in reference to a war with France alone, let me state what I think should be done to minimise the danger. In the interests of peace, and solely in the interests of peace, we should either have an open alliance with Germany, which, I believe, would insure peace on the Continent, or we should set to work *at once* and put our fleet in a position to defend our own selfish interests and make us independent of chimerical allies. Such alliances are certain, by their very nature, either to bring us into grave difficulties, or provoke even greater dislike against us abroad, through our possible inability to comply with the demands which might be made on us, should interests other than those directly our own be placed in jeopardy. I much doubt, though, whether Germany would be so foolish as to enter into an alliance with this country, so long as Britain keeps her fleet at a standard of strength which cannot be useful to an ally, not being even sufficient to defend her own selfish maritime interests.

The wiser, more judicious, and more patriotic plan would be to adopt such a programme as I lately submitted to the House of Commons, namely, to raise our fleet to the standard which even the Government acknowledge it ought to be at, sufficient to cope with the fleets of two powers combined, one of which should be France. Such a fleet would insure peace to ourselves and steer us clear of this dangerous trust which we often put in illusory alliances.

When will this country really open its eyes and look into the facts of the case as they stand? All parties in the kingdom continually state that our existence depends upon the strength of the fleet. How, when, and where are the people to get accurate information on that subject unless they listen to those seamen who know what they are talking about, and who will have to carry out operations of war with the vessels that actually exist? The opinions of experts outside the Board of Admiralty (which is *supposed* to be responsible for the strength of the fleet) have continually been brought before the public in articles and the press. But two points militate against their views really getting into the public mind: one is the small number of experts compared with the mass of the people, and the other is the limited opportunities which those experts have for expressing their views at all. Not only do the experts outside of the Admiralty give strong opinions, when they have an opportunity, upon this question, but the distinguished seamen who are the Naval Lords at this moment have said all that can possibly be said by men holding responsible and official positions. It is often asked, 'Why don't these officers resign and make public their ideas with regard to the strength of the fleet?' What good would such an action do unless they resigned in a body? They have no means of getting hold of the public ear, if

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once they do leave office, unless they are members of Parliament. One of them, moreover, the Senior Lord of the Admiralty, Sir Arthur Hood, has given his opinion that he is satisfied with the number of battle-ships built and building with regard to France; and though his opinion as a distinguished officer, and as the First Sea Lord of the Admiralty, must be taken into account, still, when thrashed out in fair argument, it is absolutely worthless and valueless, as he has also stated that the requirements of the country have never been laid before the Board of Admiralty; in other words, he has by his own admission apparently never made out such a practical Plan of Campaign as was lately submitted to the House of Commons. Added to this, I believe, he is absolutely the sole naval representative who holds the opinions that he expressed as to our battle-ships. As far as I know, there is not one single other naval officer who has not given a diametrically opposite opinion, and they have all given the reasons for their statements. It is well to remark that Sir Arthur Hood, though he gave a strong opinion, gave no reason whatever for that opinion when challenged to do so before the Navy Estimates Committee; and, looking at the facts, it is impossible to think that he could have given one. Of the other two Lords, Sir Anthony Hoskins distinctly states his opinion that the navy should be of strength enough to '*more* than cope with the fleets of two powers.' My Plan of Campaign distinctly and unquestionably proves that we cannot reasonably expect to meet and beat France during the next four years with the battle-ships now built and building. As for the Junior Lord, Admiral Hotham, his opinion could not be given in more forcible or surprising language; for when he was asked before the Naval Estimates Committee if he was satisfied with the strength of the fleet, he replied, 'Certainly not.'

The articles written lately in the *Fortnightly* by three of the most distinguished men in the Navy (Admirals of the Fleet Sir Thomas Symonds and Sir Geoffrey Hornby and Admiral Lord Alcester) have been combated by the optimists. But why? The distinguished admirals based their proposals for increasing the fleet upon a definite and understandable basis and foundation. They took the fleets of this country at the time of the last war in which we were fighting for our national existence. In all intervening wars, including the Crimean, we were not fighting for existence, as our existence as an empire was never for a moment at stake. The distinguished admirals, it may be argued, took a period when we were at war with the whole world; in fact they took a period at the end of that war, when of course the fleet was up to its maximum strength. But they started from a sound foundation with an argument derived from actual and visible facts, whereas the present First Lord of the Admiralty, as representing the Government, bases his argument, as to the relative strength of France and Britain,

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on no foundation whatever, but simply on the amount of the ship-building votes of the last three years as representing the strength of the fleet. That vote is made out on no principle, no theory, no business-like suggestion whatever as to the requirements of the country—the real object of the expenditure—but is only calculated on the amount of money the Cabinet may allow to be spent for the navy, or on the sum of money that has been spent in the preceding year. What is this business-like nation about, to allow such a method, or want of method, in fixing the strength of its navy?

How will the fact be combatted when taking the rate of insurance alone? In 1860—taking the expenditure on the navy as the rate of insurance for what it had to defend, viz. the imports and exports of this country—we were paying 3·41 per cent. for this protection. At the present moment we are paying only 1·85 per cent.! Thirty years ago our people were almost entirely fed out of our own fields; now, nearly two-thirds are fed by food which comes from over the sea. Is it possible to produce a stronger argument in favour of my contention that our navy is in a dangerously weak position for performing the duties expected of it in time of war with a rival maritime power?

Letters, articles, and speeches may appear, no doubt, raising up misty theories to upset my arguments, but I do hope that the public will listen to none of them until indisputable facts are brought forward to upset my facts.

The standard for the fleet, which I have advanced, is acknowledged to be the one requisite for the defence of this country—in other words, requisite for the existence of the Empire. The Plan of Campaign which I produce shows how terribly and dangerously short we are in numbers with regard to that standard. The evidence before the Navy Estimates Committee proved conclusively that the fundamental basis with reference to the organisation for war does not exist at the Admiralty in the most important and only particular on which all calculations should be made, namely: a definite Plan of Campaign based on the actual forces at the disposal of the country. By having such a plan the many and various shortcomings of the fleet for naval defence, so often brought before the public, would be actually and practically found out.

Another argument will be adduced by the timid people, who will say, 'How unpatriotic speeches and articles of this character are in thus revealing our weakness to foreigners!' No argument can be less worthy of consideration. The only people who do not know these weaknesses, who have not formed a strong opinion as to the relative position of England to other countries, who have not by simple business-like and ordinary schemes for organisation found out the position in which we actually stand, are the British public themselves.

I know in this great question it is very difficult not to repeat the

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same arguments over and over again. It is difficult to give the old arguments the freshness which is necessary to get them read; but I believe in the efficacy of continually pegging away and dinning into the ears of the public, by every means in our power, the simple, true, actual facts as they stand with reference to by far the largest and most important subject which can possibly interest the millions which form our gigantic Empire, namely—the strength of the fleet, upon which the very existence of our mighty Empire depends.

It is at least satisfactory to observe the effect which is being produced upon the Government by those who have thrown their energy and determination into this question. Last year and the year before we were told that the programme put forward in the Shipbuilding Vote was all that was necessary for the strength of the fleet, that it was sufficient for its gradual increase if adhered to as years went on, and that the Government were not going to be pressed to any alteration or extra expense by the force of outside opinion. The speeches of Lord Salisbury, Mr. Goschen, and Lord George Hamilton lately, give satisfactory and pleasing evidence that the Government are trimming sails to the breeze of public opinion, which breeze is gathering in strength every day on this vital question.

All that I have ever written or spoken on this point has been in the interest, and in the hope, of preserving peace for our Empire; for I firmly believe that, if we became engaged in a war in which we were fighting for our existence, even if we were victorious, the interests of the whole world, as represented by civilisation, justice, liberty, humanity, and commerce, would suffer. I cannot give my own opinion about war in better words than those of Brougham, in which he says: 'I abominate war as unchristian; I hold it the greatest of human crimes; I deem it to include all others—violence, blood, rapine, fraud, everything which can deform the character, alter the nature, and debase the name of man.' But while holding an opinion about war as strong as is thus expressed, I can find *no words* strong enough to convey what I believe would be the judgment of the peoples of the whole of our magnificent Empire, if we lost our great heritage, as we undoubtedly should, were we caught unprepared through want of a sufficient navy.

CHARLES BERESFORD,
Captain Royal Navy.

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ISOLATION
OR SURVIVAL OF THE UNFITTEST.

GREAT landscapes are often commanded from little windows; and sometimes, though perhaps not so often, the narrow area of some small community may exhibit with extraordinary clearness the working of universal laws. The present condition of the island of Lewis is a case in point. The facts connected with it are very interesting and very curious. The simplest of them, but not the least important, is the mere geographical circumstance that Lewis is an island. In the natural sciences the isolation of special facts is the first condition of successful investigation. The mere separation of local phenomena from all others may go a long way towards the identification of the causes which have produced them. This, which is notoriously true of the subjects of purely physical inquiry, is not less true of the much more complicated problems which are concerned with human life. It is an immense advantage when we can get these problems presented to us in connection with a continuous history, and under external conditions which are at once simple and peculiar. A most natural reaction has been caused by the fantastic theories of the late Mr. Buckle on the effects produced upon human character by purely physical surroundings. It is certainly not true that the peculiarities of any community of men can be explained by the skies under which they live, or by the soil on which they tread. But it is quite as certainly true that there are some physical conditions which determine a good deal and which may guide us to a good deal more. Insulation is one of these. In past times it has involved the accessibility or inaccessibility to foreign conquest or invasion. In recent times it has involved accessibility or inaccessibility to the entrance of knowledge or to the stimulus of new ideas. This again has carried with it the persistence, and perhaps the corruption, of ancient habits and of immemorial customs. Upon these everything may depend. Climate and soil within certain limits control natural productions, and when mind is stagnant, or retrogressive, this control becomes more and more stringent until it may constitute an insuperable barrier to all improvement. Man succumbs under, instead of meeting and resisting, the adverse conditions which affect his life.

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The Outer Hebrides, or as they are often called in the Highlands 'The Long Island,' constitute one of the most peculiar features in the physical geography of Scotland. From the Butt or north end of Lewis to the lighthouse off the southern end of Barra, this great natural breakwater of islands and of rocky islets extends for a distance of nearly 130 miles. It completely defends the north-western coast of the mainland from the great rollers of the Atlantic. The channel, however, between the Long Island and that coast, is from 30 to 40 miles broad—wide enough to furnish a heavy sea of its own in westerly gales, and quite open in the northerly direction to the whole sweep of the ocean from the Arctic regions. 'The 'Minch,' accordingly, as this wide channel is called, is a very stormy sea. To cross it habitually requires powerful boats. The isolation of the Outer Hebrides is therefore, or rather was, before steam navigation, a real and effective isolation. It was a practical barrier against easy or frequent intercourse with the outside world. In this respect the Outer are very differently situated from the Inner Hebrides. The islands which belong to these nearer groups, although they stretch their stormy headlands far out into the western sea, are, all of them either in themselves, or through some outliers, so close to the mainland that the channels between them can be constantly safely navigated by a skiff, or a coracle, or a canoe. Skye, the largest of the Inner Hebrides, is at one point divided from the mainland by a channel so narrow that one of the larger of our modern ships, if laid across it, would almost block the passage. Moreover, the principal islands of the Inner Hebrides, being much larger and much more fertile than the outer line, are as much more attractive as they are more accessible. Nevertheless, as regards the inner islands also, the mere fact of an insular position has not been without results. It is indeed curious to observe the effects produced by even the narrowest channel of the sea. Men who live on islands are always insular. Separateness is in their blood. Moated off from others, they have a perpetual sense of their individuality, and they are apt to take a pride in fencing it. Their drawbridge is always up. The result of such tendencies must depend on the nature of the garrison. It must depend on the character of the influences which they cherish as compared with the influences which they repel. There are very few races indeed which can afford for centuries to live apart—to develop only what has belonged to their own ancestors—and to exclude all the elements of variety and of change which elsewhere either cause or accompany the great movements of mankind.

Who, then, were the Hebrideans? What was the bent of their genius? What were the specialities of their character? What polity did they bring? Whence and how did they come to those wild and lonely islands?

All these questions can be answered with tolerable precision, in

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the light of history. The Hebrideans are mainly descended from that branch of the Celtic race which at some very early date had passed across Britain into Ireland, had made that country the seat of their strongest settlement, and so early as A.D. 360 had already appeared as the fiercest enemies of the Roman provinces in North Britain. This is the people, called by the Romans Scoti, which in the first years of the sixth century (about A.D. 501) migrated from the district of Dalriada in the Irish Scotia, and established a permanent colony in that part of the Caledonian coast which from thence was called Arregaithel, then passed through many forms into Ergyle and is now Argyllshire. It means simply the land or coasts of the Gael. This is the people who, by one of the strangest processes of evolution ever recorded in history, came ultimately, through this colony, to give their Latin name, by which they did not know themselves, to the whole of Britain lying north of the Solway and the Tweed.

Of the bent of their genius, and of the specialities of their character, when still in Ireland we know everything from the best authority—that is to say, from themselves. The Latin historians knew them only as they were seen and felt in Britain, and this, too, only during the later years of the Imperial dominion. And so they give us no account of the Scoti except the barest outline. Nevertheless, that outline is sufficiently graphic. Three facts struck the Romans as regarded the Celtic Scoti: they were very brave, they were very wandering, and they were very prolific. From themselves we can fill up this outline as no other sketch of that epoch can be filled. Unlike the other northern nations at that time, the Celtic Scoti had a literature, and, in great part at least, that literature has survived. They had a language, which was expressive and picturesque. They had poetry and song. The professional bard was honoured at their feasts, and round their roaring fires of wood and peat. Originally—that is to say in pre-historic times—divided into tribes, they had come to be divided into those military brotherhoods which are known in history as clans. These clans fought against each other with fierce and implacable animosity. Internecine wars—the ravaging of each other's territory, the massacre of each other's population, the burning of each other's churches—these were the great occupations of their lives, and the one great subject of their verses and their song. Even their women were liable to 'hosting'—that is to say, to conscription in fighting array, and in battle they might be seen encountering each other, and tearing each other's breasts with reaping hooks. They had been early converts, after their own fashion, to Christianity; and their monks and clergy were organised on some ancient tribal and hereditary system which placed them in only too close sympathy with the worst habits of their race. It is they, and their clerical successors in the more 'Catholic' centuries, who have left a faithful account of their life and doings

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during many hundred years. The poet Southey has embodied in an expressive list of Latin words the general effect left upon the mind by a study of the Celtic annals of Ireland:—'Jugulatio, vastatio, devastatio, prædatio, deprædatio, occisio, combustio, strages, altercatio, belliolum, prælium atrox—behold in these words, which everywhere occur in this book, the history of the Island of the Saints.' It is indeed an awful record of chaos and of savagery, without one single sign of growth in those developments of primitive custom into definite law or settled institutions in which civilisation has everywhere consisted, and upon which it must everywhere depend.

This is what the Irish Scoti were, and continued for many centuries to be, in the land of their farthest settlement to the west. But such results represented one side of their character alone; and it was only under special conditions that this side seemed to be the whole. These Celts had not always been cut off by isolation from other tribes of men, and from the general stream of the world's progress. They were but one particular branch of a great race which had spread over Europe from the Rhine to the Pyrenees and the Po, and had passed even down into the Mediterranean coasts of Asia. All over that vast area they had come into contact with civilisations higher than their own. Even those whom they conquered did nevertheless intellectually conquer them. And so, over all those lands, they served to enrich the human soil without engrossing it. But in Ireland they encountered only some aboriginal outliers of the human species—weak and obscure—whom they exterminated or enslaved. Geographically they had got into a blind alley, out of which there was no turning except by turning back. Fortunately this was easy to them, because in passing into Ireland they had passed through Britain, where some of their kindred had already been established, and which it is evident they had known by that earliest Latin name which the Romans gave it when they first saw the pure white cliffs of Dover, of Beechy Head, and of the western corner of the Isle of Wight. It is one of the many mysteries of geological science that, although what is known as the Cretaceous Age has left abundant remains all over the world, nowhere, except in the south-eastern shores of Britain, has it left that curious sediment which is now as white as the driven snow. It is seldom that we can understand so clearly the origin of a place-name as in the case of the name first given to Britain by the Romans when they called it Albion. 'Britannia' came later, when wars and conquest had taught the Romans to know the affinities of race which connected the people whom they had to subdue in Albion with the people whom they had already subdued in Gaul. But the Celtic Scoti had evidently crossed over Britain at the time when, from the Romans, they had learned to call it Albion; and hence, when they came in course of time to overspread Ireland to its northern extremity, and when they looked back eastward across the sea to the continuous

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land which still fronted them from the headlands of Antrim, they knew it to be the same land which their fathers had crossed farther south, and so they continued to call it 'Alban.' It is curious and typical of a very singular history that, although this name has been transmitted as a royal title, and although for several centuries it was the name in common use for a large part of Scotland, it is now locally unknown except as preserved in the one small district of Bread-albane on the western borders of Perthshire. This complete obliteration of Alban, and the complete substitution for it of the name 'Scotia,' which in the same centuries was exclusively applied to Ireland, is the result of that return migration eastwards which once more brought the great body of the Celtic Scoti into touch with the only influences which could improve and civilise them. When they had overrun Ireland to its northern extremity, they had not before them the proverbial 'three courses' of the practical politician. They had only two. They might stream northwards to the verdant shores of Islay, and so along all the line of islands to the outer and the farthest Hebrides. Or they might return on their own steps eastward, and occupy some part of the Caledonian mainland. They did both. Those who went north became the Hebrideans, more isolated than ever, with consequences we shall see. Those who took the eastern line crossed over to Kintyre, on the shores of that land which they knew as Alba, and with consequences which are memorable indeed. Instead of being isolated and, as it were, shunted off from the main lines of human progress, they were again brought into that rush and conflict of the contending races in whose amalgamation then lay the happiest future of the world. And in no part of Europe, or of the world, was that rush and conflict greater than in Roman Caledonia, and in Pictland, which lay to the north and west. It was a perfect whirlpool or maelstrom of native and of intruding tribes, all alternately fighting and allying, slaughtering and betraying, marrying and inheriting from each other. There were the Celtic Picts, with at least two divisions; there were the Celts of Cornwall, the Celts of Wales, the Celts of Britain, besides the Teutonic element in Frisians, in Angles, and in Saxons. But every one of these had been, or were coming to be, in contact with the two great civilising influences of Western nations, the Roman Empire and the Latin Church. The final submission of the old Irish Celtic Church to the Roman ritual and discipline may be regarded as a misfortune by the national antiquarian or by the Protestant theologian. But it was part and parcel of a process to which we owe the rise of our nation and the civilisation of our people. Such pounding and hammering, such melting and transfusion, is only comparable to the work of metallurgy in dealing with the most heterogeneous and intractable materials. And one of the most intractable as well as one of the most valuable of those materials, as one ingredient in the great alloy, came from the

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Celtic Scoti. We are very apt to forget, however, what a tough and hard process that was, and how long it lasted. It was just about one hundred years after the abandonment of Britain by the Romans, in 402, that the Scoti settled in Alban, between 502–6. It took nearly 340 years more before the Scottish element asserted its pre-eminence over the Pictish and the British in the person of Kenneth Macalpine (844). And yet another century elapsed before the throne was shared by the blood of Saxons, in the marriage of Malcolm Canmore with the saintly Margaret. Another long interval of about 280 years, from 1034 to 1314, elapsed before Scotland was finally secured in her national independence under a leader whose lineage was mainly that of a Norman knight, but who shared, also, more or less directly, in all the rival bloods. It is difficult to say what it was in the Celtic Scoti which determined the ultimate predominance of their name. There is no reason to believe that they were better soldiers than their cousin Celts, the Picts, who met the Roman legions in no unequal combat, who fought in chariots and wielded beautifully cast swords of bronze. On the contrary, it seems clear that at one time during those nine centuries of confusion the Pictish Celts had established themselves in dominion over the Western or Scottic Celts even in their own original province of the Gael.

Probably the question is one of distinctive names rather than of distinctive races, or even of distinctive branches. The name Scoti was a Roman, not a native name, and as all literature speedily became Latin, the name survived when the people to whom it was originally given had been, on the mainland, long melted into others. Certain it is that the formative or constructive elements, as well as all the tendencies to peaceful industry, which built up and moulded Scotland into a nation, came wholly from the Roman and the Teutonic side of the country and of the population. The Celtic Britons of Strathclyde, who have left their name to this day in the rock-fortress of Dunbritton, corrupted into Dumbarton, are known to have boasted of their Roman blood. The first substantial nucleus of the future Scottish kingdom —the Celtic kingdom of Alban—lay on the eastern and not on the western side of the mountain ridges which were the boundary of the earlier Irish Celts. Its capital was at Scone, near Perth, in the valley of the Tay, and on the highway of these broad straths and comparatively level country of the eastern coast along which the Anglo-Saxon influences were for centuries steadily advancing. At the same time we must remember there was no Saxon conquest. On the contrary it is remarkable that there was an earlier Bannockburn, in A.D. 685—or no less than 629 years before the final struggle under the walls of Stirling. For in that far earlier year there was fought a great battle at Dunnichen, in Forfarshire, in which an invading army of Saxons from Northumbria was not only routed, but destroyed, by the Celtic forces, with the slaughter of the Saxon king. The

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steady advance, and the ultimate overflow of Teutonic blood and of Teutonic institutions, was due entirely to that best and most complete of all conquests, which consists in the triumph of clear and definite ideas over men in whom all ideas were as yet indefinite and obscure. It was this, and nothing more than this, for even as regards those early usages and customs in which all law begins there never was any such fundamental antagonism between Celt and Saxon as to need violent processes of substitution. On the contrary, the Celtic customs and institutions had been essentially feudal long before they had been described or recognised under that —or indeed under any other—name. During the six hundred years between the departure of the Romans and the marriage of Malcolm Canmore with the Saxon Margaret, the whole framework of Celtic society had passed for ever out of the tribal stage into the very different organisation of the clans; that is to say, it had become from top to bottom a purely military organisation depending entirely on that kind of 'fidelity' to chiefs and leaders which was then the only possible condition not only of military success, but also of security in the possession of anything which arms alone could win, and which arms alone could defend. There was as little and as natural a change in the nature of the thing denoted as there was in the word denoting it, when fidelity in the military sense passed into 'feudality' in that legal sense which made it the strong foundation of permanent institutions. And this is the cause and the explanation of the rapid progress and the prevailing power of the union between Latin law and Teutonic customs, which came to be established in the growing monarchy of Scotland. There was, of course also, as a natural consequence, a growing infusion of Teutonic blood. The two centuries which elapsed between Malcolm Canmore's reign (1056–1093) and the death of Alexander III. in 1285, are universally recognised by all historians as the period in which Scotland was visibly making itself a nation. And it is remarkable that although during all that time the dynasty continued to be Celtic in the male line, its blood was becoming more and more predominantly Saxon and Norman. During the whole of that time every marriage of the royal family, with hardly a single exception, was a marriage from one or other of these races. Nor is this all. During those centuries the greatest of our kings had to fight the northern and Pictish races in battles as fierce as those in which Rome had encountered them a thousand years before. David the First not only defeated them, but expelled them from the country to the east and north of the Spey, and settled or planted those districts with the more mixed, the more settled, and the more industrious races to which he himself belonged.

On the other hand two great facts are to be remembered on this subject: the first is that the Celtic race, in the purest form in which it was anywhere preserved during all those centuries, maintained its

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high reputation for personal fidelity and personal courage; and the second is that the mass of the population continued to have a Celtic basis, even in many of those parts which were most advanced. The first of these facts is proved by the trust which was reposed in them by Robert the Bruce in his War of Independence. The Celts of the mainland—the Picts of Galloway, and the Gaels of 'Ergadhael'—furnished in 1314 the contingent which he most trusted, in his little army of 40,000 men, at Bannockburn. They formed, likewise, the division which he launched with most effect in the later and now almost forgotten battle of Byland, in Yorkshire, where he again routed, not less completely, the chivalry of England and of France under Edward the Third, in 1328. The second fact—the long and wide prevalence of the old Celtic population even in the east of Scotland—is testified by many facts, such as the wide prevalence all over Scotland of place-names which are purely Gaelic. It is, moreover, curiously illustrated by the circumstance mentioned in Burt's *Letters*, that in Edinburgh, so late as about 1730–35, it was difficult to get domestic servants from Fifeshire who could speak English. The truth is, that the old Celtic strain in our common blood was everywhere a valuable, and often an invaluable, element, exactly in proportion to its wide segregation from its own unmixed predominance, and in proportion to the completeness with which it became subordinate to laws, and to a civilisation, higher than its own.

Hence it is that when we turn from the mainland of Scotland to the Hebrides, and to those isolated districts of the north-west coast, which were practically in the same position, we meet with a difference indeed. In streaming northwards into that archipelago of islands and labyrinth of sea lochs, when their companions streamed eastwards into lands which were continuous and comparatively accessible, that Hebridean branch of the Scoti continued subject to conditions not materially better than those they left in Ireland. During nearly three hundred years, indeed, they had time thoroughly to amalgamate with their near kindred, the Northern Picts, to whom, through St. Columba, they communicated, in however rude a form, the inexhaustible gifts of Christianity. With those Northern Picts for a long time, in consequence, they seem to have had no quarrels, or, at all events, no desolating wars. But, on the other hand, during this long time, unlike their brethren in Caledonia, they were brought into no fruitful contact with those more eastern and northern nations who were recasting the European world; and when at last they did encounter them, this encounter took place at the worst time and in the worst form. They met the Gothic races when as yet they were more barbarian than themselves. For just as these Celts themselves were moving northwards in two divisions and along two different lines of march, so likewise were the northern nations moving in the opposite direction 'southwards' in two corresponding divisions and along

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two lines of parallel advance. One of these lines led along the coasts of continental Europe; the other lay to the westward—to Orkney, Shetland, the Hebridean Isles, and to Ireland. The difference of result which hinged on this difference of route is perhaps one of the most curious and instructive facts in history. The Scandinavian races had one distinguishing characteristic. They were hard as steel in giving blows, and soft as wax to receive impressions. Hence they gained, and hence they suffered, far more than even the Celtic race gained or suffered from the influences, good or bad, under which migration or conquest placed them. In sailing and settling southward they came everywhere into the lasting glow of Roman civilisation, and in contact with the growing assimilation of its surviving elements among the invading races. Founding first a powerful settlement in the north-western corner of Gaul, they passed on to the sunny shores of the Mediterranean. There they ruled as conquerors over the old Byzantine provinces of Italy, and then founded a new kingdom from the palaces of Palermo. Rendering immortal services to Europe and the world in arresting and reversing the tide of Moslem conquest, they, nevertheless, were the most tolerant of men, taking and accepting all that the superficial civilisation of Arabian culture could afford, and joining to the services of the Christian Church, and to their own glorious architecture, whatever skill in beautiful forms the Saracenic workmen could supply. And so, when the great Norman race came at last to invade England, they came laden with all the richness of this wide brotherhood in arts and arms—this near kindred with conquerors in the oldest and fairest provinces of Europe. No contrast could be more absolute than the contrast between the Norman invaders of England and that other branch of the same race, who, two centuries before, had steered from Norway to the west of south, and who there, between the end of the ninth and the middle of the thirteenth centuries, wore out many wasteful and barren generations, in contact with nothing more improving than the Hebridean and the Irish Celts. This contrast is marked, and in some faint degree is measured, by the associations which belong to the very names of the Northman and the Norman. In these two forms of the same name we see expressed, by a true and inseparable association, all the difference between the Christian knight, or the feudal baron, and the Norse Viking, or the heathen pirate—between the plundering sea-rover, who took everything and left nothing, and the warrior-statesman, who did, indeed, take much, but who gave far more, enriching the blood and strengthening the institutions of every land in which he settled.

It would be unjust, however, to represent the barbarism as having been all on one side. The northern races who took this barren western route did certainly fail to meet with anything—except the bare profession of Christianity—that could nourish the good seed

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they bore. But it is not the less true that the races whom they invaded suffered most. The Celts of Ireland and the Northern Picts, in passing outside of the rising and lifting tide of the Teutonic migrations, met in the face another stream which was purely fierce and desolating. The same sea which isled them off from the civilising influences of their brethren in the new and rising Scotia, was the very bridge and highway which brought down upon them first the ravages of the pirate, and next the dominion of the Viking. It is true that the Scandinavian races got nothing, and could not possibly get anything, from the Hebridean comparable with those high influences which raised them elsewhere from the Norseman into the Norman. But when Professor Freeman says that the Northmen sank to the level of the Irish Celt, he seems to be hardly just towards the Celts as regards the comparative position of the two races when they first met each other in the far west. What he says is strictly true of a later age. But it hardly applies to the age in which the two races first encountered each other in the Hebrides. The truth is that, although the one was as fierce and predatory as the other, yet the Celts had—what the Northmen had not—the rudiments of an organisation and of a polity capable of that civilised development which at that very time it was attaining among the Franks in Gaul, and which the brethren of the Vikings were destined to elaborate and complete in Normandy and in Britain. The military organisation of the clans was nothing but a rude and lawless feudalism, founded on the habit and the necessity of personal fidelity to chiefs who could lead and who could defend their followers. Services on the one hand, protection on the other, and plunder in different degrees shared by both—this was the Celtic system. It was condensed and paraphrased in the motto of Irish tenants, 'Spend me, but defend me.' The best that can be said of it is that it was a system in harmony with the facts of life. The worst that can be said of it is that, in the absence of any approach to those definitions of the mutual rights and obligations of men in which all law essentially consists—in the utter vagueness and looseness of mere barbarous customs—it was a system which tended to increasing abuse, and to the perpetuation of all the evils that growing corruption could establish. Yet it was unquestionably an organisation higher than that which bound the corsair captain to his pirate crew. Consequently the moment the Northmen began to leave off mere ravaging, and to enter upon conquest and settlement, they adopted or came under the Celtic system, and were at last even more completely absorbed in the people whom they vanquished than they ever came to be in any other part of Europe. It is indeed a striking fact that although the Gaelic people of the Hebrides were in contact with the Norsemen—either as exposed to their ravages, or as subject to their settled sway—for a period almost as long as the

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Roman dominion in Britain, that is to say, for nearly 400 years, nothing tangible now remains of the Scandinavian rule or race in the Western Islands. MacCulloch, the famous geologist, writing so late as 1819, tells us, indeed, that he himself saw fishermen off the Butt of Lewis who plied their trade in boats of an old Norse pattern, with a double bank of oars. But even this is forgotten now. A large number of place-names—names of townships and of farms, and in a still larger number of cases the names of the separate islands, attest, and are the only things that do attest, the long centuries in which the Norseman was supreme over the Gaelic population. Doubtless their blood remains. But it has been entirely absorbed in the Celtic stock. The language and the habits of the people remained purely Celtic, together with such rude social customs as could be said to approach the rank of institutions. But the Norse conquest and dominion had one influence which was lasting. It confirmed and aggravated the isolation of the Hebrideans. It stimulated habits of war and plunder even more than they had been stimulated in Ireland. Moreover, it directed their hostility towards their own more civilised brethren on the mainland of Scotland, against whom they waged war for centuries under chiefs who were Norse in blood, and Norse or Irish in their enmity to the Scottish monarchy. So completely was this hostility recognised by the Celtic people of the mainland during those centuries, that a special name, expressive of it, was attached to the Hebrideans. They were called the 'Gall-Gaidheal' or the 'Stranger-Gaels,' the Gaels who had become yoked to the service of a foreign and a hostile race. The effects of this long antagonism did not cease when the defeat of the Norse king in the battle of Largs, and the growing power of the Scottish monarchs, compelled him to resign the sovereignty of the Hebrides to Alexander the Third in 1268. Long before that time not only the Gaels of the mainland, but even the Gaels of the Hebrides, had begun to meet and to mingle with that return current from the East which drove the mere Norseman out, and brought the French Norman in. But rapid as the infusion of the higher blood soon became throughout all the leading families of the Highlands, yet the higher culture which elsewhere accompanied it was kept at bay for centuries in the islands by the indelibility of the Celtic customs and traditions. Even 'thronèd races may degrade,' as our great poet tells us, and never was the truth more signally illustrated than in the history of the Hebridean clans. They began ill. They had a bad start. The famous Somerled, with his Norse name, had at least in the male line an almost purely Celtic parentage. When his rebellion against the yoke of the Norwegian kings first shook the Norse dominion, he rebelled not on behalf of the Scottish kingdom which was then rising in power and in civilisation—he rebelled on behalf of himself only, and of a petty kingdom or principality such as those which in Irish

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history come under the sounding names of kings of Leinster, or of Munster, or of Connaught. He quarrelled with the Scottish sovereign in the same spirit, because he wished to see established another similar Celtic principality in the northern province of Moray. In this quarrel he attacked and invaded Scotland through Strathclyde, where he was fortunately killed. But he was the progenitor of a whole crowd of chiefs, and Lords of the Isles, who for centuries carried on his tendencies, as they boasted of his blood. One or two of them, from personal connection, supported Robert the Bruce in his great struggle. But they had no idea of devotion to a great cause as distinguished from mere personal fidelity to a great man. The moment King Robert died, the Islanders were almost universally hostile to the Scottish monarchy. Bruce knew the men with whom he had to deal, and in his treaty with Edward the Third establishing the independence of Scotland, there was a mutual stipulation that the Scotch were not to help the rebellious Irish, whilst the English were not to aid the Hebrideans in their raids and their revolts. This parallel between the two disturbing elements in the two nations, recorded in such a document and at such a time, is a parallel which brings out with emphasis a great historical fact. Bruce's foresight was as true as it was unavailing. It is an established doctrine, even of modern international law, that war dissolves treaties. In that rude age they were broken on the slightest temptation. Wars between England and Scotland became continual, and both crowns intrigued constantly with the enemies of the other. During the 274 years which elapsed between the death of Bruce and the union of the crowns in 1603, the Hebridean Islands and the adjacent coasts were a perpetual source of danger to the national government. On one occasion they broke across the hills in great force, invaded Scotland, and were with difficulty defeated in the bloody battle of Harlaw. It was universally regarded at the time as a national deliverance not less signal than that which had been achieved upon the Bannock. On another occasion the Hebridean clans entered into a regular negotiation with Edward the Fourth of England for the conquest and partition of the Scottish kingdom. The condition of the islands themselves was a perpetual scandal even when it had long ceased to be a serious danger. It was almost as bad as the condition of the worst parts of Ireland outside the Pale. Most fortunately no such line of legalised barbarism was ever allowed in Scotland as a geographical boundary, outside of which the people were avowedly left, unprotected by law, to the desolating customs and usages of their own uncultured race. The law of Scotland, growing in definiteness and in adjustment with the growing wants of an advancing people, was the law of the whole country, and all violations of it were acknowledged wrongs. But distance and inaccessibility of geographical position, and the innate attractiveness of a wild

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predatory life, acting as an insuperable temptation even to Norman barons; and last, not least, the desperate tenacity of the Celts to long-established customs, combined to keep back the Hebrideans from sharing in the general advance of the Scottish people. When James the Sixth succeeded to the English throne he became more than ever sensitive to the discredit attaching to the condition of so large a part of his native kingdom. And this it was, doubtless, that led him to a step which was one of the best and most successful he ever took. Over and over again his ancestors had sent, or led, warlike expeditions against the Islands, with little or no result. He determined now to try an embassage of peace and of persuasion. He sent one of the Scottish clergy to that sacred Isle in which kings and vikings, chiefs and barons had been buried for more than nine hundred years. There all that remained of their descendants were summoned to appear, and there they were invited to bury, not their bodies, but the feuds and savage customs of many generations.

In great numbers they obeyed the summons. Before the altar of the cathedral that commemorated the great missionary of the Celts they were persuaded to enter into some definite engagements for the future. These were the beginnings of the better day. They came to be known as the 'statutes of Iona,' constituting an authentic and memorable record of the utter barbarism which had to be reformed. One of the most fruitful engagements was that which struck at the isolation of the Hebridean chiefs, and compelled them to send out their children to mix with other men in the main stream of British civilisation. This was in the truly scientific spirit of political reform—the spirit that penetrates into the deeper-seated causes of social corruption and brings new and permanent influences to bear upon them. One result was curious. The young men who thenceforward were sent out to be educated in the Lowlands were the very men, or the fathers of the men, many of whom acquired a personal loyalty to the House of Stuart, which had been wholly unknown to their ancestors. This was a truly Celtic form of patriotism. But, however inferior it may be to that higher loyalty to law, on which alone liberty and settled institutions can be founded, it was at least honourable in itself, and led to acts of personal devotion which have secured the respect and even the sympathy of better times and of more enlightened men.

But here we come upon a striking difference between the classes which could, and the classes which could not, be brought under the power of the new influences established by the Statutes of Iona. The chiefs, with their kith and kin, could and did move outwards from their rude islands, and rub shoulders with their countrymen in the South, who had made, and were still making, Scotland. They could take, also, military service upon the Continent, as their equally lawless brethren of the Border clans were obliged to do, when their

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distracted country had ceased to be a border, and had become the middle of one united kingdom. But no such resource was open, or open in anything like the same degree, to the poorer classes in the Hebrides. The military ages, which had given them employment, were coming to an end, and the industrial ages had not yet begun. The sea, which had brought the Vikings to them, and on which, under native leaders, they had for centuries been leading a Viking life, was now as vacant for the galley as it was empty of the ships of commerce. Thus the isolation of the Hebrideans became more absolute and complete than it had ever been. Hence the difference, amounting to violent contrast, between them and those leaders of their own blood and race, who escaped from that isolation and mingled in the central currents of the national life. Wars did not cease, either in the century which saw the Statutes of Iona, or in that which followed; on the contrary, they were frequent if not continual. But they were all wars waged for intelligible objects, and involving great issues, not only for Britons but for the world. In these wars men of Highland and Hebridean blood engaged as officers in numbers, and with a renown which made them widely and justly famous. Fontenoy, Quebec, Ticonderoga, spoke with trumpet tongue. Nor was this all. In every walk of science, of politics, and of literature; in the army, in the navy, in the Church, the MacLeods, and the Mackenzies, and the MacLeans, and the Macgregors, and the bearers of every other conceivable name that came from the sons of Somerled, were rising to the front ranks of eminence wherever and whenever they left their narrow glens, and joined in the steps of progress. It was, however, for a short time, and for a short time only, after the close of our civil wars, that the clansmen had enlisted as such in regiments which were attractive to them because they had a flavour of the old system. For a time—an invaluable time—they did something to lift the poorer classes in the Highlands to high ambitions and to wider aims.

But this was a passing phase, and regular military service soon ceased to attract the Islanders. The people remained to multiply. And assuredly they did not belie the reputation for fecundity which the Roman historian had given them more than fifteen hundred years before. They started with a scattered remnant and a desolated country. 'The great misery unto which for the present their barren country was subject'—such is the confession signed by the chiefs in 1603, under the sanctities of Iona, as to the condition of the Hebrides. Never were the natural laws of population, under special and defined conditions, more strikingly and experimentally exhibited. They were now saved from the ravages of war by the growing power and civilisation of a central Government. They were saved, farther on, from the ravages of small-pox—not less destructive—by the introduction of inoculation. They were exempted from the necessity of exertion and of agricultural improvement by the abundant, but

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idle and demoralising, provision of the potato. They were, at a critical time, powerfully stimulated to further increase by the sudden rise of a local manufacture in the products of seaweed. They were ringed off by distance, by the sea, by lethargy, and by increasing poverty, from the rising industries of the Low Country. For some years a sort of paroxysm of discouragement and of discomfort made them throw off swarms to the New World. But not even this, nor frequent famines, could keep down the rising tide of population. We have full and detailed accounts of their condition during the whole of the eighteenth, and for the early part of the present, century from competent, impartial, and scientific witnesses. We have the striking picture of two islands, typical of all, drawn by Duncan Forbes, of Culloden, in 1737. We have the testimony from personal observation of the famous naturalist Pennant, in 1769–1772. We have the testimony of Professor Walker, an eminent agriculturist, for the years between 1760–1790. We have the invaluable statistical accounts of Sir John Sinclair in 1792–5. We have the graphic and accurate description of MacCulloch in the excellent work already referred to. These, with a host of other witnesses equally trustworthy, although less known, leave nothing to be desired as to the nature and origin of the chronic poverty which still survives in some of the Hebrides. Counting among these some southern islands near the Clyde which have long ceased to belong to the same category, simply because they have long escaped from the same conditions, there were ninety-five inhabited islands and islets, including the far St. Kilda. In 1755 the total population amounted to about 52,000. In the short space of forty years they added to their numbers no less than 23,266, or not very far short of fifty per cent. The distribution of this increase was as remarkable as its amount. In some of the smaller islands, the population had nearly doubled. These were in all cases islands in which not even the produce of the potato could support the increase. In the larger islands it was likewise along the wildest and most barren shores that the people were multiplying most. They were multiplying on a resource purely external—the trade in kelp—a trade which hung by a thread on highly protective duties and a fiscal system rotten to the core. This was an aggravating cause of a special and a local kind. But there was another cause far older in its origin, wider and deeper in its effects, which at that time was not local, but affected the whole of Scotland, in all districts in which the rising tide of innovation and improvement did not reach and did not submerge it. This cause was the profound and almost unfathomable ignorance and barbarism of the native agriculture, together with a traditional system of occupation, which, as it were, enshrined and encased every ancestral stupidity in an impenetrable panoply of inveterate customs. This language may sound harsh, or even unjust. And so it might be, if such language were not used in

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the strictest sense, and with a due application of the lesson to ourselves. We are all stupid in our various degrees, and each generation of men wonders at the blindness and stupidity of those who have gone before them. Man only opens his owlish eyes by gradual winks and blinks to the opportunities of nature, and to his own powers in relation to them. Let us just think, for example, of the case of preserving grass in 'silos'—a resource only discovered, or at least recognised, within the last few years, yet a resource which supplies one essential want of agriculture in wet climates, at no greater cost of ingenuity or of trouble than digging a hole in the ground, covering the fresh-cut and wet material with sticks, and weighting it with stones.

There is, however, something almost mysterious in the helpless ignorance of Scottish rural customs up to the middle of the last century. We are tempted to ask—was it a case of degradation? of development in a wrong direction, of the human mind given up so wholly to wars and feuds and plunder, that the most ancient of all arts had been neglected and forgotten? Is it possible that in the far home of the Aryan race, and of the other races which burst upon Europe from the teeming East,—is it possible that they could have been bred upon an agriculture so rude and incapable of resource? I have heard officers of our Indian Government declare that the Indian ryot has nothing to learn from the science or practice of the West—that he knows how to take full advantage of the soil, climate, and products with which he has to deal. It does almost look as if the Celtic and other tribes who moved westwards had never been sufficiently settled to master the new conditions under which they came to live. Explain them as we may, the facts are certain, as regards Scotland generally, and especially as regards the highlands and islands, in proportion as these were most remote from the new centres of peaceful industry. In a country where there is a heavy rainfall, its inhabitants never thought of artificial drainage. In a country where the one great natural product was grass of exceptional richness and of comparatively long endurance, they never thought of saving a morsel of it in the form of hay. In a country where even the poorest cereal could only grow by most careful attention to early sowing, they never sowed till a season which postponed the harvest to a wet and stormy autumn. In a country where such crops required every bit of nourishment which the soil could afford to sustain them, they were allowed to be choked with weeds, so that the weed-crop was greatly heavier than the corn. In a country where such straw as could be grown would have been invaluable for winter fodder or for many other purposes, the whole of it was destroyed by deliberate burning, because they did not know how otherwise to separate the grain. In a country where, consequently, the main subsistence of the people was in cattle, they had no winter provender for them, so that they died in hundreds every winter, and those that survived became

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more and more degenerate. In a country where by far the largest area of the whole was mountain and moor, this immense extent of fine natural pasture was used only in bits and patches during six weeks or two months of the year, and for the rest of it was abandoned to the wolf, the eagle, and the fox. Such is a literal abstract, and an abstract only, of the almost incredible barbarisms of the native agriculture.

But the worst of all the native customs was that one custom which agglutinated all the others into one impenetrable mass—the system of township holdings. This is the system of which the so-called 'Crofter' townships are nothing but a survival. It was not a system peculiar to the Highlands or to the Hebrides. 'Croft' is not a Celtic but rather an English word. Township holdings were universal in Britain during the Middle Ages, and not there only, but over a large part of Europe. It was almost a necessity arising out of the conditions of society under the barbarism of universal predatory violence. Men could only live with even tolerable security when they lived in communities. Excellent and even necessary for the purposes of defence, it was fatal to the entrance and beginnings of agricultural improvement. Village communities, living in communal customs, have now a flavour of sentiment and poetry about them—to us, most of whom have forgotten what they really were. It is a pure delusion to suppose that they represent our modern interest in small farms, or in allotments. Small farms may be excellent things, and so they certainly are excellent in many cases. Allotments also may be excellent things, and so they, too, are excellent under suitable conditions. Club-farms may succeed, too, although they are still in an experimental stage. But township farms are not like any one of these. They may be truly defined as farms held in a muddle, and cultivated higgledy-piggledy.

Another common delusion is that they represented some peculiar and independent tenure. But tenure has nothing to do with the matter. Township farms may be, and have been, held under any and all kinds of tenure. They may be held in a sort of customary copyhold. They may be held under long leases. In the Highlands they had no tenure at all, except that of tenants at will under the leaseholders of large farms. What they paid was no fixed rent, but as much in dues and services as could be extracted from them. The Statutes of Iona establish this in a striking manner. The township system essentially consists, not in any particular tenure, but in the use to which the tenure, whatever it may be, is put. It is a habit of life, and a mode of occupation. The evils of it were purely practical and economic. But these evils are enormous and insuperable. There could be no advance in agriculture when no one man could hold his patch of cornland for more than one or two seasons—when even during those seasons it must remain undivided and unfenced from the other

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patches around him—when he could not have his cattle separated from those of other men—when he could do nothing exceptional, nothing out of the established routine, nothing individual. It is impossible to say anything worse of any system. For, everything that 'makes a man' is individual. Thrift is individual, ingenuity is individual, thoughtfulness is individual, the open eye, the receptive mind—all these are individual, and without individual freedom to act on individual gifts, everybody is kept down to one level, and that the level of the stupidest. Nobody could rise out of the ruts of custom. The township stood 'four square to all the winds that blow,' in every direction from which a single breath of intelligence could approach, or find admittance. Hence it is that the breaking up of the township communities into separate farms or holdings was the initial step in the agricultural improvement and the moral civilisation not of Scotland only, but of England also. How late this change came is curiously forgotten now. I have found even highly educated and distinguished men profoundly ignorant of the very recent economic history of their own country and even of their own estates.

It is curious that two such men who have been prominent under the influence of sentiment or of politics, or of diplomacy, in recommending to Parliament measures for arresting that great step in the progress of agriculture which consists in the gradual dissolution of the township system, are both of them men who are themselves in the possession and enjoyment of estates from which every single township has been swept away. The chairman of the Crofter (or Highland Township) Commission lives in that fine pastoral district of the Southern Highlands which has been far more 'cleared' than any portion of the Northern Highlands or the Islands. Suspecting the probability of some similar results, I had the curiosity to consult lately an excellent county history of Northumberland. I found that Sir George Trevelyan is the happy owner of a large estate—some 18,000 acres—which has swallowed up, I believe, not less than twelve old townships, and I should be much surprised to learn that one single specimen remains of the old 'crofter' class of holding. In his speech on the Crofter Bill in the House of Commons, he seemed to try to make as moderate a use of popular delusions as was compatible with his case. But I think I recollect that he was eloquent to effusiveness on the cattle which he saw upon some Perthshire hills belonging to a happy township at its foot. I doubt whether a single communal beast could now be seen anywhere on the long skylines of Simonside, or on the nearer hills which fall down into the pleasant valley occupied by his own wide domain. The local historian is eloquent on the old village greens in that district which are deserted now, and on the touching remains of the old township or crofter communities, with their maypoles and archery meetings which can still be traced on the

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banks and braes of the pleasant Wansbeck.[1] And all this is no very old story. All over Northumberland the county is still divided into the old township areas; and until very lately, if not now, all local taxation was raised upon them. Far on in the last century the county was full of township holdings. I have good reason to believe that some of them held their place in the memory of living men. I doubt if one now survives. There, as elsewhere, the wealth and civilisation and improvement of the country have rested entirely on the substitution of individual skill and knowledge and capital. It is the same thing all over the Lowlands of Scotland. At dates so recent as to represent but yesterday in the national life, the whole country round Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Greenock was crowded with crofters—that is to say, with township holdings. Nor is this great economic change one which is confined to Britain. In Russia the 'Mir' is breaking up. In the Balkan Peninsula, among all its races, the simple village communities are in course of dissolution. Railways do it; steamboats do it; banks do it; new markets do it; above all, new aspirations do it. It begins with the family, in which patriarchal power breaks down. The girls want finer dresses, more costly ornaments. The boys want higher wages, and an earlier home than the village can afford. And so the subjects of the 'Great White Czar' and the tenants on Bishop Strossmeyer's episcopal domain are equally affected by common causes.[2] Even in India, in the 'unchanging East,' Sir W. Hunter tells us that each civilising act of the central Government is a powerful solvent on the old village communities. It does for them something which of old they could only do by patriarchal combinations.[3] In our own country this change is now almost forgotten in the blaze and triumph of the new conditions. Yet it is everywhere very recent.

In some districts it dates from the generation which was born after the union of the crowns. In many others it came, with a rush, on the immense development of industry after the union of the Parliaments. In yet a larger number it lasted for a hundred years longer, and was only effected in the beginning of the present century. In the old Hebridean area it survives to the present day, and is everywhere—except under very special conditions of intelligent authority exerted by improving ownership—accompanied by chronic poverty, ignorance, idleness, desolating customs, and by periodical scarcity amounting almost to famine.

Of this condition of things the Isle of Lewis is the typical example. It simply represents, in our civilised and industrial age,

[1] Hodgson's *History of Northumberland*, i. 277–8, &c.

[2] *The Russian Peasantry*, Stepniak, vol. i. *The Balkan Peninsula*, Laveleye, chap. ii.

[3] *Scottish Geog. Mag.* December 1888, p. 627, 'Historical Aspects of Indian Geography.'

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the barbarous ignorance and the wasteful customs which made Scotland the poorest country in the world some three centuries ago. It is a survival of the unfittest caused by isolation, and by the inveteracy of old Celtic usages. The only special condition affecting the people of that island is one which imperatively demands special and even exceptional industry to overcome the obstacles of nature. The whole of the outer Hebrides are mainly composed of the oldest, the hardest, the most obdurate rock existing in the world. It is the same rock which occupies a great area in Canada on the northern banks of the St. Lawrence. The soil which gathers on it is generally poor; but in the Lewis it is both very poor, and even what is comparatively good is often inaccessible. In its hollows stagnant waters have slowly given growth to a vegetation of mosses, reeds, and stunted willows. Gradually these have formed great masses and sheets of peat. Only along the margins of the sea, where calcareous and siliceous sands have mixed with local deposits of clay, are there any areas of soil which even skill and industry can make arable with success. The whole interior of the island is one vast sheet of black and dreary bog. So early as the twelfth century we hear of it as having been assigned by a Norse king to an inconvenient brother, whose absence, and, perhaps, whose starvation, was desirable. It seems to have been a short experiment. For a time he lived, we are told, 'in great poverty,' and then the poor banished Viking Olave fled in despair and explained that the island could afford no living. In the devastating ages of the clans the population was more than decimated by the feuds and wars between the MacKenzies and the MacLeods. Ever since, its remoteness has walled it off from every rising tide which elsewhere gradually brought improvement. In vain in recent years did a great capitalist spend and sink his thousands on its unreclaimable morasses. Yet this is the area on which the natives have been multiplying at a rate which exceeds the rate of many thriving towns. At the beginning of this century the population was 9,168. By the last census of 1881 it was 25,487, an increase of 178 per cent. And this increase rested entirely on one source which is extraneous and precarious. It rested on fishing, and latterly on a particular system of fishing which depended wholly on the enterprise and capital of other men. The people were hired to man and to work boats at the herring fishery of the east coast. It would be unjust not to recognise the fact that this is an industry involving, very often, although for a short time, really hard work and much exposure. The same may be said of the old local industry of the manufacture of kelp. For a short time in the year that work was also hard, in cutting and collecting seaweed from the rocks, and dragging it to the shore. Activity by fits and starts—short seasons of exertion with long intervals of idleness and repose—such are the hereditary conditions

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natural to a people descended from a mixture of the Norsemen and the Celt. But never, even for a moment, has there been one step taken towards an improved cultivation of the soil. On the contrary, the continuous development of ruinous customs has brought the continuous evolution of decline. The evidence given lately before the Crofter Commission is almost unbelievable. Yet all the most striking facts are related and emphasised by the independent testimony of the local clergy both of the Established and Free Churches. As usual, great ignorance and great poverty are accompanied with exceptional improvidence. A youth is scarcely twenty when it behoves him to take a wife. There being no other means of subsistence, the father or father-in-law lets the young couple occupy a bit of his own holding, and a few stones covered with turf constitute a new home. Some people say that over-population is impossible, because with every mouth born there are born also two hands to feed it, and to afford a surplus. Yes! if the hands will work, and if the brain is active, and if knowledge exists, and if industry and capital and enterprise have materials to work upon and markets to work for. But none of these 'ifs' are fulfilled in Lewis. Trenching, draining, and fencing, so needful everywhere, and specially needful here, are operations either wholly unknown or rendered all but useless by the slovenly manner in which they are performed.

The ancient township customs lie heavy on every spirit. The question uppermost in every Lewis crofter's mind is, Why should he do differently from his fathers and his neighbours? There is no selection in the breeding of cattle. They are overcrowded in numbers, bred 'in and in,' and exposed to the feeding competition of a crowd of wretched horses, as useless as they are numerous. Then the arable land is managed with equal or even with greater ignorance. The seed is not selected—or, if selected at all, seems to be selected only on the old Hebridean idea, that the worst seed is good enough to sow. There is a kind of insane plausibility about this idea which we fail to appreciate in these Darwinian days. If a seed is good enough to germinate at all, what more can we ask of it to do? Why waste the fat plump seeds, rich in meal, which are evidently meant for human consumption, when the thin, lean, lanky grains will germinate quite as well? If the traditional Lewisian reasons at all, this is probably the reasoning which he would express. The ministers and other educated men remonstrate in vain. 'It is really wild oats that they sow in some places,' says the Free Church Minister of Stornoway, in accents of despair. But then, by way of compensation, they pour in the wretched seed in such quantities that the 'struggle for existence' reduces the whole of it to increasing feebleness. 'They sow corn as if they were feeding hens, and plant potatoes as if they were dibbling beans.'[4] They think the more

[4] *Crofter Report*, 1884. App. A, p. 188.

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they put in the more they will take out. In short, we have here a survival of the wretched husbandry of the lowest period of the military ages staring at us in the fierce light of our own scientific and industrial times. And it must be confessed that there are some men who return the stare with a stupefaction almost as phenomenal. They suggest that the State is to undertake the duty of renovating this little world of ancient chaos. The State is to build better houses, the State is to lend money for better stock; the State is to lay down rules for better husbandry; the State is to charge itself not only with the enactment but with the enforcement of these rules; the State is to prevent early marriages and squatting. Some reformers go even farther. Lands which have been long redeemed from the reign of ignorance are to be 'planted' with its roots and with its seeds again. And what is the end and aim of all this folly? The laws of nature cannot be suspended in favour of any men merely because they speak Gaelic. To 'root these poor people in the soil,' which they have not the knowledge, or the skill, or the industry to cultivate, which they have not the capital, nor a fraction of the capital, even to stock with the only beasts that can turn its comparative barrenness to the use of man—this is the panacea suggested to us. To root them in that soil is to bury them in a bog—a bog physical, a bog mental, and a bog moral. In dealing with one of the Lewis townships lately, Sheriff Brand, Chairman of the Crofter Commission, seems to have been utterly confounded by the dense ignorance of the poor people, for not one single clear idea, or even statement of fact, could be got out of them. He is reported to have exclaimed that 'it was awful, there was simply no dealing with them.'[5] The old township or crofting system, except under conditions of control and of authority which the law has now seriously impaired, is a system fatal to the improvement of the people. It is a veritable cemetery for a noble race —a race full of all the capabilities of human improvement, if only it be freed from the cerements of that living grave. When Wolfe, in the darkness and silence of the night, was rowing across the broad St. Lawrence, leading his Highlanders to the capture of Quebec, he asked if any of the officers could repeat to him the famous Elegy of the poet Gray on the country churchyard. There was one officer who could, and did. 'I would rather,' said Wolfe, 'be the man that wrote that Elegy than the man who takes yonder fortress.' And Wolfe, though too modest, was not wholly wrong. The poet who makes us think, and think again, of the causes which keep down the human faculties, and of the intellectual wealth which lies undeveloped amongst the most humble and obscure, is at least not below the level of the great soldier who illustrates this thought by lifting the men of a race long hated, and long misunderstood, to the heights of military renown. It was not Chatham, nor was it Wolfe, who first

[5] *Scotsman*, Nov. 10, 1888.

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thought of what Highlanders could and would do, when uprooted from the bogs of immemorial routine. It was two native Highlanders, of the old mixed bloods, but of the new civilisation and of the new culture.[6] And since that time the educated classes in the Hebrides have all streamed out into the open currents of the industrial world. They have become, in consequence, great soldiers, great lawyers, great governors, great jurists, great colonists; and, in exact proportion as they have become as mixed in habits as they have always been mixed in blood, they have left, and they will continue to leave, their poor 'rooted' and sedentary countrymen at an immeasurable distance below them and behind them.

ARGYLL.

[6] *Scotland as it was, and is* (Douglas, Edinburgh), chap. vii. pp. 296–8.

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THE DECAY OF LYING: A DIALOGUE.

SCENE.—*The Library of a Country House in England.*

PERSONS.—CYRIL *and* VIVIAN.

Cyril (*coming in through the open window from the terrace*). My dear Vivian, don't coop yourself up all day in the library. It is a perfectly lovely afternoon. Let us go and lie on the grass and smoke cigarettes and enjoy nature.

Vivian. Enjoy nature! I am glad to say that I have entirely lost that faculty. People tell us that art makes us love nature more than we loved her before; that it reveals her secrets to us; and that after a careful study of Corot and Constable we see things in her that had escaped us. My own experience is that the more we study art, the less we care for nature. What art really reveals to us is nature's lack of design, her curious crudities, her extraordinary monotony, her absolutely unfinished condition. When I look at a landscape I cannot help seeing all its defects. It is fortunate for us, however, that nature is so imperfect, as otherwise we should have had no art at all. Art is our spirited protest, our gallant attempt to teach Nature her proper place. As for the infinite variety of Nature, that is a pure myth. It is not to be found in Nature herself, but in the imagination, or fancy, or cultivated blindness, of the man who looks at her.

C. Well, you need not look at the landscape. You can lie on the grass and smoke and talk.

V. But nature is so uncomfortable. Grass is hard and lumpy and damp, and full of horrid little black insects. Why, even Maple can make you a more comfortable seat than nature can. Nature pales before the Tottenham Court Road. I don't complain. If nature had been comfortable, mankind would never have invented architecture, and I prefer houses to the open air. In a house we all feel of the proper proportions. Everything is subordinated to us, fashioned for our use and our pleasure. Egotism itself, which is so necessary to a proper sense of human dignity, is absolutely the result of indoor life. Out of doors one becomes abstract and impersonal.

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One's individuality absolutely leaves one. And then nature is so indifferent, so unappreciative. Whenever I am walking in the park here, I always feel that I am no more to nature than the cattle that browse on the slope, or the burdock that blooms in the ditch. Nothing is clearer than that Nature hates Mind. Thinking is the most unhealthy thing in the world, and people die of it just as of any other disease. Fortunately, in England at least, it is not catching. Our splendid physique as a people is entirely due to our national stupidity. I only hope we shall be able to keep this great historic bulwark of our happiness for many years to come; but I am afraid that we are beginning to be over-educated; at least everybody who is incapable of learning has taken to teaching—that is really what our enthusiasm for education has come to. In the meantime you had better go back to your wearisome uncomfortable Nature, and leave me to correct my proofs.

C. Writing an article! That is not very consistent after what you have just said.

V. Who wants to be consistent? The dullard and the doctrinaire, the tedious people who carry out their principles to the bitter end of action, to the *reductio ad absurdum* of practice? Not I. Like Emerson, I write over the door of my library the word 'Whim.' Besides, my article is really a most salutary and valuable warning. If it is attended to, there may be a new Renaissance of Art.

C. What is the subject?

V. I intend to call it 'The Decay of Lying: A Protest.'

C. Lying! I should have thought our politicians kept up that habit.

V. I assure you they do not. They never rise beyond the level of misrepresentation, and actually condescend to prove, to discuss, to argue. How different from the temper of the true liar, with his frank, fearless statements, his superb irresponsibility, his healthy, natural disdain of proof of any kind! After all, what is a fine lie? Simply that which is its own evidence. If a man is sufficiently unimaginative to produce evidence in support of a lie, he might just as well speak the truth at once. No, the politicians won't do, and besides, what I am pleading for is lying in art. Shall I read you what I have written? It might do you a great deal of good.

C. Certainly, if you give me a cigarette. Thanks. By the way, what magazine do you intend it for?

V. For the *Retrospective Review*. I think I told you that we had revived it.

C. Whom do you mean by 'we'?

V. Oh, the Tired Hedonists of course. It is a club to which I belong. We are supposed to wear faded roses in our button-holes when we meet, and to have a sort of cult for Domitian. I am afraid you are not eligible. You are too fond of simple pleasures.

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C. I should be black-balled on the ground of animal spirits, I suppose?

V. Probably. Besides, you are a little too old. We don't admit anyone who is of the usual age.

C. Well, I should fancy you are all a good deal bored with each other.

V. We are. That is one of the objects of the club. Now, if you promise not to interrupt too often, I will read you my article.

C. (*flinging himself down on the sofa*). All right.

V. (*reading in a very clear, musical voice*). 'THE DECAY OF LYING: A PROTEST.—One of the chief causes of the curiously commonplace character of most of the literature of our age is undoubtedly the decay of lying as an art, a science, and a social pleasure. The ancient historians gave us delightful fiction in the form of fact; the modern novelist presents us with dull facts under the guise of fiction. The blue-book is rapidly becoming his ideal both for method and manner. He has his tedious "*document humain*," his miserable little "*coin de la création*," into which he peers with his microscope. He is to be found at the Librairie Nationale, or at the British Museum, shamelessly reading up his subject. He has not even the courage of other people's ideas, but insists on going directly to life for everything, and ultimately, between encyclopædias and personal experience, he comes to the ground, having drawn his types from the family circle or from the weekly washerwoman, and having acquired an amount of useful information from which he never, even in his most thoughtful moments, can thoroughly free himself.

'The loss that results to literature in general from this false ideal of our time can hardly be overestimated. People have a careless way of talking about a "born liar," just as they talk about a "born poet." But in both cases they are wrong. Lying and poetry are arts—arts, as Plato saw, not unconnected with each other—and they require the most careful study, the most disinterested devotion. Indeed, they have their technique, just as the more material arts of painting and sculpture have, their subtle secrets of form and colour, their craft-mysteries, their deliberate artistic methods. As one knows the poet by his fine music, so one can recognise the liar by his rich rhythmic utterance, and in neither case will the casual inspiration of the moment suffice. Here, as elsewhere, practice must precede perfection. But in modern days while the fashion of writing poetry has become far too common, and should, if possible, be discouraged, the fashion of lying has almost fallen into disrepute. Many a young man starts in life with a natural gift for exaggeration which, if nurtured in congenial and sympathetic surroundings, or by the imitation of the best models, might grow into something really

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great and wonderful. But, as a rule, he comes to nothing. He either falls into careless habits of accuracy——'

C. My dear Vivian!

V. Please don't interrupt in the middle of a sentence. 'He either falls into careless habits of accuracy, or takes to frequenting the society of the aged and the well-informed. Both things are equally fatal to his imagination, as indeed they would be fatal to the imagination of anybody, and in a short time he develops a morbid and unhealthy faculty of truth-telling, begins to verify all statements made in his presence, has no hesitation in contradicting people who are younger than himself, and often ends by writing novels which are so like life that no one can possibly believe them. This is no isolated instance that we are giving. It is simply one example out of many; and if something cannot be done to check, or at least to modify, our monstrous worship of facts, art will become sterile, and beauty will pass away from the land.

'Even Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson, that delightful master of delicate and fanciful prose, is tainted with this modern vice, for we positively know no other name for it. There is such a thing as robbing a story of its reality by trying to make it too true, and *The Black Arrow* is so inartistic that it does not contain a single anachronism to boast of, while the transformation of Dr. Jekyll reads dangerously like an experiment out of the *Lancet*. As for Mr. Rider Haggard, who really has, or had once, the makings of a perfectly magnificent liar, he is now so afraid of being suspected of genius that when he does tell us anything marvellous, he feels bound to invent a personal reminiscence, and to put it into a footnote as a kind of cowardly corroboration. Nor are our other novelists much better. Mr. Henry James writes fiction as if it was a painful duty, and wastes upon mean motives and imperceptible "points of view" his neat literary style, his felicitous phrases, his swift and caustic satire. Mrs. Oliphant prattles pleasantly about curates, lawn-tennis parties, domesticity, and other wearisome things. Mr. Marion Crawford has immolated himself upon the altar of local colour. He is like the lady in the French comedy who is always talking about "le beau ciel d'Italie." Besides, he has fallen into a bad habit of uttering moral platitudes. At times he is almost edifying. *Robert Elsmere* is of course a masterpiece—a masterpiece of the "genre ennuyeux," the one form of literature that the English people seem to thoroughly enjoy. Indeed it is only in England that such a novel could be possible. As for that great and daily increasing school of novelists for whom the sun always rises in the East-End, the only thing that can be said about them is that they find life crude, and leave it raw.

'In France, though nothing so deliberately tedious as *Robert Elsmere* has been produced, things are not much better. M. Guy

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de Maupassant, with his keen mordant irony and his hard vivid style, strips life of the few poor rags that still cover her, and shows us foul sore and festering wound. He writes lurid little tragedies in which everybody is ridiculous; bitter comedies at which one cannot laugh for very tears. M. Zola, true to the lofty principle that he lays down in one of his pronunciamientos on literature, "L'homme de génie n'a jamais de l'esprit," is determined to show that, if he has not got genius, he can at least be dull. And how well he succeeds! He is not without power. Indeed at times, as in *Germinal*, there is something almost epic in his work. But his work is entirely wrong from beginning to end, and wrong not on the ground of morals but on the ground of art. From any ethical standpoint his work is just what it should be. He is perfectly truthful, and describes things exactly as they happen. What more can any moralist desire? I have no sympathy at all with the moral indignation of our time against M. Zola. It is simply the rage of Caliban on seeing his own face in a glass. But from the standpoint of art, what can be said in favour of the author of *L'Assommoir*, *Nana*, and *Pot-Bouille*? Nothing. M. Ruskin once described the characters in George Eliot's novels as being like the sweepings of a Pentonville omnibus, but M. Zola's characters are much worse. They have their dreary vices, and their drearier virtues. The record of their lives is absolutely without interest. Who cares what happens to them? In literature we require distinction, charm, beauty, and imaginative power. We don't want to be harrowed and disgusted with an account of the doings of the lower orders. M. Daudet is better. He has *esprit*, a light touch, and an amusing style. But he has lately committed literary suicide. Nobody can possibly care for Delobelle with his "Il faut lutter pour l'art," or for Valmajour with his eternal refrain about the nightingale, or for the poet in *Jack* with his "mots cruels," now that we have learned from *Vingt Ans de ma Vie littéraire* that these characters were taken directly from life. To me they seem to have suddenly lost all their vitality, all the few qualities they ever possessed. The only real people are the people who never existed, and if a novelist is base enough to go to life for his personages he should at least pretend that they are creations and not boast of them as copies. As for M. Paul Bourget, the master of the *roman psychologique*, he commits the error of imagining that the men and women of modern life are capable of being infinitely analysed for an innumerable series of chapters. In point of fact what is interesting about people in good society—and M. Bourget never moves out of the Faubourg—is the mask that each one of them wears, not the reality that lies behind the mask. It is a humiliating confession, but we are all of us made out of the same stuff. In Falstaff there is something of Hamlet, in Hamlet there is not a little of Falstaff. The fat knight has his moods of melancholy, and the young prince his moments of coarse humour. Where we

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differ from each other is purely in accidentals: in dress, in manner, tone of voice, personal appearance, tricks of habit, and the like. The more one analyses people, the more all reasons for analysis disappear. Sooner or later one comes to that dreadful universal thing called human nature. Indeed, as anyone who has ever worked among the poor knows only too well, the brotherhood of man is no mere poet's dream, it is a terrible reality; and if a writer insists upon analysing the upper classes he might just as well write of match-girls and costermongers at once.' However, my dear Cyril, I will not detain you any further on this point. I quite admit that modern novels have many good points. All I say is that, as a class, they are quite unreadable.

C. That is certainly a very grave qualification, but I must say that I think you are rather unfair in some of your strictures. I like *Robert Elsmere* for instance. Not that I can look upon it as a serious work. As a statement of the problems that confront the earnest Christian it is ridiculous and antiquated. It is simply Arnold's *Literature and Dogma* with the literature left out. It is as much behind the age as Paley's *Evidences*, or Colenso's method of Biblical exegesis. Nor could anything be less impressive than the unfortunate hero gravely heralding a dawn that rose long ago, and so completely missing its true significance that he proposes to carry on the business of the old firm under the new name. On the other hand, it contains several clever caricatures, and a heap of delightful quotations, and Green's philosophy very pleasantly sugars the somewhat bitter pill of the author's fiction. I also cannot help expressing my surprise that you have said nothing about the two novelists whom you are always reading, Balzac and George Meredith. Surely they are realists, both of them?

V. Ah! Meredith! Who can define him? His style is chaos illumined by flashes of lightning. As a writer he has mastered everything, except language: as a novelist he can do everything, except tell a story: as an artist he is everything, except articulate. Somebody in Shakespeare—Touchstone, I think—talks about a man who is always breaking his shins over his own wit, and it seems to me that this might serve as the basis of a criticism of Meredith's style. But whatever he is, he is not a realist. Or rather I would say that he is a child of realism who is not on speaking terms with his father. By deliberate choice he has made himself a romanticist. He has refused to bow the knee to Baal, and after all, even if the man's fine spirit did not revolt against the noisy assertions of realism, his style would be quite sufficient of itself to keep life at a respectful distance. By its means he has planted round his garden a hedge full of thorns, and with some wonderful roses. As for Balzac, he was a most remarkable combination of the artistic temperament with the scientific spirit. The latter he bequeathed to his disciples: the

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former was entirely his own. The difference between such a book as M. Zola's *L'Assommoir* and Balzac's *Illusions Perdues* is the difference between unimaginative realism and imaginative reality. 'All Balzac's characters,' said Baudelaire, 'are gifted with the same ardour of life that animated himself. All his fictions are as deeply coloured as dreams. Each mind is a weapon loaded to the muzzle with will. The very scullions have genius.' A steady course of Balzac reduces our living friends to shadows, and our acquaintances to the shadows of shades. His characters have a kind of fervent fiery-coloured existence. They dominate us and defy scepticism. One of the greatest tragedies of my life is the death of Lucien de Rubempré. It is a grief from which I have never been able to completely rid myself. But Balzac is no more a realist than Holbein was. He created life, he did not copy it. I admit, however, that he set far too high a value on modernity of form, and that, consequently, there is no book of his that, as an artistic masterpiece, can rank with *Salammbô*, or *Esmond*, or *The Cloister and the Hearth*, or the *Vicomte de Bragelonne*.

C. Do you object to modernity of form then?

V. Yes. It is a huge price to pay for a very poor result. Pure modernity of form is always somewhat vulgarising. It cannot help being so. The public imagine that, because they are interested in their immediate surroundings, art should be interested in them also, and should take them as her subject-matter. But the mere fact that they are interested in these things makes them unsuitable subjects for art. The only beautiful things, as somebody once said, are the things that do not concern us. As long as a thing is useful or necessary to us, or affects us in any way, either for pain or for pleasure, or appeals strongly to our sympathies, or is a vital part of the environment in which we live, it is outside the proper sphere of art. To art's subject-matter we should be more or less indifferent. We should, at any rate, have no preferences, no prejudices, no partisan feeling of any kind. It is exactly because Hecuba is nothing to us that her sorrows are such an admirable motive for a tragedy. I do not know anything in the whole history of literature sadder than the artistic career of Charles Reade. He wrote one beautiful book, *The Cloister and the Hearth*, a book as much above *Romola* as *Romola* is above *Daniel Deronda*, and wasted the rest of his life in a foolish attempt to be modern, to draw public attention to the state of our convict prisons and the management of private lunatic asylums. Charles Dickens was depressing enough in all conscience when he tried to arouse our sympathy for the victims of the poor-law administration; but Charles Reade, an artist, a scholar, a man with a true sense of beauty, raging and roaring over the abuses of modern life like a common pamphleteer or a sensational journalist, is really a sight for the angels to weep over. Believe me, my dear Cyril, modernity of form

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and modernity of subject-matter are entirely and absolutely wrong. We have mistaken the common livery of the age for the vesture of the Muses, and spend our days in the sordid streets and hideous suburbs of our vile cities when we should be out on the hillside with Apollo. Certainly we are a degraded race, and have sold our birthright for a mess of facts.

C. There is something in what you say, and there is no doubt that whatever amusement we may find in reading an absolutely modern novel, we have rarely any artistic pleasure in re-reading it. And this is perhaps the best rough test of what is literature and what is not. If one cannot enjoy reading a book over and over again, there is no good reading it at all. But what do you say about the return to Life and Nature? This is the panacea that is always being recommended to us.

V. (*taking up his proofs*). I will read you what I say on that subject. The passage comes later on in the article, but I may as well read it now:—

'The popular cry of our time is "Let us return to Life and Nature; they will recreate Art for us, and send the red blood coursing through her veins; they will give her feet swiftness and make her hand strong." But, alas! we are mistaken in our amiable and well-meaning efforts. Nature is always behind the age; and as for Life, she is the solvent that breaks up Art, the enemy that lays waste her house.'

C. What do you mean by saying that nature is always behind the age?

V. Well, perhaps that is rather obscure. What I mean is this. If we take nature to mean natural simple instinct as opposed to self-conscious culture, the work produced under this influence is always old-fashioned, antiquated, and out of date. If, on the other hand, we regard nature as the collection of phenomena external to man, people only discover in her what they bring to her. She has no suggestions of her own. Wordsworth went to the lakes, but he was never a lake poet. He found in stones the sermons he had already hidden there. He went moralising about the district, but his good work was produced when he returned, not to nature but to poetry. Poetry gave him 'Laodamia,' and the fine sonnets, and the 'Ode to Immortality,' and nature gave him 'Martha Ray' and 'Peter Bell.'

C. I think that view might be questioned. I am rather inclined to believe in the 'impulse from a vernal wood,' though of course the artistic value of such an impulse depends entirely on the kind of temperament that receives it. However, proceed with your article.

V. (*reading*). 'Art begins with abstract decoration, with purely imaginative and pleasurable work dealing with what is unreal and non-existent. This is the first stage. Then Life becomes fascinated with this new wonder, and asks to be admitted into the charmed

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circle. Art takes Life as part of her rough material, recreates it, and refashions it in fresh forms, is absolutely indifferent to fact, invents, imagines, dreams, and keeps between herself and reality the impenetrable barrier of beautiful style, of decorative or ideal treatment. The third stage is when Life gets the upper hand, and drives Art out into the wilderness. This is the decadence, and it is from this that we are now suffering.

'Take the case of the English drama. At first in the hands of the monks dramatic art was abstract, decorative, and mythological. Then she enlisted life in her service, and using some of life's external forms, she created an entirely new race of beings, whose sorrows were more terrible than any sorrow man has ever felt, whose joys were keener than lover's joys, who had the rage of the Titans and the calm of the gods, who had monstrous and marvellous sins, monstrous and marvellous virtues. To them she gave a language different from that of actual life, a language full of resonant music and sweet rhythm, made stately by solemn cadence, or made delicate by fanciful rhyme, jewelled with wonderful words, and enriched with lofty diction. She clothed her children in strange raiment and gave them masks, and at her bidding the antique world rose from its marble tomb. A new Cæsar stalked through the streets of risen Rome, and with purple sail and flute-led oars another Cleopatra passed up the river to Antioch. Old myth and legend and dream took form and substance. History was entirely rewritten, and there was hardly one of the dramatists who did not recognise that *the object of art is not simple truth but complex beauty.* In this they were perfectly right. Art herself is simply a form of exaggeration; and selection, which is the very spirit of art, is nothing more than an intensified mode of over-emphasis.

'But life soon shattered the perfection of the form. Even in Shakespeare we can see the beginning of the end. It shows itself by the gradual breaking up of the blank verse in the later plays, by the predominance given to prose, and by the over-importance assigned to characterisation. The passages in Shakespeare—and they are many—where the language is uncouth, vulgar, exaggerated, fantastic, obscene even, are due entirely to life calling for an echo of its own voice, and rejecting the intervention of beautiful style, through which alone it should be allowed to find expression. Shakespeare is not by any means a flawless artist. He is too fond of going directly to life, and borrowing life's natural utterance. He forgets that when *art surrenders her imaginative medium she surrenders everything.* Goethe says somewhere—

In der Beschränkung zeigt sich erst der Meister,

"It is in working within limits that the master reveals himself," and the limitation, the very condition, of any art is style. However, we will not linger any longer over Shakespeare's realism. 'The

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Tempest is the best of palinodes. All that we desired to point out was, that the magnificent work of the Elizabethan and Jacobean artists contained within itself the seeds of its own dissolution, and that if it drew some of its strength from using life as rough material, it drew all its weakness from using life as an artistic method. As the inevitable result of this substitution of an imitative for a creative medium, this surrender of an imaginative form, we have the modern English melodrama. The characters in these plays talk on the stage exactly as they would talk off it; they are taken directly from life and reproduce its vulgarity down to the smallest detail; they have the gait, manner, costume, and accent of real people; they would pass unnoticed in a third-class railway carriage. And yet how wearisome the plays are! They do not succeed in producing even that impression of reality at which they aim, and which is their only reason for existing. As a method realism is a complete failure.

'What is true about the drama and the novel is no less true about those arts that we call the decorative arts. The whole history of decorative art in Europe is the record of the struggle between Orientalism, with its frank rejection of imitation, its love of artistic convention, its dislike to the actual representation of any object in nature, and our own imitative spirit. Wherever the former has been paramount, as in Byzantium, Sicily, and Spain, by actual contact, or in the rest of Europe by the influence of the Crusades, we have had beautiful and imaginative work in which the visible things of life are transmuted into artistic conventions, and the things that life has not are invented and fashioned for her. But wherever we have returned to life and nature, our work has always become vulgar, common, and uninteresting. Modern tapestry, with its aërial effects, its elaborate perspective, its broad expanses of waste sky, its faithful and laborious realism, has no beauty whatsoever. The pictorial glass of Germany is absolutely detestable. We are beginning to weave possible carpets in England, but only because we have returned to the method and spirit of the East. Our rugs and carpets of twenty years ago, with their healthy national feeling, their inane worship of nature, their sordid reproductions of visible objects, have become, even to the Philistine, a source of laughter. A cultured Mahomedan once remarked to me, 'You Christians are so occupied in misinterpreting the fourth commandment that you have never thought of making an artistic application of the second.' He was perfectly right, and the whole truth of the matter is this: *the proper school to learn art in is not Life but Art.*'

And now let me read you a passage which deals with the commonplace character of our literature:—

'It was not always thus. We need not say anything about the poets, for they, with the unfortunate exception of Mr. Wordsworth,

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have always been faithful to their high mission, and are universally recognised as being absolutely unreliable. But in the works of Herodotus, who, in spite of the shallow and ungenerous attempts of modern sciolists to verify his history, may be justly called the "Father of Lies;" in the published speeches of Cicero and the biographies of Suetonius; in Tacitus at his best; in Pliny's *Natural History*; in Hanno's *Periplus*; in all the early chronicles; in the Lives of the Saints; in Froissart and Sir Thomas Mallory; in the travels of Marco Polo; in Olaus Magnus, and Aldrovandus, and Conrad Lycosthenes, with his magnificent *Prodigiorum et Ostentorum Chronicon*; in the autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini; in the memoirs of Casanuova; in Defoe's *History of the Plague*; in Boswell's *Life of Johnson*; in Napoleon's despatches, and in the works of our own Carlyle, whose *French Revolution* is one of the most fascinating historical romances ever written, facts are either kept in their proper subordinate position, or else entirely excluded on the general ground of dulness. Now everything is changed. Facts are not merely finding a footing in history, but they are usurping the domain of Fancy, and have invaded the kingdom of Romance. Their chilling touch is over everything. They are vulgarising mankind. The crude commercialism of America, its materialising spirit, its indifference to the poetical side of things, and its lack of imagination and of high, unattainable ideals, are entirely due to that country having adopted for its national hero, a man, who according to his own confession, was incapable of telling a lie, and it is not too much to say that the story of George Washington and the cherry-tree has done more harm, and in a shorter space of time, than any other moral tale in the whole of literature.'

C. My dear boy!

V. I assure you it is quite true, and the amusing part of the whole thing is that the story of the cherry-tree is an absolute myth. However, you must not think that I am too despondent about the artistic future of America or of our own country. Listen to this:—

'That some change will take place before this century has drawn to its close, we have no doubt whatsoever. Bored by the tedious and improving conversation of those who have neither the wit to exaggerate nor the genius to romance, tired of the intelligent person whose reminiscences are always based upon memory, whose statements are invariably limited by probability, and who is at any time liable to be corroborated by the merest Philistine who happens to be present, society sooner or later must return to its lost leader, the cultured and fascinating liar. Who he was who first, without ever having gone out to the rude chase, told the wondering cave-men at sunset how he had dragged the Megatherium from the purple darkness of its jasper cave, or slain the Mammoth in single combat and brought back its gilded tusks, we cannot tell, and not one of our

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modern anthropologists, with all their much-boasted science, has had the ordinary courage to tell us. Whatever was his name or race, he was certainly the true founder of social intercourse. For the aim of the liar is simply to charm, to delight, to give pleasure. He is the very basis of civilised society, and without him a dinner party, even at the mansions of the great, is as dull as a lecture at the Royal Society or a debate at the Incorporated Authors.

'Nor will he be welcomed merely by society. Art, breaking from the prison-house of realism, will run to greet him and will kiss his false, beautiful lips, knowing that he alone is in possession of the great secret of all her manifestations, the secret that truth is entirely and absolutely a matter of style. While Life—poor, probable, uninteresting human life—tired of repeating herself for the benefit of Mr. Herbert Spencer, scientific historians, and the compilers of statistics in general, will follow meekly after him, and try to reproduce, in her own simple and untutored way, some of the marvels of which he talks.

'No doubt there will always be critics who, like a recent writer in the *Saturday Review*, will gravely censure the teller of fairy tales for his defective knowledge of natural history, who will measure imaginative work by their own lack of any imaginative faculty, and who will hold up their inkstained hands in horror if some honest gentleman, who has never been farther than the yew trees of his own garden, pens a fascinating book of travels like Sir John Mandeville, or, like great Raleigh, writes a whole history of the world, in prison, and without knowing anything about the past. To excuse themselves they will try and shelter under the shield of him who made Prospero the magician, and gave him Caliban and Ariel as his servants, who heard the Tritons blowing their horns round the coral-reefs of the Enchanted Isle and the fairies singing to each other in a wood near Athens, who led the phantom kings in dim procession across the misty Scottish heath, and hid Hecate in a cave with the weird sisters. They will call upon Shakespeare—they always do—and will quote that hackneyed passage about Art holding up the mirror to Nature, forgetting that this unfortunate aphorism is deliberately said by Hamlet in order to convince the bystanders of his absolute insanity in art-matters.'

C. Ahem! Ahem! Another cigarette, please.

V. My dear fellow, whatever you may say, it is merely a dramatic utterance, and no more represents Shakespeare's real views upon art than the speeches of Iago represent his real views upon morals. But let me get to the end of the passage:—

'Art finds her own perfection within, and not outside, herself. She is not to be judged by any external standard of resemblance. She is a veil, rather than a mirror. She has flowers that no botanist knows of, birds that no museum possesses. She makes and unmakes

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many worlds, and can draw the moon from heaven with a scarlet thread. Hers are the "forms more real than living man," and hers the great archetypes of which things that have existence are but unfinished copies. Nature has, in her eyes, no laws, no uniformity. She can work miracles at her will, and when she calls monsters from the deep they come. She can bid the almond tree blossom in winter, and send the snow upon the ripe cornfield. At her word the frost lays its silver finger on the burning mouth of June, and the winged lions creep out from the hollows of the Lydian hills. The dryads peer from the thicket as she passes by, and the brown fauns smile strangely at her when she comes near them. She has hawk-faced gods that worship her, and the centaurs gallop at her side.'

C. Is that the end of this dangerous article?

V. No. There is one more passage, but it is purely practical. It simply suggests some methods by which we could revive this lost art of lying.

C. Well, before you read me that, I should like to ask you a question. What do you mean by saying that life, 'poor, probable, uninteresting human life,' will try to reproduce the marvels of art? I can quite understand your objection to art being treated as a mirror. You think it would reduce genius to the position of a cracked looking-glass. But you don't mean to say that you seriously believe that life imitates art, that life in fact is the mirror, and art the reality?

V. Certainly I do. Paradox though it may seem—and paradoxes are always dangerous things—it is none the less true that *life imitates art far more than art imitates life.* We have all seen in our own day in England how a certain curious and fascinating type of beauty, invented and emphasised by two imaginative painters, has so influenced life that whenever one goes to a private view or to an artistic salon one sees here the mystic eyes of Rossetti's dream, the long ivory throat, the strange square-cut jaw, the loosened shadowy hair that he so ardently loved, there the sweet maidenhood of 'The Golden Stair,' the blossom-like mouth and weary loveliness of the 'Laus Amoris,' the passion-pale face of Andromeda, the thin hands and lithe beauty of the Vivien in 'Merlin's Dream.' And it has always been so. A great artist invents a type, and Life tries to copy it, to reproduce it in a popular form, like an enterprising publisher. Neither Holbein nor Vandyck found in England what they have given us. They brought their types with them, and Life with her keen imitative faculty set herself to supply the master with models. The Greeks, with their quick artistic instinct, understood this, and set in the bride's chamber the statue of Hermes or of Apollo, that she might bear children like the works of art that she looked at. They knew that life gains from art not merely spirituality, depth of thought and passion, soul-turmoil or soul-peace, but that she can

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form herself on the very lines and colours of art, and can reproduce the dignity of Pheidias as well as the grace of Praxiteles. Hence came their objection to realism. They disliked it on purely social grounds. They felt that it inevitably makes people ugly, and they were perfectly right. We try to improve the conditions of the race by means of good air, sunlight, wholesome water, and hideous bare buildings for the better housing of the people. But these things merely produce health, they do not produce beauty. For this art is required, and the true disciples of the great artist are not his studio-imitators, but those who become like his works of art, be they plastic as in Greek days, or pictorial as in modern times: in fact, Life is Art's best, Art's only pupil.

As it is with the visible arts, so it is with literature. The most obvious and the vulgarest form in which this is shown is in the case of the silly boys who, after reading the adventures of Jack Sheppard or Dick Turpin, pillage the stalls of unfortunate apple-women, break into sweet-shops at night, and alarm old gentlemen who are returning from the city by leaping out on them, with black masks and loaded revolvers. This interesting phenomenon, which always occurs after the appearance of a new edition of either of the books I have named, is usually attributed to the influence of literature on the imagination. But this is a mistake. The imagination is essentially creative and always seeks for a new form. The boy-burglar is simply the inevitable result of life's imitative instinct. He is Fact, occupied, as Fact usually is, with trying to reproduce Fiction, and what we see in him is repeated on an extended scale through the whole of life. Schopenhauer has analysed the pessimism that characterises modern thought, but Hamlet invented it. The world has become sad because a puppet was once melancholy. The Nihilist, that strange martyr who has no faith, who goes to the stake without enthusiasm, and dies for what he does not believe in, is a purely literary product. He was invented by Tourgénieff, and completed by Dostoieffski. Robespierre came out of the pages of Rousseau, as surely as the People's Palace rose out of the *débris* of a novel. Literature always anticipates life. It does not copy it, but moulds it to its purpose. The nineteenth century, as we know it, is largely an invention of Balzac. Our Luciens de Rubempré, our Rastignacs, and De Marsays made their first appearance in the *Comédie Humaine*. We are merely carrying out, with footnotes and unnecessary additions, the whim or fancy of a great novelist. I once asked a lady, who knew Thackeray intimately, whether he had had any model for Becky Sharp. She told me that Becky was an invention, but that the idea of the character had been partly suggested by a governess who lived in the neighbourhood of Kensington Square, and was the companion of a very selfish and rich old woman. I inquired what became of the governess, and she replied that, oddly enough, some years

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after the appearance of *Vanity Fair*, the governess ran away with the nephew of the lady with whom she was living, and for a short time made a great splash in society, quite in Mrs. Rawdon Crawley's style, and entirely by Mrs. Rawdon Crawley's methods. Ultimately she came to grief, disappeared to the Continent, and used to be occasionally seen at Monte Carlo and other gambling places. The noble gentleman from whom the same great sentimentalist drew Colonel Newcome died a few months after *The Newcomes* had reached a fourth edition, with the word 'Adsum' on his lips. Shortly after Mr. Stevenson published his curious psychological story of transformation, a friend of mine, called Mr. Hyde, was in the north of London, and being anxious to get to a railway station, he took what he thought was a short cut, lost his way, and found himself in a network of mean, evil-looking streets. Feeling rather nervous he was walking extremely fast, when suddenly out of an archway ran a child right between his legs. The child fell on the pavement, he tripped over it, and trampled upon it. Being of course very much frightened and not a little hurt, it began to scream, and in a few seconds the whole street was full of rough people who kept pouring out of the houses like ants. They surrounded him, and asked him his name. He was just about to give it when he suddenly remembered the opening incident in Mr. Stevenson's story. He was so filled with horror at having realised in his own person that terrible scene, and at having done accidentally what the Mr. Hyde of fiction had done with deliberate intent, that he ran away as hard as he could go. He was, however, very closely followed, and he finally took refuge in a surgery, the door of which happened to be open, where he explained to a young man, apparently an assistant, who happened to be there, exactly what had occurred. The crowd was induced to go away on his giving them a small sum of money, and as soon as the coast was clear he left. As he passed out, the name on the brass door-plate of the surgery caught his eye. It was 'Jekyll.'

Here the imitation was of course accidental. In the following case the imitation was self-conscious. In the year 1879, just after I had left Oxford, I met at a reception at the house of one of the Foreign Ministers a lady who interested me very much, not merely in appearance, but in nature. What interested me most in her was her strange vagueness of character. She seemed to have no personality at all, but simply the possibility of many types. Sometimes she would give herself up entirely to art, turn her drawing-room into a studio, and spend two or three days a week at picture-galleries or museums. Then she would take to attending race-meetings, would wear the most horsey clothes, and talk about nothing but betting. She was a kind of Proteus, and as much a failure in all her transformations as the sea-god was when Odysseus got hold of

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him. One day a serial began in one of the French magazines. At that time I used to read serial stories, and I well remember the shock of surprise I felt when I came to the description of the heroine. She was so like my friend that I brought her the magazine, and she recognised herself in it immediately, and seemed fascinated by the resemblance. I should tell you, by the way, that the story was translated from the Russian, so that the author had not taken his type from my friend. Well, to put the matter briefly, some months afterwards I was in Venice, and finding the magazine in the reading-room of the hotel, I took it up to see what had become of the heroine. It was a most piteous tale, as the heroine had ended by running away with a man inferior to her, not merely in social station, but in nature and intellect also. I wrote to my friend that evening, and added a postscript to the effect that her double had behaved in a very silly manner. I don't know why I wrote, but I remember I had a sort of dread over me that she might do the same thing. Before my letter had reached her, she had run away with a man who deserted her in six months. I saw her in 1884 in Paris, where she was living with her mother, and I asked her whether the story had had anything to do with her action. She told me that she had felt an absolutely irresistible impulse to follow the heroine step by step in her strange and fatal progress, and that it was with a feeling of real terror that she had looked forward to the last few chapters of the story. When they appeared it seemed to her that she was compelled to reproduce them in life, and she did so. It was a most clear example of this imitative instinct of which I was speaking, and an extremely tragic one.

However, I do not wish to dwell any further upon individual instances. Personal experience is a most vicious and limited circle. All that I desire to point out is the general principle that life imitates art far more than art imitates life, and I feel sure that if you think seriously about it you will find that it is true. Life holds the mirror up to art, and either reproduces some strange type imagined by painter or sculptor, or realises in fact what has been dreamed in fiction. Scientifically speaking, the basis of life—the energy of life, as Aristotle would call it—is simply the desire for expression, and art is always presenting various forms through which this expression can be attained. Life seizes on them and uses them, even if they be to her own hurt. Young men have committed suicide because Rolla did so, have died by their own hand because by his own hand Werther died. Think of what we owe to the imitation of Christ, of what we owe to the imitation of Cæsar.

C. The theory is certainly a very curious one. But even admitting this strange imitative instinct in life, surely you would acknowledge that art expresses the temper of its age, the spirit of

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its time, the moral and social conditions that surround it, and under whose influence it is produced.

V. Certainly not! *Art never expresses anything but itself.* This is the principle of my new æsthetics; and it is this, and not any vital connection between form and substance, as Mr. Pater fancies, that makes music the true type of all the arts. Of course, nations and individuals, with that healthy natural vanity which is the secret of life, are always under the impression that it is of them that the Muses are talking, always trying to find in the calm dignity of imaginative art some mirror of their own turbid passions, always forgetting that the singer of life is not Apollo, but Marsyas. Remote from reality, and with her eyes turned away from the shadows of the cave, Art reveals her own perfection, and the wondering crowd that watches the opening of the marvellous, many-petalled rose fancies that it is its own history that is being told to it, its own spirit that is finding expression in a new form. But it is not so. The highest art rejects the burden of the human spirit, and gains more from a new medium or a fresh material than she does from any enthusiasm for art, or from any lofty passion, or from any great awakening of the human consciousness. She develops purely on her own lines. She is not symbolic of any age. It is the ages that are her symbols, her reflections, her echoes.

Even those who hold that Art is representative of time and place and people, cannot help admitting that the more imitative an art is, the less it represents to us the spirit of its age. The evil faces of the Roman emperors look out at us from the foul porphyry and spotted jasper in which the realistic artists of the day delighted to work, and we fancy that in those cruel lips and heavy sensual jaws we can find the secret of the ruin of the Empire. But it was not so. The vices of Tiberius could not destroy that great civilisation, any more than the virtues of the Antonines could save it. It fell for other, for greater reasons. The sibyls and prophets of the Sistine may indeed serve to interpret for some that new birth of the emancipated spirit that we call the Renaissance; but what do the drunken boors and brawling peasants of Dutch art tell us about the great soul of Holland? The more abstract, the more ideal an art is, the more it reveals to us the temper of its age. If we wish to understand a nation by means of its art, let us look at its architecture or its music.

C. I do not quite agree with you there. The spirit of an age may be best expressed in the abstract ideal arts, for the spirit itself is abstract and ideal; but for the visible aspect of an age, for its look, as the phrase goes, we must surely go to the arts of imitation.

V. I don't think so. After all, what the imitative arts really give us are merely the various styles of particular artists, or of particular schools of artists. Surely you don't imagine that the people of

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the Middle Ages bore any resemblance at all to the figures on mediæval stained glass, or in mediæval stone and wood carving, or on mediæval metal-work, or tapestries, or illuminated MSS. They were probably very ordinary-looking people, with nothing grotesque, or remarkable, or fantastic about them. The Middle Ages, as we know them in art, are simply a form of style, and there is no reason at all why an artist with this style should not be produced in the nineteenth century. No great artist ever sees things as they really are. If he did, he would cease to be an artist. Take an example from our own day. I know that you are fond of Japanese art. Now, do you really imagine that the Japanese people, as they are presented to us in art, have any existence? If you do, you have never understood Japanese art at all. The Japanese people are the deliberate creation of certain artists. If you set a picture by Hokusai, or Hokkei, or any of the great native painters, beside a real Japanese gentleman or lady, or beside a photograph of a Japanese gentleman or lady, you will see that there is not the slightest resemblance between them. The actual people who live in Japan are not unlike the general run of English people; that is to say, they are extremely commonplace, and have nothing curious or extraordinary about them. In fact the whole of Japan is a pure invention. There is no such country, there are no such people. One of our most charming painters, whose tiny full-length portraits of children are so beautiful and so powerful that he should be named the Velasquez to the Court of Lilliput, went recently to Japan in the foolish hope of seeing the Japanese. All he saw, all he had the chance of painting, were a few lanterns and some fans. He was unable to discover the inhabitants, as delightful exhibition at Messrs. Dowdeswell's Gallery showed only too well. He did not know that the Japanese people are, as I have said, simply a mode of style, a whimsical fancy of art. Take the Greeks. Do you think that Greek art ever tells us what the Greek people were like? Do you believe that the Athenian women were like the stately dignified figures of the Parthenon frieze, or like those marvellous goddesses who sat in the triangular pediments of the same building? If you judge from the art, they certainly were so. But read an authority, like Aristophanes for instance. You will find that the Athenian ladies laced tightly, wore high-heeled shoes, dyed their hair yellow, painted and rouged their faces, and were exactly like any silly fashionable or fallen creature of our own day. We look back on the ages entirely through the medium of Art, and Art very fortunately has never once told us the truth.

C. But modern portraits by English painters, what of them? Surely they are like the people they pretend to represent?

V. Quite so. They are so like them that a hundred years from

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now no one will believe in them. The only portraits that one believes in are portraits where there is very little of the sitter and a great deal of the artist. Holbein's portraits of the men and women of his time impress us with a sense of their absolute reality. But this is simply because Holbein compelled life to accept his conditions, to restrain itself within his limitations, to reproduce his type, and to appear as he wished it to appear. It is style that makes us believe in a thing—nothing but style. Most of our modern portrait painters never paint what they see. *They paint what the public sees, and the public never sees anything.*

C. Well, after that I think I should like to hear the end of your article.

V. With pleasure. Whether it will do any good I really cannot say. Ours is certainly the dullest and most prosaic century possible. Why, even Sleep has played us false, and has closed up the gates of ivory, and opened the gates of horn. The dreams of the great middle classes of this country, as recorded in Mr. Myers's two bulky volumes on the subject and in the Transactions of the Psychical Society, are the most depressing things I have ever read. There is not even a fine nightmare among them. They are commonplace, sordid, and probable. As for the Church I cannot conceive anything better for the culture of a country than the presence in it of a body of men whose duty it is to believe in the supernatural, to perform daily miracles, and to keep alive that mythopœic faculty which is so essential for the imagination. But in the English Church a man succeeds, not through his capacity for belief, but through his capacity for disbelief. Ours is the only Church where the sceptic stands at the altar, and where St. Thomas is regarded as the ideal apostle. Many a worthy clergyman, who passes his life in good works of kindly charity, lives and dies unnoticed and unknown; but it is sufficient for some shallow uneducated passman out of either University to get up in his pulpit and express his doubts about Noah's ark or Balaam's ass or Jonah and the whale, for half of London to flock to his church and to sit open-mouthed in rapt admiration at his superb intellect. The growth of common sense in the English Church is a thing very much to be regretted. It is really a degrading concession to a low form of realism. However, I must read the end of my article:—

'What we have to do, what at any rate it is our duty to do, is to revive this old art of lying. Much of course may be done, in the way of educating the public, by amateurs in the domestic circle, at literary lunches, and at afternoon teas. But this is merely the light and graceful side of lying, such as was probably heard at Cretan dinner parties. There are many other forms. Lying for the sake of gaining some immediate personal advantage, for instance—lying for a moral purpose, as it is usually called—though of late it has been

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rather looked down upon, was extremely popular with the antique world. Athena laughs when Odysseus tells her what a Cambridge professor once elegantly termed a 'whopper,' and the glory of mendacity illumines the pale brow of the stainless hero of Euripidean tragedy, and sets amongst the noble women of the world the young bride of one of Horace's most exquisite odes. Later on what at first had been merely a natural instinct was elevated into a self-conscious science. Elaborate rules were laid down for the guidance of mankind, and an important school of literature grew up round the subject. Indeed, when one remembers the excellent philosophical treatise of Sanchez on the whole question, one cannot help regretting that no one has ever thought of publishing a cheap and condensed edition of the works of that great casuist. A short primer, "When to Lie and how," if brought out in an attractive and not too expensive form, would no doubt command a large sale, and would prove of real practical service to many earnest and deep-thinking people. Lying for the sake of the improvement of the young, which is the basis of home education, still lingers amongst us, and its advantages are so admirably set forth in the early books of the *Republic* that it is unnecessary to dwell upon them here. It is a form of lying for which all good mothers have peculiar capabilities, but it is capable of still further development, and has been sadly overlooked by the School Board. Lying for the sake of a monthly salary is of course well known in Fleet Street, and the profession of a political leader-writer is not without its advantages. But it is said to be a somewhat dull occupation, and it certainly does not lead to much beyond a kind of ostentatious obscurity. The only form of lying that is absolutely beyond reproach is lying for its own sake, and the highest development of this is, as we have already pointed out, lying in Art. Just as those who do not love Plato more than truth cannot pass beyond the threshold of the Academe, so those who do not love beauty more than truth never know the inmost shrine of Art. The solid stolid British intellect lies in the desert sands like the Sphinx in Flaubert's marvellous tale, and fantasy, *La Chimère*, dances round it, and calls to it with her false, flute-toned voice. It may not hear her now, but surely some day, when we are all bored to death with the commonplace character of modern fiction, it will hearken to her and try to borrow her wings.

'And when that day dawns, or sunset reddens, how joyous we shall all be! Facts will be regarded as discreditable, Truth will be found mourning over her fetters, and Romance, with her temper of wonder, will return to the land. The very aspect of the world will change to our startled eyes. Out of the sea will rise Behemoth and Leviathan, and sail round the high-pooped galleys, as they do on the delightful maps of those ages when books on geography were actually

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readable. Dragons will wander about the waste places, and the phœnix will soar from her nest of fire into the air. We shall lay our hands upon the basilisk, and see the jewel in the toad's head. The hippogriff will stand in our stalls, champing his gilded oats, and over our heads will float the Blue Bird singing of beautiful and impossible things, of things that are lovely and that never happen, of things that are not and that should be. But before this comes to pass we must cultivate the lost art of lying.'

C. Then we must certainly cultivate it at once. But in order to avoid making any error I want you to briefly tell me the doctrines of the new æsthetics.

V. Briefly, then, they are these. Art never expresses anything but itself. It has an independent life, just as Thought has, and develops purely on its own lines. It is not necessarily realistic in an age of realism, nor spiritual in an age of faith. So far from being the creation of its time, it is usually in direct opposition to it, and the only history that it preserves for us is the history of its own progress. Sometimes it returns on its own footsteps, and revives some old form, as happened in the archaistic movement of late Greek art, and in the pre-Raphaelite movement of our own day. At other times it entirely anticipates its age, and produces in one century work that it takes another century to understand, to appreciate, and to enjoy. In no case does it reproduce its age. To pass from the art of a time to the time itself is the great fallacy of all historians.

The second doctrine is this. All bad art comes from returning to life and nature, and elevating them into ideals. Life and nature may sometimes be used as part of art's rough material, but before they are of any real service to art they must be translated into artistic conventions. The moment art surrenders its imaginative medium it surrenders everything. As a method Realism is a complete failure, and the two things that every artist should avoid are modernity of form and modernity of subject-matter. To us, who live in the nineteenth century, any century is a suitable subject for art except our own. The only beautiful things are things that do not concern us. It is, to have the pleasure of quoting myself, exactly because Hecuba is nothing to us that her sorrows are so suitable a motive for a tragedy.

The third doctrine is that Life imitates Art far more than Art imitates Life. This results not merely from Life's imitative instinct, but from the fact that the desire of Life is simply to find expression, and that Art offers it certain beautiful forms through which it may realise that energy. It is a theory that has never been formularised before, but it is extremely fruitful, and throws an entirely new light on the history of Art.

The last doctrine is that Lying, the telling of beautiful untrue

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things, is the proper aim of Art. But of this I think I have spoken at sufficient length. And now let us go out on the terrace, where 'the milk-white peacock glimmers like a ghost,' while the evening star 'washes the dusk with silver.' At twilight nature becomes a wonderfully suggestive effect and is not without loveliness, though perhaps its chief use is to illustrate quotations from the poets. Come! We have talked long enough.

OSCAR WILDE.

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'A THOUSAND MORE MOUTHS EVERY DAY.'

THE annually increasing pressure of population on the means of existence within the British Isles is forcing men to consider whether there are no remedies for a state of things which threatens to bring a considerable portion of the population into a condition of semi-starvation.

A lively controversy has from time to time been carried on in public—between those who assert that a starving man possesses a natural claim to be relieved by his more prosperous fellow-men, and those who deny the existence of any such right on the part of the pauper. The former proposition found, in the early part of this year, a formidable champion in Cardinal Manning, whilst the well-known signature of 'G' appeared at the end of letters in support of the latter contention. Both combatants acknowledged that there was severe distress in the metropolis. The difference between them seems to be that, whilst the Cardinal believed that it was exceptional and should therefore be met by exceptional remedies, the latter asserted that it was normal and would only be increased by measures of temporary relief, even if the giving of relief, whether of work or of money, to able-bodied men and women were not, to his mind, in itself an immoral action.

The question whether a starving man has or has not a moral right to help himself to bread, at the expense of others, is a delicate question of ethics which may or may not be worthy the attention of professors of religion and of moral philosophy, but any decision they arrive at will have no effect on the action of the mass of mankind, when circumstances compel them individually to give a practical answer to the question. The starving man will, as a rule, take the loaf if he can get it, and society will punish him if it can. There are few men whose moral rectitude would stand the test of dying of starvation, and still fewer of seeing their nearest and dearest dying before their eyes, if food were within their grasp and could be obtained by the sacrifice of conscience. It is the interest of society, therefore, to see that such an irresistible temptation be not placed in the way of any large proportion of mankind, lest the hungry become supreme and anarchy ensue. We know that the advent of that day

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a comedy played for by many, and that the cry of '*Vive l'anarchie!*' if not yet openly shouted in our own streets, is to be heard in the large cities of the Continent, and has been re-echoed across the Atlantic in New York and Chicago. The object of all good citizens should be to work towards the abolition of a pauper class, and, whilst it exists amongst us, so to alleviate its lot that it shall not be driven to despair. It is quite possible to show sympathy with those who have been brought to misfortune, and yet so to relieve distress as to give no encouragement to idleness or vice.

There are men, however, who in their detestation of roguery forget that, by a wholesale condemnation of charity, they run the risk of driving the honest to despair, and of turning them into the very rogues of whom they desire so ardently to be quit. These men are unconsciously playing into the hands of the Socialists and of the Anarchists, the only sections of society whose distinct interest it is that misery and starvation should increase. No doubt, indiscriminate almsgiving is hurtful to the State as well as to the individual who receives the dole, but not less dangerous would it be to society if the principles of these stern political economists were to be literally accepted by any large number of the rich, and if charity ceased to be practised within the land. We cannot yet afford to shut ourselves up in the castle of philosophic indifference, regardless of the fate of those who have the misfortune to find themselves outside its walls. It may be true that they are there from their own fault, and that they deserve their fate. We may raise on the ramparts the standard of 'Political Economy,' we may hope to conjure by the use of great names and of high-sounding authorities, but on the day of battle all will be in vain, for the foundations of the fortress are rotten, and will crumble under our feet on the first assault of the enemy. We can only hope to win if we leave these treacherous defences. We must [illegible] to make our forces with a burning sympathy towards our [illegible]. (?) a spirit will swell the numbers of the defenders of [illegible] the big battalions which are necessary to victory; [illegible] the moral strength which is the accompaniment of a [illegible] conscience; it will sharpen our swords and give us the courage to strike without fear or hesitation, knowing that we have done our duty in the past, determined if possible to do it in the future, but resolved to die rather than bend the knee to a false and tyrannous creed. Thus strengthened, society will have nothing to fear from Socialists or Anarchists. But this impregnable position will never be attained by sitting still and giving heed to the *laissez-faire* doctrines of those who say that all is well if only we will harden our hearts, and resolutely close our pockets against solicitations for assistance in the name of charity. Such a negative treatment can bring no health to the body politic. The disease of pauperism possesses too deep a hold on the vitals of our nation to yield to any but the most

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active treatment. Accurate investigation, careful thought, prompt, united action, are the remedies which common sense dictates, and are the only ones likely to be successful.

An influential deputation headed by Lord Herschell has lately demanded of the Government an inquiry into the causes and extent of the present distress, and although it failed to obtain from the Prime Minister any very satisfactory reply, it is to be hoped that the subject will not be allowed to drop, but that the demand for such an official inquiry will increase in intensity until the authorities find themselves compelled to appoint the Royal Commission demanded. As it is of the deepest importance that this social problem should be thoroughly considered, Parliament, on the nomination of the Commission, should see that none be invited to join but those who are really competent to deal with the subject. Whatever remedies such a Commission may suggest, the Government should at once adopt them as its own, and carry them into effect with the least possible delay.

Every day a thousand more mouths have to be fed in this country than the day before. If agriculture were flourishing and trade increasing 'by leaps and bounds,' as in the olden days, there would be no cause for fear, but we know that the exact reverse is the case. Rural villages are diminishing in population, owing to the exodus of the unemployed, who flock into the towns at the rate of some 60,000 to 70,000 a year, only to find that their position, if it was bad in the country, is still worse in the city. Agitators and Socialistic orators are doing their best to turn the misfortunes of these men and women to political account, and yet there are those who seem content to discuss pauperism in an abstract and speculative manner, as if it affected the inhabitants of some distant planet, and were not, as indeed it is, a question of life and death, not only to the State, but to society in general. We carry on our business, we amuse ourselves, we eat, we drink, we sleep, but we barely give a passing thought to the avalanche of misery which threatens to overwhelm us.

Although the present Government declined to accede to the request of Lord Herschell and his supporters, it is fair to say that it has shown itself more alive to the importance of the 'Condition of the People question' than some of its predecessors. The House of Commons has this session appointed a committee to inquire into the effect on the social life of the masses of the present unrestricted immigration of pauper foreigners, and a select committee has been nominated by the House of Lords to take evidence in regard to the evils attending what is popularly known as the 'sweating system.' The report drawn up by Mr. Burnett, labour correspondent of the Board of Trade, informs us that in some cases workpeople under the sweating system have to labour for 33, or even for 36, consecutive hours. Lord Dunraven, in bringing forward his motion in the Upper House, very truly stated that the report showed a condition

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of things in the East End of London which is a disgrace to a civilised State. He said it was impossible to describe the insanitary conditions under which this labour was carried on in the 'dens of the sweaters.' Their environment was more deplorable than that of any body of workpeople in any portion of the civilised or uncivilised world, and infinitely worse than the condition of absolute slavery. A slave was the property of his owner, and from mere selfish motives no man would damage his own property; he would not underfeed or overwork his slave to the extent of diminishing the money-value of that slave; but these unhappy men and women, who were nominally free citizens of a free country, might die of starvation or rot of disease, and their masters were not one farthing the worse. Under the circumstances it was not strange that women were driven on the streets, and the strongest men amongst the machinists and pressers were killed in the course of eight or ten years. Nor, may we add, can it be wondered at if some of these poor white slaves, driven to desperation and beguiled by the honeyed words of Socialists and Anarchists, endeavour to improve their miserable lot by the general destruction of society.

Happily the consideration of social questions occupies a much more important position in the public mind than was ever formerly the case, and many more men and women take an active part in philanthropic work than in the time of our forefathers; but still how few comparatively of the rich and leisured classes have made an unselfish study of the needs of the masses! In times of political contest an unblushing profession of interest in the poor is not infrequently made by politicians, who never before gave serious thought to them in their lives, and who, as soon as their votes have been obtained, dismiss the subject from their minds until the next occasion arises when it becomes their interest to pose again as the friends of the working man. Politicians, who for their own end are ready to flatter the crowd by anticipating its every whim, whether foolish or wise, vicious or the reverse, are as hurtful to the masses as ever the fawning courtier has been to the despot, and should be shunned by the honest voter. Social questions are of far too great an importance to the people to be left to the tender mercies of such as these. A step in the right direction was taken this summer when an organisation of independent legislators of philanthropic views was formed in both Houses of Parliament, to consider in private what reforms bearing on the social needs of the people were most needed; to arrange for united action, and, after due and careful consideration, to bring matters, when ripe for legislation, forward in both Houses with the authority and influence of an organised party.

Lord Shaftesbury once paid in public a well-deserved tribute of gratitude to the numerous unknown Christian workers amongst the poor, when he said that the public little appreciated how much it

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owed to them, and that he firmly believed that, but for their influence, East and South London would long since have marched to the sack of the West. If these good men and women were to cease from their labours, and if the charity of the rich were no longer to flow towards their poorer neighbours, how many years would elapse before despair would drive the latter to listen to the dangerous counsels which are being daily poured into their ears?

It is not likely that a Royal Commission, or any other body appointed to investigate the condition of the poor, and to suggest remedies for the present distress, would confine themselves to one or two suggestions. The field of inquiry is a wide one, and must be approached from many directions. The causes of non-employment are multitudinous. The following may, however, be considered as amongst the most important:—

1. Over-population.
2. Foreign immigration.
3. Depression of agriculture.
4. Depression of trade.
5. Excessive hours of adult labour.
6. Want of training in youth of the hand and eye.
7. Physical disability.
8. Moral disability.

As partial remedies for the above I would venture to suggest that:—

I. State colonisation, or the placing of poor, honest, capable, selected families on plots of free-grant land as farmers in Canada, Australia, or at the Cape, would in some measure counteract the effects of over-population.

II. The evils of foreign immigration, and the consequent increase of competition in the labour market, and the lowering of wages in certain trades to starvation point, could be met by the closing of our ports to all paupers and by the imposition of a small poll-tax on foreigners resident in England.

III. Compulsory technical, industrial, agricultural, and physical training for the young, in good evening continuation schools, where lads and girls could also continue their studies after they had left the primary schools, would probably assist to diminish the number of men and women who become paupers owing to the causes I have marked 3, 4, 6, and 7.

IV. As regards cause No. 5, excessive hours of adult labour might be restricted by legislative action.

V. To meet the 8th cause, an increase of religious agencies, stricter licensing laws, an improvement in the Poor Law, and the establishment of labour colonies, and of disciplinary battalions of labour, are, in my opinion, necessary.

Let us consider these proposals a little more in detail.

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has already received the approval of some 160 members of both Houses of Parliament, who have formed themselves into a Parliamentary Committee for the purpose of pressing the question on the notice of the Government and of the Legislature. The report drawn up last year by the Committee states:—

(1) The scheme is in bare outline, and contains little more than leading principles. Until these are finally approved it has been thought best to avoid encumbering it with too much detail.

(2) The pivot of the scheme is the guarantee of interest by the Imperial Government. Actual payment of this interest by the State may not be necessary after the second year, for then it is expected that payments by the colonists will more than suffice to pay interest to the investor. But some such guarantee is absolutely necessary in order to give security and attract capital.

The Sub-Committee feel that with so large and influential a General Committee as now exists, any scheme submitted for their approval must be wide and far-reaching in its scope and operation, and as far as possible they suggest a systematic and national method of colonisation. Narrow the area of the scheme, and there is little or no justification for the existence of so powerful a committee. The work might as well be left to ordinary commercial enterprise, to private benevolence, or to the numerous small colonisation and emigration agencies now in existence.

(3) The Sub-Committee cannot conceal from themselves the great difficulties and complications that beset this important subject. But by sinking minor differences, and by leaving many points of detail to be dealt with by the proposed controlling authority or Colonisation Board, they believe that a sound and workable scheme on the lines laid down may be produced, that will, with the unanimous upport of the General Committee, compel the attention of Government.

THE SCHEME.

(1) *Controlling Authority.*—Colonisation Board (with Imperial and Colonial representation).

(2) *Capital to be raised by* public subscription to a 'Colonisation Land Rent-charge Stock;' interest, at 3 per cent. per annum, to be guaranteed by the Imperial Government for a term of thirty years.

(3) *Class of Colonist.*—Preference to be given to colonists who contribute towards outlay.

(4) Colonist after second year to pay 4 per cent. on amount advanced, secured by a rent-charge, with or without an extra 1 per cent. for contingencies.

(5) Rent-charge to be redeemed by colonists within thirty years.

(6) Colonial Government to give land free or on the most favourable terms for settlement, with power to create a rent-charge where necessary.

The above scheme having been forwarded by the Government to the Colonies has already received the approval of Natal, Western Australia, and Canada.

The agitation which has been carried on for some years in favour of State colonisation has borne unexpectedly early fruit in the clause of the Local Government Bill passed this session, by which the County Councils are empowered to assist emigration and colonisation. This is a very valuable clause, especially as the money may be advanced for emigration or colonisation purposes with or without security. The Government is to be congratulated on having avoided

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the fatal error into which a former Administration fell, when, with the best intentions, it assisted emigration through the poor-law unions of Ireland, and thus raised opposition to its efforts both in Canada and America. In anticipation of the day when the Govern ment will have the courage to guarrantee interest on a State Colonisation Loan, much good work may be effected in conjunction with the County Councils by the formation of a Central Imperial Colonisation Board in connection with the present official Emigration Department, upon which the representatives of any colony giving grants of land and inviting colonisation shall have *ex-officio* seats. This Colonisation Board should have at its head a paid chairman and vice-chairman, and sufficient funds should be placed at its disposal to enable it to act efficiently as the medium of communication between the County Councils and the colonial authorities. It is to be hoped that the formation of such a Board will be amongst the recommendations made by the special Parliamentary Committee just appointed by the Government to consider and report on the subject of 'State Colonisation.'

II. Restriction on Foreign Immigration.

State colonisation to be of real service must be accompanied by some restriction on the inundation of the labour market by foreign paupers, who by their competition drag down the average level of comfort of the working classes of this country. It is of little use to attempt to relieve the pressure of population by colonisation or by emigration, if the places vacated by the emigrants are immediately filled by hordes of hungry foreigners driven out of their own countries by religious persecution, by the fear of military conscription, or by a condition of the labour market even worse than that prevailing in Great Britain. We must be just to our own country-people before we are generous to others. Foreigners come to England to obtain some advantage for themselves. They do not come here to benefit us. They desire to enjoy a share in some of the good things which, rightly or wrongly, they believe are to be found on the soil of Great Britain. Freedom from conscription, religious and political liberty, peace, good government, cheap food, a gigantic trade, vast manufactures—these are the attractions which induce thousands of foreigners to reside in this country. These advantages have in a great measure been acquired at the expense of the blood and treasure of our ancestors, and by the energy and skill of generations of British-born men and women. They represent no less the inheritance of the inhabitants of these islands than does the estate or the business that of the heir of a landed proprietor, or that of the son of the tradesman or merchant. In these latter cases strangers are not permitted to share in the inheritance without pay-

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ment of an equivalent. To my mind, it is only just that if foreigners desire to partake in the benefits of the British national succession, they should be required, as in ordinary business transactions of a similar character in private life, to purchase from the rightful possessors the permission to share in that inheritance. I would require every foreigner who resides in Great Britain for a longer period than six months to take out a license, the cost of which should be fixed at a rate not sufficient to deter the better class of workmen from living in this country, but which would exclude those likely to degrade the social condition of our own working class; and I would forbid the landing of foreign paupers, and return them to their own country by the next steamer. After payment of the above tax for ten years the foreigner should be considered as having paid his footing in this country, and should be exempt from further payment of the special impost, provided he elects to be naturalised as a British subject, or has already become one.

III. Compulsory Technical, Industrial, Agricultural, and Physical Training.

Last session a Technical Education Bill was passed for Scotland, and a promise was given in the Queen's Speech at the opening of Parliament that a similar Bill for the benefit of England would be introduced this year by the Government. I fear there is little likelihood of this promise being fulfilled, but when the happy day arrives, and the Bill is actually presented to Parliament, it is to be hoped that the word 'technical' will not be understood too literally, and that the reforms introduced into our system of education will include the training of children in the use of their hands as well as of their heads, so as to enable them after attendance at a continuation school to be able easily to earn their livelihoods by honest manual labour. I use the word 'technical' for want of a better term, and because I might be misunderstood did I employ any other; but it must not for a moment be supposed that by the expression 'technical training' I mean instruction merely in the theory of handicrafts. I desire to see lads *practically* taught the use of tools. Lord Armstrong has recently made a not wholly undeserved onslaught in this Review on the *theoretic* teaching of handicrafts, as opposed to workshop practice. I desire to see workshop practice go hand in hand with theory, and I do not suppose that Lord Armstrong could deny that given two workmen equally clever with their hands, the man who could bring the best trained intelligence in the theory of his art to bear upon his work would produce the most valuable and enduring results. A certain portion of the present pauperism is due to the exclusively intellectual character of the education which the young man and

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woman of the present generation have received in our Board and National Schools. They have been brought up as if manual labour would not be required of them, and many have consequently come to consider the employment of their fathers and mothers as degrading. Intellectual and clerical employments are limited. The vast majority of mankind will always have to earn their bread by manual labour of some kind or another. If the State compels parents to send their children to school, it should give the latter the education best fitted to enable them, when they leave school, to earn their bread honestly. The present system of compulsory education is unfair to the parents, as they do not get for their money the education which would be of the greatest benefit to their children; it is irksome to the latter without being as really useful and attractive as it might be rendered, and in some measure actually hurtful to society and the State by unfitting thousands for the occupations of their lives, and making them discontented with their lot, without giving them the means of rising to higher positions. The Americans have discovered that the education supplied by their 'common schools,' though excellent from a purely intellectual point of view, has failed exactly in a similar way to the British, inasmuch as no training of the eye and of the hand is given in these institutions. They are consequently wisely remodelling their system.[1] In Philadelphia a central school has been established, in which an excellent secondary education is given *gratis* for five years to the three cleverest pupils from each of the primary schools of the city, chosen annually by competitive examination. This central school is therefore composed of the brightest youths in Philadelphia. These young lads, however, cannot obtain this advanced intellectual education without spending a certain number of hours each day in the workshops attached to the schools, where they obtain such a thorough knowledge of the use of tools in wood and iron, that on leaving they are capable of taking up almost any handicraft they may desire, and of becoming adepts in it within a very few weeks. No specific trade is taught, and no finished article is turned out or sold, so that the school authorities run no risk of coming into collision with the trades' unions, which are politically all-powerful in that country.

By adopting this plan the danger is diminished of flooding the market with lads trained to one particular trade, to their own detriment, and to the injury of working-men belonging to that particular business. A lad educated in this school can turn his hand to the manufacture of engines or to the making of chairs and tables, as readily as he can his mind to problems in science or in mathematics.

[1] In New York a private citizen, Mr. Richard T. Auchmuty, has at his own expense, in a most public-spirited manner, erected buildings and sheds, and appointed competent artisans to give *practical* instruction of an evening, in return for a small fee, to young men and lads in bricklaying, plastering, carpentry, ironwork, &c.

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On leaving the school, after his five years' course, it is in his power to choose his own profession, and he may become, if he likes, a lawyer or a scientist, and is in no way bound to earn his living by following a handicraft. The moral effect, however, of training the intellectual *élite* of the rising generation in the use of tools is excellent, as it effectually dissipates the notion that there is anything degrading in manual labour, or that the voluntary adoption by a lad of the career of an artisan is a proof of intellectual inferiority.

I trust that the formation of similar central schools in Great Britain may be made possible, under the promised Technical Education Bill, and that the training of girls in cookery, in the knowledge of how to make a home comfortable, in the simple rules necessary for the preservation of the body in health, in practical dressmaking and sewing, will not be overlooked. At present, although sewing is supposed to be taught, it is exceptional for a girl educated in our national or board schools to be able to make her own dresses, or, when she marries, her husband's shirts and children's clothing. She has been taught to sew, but not to cut out; nor has she been shown how to put her knowledge to practical uses. She has consequently to spend her own or her husband's wages in work which she ought to be able to do herself. She has been taught grammar, which, as a rule, she in practice systematically ignores, but she has no knowledge of how to make a home comfortable or healthy. Seventeen years ago Miss Huntingdon, of New York, organised classes for teaching housewifery to the children of working-men in New York. The results were so satisfactory that housewifery classes are now being established in schools in many parts of America, and Miss Headon, of Newnham-on-Severn, has introduced the system into this country. The children look forward to the housewifery classes with the greatest delight, as they are made recreative by means of music, dancing, and song. It is to be hoped also that the children of farmers and of labourers will not be forgotten, and that the example of Germany will be followed, where perambulating teachers of scientific husbandry visit from village to village, and give instruction of an evening to the young men in the most improved methods of cultivating the soil. Above all, the compulsory evening continuation classes of Germany should be introduced into this country. At present many a lad or girl leaves the elementary school at twelve or thirteen years of age, and hastens to forget all that he or she has learnt; some never look at a book again, or use the modicum of knowledge they have acquired, unless it be to spell out a newspaper, so that the money and time expended on their education is, in a great measure, thrown away. In some states of Germany, on the contrary, the young lads and girls, after leaving the elementary schools, are compelled to attend evening classes until the latter attain the ages of fifteen or sixteen, and the former that of sixteen,

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seventeen, or even of eighteen. The result is that in almost all the employments in which Germans and English come into contact, the superior instruction, habits of discipline, and powers of application possessed by the former enable them to displace the latter. At the age of twelve or thirteen few lads are able to appreciate the advantages of instruction; the result is that when in England they leave school at that age many cast off all restraint, revel in their newly-gained liberty, haunt the public-house, and quickly fall into desultory and idle habits. A very few months of such a life utterly demoralises a lad, and makes him often permanently incapable of steady application to any employment, whether manual or intellectual.

I have mentioned 'physical disability' as one of the causes of pauperism. I believe that a marked improvement might be effected in the physique of our city poor if municipal authorities and sanitary inspectors would only enforce the laws already in existence, and if private associations on the model of the 'Mansion House Council on the Dwellings of the People' were established in all large towns for the purpose of enlightening the public in regard to the condition of our cities, and the municipal bodies and vestries in respect to the powers they possess. It is also very necessary that some independent organisation should be in existence in each town to bring pressure to bear on the authorities, and to see that they make full use of the sanitary legislation which Parliament has passed. In London and in some other cities the poorer children attending the board and national schools are given a free meal during the winter months. Until it is made compulsory on board and national school managers to provide food for destitute scholars, I hope that similar committees will be formed in many other towns. To me it seems to be legalising torture to force a child to learn its lessons on an empty stomach. The State has in my opinion no moral right to compel a child to learn unless it has previously taken care that its brain has been nourished, and is capable of assimilating the knowledge imparted. The meals should be charged to the account of the parents, and if they are unable to pay, the cost should be provided by the poor-law authorities, and the parents be declared paupers subject to the disabilities appertaining to that position. Such is the custom in parts of Germany, and one which, in my opinion, is founded on common sense and in wise humanity. I trust also that the promised Technical Education Bill will contain a clause making physical instruction compulsory in our national schools. Whenever boys have been trained in gymnastics and girls in Swedish musical drill, it has been found that school-life runs much more smoothly, that there is less friction between teachers and scholars, and that the necessity for corporal punishment almost disappears. The reason of this is obvious. These physical exercises, when introduced for short periods between the long

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hours usually devoted entirely to intellectual study, provide a vent for the exuberant spirits and the overmastering desire for movement common to youth; they clear the brain, strengthen the nerves, and enable both masters and pupils to return to the desk in good humour with themselves, and with each other, and more capable of accomplishing with ease the tasks which await them.

The physical condition of the poorer classes in our large towns demands the serious attention of both the people and the Government. It is impossible to pass through the streets of a manufacturing town without being struck by the diminutive size, narrow chests, and generally unhealthy appearance of the working class population. The thought forces itself upon one—that such were not the men who fought England's battles of yore, and raised her to her present position amongst the nations. What if another conflict with United Europe should be forced upon her? Would she find this puny race capable of defending her against her enemies, and of rivalling the deeds of its ancestors? Perhaps so, for courage and physical strength do not always go together; but courage, as a rule, is dependent on health, and on the absence in the individual of a consciousness of the existence within him of a nervous system. Contracted habitations, insanitary surroundings, a vitiated atmosphere, and a continued acquaintance with the interior of public-houses, are apt to shatter the nerves. Gymnastic exercises are about the only form of physical training which can with ease be given to the youth of large crowded towns. To excel in these exercises, abstinence from drink and from excess of all kinds is absolutely necessary, and, if only for this reason, it would be well to give our youth a taste for them and the opportunity of practising them. If compulsory gymnastic training be made part of the curriculum of our national schools we shall only be following late in the day the example of almost every civilised nation in Europe, and it should be remembered that our people have more need of such training than any other, inasmuch as two out of every three Englishmen reside in towns of over 4,000 inhabitants.

IV. Legislative Restrictions on Excessive Hours of Adult Labour.

Excessive hours of adult labour undoubtedly reduce the amount of work to be divided between those who are in search for it. The organised trades have for some considerable time placed restrictions on the length of their working day, and their wages have in no way suffered from this action, but have, on the contrary, risen. If legislative restrictions were placed on the length of the adult paid working day, there are some who fear that wages would suffer; but if the wages of the organised trades have not been lowered by shortened hours of

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labour, why should not the same result follow if Parliament were to protect those who are unable to protect themselves? at all events the sweated could not be worse off than they are now. Wages cannot go below starvation-point. That is a limit which competition and political economy are unable to lower. That limit has already been reached in the case of the poor sweated London sempstresses and tailors, so that the compulsory shortening of their hours of labour could not lead to a diminution of wage, and would certainly improve their health and strength and make life a little more worth living.

V. Proposed Remedies for Moral Disability.

The seventh and last amongst the principal causes which I mentioned as leading to pauperism was 'moral disability.' The vast majority of paupers and of the 'unemployed' owe their condition to this cause, and it is the one of all others for which it is most difficult to find a remedy.

Self-control has been the burden of countless homilies and of innumerable discourses; but passion is strong and human nature weak, and man, regardless of warnings, rushes headlong to his own destruction. All that can be done is to diminish temptation as far as possible, to train the young, and to strengthen the adult in resistance to passions, which, when yielded to, are hurtful to man; to teach moral restraint; to show how suicidal it is for the individual to break the moral law; to make it evident that idleness, drunkenness, sensuality, theft, anger, violence meet with punishment in this world as well as in the next.

In this department the influence of religion is all-powerful, and every effort should be made to strengthen the hands of those who are working for the moral regeneration of the world. In addition to an increase in religious agencies as an antidote to 'moral disability' as a cause of pauperism, I have already stated that I believe reforms should be effected in the laws regulating the sale of intoxicating liquors, and the management of the poorhouse system. I have suggested the establishment of labour colonies and of disciplinary battalions of labour. I may well leave the detailed consideration of the much-needed reforms in the licensing laws to the many active temperance organisations throughout the country. I have nothing new to suggest on this point. The one object to be attained in this relation is a reduction in the amount of working-class money now squandered in drink, which, if saved, would render workhouses unnecessary, and drive pauperism out of the land. If drunkenness and heavy drinking become obsolete in England, it is a matter of very secondary consideration to me by what means the reform be brought about.

With regard to Poor Law Reform, I conceive that the goal of

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our desires should be the complete separation of the idle and vicious from those who have sought a refuge in the workhouse owing to disease, infirmity, or old age. In the former case relief should only be given in return for hard and useful work, which would be of benefit to the taxpayer, such as the making of roads, the construction of harbours of refuge, the arterial drainage of bog and marsh, the reclamation of land from the sea, the formation of defensive works. To enable such undertakings to be executed, disciplinary battalions of labour should be formed, living under canvas, subject to police supervision and direction, and capable of being moved from place to place, as the exigency of the work required to be done may demand. The men forming these battalions would be the incorrigible idlers who now tramp the country at the expense of the honest workingman. It should be made impossible for a man or woman to go from workhouse to workhouse during the summer months seeking no employment, but travelling at the charges of his hardworking fellows. The tramping population should be placed under the supervision of the police, and when, say after two or three months, it became apparent that a man was not desirous of obtaining work, and was simply living upon public charity, he should be drafted off, under a magistrate's order, to a battalion of labour, where he should be made to work for as many weeks or months as he had been living upon public charity, at the end of which time he should be given another chance of obtaining work on his own account. In these battalions limited and regulated corporal punishment should be permitted. Some similar but stationary establishment might be organised to which incorrigible women-tramps might be sent, and forced to labour at some useful employment. In the case of married couples the children should be taken from the parents and placed in industrial schools, so as to separate them completely from the vicious influence and example of their parents. In this connection it is of the greatest importance, too, that England should follow the example of the New York Legislature, which about four years ago passed a law by which, when a child is placed in a reformatory or industrial school, the State assumes the position of the parents and becomes the guardian of its interests. In Great Britain a vicious parent can throw the entire burden of the education of a child on the country, and so soon as it is old enough to be of service to him, can claim it as his property. Thus, in many cases, the child reverts to the old haunts, vicious companions and habits, from which it had with difficulty been rescued, and the time, money, and care expended on its education are entirely lost. In the case of female children the danger is even greater than in male, as parents actually claim them for purposes of degradation. To revert to the consideration of workhouse reform. Having eliminated from these establishments the vicious and the idle, it would be possible to make them, with due

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regard for economy, a great deal more homelike and comfortable; to permit the inmates some little indulgences which now, owing to the presence of the unworthy, are denied them; to give them light employment, so as to render the long hours of waiting for death less dreary and monotonous; to place pictures on the walls, and books on the shelves, and above all to grant separate apartments to aged couples over sixty years of age, so that the last years of their lives might be spent in each other's company.

I believe that the formation of labour colonies by voluntary agency would be of advantage to the country. These colonies should be formed somewhat on the model of those which have been found so useful in Holland and Germany, and should be situated in rural districts, but as near as practicable to large centres of population. Here single men who are out of work should be employed in remunerative agricultural and other labour. The men should be roughly housed, clothed, and fed, in return for the work done. No wages should be paid in cash during residence, but an account should be kept, and on their leaving with good characters, the surplus (if any) due after deduction of their expenses, should be handed to them. None should be permitted to remain more than six months at a time, and every effort should be made to obtain permanent employment elsewhere for the inmates of the establishment. Permission should be given them to leave as soon as work has been obtained. The pay credited to them should be calculated at a rate of wage slightly less than that current in the neighbourhood, and no agreement should be made on the man's arrival as to the payment of wages, so that, should a man misbehave himself it may be legal to confiscate the money partially or wholly, as a punishment and as a means of maintaining discipline.

The object of such a colony (which would require at all events at first to be supported by voluntary contributions) would be to sift the hardworking men out of employment from the lazy, to train in habits of industry those who, perhaps, formerly had led idle lives, but desired to reform and were anxious to learn a trade, and to enable employers in search of hands to know where they could find men seeking employment and worthy of assistance. In these labour colonies men could be trained to handicrafts of all kinds, and the money earned would enable them, if employment were slack at home, to migrate across the ocean. I see no reason why colonies for women should not also be established, in which remunerative labour could be given, such as washing and needlework. Land is at this time selling in Essex for from 10*l.* to 11*l.* an acre. The present would seem, therefore, a fitting time to make such an experiment. By a recent return published in the 'Correspondenz-Blatt' of the Arbeiter Verein there were at that time in Germany fifteen labour colonies. The purchase of land and cost of buildings had amounted

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to 86,100*l.*, and 5,329 acres had been purchased. The first colony was founded by Herr Pastor von Boedelschwing at Wilhelmsdorf in 1882.

I am well aware that the causes I have mentioned and the remedies I have suggested are only a few of those to which pauperism can be traced, or from which hope of redemption may be expected. The question how to diminish pauperism is one which cannot be solved without being regarded from many points of view. Pauperism is a hydra with a hundred heads, which seem to grow afresh as fast as they are decapitated. Whether it is so in fact the future will show, but I for one am no pessimist, and believe that pauperism can be grappled with, if only seriously taken in hand, and if society is in earnest in its efforts to do so. One great hindrance to an effective solution of the question is (in my mind) to be found in that modern phase of humanitarianism which declines to recognise that force *is* a remedy in many cases, and in some the only effective one. The time is far distant, if it ever arrives, when society will be able to dispense with force. The real question is to see that it be only applied when necessary, with no vindictive feeling, with no more severity than is requisite to accomplish the purpose desired, and that it be withdrawn when no longer required; but in few cases can I conceive society to be more justified in the use of force than in compelling the idle pauper to work, and in thus hindering him from tyrannising over his neighbours, and from living on the proceeds of other men's labours.

MEATH.

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CLUBS FOR WORKING GIRLS.

The London Work-Girl.

In the last twenty years innumerable schemes have been brought forward, societies have been established, and unions have been formed for the improvement, the cultivation, and for the happiness of the working classes. The minds of philanthropists are fortunately so various, that the interest of those who work and of those who can bestow money is spread over such a large area, and flows into such countless channels, that we might almost imagine that all who needed help would come under these beneficent influences. It is true that there are organisations seeming to reach every kind of distress and misfortune both for men and for horses, for dogs, for cattle, and have we not this year seen a ball taking place to defray the expenses of a home of rest for tired horses? It is true that much thought is given to alleviate suffering of all kinds; but do we not still reach a very small number, comparatively, of toiling and suffering humanity? We are trying to make the lives of the working classes brighter, happier, more full of pleasure, more joyous, and we do succeed somewhat; every hour of happiness we can bestow on the toilers is of value; so let us not underrate the smallest effort that is made; but our lives are so short, for all we would do, and power of work will so soon pass from us, that we should concentrate our efforts to do the most in the short time given to us for work.

In these days of widespread literature and newspapers an idea, once it takes hold of the imagination of men, will multiply endlessly. Let us take, for example, the idea of providing country holidays for poor children. It is but a dozen years or so since the idea was first formed, and now see the multitudes, the thousands of children sent out into the country every summer from our great centres of industry, from London, Manchester, Liverpool, and from numerous towns of smaller magnitude. Now in Italy the children are sent every summer to the seaside, and in France, Germany, and Austria they go forth from their great cities to the pine-forests or hillsides. Universal as is this idea of country holidays for children, so we hope in time will be the feeling that clubs must be established in the different localities of great cities to carry on the work of the

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school, and to protect and raise the working girls of our country. Experience shows us that a club for girls will do a great work; for can we too highly estimate a work which raises, which ennobles, which brings out the best traits in a girl, which by its wholesome pleasures, by its varied interests, by its human sympathies between the ladies and the girls, will make their lives happy and good ones?

We might almost say that the welfare of the work-girl is at the root of the important questions now exercising the minds and thoughts of some of the best of our generation: the question, how are we to improve the lives of our working classes? what can we do to ameliorate their condition—to make less unequal the lot of the rich and the poor? You may say, What has the work-girl to do with this question? Is it not always said, and with truth, that the influence of the mother over her child, the girl over her sweetheart, the wife over her husband, weighs much in the balance for good or evil in men's lives? We have seen it so in history, we have known it to be so in our own and other lives, and if we raise the work-girl, if we can make her conscious of her own great responsibilities both towards God and man, if we can show her that there are other objects in her life besides that of gaining her daily bread or getting as much amusement as possible out of her days, we shall then give her an influence over her sweetheart, her husband, and her sons which will sensibly improve and raise her generation to be something higher than mere hewers of wood and drawers of water.

Let us consider, then, the condition of the work-girl in our great towns. Her working and wage-earning life begins at fourteen—often, indeed, at thirteen. In general there is an impatience to go to work, for it means a decided advance in the life of a girl. She ceases to be a child—a step eagerly looked forward to by all girls. If the parents are poor, the girl knows how valuable will be her weekly wage at home; should her parents be in easy circumstances, wage-earning people, themselves in constant work, the girl may be apprenticed or learn a trade: here also the feeling of independence makes work attractive to the child, who sees the pleasant prospect in coming years of earning good wages. The day will come when the long hours of fatiguing labour will make the child regret those happy schooldays she has so joyfully quitted.

In several parts of London the girl will for many years bring home her wages to her mother, who will give her a small sum weekly to put by for her clothes, the remainder going into the common family purse. The daughter thus becomes of importance, in one sense, in the family, for does she not add to the exchequer? is she not a wage-earning member of the household? In Manchester girls get good wages at the mill—sometimes eighteen shillings a week; they are more in request than men, and therefore they are often the only bread-winners of the home. This alters

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in many cases the position of parents and children; the former will not venture to draw the reins too tightly, no word of warning and advice will be given, for fear that the girl should take herself off to lodgings, enjoying the same freedom she has already got accustomed to without any chance of remonstrance or reproof. The mothers will often say girls must learn the way of the world; when she has done her work she must have her fling; and so she will saunter through the gas-lighted streets with some companion, male or female; she will be ready with a saucy word, a sharp retort, a rude laugh, and often, alas! even foul words or swearing, that show how fatal has been the consequence of what was at first the harmless recreation of an evening walk after the day's toil.

It will be asked, has the School Board done nothing for our work-girls? Only those can give a fair answer to this question who have known them after their school life, who have mixed with the girls, and seen the effect of school on those who have scraped through the first three standards, and with the girls who have passed through all their standards with credit. We can unhesitatingly say that a good elementary school education has done a very great deal for the children. It does not signify if it has been in a board school or in a denominational school, so that the teachers have been good and the Education Code followed. We see in the well-taught working girl intelligence developed, order and discipline are understood, and a cultivation of mind and manners which makes her often fit, on leaving the school, to take work in first-rate shops, or to begin service with some notion of what is required of her. We have already some technical training for girls—cooking, needlework, cutting out; this they learn at school in the advanced standards, and perhaps we might some day have laundry and household work added to the extra subjects of class teaching; if they were taught in our schools we should not hear, as we do now, that the work-girl can neither wash her clothes nor clean a room. Such work, if taught in the elementary schools in poor localities, would make the girls long for something beyond their own often miserable homes, which would be made less miserable by cleanliness, thrift, and industry. We do not say that advanced rules of arithmetic, that the use of the globes, that the power of singing from notes, will advance them specially in their life's work; but the discipline, the order, the intelligence that has been developed in learning these subjects will make them apt pupils in their trades, and will make them better workwomen.

We can still see the want of primary education in our work-girl, for what with the shifting of the parents from one locality to another, what with the unpunctual and drunken habits of some parents, we have had girls attending our night schools, over seventeen, who would not have passed in the first standard. This has produced in the girl a dull stupidity which has made her unequal in the great competition for work, and without some helping hand such

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as can be given by friends in a club, she must have sunk below her companions. It may be said, and truly so, that we can never find better or cleverer servants than were to be found in the last generation, who had no such education, who possibly could neither read nor write; but remember that such instances were the exceptionally clever ones, who had not had the opportunities of book-learning, and whose acuteness and ingenuity triumphed over all impediments. Now those girls in our days who cannot read or write are the neglected, the weakened in mind and in body, too often by the vices and degradations of their parents.

Now we may ask, when these girls go forth into the world having been cared for up to twelve, thirteen, or fourteen years of age by the parental arm of the State, has the education they have received done more for them than make them more intelligent, more quick of apprehension, better workwomen? We would answer, according to the higher teaching they have received from their mistress, morally and religiously, will the girl—precocious as, we must remember, these children of the poor are on all social questions—be bent on leading a virtuous, honest life; but can we say more of a child of thirteen than that 'well begun is half done'? The great mass of girls employed industrially in London, whether in factories or workshops, have their homes with their parents, brothers, and sisters in but one or two rooms, possibly some may be in the improved workmen's dwellings and will have three, and the higher class four rooms for a family of often eight or more children. How can the work-girl find the recreation she must have after ten or eleven hours of monotonous work? Our children have their lesson-time, at thirteen, fourteen, or fifteen, carefully intermixed with walks, games, rides, gymnastics, and the endless variety of amusements of the children of well-to-do parents. Our work-girls—children still, though wage-earning members of the family—seek their recreation where alone they can find it, by loitering about the streets after dark when work is over, with some chosen companion; often it is with girls, sometimes in rough play with boys and lads. After a time the walk round, the looking into the shop-windows, the passing by the glaring gaslit stalls in the evening markets, ceases to have interest. Then comes, according to their means, the visit to the music hall, the cheap theatres, the gin-palaces, the dancing saloons, and the wine shop; then soon follow other temptations, the easy sliding into greater sin, the degradation and the downfall of all womanly virtue. And we may ask how has this catastrophe come about? from the innocent and natural wish of the child to play, to be amused, to stretch her wearied limbs after her long day of work. Work well paid in the West End of London, but most cruelly paid in the East End—wages that will not suffice to keep body and soul together in any decency, that embitters the hearts of those who have to endure it,

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creates many a murmur, spoken and unspoken, against the hardship of this unequal world. Well, to counteract these dangers, to save our poor children just starting into womanhood, to keep the young girl virtuous, to give her friends that will be safe guides, that will lead her forwards and upwards, that will make life a happiness instead of a drudgery—we say, establish in every locality clubs for working girls. Do not put aside these pages and say, 'Another hobby! another vain attempt to use Mrs. Partington's broom to sweep back the Atlantic!' It is not a hobby. Vice, disease, crime would sweep over this great Babylon as the waters of the Atlantic; but we must raise barriers, we must stem the tide of evil, and experience has shown us what can be done in the short space of five years to enable us to raise, to purify, and strengthen many a girl living in a neighbourhood looked on by some of us as the worst in our metropolis. With the arm of the Lord we will fight against this evil, these sorrows, this poverty, which is making our great cities into hotbeds of corruption, and with help from above we must use the weapons of foresight and judgment, and we must turn to and provide for the girls that which their parents truly say they cannot provide—healthy and safe recreations, amusements, and occupation for their leisure hours.

Clubs for working girls are one of the most modern of all schemes; but the rapid spread of such institutions, in less than ten years, over England, and Scotland, and America, shows how greatly they were needed. They meet a want which can be met in no other way: they enlist the sympathy of the upper classes, whilst they gain the confidence of the working class.

The Way to Start a Girls' Club.

Girls' clubs have been started in different ways, sometimes locally, so as to benefit the girls living in a certain neighbourhood, sometimes for girls engaged in some special branch of industry, such as flower-girls, laundresses, dressmakers, mill-girls, and those engaged in factories. Clubs are also often formed specially for members of some church, into which club other girls may be allowed to enter, or else the club is devoted to the use of the members of the church alone. We would not advocate any one scheme as pre-eminently the best; for the success of all such undertakings will depend on the zeal, the tact, the energy, the capacity, of the promoters; and it would be unwise to dictate any one way to them: they must use their own judgment in starting the club, specially having in view the circumstances of the neighbourhood, the amount of people interested in the work who will come forward with personal help and money, and above all they should be satisfied to start in a very small way, to allow the club to grow and increase, however slowly, being assured that the

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experience gained is worth some delay. In some instances clubs have been started, and have proved most lamentable failures; owing to an undue hurry and inability to work slowly, the managers have been impatient to succeed, not considering that characters require much time to develop under better and new influences, and that by hurrying such a work as this, and being too anxious about results, they only touch the superficial part of human nature. They should remember that rude, vulgar, untidy, disreputable habits, uncorrected during childhood and youth, will need very patient and continual correction before we can see the manners of the working girl refined, polite, unselfish, and thoughtful for others.

In starting a club, and indeed, in carrying it out, discipline and order are the first requisites. A club was established in one part of London for the poorest of work girls, they were allowed to talk to one another as they would have spoken in the streets, probably in their own homes, their conduct became lawless, there was no respect shown to the ladies, and the club had to be closed for some months, to be re-opened under stricter discipline. Another club we know of was started for boys, with the most praiseworthy desire to benefit the lads of a dangerous neighbourhood. A few respectable boys were got together, who were anxious to find some evening place of recreation; but the promoters were not satisfied with the progress of the tortoise: they wished for rapid results and large numbers; they admitted all who chose to apply; there was no order, no means of instruction; the respectable boys left, the roughs who remained said they must be allowed to smoke in their club; all control over them was gone, the language was so foul that the police had to interfere, and fortunately the club was soon closed, but not before more harm had certainly been done to the neighbourhood than good by collecting together the ill-disposed lads.

The same amount of licence will, of course, not prevail amongst girls, but the language may be as foul; in one club we heard the police say that in the streets they had not heard worse language than was used in a girls' club. We have heard of, the moment girls were dismissed at closing time from the club, fights taking place between them till they rolled in the streets together, abusive words being used to one another and the ladies who had spent their evenings trying to amuse them. We have seen, in a club, ladies coming in, who were frequent visitors, received by such exclamations as these: 'Well, Mrs. Jones, what have you brought for us this evening? something worth having, we hope,' a free and easy style which does not mean confidence or affection, but merely ill-bred familiarity.

Ladies who engage in this work without previous experience are too apt to be carried away by their sympathy with the hard lives of these work-girls, to remember their long hours of wearying work, to

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look at their pale, careworn faces, and to think that they will add to their hardships if they in any way reprove them or do not allow them their fling once they are off work and are come to the club. But this is a great mistake; there is nothing a girl will value more than the thought that she is improving herself, that she is learning manners. Why, have we not been told by the uneducated wife of an artisan the loss she felt when sitting with her husband's friends, that, from want of education, she knew no 'dictionary words,' showing by this that the uneducated, the rough working woman can feel the loss of schooling, and is conscious of the value of culture of which she has been deprived.

Men can also become sensible of this deficiency, as a labourer, after a winter's training for singing in a church choir, when praised for his progress, answered, 'Why, marm, we have not only learned singing, but we have learned manners too.' So first and foremost in club management we must insist on order, discipline, and good manners as well as good conduct, and it is perhaps the most difficult quality to find in any of the well-intentioned, kind ladies who will undertake this work. They must have a dignity in themselves which will command respect; they must be even-tempered, showing no favouritism amongst the girls; there must be no hurry, and tact is essentially needed. We have seen the gentlest and most fragile of ladies command a respect which the strongest might fail to obtain. We have known a class to be left in most perfect order by one teacher who had to attend to another part of the club, and, for what reason we know not, disorder had sprung up, slates had been thrown about, and the gas turned out. Such collisions should certainly be avoided, so let the managers be very careful who they get as coadjutors in this sometimes difficult work. Any helper in a girls' club, should, above all, have friendliness in her manners and in her heart; to be lively is a great advantage; quietness and decorum are attractive in a girl's club as elsewhere, whereas pride or conceit is soon detected by them. We have heard of girls in a club who openly discussed the ladies who came to them, saying of one, 'We don't like Miss Ann, she is so stuck up! she gives herself such airs!' We need not add that such remarks should never be allowed—not silenced, but, quietly and apart, the girls should be reasoned with.

In starting a club where none has before existed it is sometimes well after taking a room, to send out invitations for a tea. Let these invitations be given through district visitors, employers, Sunday-school teachers of all denominations. After tea let some lady address the girls, tell them what is proposed to be done for them, tell them what success has attended clubs already established, say what classes will be held, what payment will be required, what amusements will be provided; then, after this address, let the ladies

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talk individually to the girls, get to know them, get their names and addresses and promise, if possible, of joining the club. It would be well at first starting to ask no admittance fee, but after a month have one of twopence, sixpence, or one shilling, and admit all who apply with the understanding that there is no membership till a visit has been paid by a lady to the candidate's home, after which, if satisfactory, a card of membership will be given. It is well to allow girls, once they are members, to introduce other girls. They will be anxious to introduce none but girls who will be a credit to themselves, and indeed it seems the only way of getting members except those personally known to ladies, for repeatedly has the experiment been tried to give papers of clubs in the streets to work-girls. They have taken the papers, expressed a wish to come, but have never made their appearance.

After a day or two it would be well to call on those girls who gave their names and addresses, and explain more about the club to the girls and their parents. A monthly party is a good thing to propose, when every member is allowed to bring in a friend and where there can be dancing. By this means the club gets known in its most attractive aspect.

The best way of starting a girls' club, but that is not always possible, is to make it the outcome of a night school, or through the work of a district visitor. There you have a natural connection between members and ladies, and you will have the friendliness on one side and the confidence on the other engendered by the intercourse already carried on.

Then, in arranging classes, only settle on such for which you can be certain to have teachers; they may be paid or unpaid teachers—it matters not if they are the right sort. They must know how to teach, they must have the gift for teaching, for remember that these scholars are all voluntary; there can be no compulsion; and also that they are handicapped by long hours of hard work by which their bodies are tired out, and which may a little dull their brains. But if your teachers love teaching, they will get brighter as the lesson goes on, and their pupils will forget fatigue and lassitude, and will be eager and attentive to get all they can from their instructors.

It is most important to secure a good superintendent in a girls' club; much of the success of the undertaking will depend on the person you place there. It is a great advantage to the girls to have visits from ladies, and they should take each their special evenings for visiting the club, but let there be one manager, who is always there, and who will know all the members and be known by them? We have had the experience of a lady as a superintendent, and also one of the same class as the girls, and we do not recommend either one or the other as absolutely the best; the essential is to find a woman with great friendliness, love for the girls, warm sympathy, order, and liveliness,

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who will never be tired, or rather who will never let her feelings, mental or physical, interfere with the work of the club. At Nottingham a different system is carried on; there is no regular superintendent, but the ladies take their turns at the club. The numbers at each club are not so numerous as some London clubs, and where there are 150 members, with an average of 70 attendance, a permanent superintendent seems necessary. The salary required for a superintendent will be some consideration when funds are low, but as it will only occupy the evenings of a working woman, very large pay will not be required. Should the superintendent be a lady, her salary need not be much more, as it would not be wise to engage one who would have to depend on this salary for her maintenance.

It is better never to close the club for a week or longer: this is sometimes done when ladies are out of town; but the sense of continuity is very important to ensure a regular attendance at a club. In some instances we have heard of free teas on Sundays being given to the girls who have come in the week; this implies that the girls were doing a good action by coming to the club, whereas they should get to feel that they are enjoying a privilege by possessing and making use of the club. It will generally be found necessary to form a committee of ladies, to which gentlemen may be added; but in starting a club it will be well if the guidance and management of the club be left in the hands of one or, at the most, two ladies, who habitually visit the club in the evening, and who will best know the requirements and characteristics of the girls. It is very essential also that there should be perfect accord between the ladies and superintendent, as the girls are on the alert to gauge the amount of confidence placed in their superintendent. We have known the usefulness of clubs much marred by the annoyance shown by the ladies at the greater attachment and confidence shown to the superintendent than to them. It is but natural that they should be more at their ease with the one that is always with them. Undue familiarity should be discouraged, as it will often lower the respect the girls feel for those placed over them. It would be well, when the club is first started, for the Committee to meet every week; but as everything settles down, once a month, or once in two months, may be sufficient. When the club has got quite into working order, it is a good plan for each lady of the committee to take a month at a time for looking through the superintendent's book, her attendance marks, her register of fees, and her log-book, and to visit the club one evening a week during her month of duty.

In many ways it is advantageous to keep a register of attendances the girls like it themselves; they are glad to think that the ladies look through these registers and observe those who are oftenest in the club. In another way it is useful: if a girl has been long absent from the club, or comes in less often than before, inquiries should be made.

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It has happened that the mothers have fancied their girls were attending the club every evening when they were really elsewhere, and in this way a girl has been, more than once, checked in giddy ways.

In the log-book should always be kept the record of the ladies who visit the club, any special event, any new members joining, or any other fact of interest it is well to note. In some clubs there is a limit of age for admittance. There are some difficulties in admitting girls under fifteen when they seem to be but children, and when the number of members is very small it is best to keep the girls more of an age; but the feeling is very strong that girls who have left school at thirteen or fourteen, and have gone to work, should be encouraged to come to a club specially with the object of attending classes; they are generally anxious to improve themselves, and the argument of idle hours spent in the streets after their day's work and the danger of such practices applies as much to them as to older girls. In our club in Soho the average age is seventeen, but we are glad to admit the girls of fourteen who have been at the four or five schools of our immediate neighbourhood, and who therefore live close by and who are anxious to come. The older ones are apt to talk of the smallness of the new members, but they are reminded that they joined when children, and of the advantage the club has been to them. Where the arrangements of the house make such a thing possible, it would be well to have a separate room for the elder members and those who wish for quiet and reading and who do not need supervision.

It seems very necessary to provide at a club the means of cheap refreshment, and it is well to let the girls undertake this themselves as soon as they are known, and considered fit to undertake the duty. The charge should be small—a penny and halfpenny a cup of tea or coffee, buns, pastry, &c., all according to the usual prices at coffee-taverns. If properly managed there should be no expense attaching to the refreshments, and, indeed, there will be a little profit when many are present; and it is an advantage to the girls to take some little trouble for what is so entirely to their own advantage.

We have spoken of a girl committee. This is a very important element in a girls' club—as necessary as in men's clubs of all sorts; but we cannot expect to start a club with members fit to take a responsible part in the management. At the opening of a club, in the address that is given, we would hold that out as an object before us, explain how it can be accomplished; as the whole question is new to the girls, they must feel their way slowly, see what is wanted, what duties could properly be discharged by the committee, and at the end of a year the members would have got to see in which girl they could best place confidence; a day would be named, the voting papers would be prepared, and ten or twelve members would be chosen by all the club. It would be well to have two members on duty every evening,

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in case of the unavoidable absence of one of them. The committee members should undertake every evening the refreshment bar, buying the food and keeping the accounts; they should undertake the library, appoint two days in the week for lending and receiving back the books; they should between them see that the class-rooms are ready each evening; some of the committee members should give out the games, see that the new members are introduced to other girls, and that no one sits neglected by herself. Then, on the evenings of the *soirées*—we wish we could find an English word equally descriptive of the evening entertainment—the committee should again act as hostesses, send out invitations, receive the guests, and keep up the life and amusement of the evening.

We feel that a girls' committee could really manage the club entirely alone, but as those who form the committee are all working girls, finishing their work at seven or eight, or later, in the evening, it would be too much to expect of them to give up so much of leisure as would be needed for the whole management of the books, registry of attendances, and payment of club fees. During our superintendent's three weeks' holiday this summer the club was managed by the girls' committee, and everything was most satisfactory.

We have reached this point after eight years of work in our club. Slowly and gradually the girls have learned that order conduces more to the general well-being and comfort than disorder, and that culture and refinement are to a certain extent within their reach. They have realised that their club has been of inestimable value to them, that it has given them interests which have brightened their days, that through the club they have found friends who have helped them on in this life and shown them a higher life worth striving for. We have not wished to take our girls out of their class, but we have wished to see them ennoble the class to which they belong.

MAUDE STANLEY.

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CATHEDRAL-ROOM FOR NEGLECTED RECORDS.

THE most delightful place of resort on the face of the globe is to be found within a bow-shot of Temple Bar. Not on the south side of Fleet Street, whatever enthusiastic gentlemen of the law may say, nor on the west, nor on the east, for there too there is little to attract us except in the shop windows, and there is noise and turmoil and the roar of a restless multitude bewildering and disturbing us whether we move or halt on our way. No! my happy valley lies to the north of the great thoroughfare; its courts and halls and corridors, its restful solitudes, its mines of gold that are waiting to be worked, its storehouses of precious things that are practically inexhaustible, all are to be found in a favoured region that lies between Chancery and Fetter Lane s. 'Record Office, Fetter Lane!' I said to the driver of a hansom some months ago. 'Do you mean *Chancery* Lane, sir?' asked the voice through the hole over my head. 'No, I mean Fetter Lane.' The man actually did not know the situation of the earthly Paradise.

Pone me pigris ubi nulla vicis
Arbor æstiva recreatur aura,

I murmured to myself. I could not waste my Horace upon Cabby.

I am in the habit of assuring my lowly congregation upon Sundays that for all their talk about heaven they would find themselves very much out of place there without some previous preparation for that desirable abode. The same warning is equally true when applied to other blissful resting-places besides the celestial mansions. You must have a taste for them; you must have qualified yourself to enjoy them and to mix with the company you find there. Surely Valhalla could only have suited the few. But this place of resort of which I am thinking is a pleasure-house whose resources are actually limitless, however well you may have learnt to use your opportunities. 'Life piled on life were all too little' to get even so much knowledge of this prodigious and enormous accumulation of treasures as to be able to answer with certainty what may be found there and what not. For eight-and-forty years there has appeared

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annually a *Report of the Deputy Keeper of the Public Records*, presenting us with an elaborate summary of work carried on by the functionaries employed in examining our national archives; and so far are we from getting to the end of the work of men cataloguing and calendaring that it may reasonably be estimated another fifty years will be required to complete this vast preliminary labour; and when that time comes it will be necessary to begin again at summarising and supplying indices to the reports issued. What next will follow it is difficult to conjecture or imagine.

The forty-eighth Report, issued in 1887, happens to be lying at my elbow as I write, and there, ready for consultation, I find a brief calendar of the Patent Rolls of the seventh year of Edward the First, drawn up by one of the many accomplished archivists of the Office. It fills 216 closely printed pages. It summarises at least 3,000 documents, some of them of considerable length; they all belong to a single class, and they are all concerned with the life of our forefathers—yours and mine, my estimable reader—during the single year ending the 20th of November, 1279. Six centuries ago. Think of that! Yet this collection is but one among thousands. The third Report, issued in 1842, first drew attention to the existence of a huge mass of ancient letters of the reigns of King John, Henry the Third, and Edward the First, the most modern of them, observe, coming down no nearer to our own time than the year 1307 A.D. 'This important mass,' we are told, 'appears to contain 1,942 bundles, each containing on the average about 200 documents, or about 388,400 on the whole.' Scared by such figures as these, the imagination, a trifle jaded, refuses to dwell upon 913 Papal Bulls of various dates, or to take the trouble to speculate upon the probable bulk of seven or eight thousand documents which reveal unknown secrets about the ancient forests and their boundaries. But we are fairly aghast at the news that there are hundreds of rolls averaging 200 feet in length, and at least one extending to the enormous dimensions of 800 feet, written within and without with lamentation, mourning, and woe. There could be no eating such a roll as that!

The documents deposited in the Record Office, and which, as we have seen, are likely to have taken a hundred years to catalogue before they become readily accessible to students and explorers, count by millions. They are of all sorts, conditions, and classes, but they may be roughly described as concerned with the civil and political history of the nation; that is, they deal with the development of our institutions, with the government of our sovereigns through their ministers, with the changes in our laws and their administration, with the complex questions of the tenure of land and the changes in its ownership, with the rise and growth of our commerce, with our wars by land and by sea, with a hundred other matters which never can cease to have a profound and undying interest for the citizens

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of a great empire. Let us, for convenience' sake, call the Record Office the storehouse of authorities on England's *constitutional* history.

This vast *tabularium*, as the Romans called their Public Record Office, is situated, as I have said, within a bow-shot of Temple Bar, and to the north-east of that vanished structure. About double the same distance on the south-west there exists another huge depository of records, which may be said to be a great storehouse of authorities concerned with our *family* history. The wills which are stored in Somerset House, though beginning at a date centuries later than the early records in Fetter Lane, go back quite far enough to make the reading of the great mass of them not always easy for the uninitiated. They too probably count by millions, and I have known one gentleman who estimated the number which he himself had looked at and examined with more or less attention at not less than a hundred thousand. This collection is more easily accessible to students than the other, inasmuch as here we are dealing with a single class of documents, which present no difficulties of arrangement, and which have been carefully preserved and habitually consulted for generations, and are as a rule bound up in big volumes of transcripts, or office copies, made for the most part within a short time of the original wills having been proved before the accredited officials. So far as they go the wills in Somerset House contain to a very great extent the *genealogical* history of England. It is necessary to guard this statement by qualifying words, for the wills in Somerset House are the wills of men and women who died in the southern province only.

If we lengthen our radius, keeping to Temple Bar as our centre and sweeping a circle say of five miles in diameter, we shall include within this circumference a vast collection of records of a very miscellaneous character. There are the muniments of the city of London; there is an unknown mass of curious 'evidences' in the secret chambers of the London companies; there are the mysterious and probably very large stores of recondite lore hidden away somewhere in the great Inns of Court, and perhaps in forgotten garrets of some of the minor dependencies of those august institutions. There are the sessional records of the county of Middlesex, which a very moderate estimate has assured us contain more than half a million documents; and, in addition to all these, there are probably many other important collections subsidiary to these larger ones, the very existence of which is unknown and unsuspected except by some few reticent creatures, who with the grip of the miser cling secretively to the hoarded treasures that they cannot spend and will not let any one else look at. It must be evident to any one who reflects upon the measureless bulk—the mere bulk—of these various assemblages of ancient documents to be found within the metropolitan area alone,

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that any heroic policy which should contemplate gathering them all under a single roof, and unifying them in a centralised national *tabularium*, is impracticable. A Public Record Office which should not only be a monster warehouse for the safe custody of our ancient muniments, but should be a library of reference open to all duly qualified persons desirous of pursuing historical research among our unprinted sources, would be a building that would more than fill Trafalgar Square. Obviously such a collection, to be practically accessible, would require to be methodised, arranged, catalogued, and to some extent indexed. An army of trained officials would be needed to deal with the materials under their hands. It would take a lifetime to set the house in order. The very geography of such a world would require a guide-book as perplexing as a Bradshaw.

The magnificent collection now at the Record Office is, as has been seen, still only in course of being examined and calendared. Even after fifty years of unremitting labour bestowed upon it we have a very imperfect knowledge of what it contains; and this, be it remembered, though no department of the public service can compare with this in the ability, industry, enthusiasm, and profound learning which have been for generations the characteristic of the officials, one and all, high and low. From the days of that cross-grained, combative, and overwhelmingly learned miracle of erudition William Prynne down to our own day there has been a kind of apostolical succession among the keepers of the national archives and their coadjutors. The Record Office almost deserves to have a dictionary of biography of its own. To widen the field of labour here would be to destroy all hope of its ever being brought into order. Centralisation of our muniments has well-nigh reached its utmost limits in the unwieldy proportions of the collection now under the charge of the Deputy Keeper. To extend those limits and to bring together additional millions of MSS. from distant depositories would be to convert the great *tabularium* into a colossal *cæmeterium*, in which they would be not so much preserved as buried for all time.

Let it be conceded, then, that, as far as the Record Office is concerned, it will be best to leave well alone. The custodians of our archives in Fetter Lane have quite enough to occupy their time for many a long day. They are not the men to need urging or to embarrass by loading them with new accessions of work which they can never hope to get through. On the other hand, the muniments of such bodies as the great Inns, the chartered companies, or the Corporation of London can hardly—at any rate hardly *yet*—be looked upon and dealt with as public property. These corporations very naturally cling to their own possessions; they are jealous of throwing open their muniments to be scrutinised and peeped into by prying eyes by no means always looking with a kindly or benevolent gaze. Why should the benchers of the Middle Temple, for instance, lay

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out their early charters to be copied by Tom, Dick, and Harry, to be printed with appropriate comments in the columns of the *Wapping Watchman*, and enriched by learned notes and illustrations full of love and sweetness? Why should the ancient Guild of the Girdlers court publicity when there is a host of Grub Street ragamuffins only too glad to make merchandise of their 'Curious Revelations' and to ferret out inconvenient scraps of information to be used for the destruction of the things that are? 'Confound that shabby old Dry-asdust!' we might hear the warden growl out to his brethren of the craft. 'If the fellow goes on like that we shall have to ask him to dinner, give him a bad one, and protest we could not afford a better in the lamentable condition of our finances.' No! Diligent explorers and omnivorous antiquaries like my friend Mr. Cadaverous must be patient and submissive. 'The rights of property, sir—the rights of property must be respected. Make your approaches in a spirit of courtesy and with becoming respect for the august body to which we belong, and you may find us gracious and condescending; but come to us as a footpad grabbing at our fobs, and you may find the consequences disastrous. We have been known to give pence to beggars, but to submit to be plundered—never!'

There is, however, one class of documents to be found within the area that I have been dealing with which may fairly be regarded as public property in a different sense from that in which the civic and corporate muniments can be considered such. I refer to the registers and churchwardens' books, which constitute an important collection of records from which a great deal of our parochial and family history may be gleaned. I know how contemptuously some good folks affect to treat pedigree-hunting and genealogy. I know how much ridicule has been heaped upon the pompous pettiness of beadles and vestrymen. Mr. Bumble in a Punch and Judy show or in a Christmas pantomime is always greeted with a welcome of convulsive merriment. And yet somehow we all do feel some sly hankering to know how they managed it in the parochial councils, say, two or three hundred years ago; and few men are so indifferent as some dull men pretend to be about the mere bare births, deaths, and marriages of their forefathers. It may be very profitless, very silly, but so is playing at chess, and smoking, and many another harmless diversion. And is that all? I am not going to enter into the question of what larger and wider fields of enquiry the humbler bypaths of research may help us to pass through without going helplessly astray; but this is certain, that there never has been a civilised nation since nations grew into organised life—never has been, never will be—in which something like a passion for finding out the smaller secrets of the past has not been strong, and in some minds absorbing. Be that as it may, there are, it may be estimated, some hundreds of volumes scattered about in all sorts of odd places,

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in the custody of all sorts of odd people, within the metropolitan area which contain the entries of the three most important events in the lives of millions of people who have been born, wedded, and died within five miles of Temple Bar during the last three centuries and a half. These volumes are being consulted every week. Copies of the entries made in them are produced as evidence in courts of justice every month, and vast sums of money change hands every year on the testimony which those books afford, and almost upon that alone. On that testimony again and again the title to large estates, the right to seats in the House of Lords, the legitimacy of son or daughter, has depended. Fiction and fact have vied with each other in emphasising the romantic incidents that our parish registers have chronicled or concealed. All the existing parish registers within the metropolitan area, and all the churchwardens' books besides, from the year 1538 (when parish registers first began to be kept in England) to the beginning of the present century, might easily be kept in a single room of Somerset House, and be easily supplied with perfect personal indices in five years.

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One more class of ancient records remains to be dealt with before we leave London and its purlieus. Nothing has yet been said of that immense mass of precious muniments which constitute the apparatus from which the *ecclesiastical* history of England may be compiled; that is, the history of the part which the Church has played in the political, religious, and, I may add, the moral and intellectual training and education of the nation.

There are within little more than a mile of our old friend Temple Bar three great depositories of ecclesiastical records of inestimable value and of unknown richness—one at the Archiepiscopal Palace of Lambeth, one at St. Paul's, one in the precincts of Westminster Abbey. (1) The collection of MSS. at Lambeth was very ably catalogued nearly eighty years ago, and is readily accessible to all who are desirous and competent to make an intelligent use of the treasures it contains. (2) The archives of St. Paul's comprehend not only the muniments of the great Metropolitan Chapter, but those also of the bishopric of London. The Chapter records have been examined and reported upon by the present Deputy Keeper in the *Ninth Report of the Historic MSS. Commission.* Of course Mr. Lyte has done his work in a masterly way, and to the wonder and despair of smaller men who have tried their 'prentice hands at such employment; but he warns us that 'the greater part of the collection *has never yet been examined for literary or historical purposes*;' and so far from this important assemblage of original documents being accessible to research, Mr. Lyte, when he began his examination, found it stowed away in boxes 'in an octagonal chamber above the

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Dean's vestry,' and one box full of ancient documents had been discovered by the Bishop of Oxford 'in a loft over the Chapter House.' The extent, interest, and importance of the capitular records to historical students is in the present condition of our knowledge quite incalculable.

But the archives of the *diocese* of London are also said to be kept in St. Paul's. Thirty years ago, when I was very young at this kind of work, I obtained permission to make a search among the muniments of the Bishop of London for certain small fragments of information which, in the glorious hopefulness of youth, I was bent on discovering. During three short December days I was privileged to climb to a certain chamber in a certain tower of St. Paul's, and there to immure myself for five or six hours at a time. There is a region where beings who succeed in retaining their personality must needs be the sport of the vortices that whirl and eddy through the 'vast inform,' where 'Chaos umpire sits' and 'next him high arbiter Chance governs all.' But in such a region none may hope to find anything that he can carry away. I emerged from that three-days' audacious voyage of discovery with my intellect only a little disordered and my constitution only a trifle shattered, and I survive to speak of that bewildering and horrible experience as men speak of their confused recollection of an escape from drowning. From that day to this I have never met with a human being who had ever been bold enough to search among the archives of the bishopric of London or who could tell me anything about them, good or bad.

(3) Somewhere—somewhere—within the precincts of the great Abbey of Westminster there are said to be imprisoned in grim and forbidding seclusion unknown multitudes of witnesses, voiceless, tongueless, forgotten, whose testimony, if it could be extorted, would strangely and powerfully affect our views upon hundreds of incidents and movements, hundreds of crimes and errors and sacrifices and grand endeavours that now are very imperfectly understood, often wholly misrepresented, and some of them passed out of remembrance. Let us take an example.

We have all of us heard of the *Star Chamber*. Pray may I ask my accomplished readers if they know anything about the Stars? Nay! Be not rash with thy lips. The name Star Chamber has not the remotest connection with astronomy. The name carries us back to a time when the children of Israel were swarming in England and when they were the great bankers or money-lenders—almost the only bankers and money-lenders—within the four seas. Impecunious scoundrels up and down the land mortgaged their lands or pawned their valuables, and the Jews advanced them money upon their securities. The promises to pay, the agreements to surrender property on non-payment, the bonds, the bills, the orders of court, and the documentary evidence bearing upon all these transactions between the creditors and the debtors, the

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borrowers and the lenders, were drawn up in the Hebrew language, and the records of these multifarious transactions between the Jews and the Christians, dating back to an unknown antiquity (possibly to a time very little after the Conquest) and *ending* about the year 1290, when all Jews were banished from England with unspeakable acts of cruelty and wrong—these records, I say, are to be found in the archives of Westminster Abbey, and *nowhere else in the world.* These Hebrew records are believed to count by tens of thousands, and are known by the name of *stars* among the few who even know that there are such things in existence. As to the exact meaning or derivation of the word, I dare not venture upon an explanation of it; nor as to the correct spelling of it am I qualified to express an opinion. It is sufficient for me that the court in which these suits between the Jews and their victims, or their defrauders, were tried and decided was in ancient times called the *Star* Chamber, because the records of the proceedings which were there adjudicated upon were popularly known as *stars.* Perhaps not six men in Britain have ever looked *intelligently* at this mass of Hebrew MSS. I believe only one man living—Mr. Davies—has devoted any time to the study of them. And yet with this immense and unique apparatus absolutely untouched, with this virgin soil that has been neglected and unknown for six centuries, literary empirics have more than once set themselves to write the history of the Jews to the Middle Ages, 'resorting to their imagination for their facts' when the facts were there at their elbows if they had only known it. The history of the Jews in England down to the time of their expulsion by Edward the First remains to be written, because the materials for that history have remained to the present hour unread.

Take another instance. There have been many very interesting books printed about Westminster Abbey; about the sovereigns that were crowned there, about sovereigns that were buried there, about dramatic incidents that occurred within the glorious church, about its architecture, about its school, about its single bishop and its many illustrious deans. The magnificent and venerable institution is so spangled with golden memories that the dryest handbook must needs prove attractive to the dullest of readers. The whole place in its every stone and nook and corner is wrapped in an atmosphere of romance and wonder and mystery; but anything that deserves to be called by so grand a name as a History of Westminster Abbey, or anything approaching to it, can no more be said to exist than can the History of Carthage or Damascus. There may be, there is, some excuse for our ignorance in the one case, but in the other case there is none. There, within the very walls where the history was a-making through the ages, in the very handwriting of the men whose lives were passed within the precincts and who were actors in the drama of which they left their fragments of notes or scraps of illustrations

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or briefest mementoes, there, huddled together in bunks and trunks and sacks and boxes—no one can tell you exactly where—there is such a wealth of materials that when it comes to be methodised and utilised, digested and studied, as it *must* be some day, the result will inevitably be to make the men of the future look with larger, other eyes than ours upon the action of those forces and the character of those movements, and the statesmanship of those leaders and commanders of the people which have worked together in the evolution of a great nation from its inchoate condition of a mere gathering of peoples. Nevertheless, for any facilities that exist for studying the records of Westminster Abbey they might almost as well be kept in glass cases in the moon as be where they are. Am I, then, going to propose . . . ? My good sir, I am going to propose nothing, nothing at any rate with regard to the London records, lay or clerical. Only this I venture to remark, that before we have taken stock of our metropolitan muniments and got them into order, before we have provided suitable receptacles for them and put them under the charge of qualified custodians, we shall be wiser if we learn a little modesty in talking about other people and other places, and what they ought to do and what ought to be done for them.

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Once upon a time there was a grizzly monster who sat himself down in the neighbourhood of the ancient city of Thebes. He was a ravenous monster with an insatiable appetite, and he demanded for his meals large supplies of Theban youths and maidens. The monster conducted himself in a very exacting and insolent manner, and somehow he contrived to make the unhappy Thebans acquiesce in his bold assumption that the gods had created Thebes and all that belonged to it for no other purpose under heaven than for the support and glorification of his own unwieldy self, growing daily more corpulent, voracious, and overbearing. At last one fine day the monster in a sportive humour asked the Thebans a riddle, and a sagacious gentleman guessed the riddle. The answer was 'Man.' It was a very curious conundrum, and when the answer came it brought with it an important and startling suggestion. 'Ye burghers of Thebes,' one cried, 'look to it! Man was *not* created for the monster! That be far from us! Monsters peradventure there must be—some beneficent, some malign, some to be proud of, some to loathe. But be they what they may, let it be ours to proclaim, Not man for the monsters, but monsters for the behoof of man!' That wholly novel and unexpected resolution, having been carried unanimously and by acclamation, wrought quite a revolution among the Theban folk. I am sorry to say its effect upon the voracious creature aforesaid was disastrous. They say he did not wait to perish of famine, but died violently of a ruptured heart.

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There is among us a school of pundits, who live and always have lived within the sound of Bow Bells, whose Dagon and Baal and Moloch and Juggernaut combined is London, whose Gospel is 'Blessed are they whom the great city vouchsafes to devour.' Outside the five-miles circle, or the ten-miles circle, these men think that there are indeed certain insignificant atoms, minute, nebulous, meteoric, held in solution in that impalpable medium which for convenience has been called by idealists the realm of England, but that these purposeless particles have no sort of cohesion, and their continuance even as atoms can only be assured in so far as they are destined to become integral portions of that vast pleroma the all-embracing and all-devouring London. No! Let it be proclaimed upon the housetops, let the protest go forth and awake the echoes, 'England does not exist for London, but London for England!' Let men ponder that profound and pregnant utterance of the greatest of our historians—'From the beginning of its political importance London acts constantly as the pulse, sometimes as the brain, *never perhaps in its whole history as the heart of England.*' Is that so? Then let us beware how we give our monster more than its due and more than it can manage, lest it develop into a hydrocephalous monster with a pulse that beats but feebly by reason of its life's blood being scantily supplied.

Indeed, it is easy to exaggerate the value and importance even of the metropolitan archives. To begin with the records of the city of London will be found of little or no use for investigating the history of English agriculture. What will they teach us about the complex questions of land tenure, the life of the peasantry, the relations between the lords and the tenants of the soil, about the condition of the people, high and low, about those local courts and franchises and customs, and disciplinary and formative machinery, 'which through oppression prepared the way for order and by routine educated men for the dominion of law'? You must go a long way out of London to get anything like a grasp of the constitution of a county palatine, and to understand the working, if I may use the expression, of such forms of local government as were once active in the manor, the honour, or the hundred. You must study such matters not only in the rolls and charters that survive, but you must study them too in the geographical areas with which they are concerned. What! gather together all the parish registers, and all the wills and all the sessional papers within the four seas and toss them all together into a vast heap 'somewhere' in London! What for? That a score or two of cockney dryasdusts may have the opportunity of getting at them by a short ride outside a penny 'bus'? Why, you might just as well propose that all the parish churches should be carted away bodily and set up 'somewhere' in battle array as a kind of ecclesiastical wall round the metropolis, in order to give adequate facilities

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of study to the Institute of British Architects in Conduit Street. The fact is that within the last few years more has been done in the way of arranging, cataloguing, and providing for the safe custody of ancient documents in the provinces than has been even attempted (outside the Record Office) by London and the Londoners. We poor creatures in the wilds, *we* don't go whining for subsidies from the Government, *we* don't clamour for grants from the national exchequer, and there are some of us that can give a very much better account of our muniments than you Londoners can give of yours. Thirty years ago the corporation of Norwich had a catalogue of its records drawn up by a local antiquary, which for convenience of reference and the intimate and wide knowledge it displays could bear comparison with any similar undertaking then existing in the country. The records of the borough of Ipswich, says Mr. J. Cordy Jeaffreson, 'are at present so perfectly arranged that with the help of the new catalogue and index .... the custodian can produce without difficulty any charter, roll, or paper account that it may be needful to examine.' The records of the corporation of Leicester, says the same learned antiquary, 'will endure comparison with the muniments of any provincial borough in Great Britain.' The magnificent enthusiasm of two citizens of the same borough has brought this immense assemblage of MSS. into a condition which may well arouse envy and ought to stimulate rivalry; while the example set by the mayor and corporation in making their treasures accessible to all comers proves that enthusiasm is contagious.

These instances are taken at random; there is no need to multiply them. It is well known to experts, and to some who are much less than experts, that the condition of our corporation records throughout the land is very far more satisfactory than was suspected a few years ago, and that every year more and more attention is being bestowed upon them, more vigilance displayed in their preservation, and more zeal and earnestness exhibited in the patient study of their contents. Every year the number of intelligent explorers of our municipal and other local archives is steadily increasing, which means that every year the study of our history is being more laboriously pursued by specialists. For the rest, the whole field is felt to be too vast to travel through in the present state of our knowledge. But just as great laws and great generalisations in physical science have been made, and could only have been made, by the devotion of students concentrating their attention upon a single branch of physiology, chemistry, or astronomy, and registering the conclusions—that is, the certainties—which their several researches have arrived at, so must it be with history; there too research must be carried on by men who will be content to labour in a limited area and to deal with problems which cease to be insignificant when their bearing upon larger questions is recognised and the results of

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one man's toil are affiliated to those of another's. But if this be so, if indeed the history of England of the future will be the outcome of what may be called the experimental and departmental method of research, it is obvious that the examination of the enormous body of evidence now at our command must be carried on by *local inquiries*. Only so can slight hints and faint clues be apprehended, the local customs and dialects understood, and the very names of places and persons detected in their various disguises. But what we have found ourselves led to suspect when we were dealing with the various collections of records now dispersed in the great hiding-places of London—namely, that sooner or later we shall have to group those records in departmental archives—this we are irresistibly compelled to believe we shall sooner or later have to do with the large masses of historic MSS. which are scattered broadcast over the island from Land's End to John o' Groat's House.

In the smaller world of London—yes, Mr. Gigadibs, the *smaller* world—observe, it is a concession to your stubborn prejudices to call it a world at all, but if a world I protest that the qualifying epithet must be resorted to—in the smaller world of London we have seen that the existing collections of records may be roughly associated in certain groups or classes according as they are regarded as belonging to the evidences bearing upon (1) the history of the monarchy and the development of the constitution; (2) the history of English law and all that concerns such matters as procedure, judicature, and the like; (3) the history of the city of London—of its great guilds, its customs, privileges, and commerce; (4) personal and family history, and lastly ecclesiastical history, including in that the history of the religious houses. In the wider area we should have to make a similar classification, but in doing so we should have to add one class of documents very inadequately represented in the London collections; I mean those which supply an apparatus for studying the history of the land.

And here we are face to face with a serious difficulty. The evidences, which until the present century were so intimately associated with a landed estate that they passed with the estate as an almost necessary proof that possession had been conveyed, had in the lapse of ages grown in many instances to an aggregate of documents whose bulk was prodigious and its mere stowage embarrassing. Where the capital mansion of an extensive property was proportionate to the acreage it was easy to set apart one room as a muniment-room, in which thousands of charters, court rolls, bailiffs' accounts, and other records were deposited and sometimes arranged with great care and precision; but where a great estate was broken up, or there was no longer any important residence upon it, the evidences often found their way into very strange depositories. The family solicitor had to find a home for them, and to do so was often

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extremely inconvenient; or the capital mansion became a farm-house, and the evidences were packed in boxes and sent up to the garrets under the roof, in some cases were bundled into the hayloft. By the legislation which simplified the conveyance of land and rendered it no longer necessary to go back to the beginning of time in order to prove a title, the ancient 'evidences' became at once valueless for all practical purposes. They became not only useless but odious lumber, and a process of quietly getting rid of them set in and has been steadily carried on to the present moment. The rolls of thousands of manor courts and courts leet, which give an insight into the daily life of our forefathers, and which may still be met with in large numbers, dating back to the days of Henry the Third, were destroyed by tens of thousands. Documents which could have thrown light upon some of the most interesting problems which are now being worked at by the profoundest jurists and the most acute students of constitutional history have perished in unknown multitudes. Others which contained invaluable illustrations of local customs—of tyrannous overstraining of feudal authority on the one hand or of crafty evasions of feudal services on the other, of the rapacity of lords and stewards of manors here and of successful appropriations of strips of land or rights of commonage or pasture there—vanished from the face of the earth, none would tell how. The extent to which this destruction of ancient muniments has been carried on cannot yet be even approximately estimated. Nevertheless much remains. The interest which such writers as Mr. Seebohm, Mr. Maitland, Mr. Thorold Rogers, and others have aroused in the many important enquiries which they have severally pursued is increasing day by day, and there can be no doubt that a desire to become better acquainted with the contents of those documents which still survive and may still be rescued and preserved is spreading rapidly and widely. But 'where are they to be kept when we have got them?' is the question that presses. It is more than can be expected of the civic authorities that they should charge the rates of the towns with providing house room for collections of MSS. which are but remotely concerned with the history of boroughs themselves. The local museums as a rule are overcrowded and can barely keep their heads above water. The boxes and bundles of rolls and parchments in the lawyers' offices are provokingly in the way; the country houses are changing hands week by week, and Philistines prefer dressing-rooms to muniment-rooms. Will no one suggest a way out of our difficulties?

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I have passed very lightly over the condition of affairs at Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's, and that for more reasons than one, the chief reason, but by no means the only one, being that I know

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nothing about the Abbey muniments or of those of the bishopric of London, and nobody seems able to tell me anything. I have not even alluded to the archdeaconries of the diocese of London.

Those lofty souls whose habit it is to dogmatise most airily when they declaim most ignorantly, are never more jocose than when they take a turn at the archdeacons and their visitations. Well, it *is* very funny to think of there being any grotesque survivals of such an institution as an archdeacon's court still existing among us. What a droll prelate Bishop Remigius must have been that he actually divided his overgrown and unwieldy diocese of Lincoln into seven archdeaconries about twelve years after the Conquest! How very odd that the successors of those seven functionaries have been going on merrily archdeaconising down to the present day! How did they amuse themselves all this long time? How did they keep up their little game? 'Exercising archidiaconal functions, of course.' And of course we are expected to receive that novel explanation with shouts of laughter. Well, but wouldn't you like to know how they really *did* employ themselves? Suppose you were by chance to hear that the action of the archdeacons' courts had *something* to do with the emigration of the Pilgrim Fathers and many hundreds of their friends to New England, say, in the seventeenth century; something perhaps to do with the death of Archbishop Laud and the twenty years' imprisonment of Bishop Wren. Wouldn't you like to know something about it all? What have become of the records of the archdeaconries? I know where a few of them are; but where the great mass of them are to be found I know not, and it would take a great deal of trouble to discover. Those that I know of are in closets in lawyers' offices. A blessing on those lawyers, say I, for they have at any rate preserved some fragments of ancient evidences which but for them would have gone to make *glue* long ago. But if you want to find out what the ecclesiastical discipline exercised by the archdeacons upon gentle and simple in the old days was like you will have to fish up the records of the archdeacons' courts out of their hiding-places, and you will find them to contain some very, very funny items of information, almost as droll as the buffoonery of those lofty souls.

If we are ever to arrive at clearer and truer views of the history of the slow growth of certain moral, religious, and even political convictions among the great body of the people—by the help of, or in despite of, the inquisitorial, coercive, and repressive machinery of the local ecclesiastical courts, which for centuries were exercising a real and terrible power within a ride of every man's door through the length and breadth of the land—we certainly must not neglect that large body of evidence which is to be found in the records of the archdeacons' courts. But it is obvious that such records must

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be unified, must be made accessible to students, which means, in other words, that they must be collected into diocesan or provincial archives.

So with the parochial registers, churchwardens' books, the wills and other MSS. which are more or less concerned with the private and family life of our ancestors. We have a right to know what our fathers thought and believed, and how they got to break away from this or that superstition, arrived at this or that new truth, were delivered from this or that thraldom, rebelled against this or that wrong, suffered for their errors as if they were crimes, learnt to reverence even doubt when it dawned upon them that doubters could be earnest, noble, and loving; learnt to see that Christian charity could be tolerant even of mistakes; how their heroism widened as their vision became stronger; how as knowledge grew from more to more the old bonds and shackles that cramped the spirit of man became more and more strained even to bursting; how the old fetters bit into the flesh of some, the old chains wore out the hearts and brains of others; how they spoke to their children in their last hours; what messages they sent to friends and kindred when the end was drawing very near; what their hope and trust was as they looked beyond the veil. Yes, we have a right to know these things if they are to be known. You may sneer at the follies of pedigree hunters if you will, and deride the harmless madness of genealogists; but I do not envy the man who would not give two straws to find out whether his grandfather's grandfather was a hero or a blackleg, whether he died the death of a martyr for his honest convictions or lived the life of a successful pickpocket. And if anyone is so little acquainted with the curiosities of parish registers, or the contents of parish chests, or the strange secrets often revealed or alluded to in the wills of provincial probate courts, as to suppose that these 'rags of time' are wholly wanting in any elements of pathos and romance, he certainly has a great deal to learn, and he knows very little indeed about the contents of documents which he so tranquilly assumes to be 'barren all.'

From what has been said thus far I hope it will be clear that I am as little inclined to advocate the removal of the municipal records from their proper homes, the muniment rooms of the provincial boroughs, as I am to propose that the archives of London should be transferred from the Guildhall to any other repository. What is wanted is not centralisation but classification. Already it has been found advisable to remove the natural history collections from the British Museum and to find a home for them in Kensington. The time may come, and may not be far distant, when a further step will have to be taken in the direction of relieving the congested storehouses at Bloomsbury of some other assemblage of precious objects. In London we find ourselves more and more

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driven to specialise our collections, if only to save ourselves from bewilderment.

But as to any great collections of historical documents, except only that at the Record Office, they do not exist; they have still to be made. Meanwhile one large class of records—the ecclesiastical, parochial, and testamentary records—may be said to be in great danger of gradually but certainly perishing, partly from mere disuse, partly from the want of any adequate provision for their safe keeping, partly from the actual uncertainty that attaches to their ownership. One and all they are national records, the preservation of which ought to be assured to the nation by very different precautions from any which now are provided. Whom do the parish registers belong to? What guarantee have we that X or Y or Z may not sell 'his' registers to the highest bidder? In point of fact, parish registers have been bought and sold again and again. Who are the owners of such a splendid collection of historic MSS. as is to be found in the archives of St. Lawrence's Church, Reading? What is to prevent the churchwardens from selling them to a 'collector' and appropriating the proceeds towards the expense of a new organ? Where are the records of Barchester now that the Venerable Archdeacon Grantley has ceased to edify us with his eloquent charges? In how many instances is there to be found anything remotely resembling a catalogue of such archidiaconal records? How many living men have ever consulted such as there are or would know where to look for them?

Let me not be misunderstood. I have received so much kindness, hospitality, and cordial assistance at the hands of so many who have laid open their muniments to my inspection, I have found and made among these gentlemen such warm friends that I can only think of them and speak of them with gratitude and esteem. But who knows better than the most learned and most entirely loyal among the custodians of our ecclesiastical and parochial muniments that the state of things as they are is not the state of things that ought to be?

And yet there can surely be no insuperable difficulty in grouping together our ecclesiastical, testamentary, and parochial muniments, forming them into one homogeneous collection, and bringing them together into a single provincial record office, taking the geographical limits of the diocese as the area within which the several aggregates of ancient documents shall be deposited.

Few men can pay a visit to any of our cathedrals, especially those within whose precincts there are still to be found any considerable remains of the old conventual buildings, without being struck by what seems to be the *waste of room* in the church itself and its outlying dependencies. Not to speak of the side chapels, which

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some would have a sentimental objection to utilising—though I know instances where they are mere store places for workmen's tools and lumber—consider the immense areas at our disposal in many a transept, triforium, or chapter house. Consider how comparatively small a chamber suffices, for the most part, to contain all the existing records of a cathedral chapter or of the bishop of a see. Consider how all the parochial registers even of a large diocese from 1538 to 1800 could easily stand upon half a dozen shelves of ten feet long, and all the wills of two or three counties from the earliest times to the beginning of this century could be accommodated without difficulty in many a drawing-room. Consider all these things and more that I forbear from dwelling on, and it will be abundantly clear that the difficulty of providing accommodation for one group of historic MSS. at any rate will be found insignificant if we set ourselves seriously to deal with it. Within the precincts of our cathedrals there is ample space and verge enough for any such requirements as this group of records may be supposed to make upon us.

But assuming that such an assemblage, such a grouping, of historic MSS. were determined on, and that the housing of it were found to be easy and practicable, would it not be necessary that a duly qualified custodian should be appointed to take the oversight of the collection and to act as the provincial or diocesan keeper of the records? Of course it would; and this is exactly what is very urgently needed. I am told that a letter from Mr. Charles Mason, which appeared in the *Times* a few weeks ago, and which gave an account of his experience in trying to institute a search among the diocesan records of Llandaff, 'has produced quite a sensation in some quarters.' I think it must be among those who have had very little experience indeed of similar adventures. The truth is that it is the exception rather than the rule to find among the present responsible keepers of parochial testamentary or episcopal records a gentleman who even professes to be able to decipher the more ancient and precious MSS. which he has under his charge. The registrar of a diocese, of an archdeaconry, or of a prerogative court, the parson of a parish, or the churchwarden, each and all have something else to do than spend the precious hours upon poring over their muniments.

Such men as Dr. Bensly of Norwich are few and far between. Gentlemen whose duties involve many hours a day of arduous and exhausting labour can only devote their leisure moments to research, and when they do so they are in danger of getting something less than thanks as their reward. The chivalrous and splendid enthusiasm of the late Mr. Wickenden at Lincoln, of Dr. Sheppard at Canterbury, of Canon Raine at York, has laid us under profound obligation, but in each and all of these instances the labour of long years has been

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a labour of love, and the very permission to engage and continue in it has been conceded as a privilege conferred upon the toiler. Or again, when the fascination which 'musty parchments' exercise over some minds has irresistibly impelled such generous students as Archdeacon Chapman of Ely, the late Canon Swainson of Chichester, or Mr. Symonds of Norwich, to make sacrifices of time and money in the preservation or deciphering or calendaring the precious documents to which their position as members of the chapter gave them free access, they have found some portion of their recompense in the wonder and astonishment of the Philistines that any human being could undertake and carry on so much *without being paid for it.*

A registrar is a functionary whose duty it is to keep a register of what *is* going on from day to day. I suspect it is very seldom part of his duty to find out what people were doing or recording long before he was born. At any rate it is no part of his duty to find that out for you, or to teach you where and how to look for what you want to discover. So with the parson of a parish. For the most part he is possessed by a conviction that if he loses his registers something dreadful will happen to him; and accordingly when he goes away for a holiday he leaves his cook in charge, with a solemn warning that she is to let no one see 'the books' except in her presence and under her eye; and a very awful eye it sometimes is. But who of us has not been kindly and frankly told by a genial brother that if we want such or such an entry copied we must come and copy it ourselves, for that our good-natured correspondent cannot make out the old writing? As to the churchwardens, assuming that they are to be looked upon as responsible for the custody of the parochial evidences, to talk of them as keepers of ancient MSS. is a little too ridiculous. It is true that there are in my vestry two dilapidated parish chests, which once presumably were full of wills and deeds and conveyances and evidences, which, if they were now forthcoming, might considerably disturb the equanimity of some personages here and there; but those old chests are used as coal-bins now, and have been so used from times to which the memory of man doth not extend. I could tell some odd stories of my experience as a dryasdust in days when I employed my leisure hours in peeping into the dens and caves of the earth.

Assuredly if we resolve upon collecting together any group of historic MSS. and making them available for students engaged in original research, it will be necessary to put them under the custody of a trained *archiviste*, as the French call such a functionary, and give him a recognised position as provincial keeper of the records. Such an official, with one or two subordinates under him, should be required to give their time exclusively to the work marked out for them. Let that work be organised in the same way and on the same

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lines as those laid down in the great London *tabularium*. Let there be the same system adopted of arranging, indexing, and calendaring. Let there be issued periodically reports addressed to the central authorities, let the archives be open to students and inquirers without fee or any payment. If anyone wishes to have a document transcribed or a search made which, if he knew how to set about it, he might carry on himself, let him pay for his 'office copy' or his search at a reasonable charge. As for the details of such an arrangement, let them settle themselves, as they surely will; in the meantime let us trust to the golden principle 'Solvitur ambulando.' Can it be doubted that into such provincial depositories there would flow, in the natural course of things, a stream of contributions from the possessors of documents illustrative of county and provincial history, for which their owners have no room in their houses, which they know not how to make use of and are half inclined to burn? Nay, it will probably come to pass that collections of great historic importance will be committed for safe custody to such provincial archives on the understanding that they shall in due time be examined, arranged, and reported on, and thus the work now carried on by the Historic Manuscripts Commission will be continued in a much more exhaustive way than is now attempted by the Commissioners, who necessarily spend much of their time and much of the public money in itinerating, and whose work can only be by-work and subordinated to their daily duties and the regular business of their lives. I have known two instances of cartloads of MSS. of great antiquity, and comprehending almost certainly large numbers of charters, letters, rolls, and the like of inestimable value and interest, deliberately destroyed, and in one of these instances destroyed with some difficulty and at some expense, only because they were 'in the way.' What I know others doubtless may find parallels for. Would such a catastrophe have happened if there had been any recognised depository for records of this kind, which, by the very fact of their being guarded with care and intelligence and treated with respect, men had learnt to look upon as having an intrinsic value?

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It will be noticed that in the foregoing pages I have said very little about any objections that may be urged or difficulties that may be suggested in carrying out a measure of this character. No! I must leave that delightful duty to others. I offer a suggestion. The draughting of a *scheme* must come by-and-by. As to difficulties, sentimental, professional, or financial, we are sure to hear of them. Was there ever a proposal for any sort of reform that had not to run the gauntlet of those clamorous people who love nothing better, and are good for nothing better, than bawling out, 'There's a lion in the

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way!'? There is no need to suggest difficulties to these people; to do so would be only to intrude into their domain. But this I am more and more convinced of, namely, that there are no difficulties in carrying out such a suggestion as is here brought forward which will not disappear if they are faced with a desire to overcome them, and I am even more convinced that a feeling is growing up in our midst against allowing the present condition of affairs to continue. It is quite sufficiently scandalous that we have submitted to it so long.

AUGUSTUS JESSOPP.

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THE POSTHUMOUS VICISSITUDES OF JAMES THE SECOND.

'THIS is a grave subject,' as Bishop Wilberforce—evidently unconscious of the pun—said of a Burials Bill; yet when we find that James's misfortunes did not cease even with his death; that the fate of his body has been a will-o'-the-wisp misleading serious historians; that the very care bestowed on fragments of his corporeal remains occasioned their destruction; and that the preservation of two of these relics is due to accident, we could smile as well as sigh.

The exiled monarch expressed a desire to the St. Germain's priest who administered the last sacraments that his body should be buried without pomp in the parish church; but on a will of the 17th of November, 1688, being opened (it was drawn up in London on his starting to meet the Dutch invader), Henry the Seventh's Chapel in Westminster Abbey was found to be indicated as his place of sepulture. It was accordingly resolved that the body should be temporarily placed in the chapel of the English Benedictines at Paris, certain fragments being allotted to buildings or institutions to which he had promised them or in which he had taken an interest. The heart was presented to the convent of Chaillot, which already possessed the heart of his mother; part of the intestines, skull, and lungs, and a portion of the flesh removed in the process of embalming were placed in St. Germain's church, a tablet being erected on the wall and a marble slab showing the spot where they were interred. His brain was given to the Scotch College at Paris, where the Duke of Perth constructed for it a marble monument with bronze decorations. The inscription, after mentioning James's affection for the College, and his bequest of his manuscripts to its care, added, 'eam corporis ipsius partem quâ maximè animus viget religiosè servandam suscepit.' A piece of the fleshy part of his right arm, wrapped in a rag soaked with his blood, was given to the adjoining English Austin nunnery, where it was embedded in the wall of the chapel. The remaining portion of the intestines was forwarded to the English College at St. Omer. One is involuntarily reminded of Hood's lines on Body-snatching:

Alas! my everlasting rest is broken into pieces,

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only in this case the partition was effected with reverence and the fragments were prized as relics. 'The opinion of the king's sanctity,' indeed, says a contemporary document, in the possession of Lord Fingall, quoted by the Historical Manuscripts Commission—Report X., Appendix V.—'was so great that now at the opening of his body a number of people came to gett pieces of linnen dipped in his blood. The guards took their cravats from about their necks, and did the same . . . The next day after the deposition of the body in the aforesaid (Benedictine) church, a vast concourse of people flocked thither, as they did for many days ensuing, for to pray for that faithful soul departed. Some of the good christians, being infirm, offered their oraisons to God, that his Divine Majesty might be pleased to grant them health for the sake of his holy servant James, king of England, which they obtained, as I am assured by credible witnesses.' The Benedictines, in fact, received a number of medical and other vouchers of cures effected at James's shrine; but, as far as I remember, from an examination of these documents, they ceased a few years after the king's death, and this is not without bearing on the question of the eventual fate of the body. Placed under a black velvet canopy, the coffin had a gilt plate inscribed 'Here is the body of the very high, powerful, and excellent Prince James II., by the grace of God, king of Great Britain, born 24th of October 1633, died in France at the château of St. Germain 16th of September 1701.' The anniversary mass was probably kept up till the Revolution, but printed circulars of invitation to outsiders to attend it had long been discontinued, and, except being pointed out to occasional tourists, the coffin had ceased to attract attention.

The Jacobins, who in October 1793 tore open the tombs of the French kings at St. Denis, had of course equally little respect for the relics of a foreign sovereign. The St. Omer College was in that very month converted, on account of its spaciousness, into a political prison, its priests and students being transferred to the Collège St. Bertin, and all its treasures disappeared. Chaillot Convent was closed, its relics being scattered to the winds, and Napoleon demolished the very ruins, intending to erect on the site a palace for his son; but he left the scheme unfulfilled, and the growth of Paris has covered the spot with houses. All the ornamentation of the Scotch College monument was wrenched away, and the gilt bronze urn containing James's brain disappeared. Of what took place at the Benedictine monastery we have only one account, taken down at Toulouse in 1840 from the lips of an octogenarian Irishman, Fitzsimon, and published in *Notes and Queries* in 1850. Fitzsimon was one of the British subjects detained at the monastery during the Reign of Terror as hostages for Toulon. He states that there was a wooden coffin, inclosed in lead, and that again in a wooden case. The lead was wanted by the Jacobins for bullets, and

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the body lay exposed nearly a whole day. It was swaddled like a mummy and tied with garters. The Jacobins took it out of the coffin, and there was a strong smell of vinegar and camphor. The corpse was quite perfect, and the hands and nails very fine. Fitzsimon moved and bent every finger. The teeth were the finest set he had ever seen. A young lady prisoner wished for a tooth, and he tried to pull one out for her, but they were too firmly fixed. The feet were very beautiful, and the face and cheeks as though alive. He rolled the eyes, and the eyeballs were quite firm under his finger. The French and English prisoners gave money to the Jacobins for permission to see the body. The Jacobins said James was a good *sansculotte*, and they were going to put him into a hole in the churchyard, like other *sansculottes*. The body was carried away, but where it was thrown he never heard.

Allowing for the lapse of nearly fifty years this account must be accepted as substantially accurate. In any case there is no other with which to collate it. Let us now turn to St. Germain's church. The tablet and slab—the former inscribed 'Hic sua viscera condi voluit, conditus ipse in visceribus Christi'—seem to have excited no veneration nor even attention. The rebuilding of the church was commenced in 1766, but languished for want of funds till the Revolution, and was then suspended. Meanwhile a portion of the building was left untouched, and service still held in it. Whether the chapel containing the relic of James shared in the demolition of 1766 is not quite clear, but tablet and slab certainly disappeared. Shortly after 1816, the remaining part of the old church threatening to fall in, the work was recommenced, and in July 1824, as the foundations of the belfry were being dug on the site of an old chapel, three leaden cases were discovered, two of them anonymous, so to speak, while the third, in a bad state of preservation, had a tin plate inscribed—"Ici est une portion de la chair et des parties nobles du corps . . . de Jacques II.' The mayor was apprised of the discovery, and in his presence, as also in that of the governor of the château, the parish priest, and the municipality, the case, which had been found to contain remains of bones and flesh, was deposited under the high altar of the temporary church. George the Fourth learned the discovery, and directed his ambassador, Sir Charles Stuart, to have the remains interred with proper honours. Accordingly on the 9th of September, 1824, the Catholic bishop of Edinburgh celebrated mass, the British residents in Paris, together with descendants of Berwick and other Jacobite refugees, attending, and military honours being rendered. The relic was placed in the first chapel on the right, under the altar, on the wall of which a black marble tablet was placed, inscribed 'Hic nuper effossæ reconditæ sunt reliquiæ Jacobi II.'—I quote only the essential part. A French inscription was added to the effect that 'ces dépouilles' awaited a more fitting

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monument when the church should be completed. When Queen Victoria, on visiting St. Germain in 1855, remarked the temporary and unbecoming character of this monument, she ordered the erection of the one now to be seen there. The inscription, which, being in a dark corner of the church, is with difficulty deciphered, contains the sentence, 'Et nobiliores quædam corporis ejus partes hic reconditæ asservantur.' The old tablet has been stowed away in the vaults.[1]

There is thus incontrovertible evidence that what was interred at St. Germain in 1824 was simply what had been originally deposited there. Yet an idea sprang up that James's body had been preserved in Paris, and had been the subject of the ceremony of 1824. Newspapers had spoken vaguely of 'les dépouilles mortelles,' and Chateaubriand, perhaps misled by them, or with his habitual inaccuracy, moralised in his *Quatre Stuarts*, written in London in 1824, on the coincidence between the discovery of James the Second's 'coffin' at St. Germain and that of Charles the First at Windsor, as also on the destruction of Louis the Fourteenth's remains and the recovery of his royal guest's. One version was, that the body was taken from the Benedictines to the Irish College, and this was stated as a positive fact in 1840 in *Collectanea Genealogica et Heraldica* (vi. 33) by the Rev. H. Longueville Jones, who had been in Paris copying the epitaphs in British institutions. Neither the records nor the traditions of the college give, however, the slightest warrant for this assertion. Miss Strickland, when making researches at Paris and St. Germain for her life of Mary of Modena, was told by the abbess (superior) of the Austin nunnery that the republicans broke open James's coffin, that they found the limbs supple, that she believed they had some superstitious reverence for it, which, however, did not prevent their making a show of it, and receiving a sou or a franc from the spectators, and that for some reason the corpse escaped destruction. Piecing together this and other information (see Miss Jane Strickland's recent life of her sister), the biographer of English Queens stated, on the authority of 'the traditions of Paris and St. Germain,' that the Jacobin crowd of 1793 or 1794 were seized with superstitious awe, that the municipality took possession of the hearse and body, that people crowding to see it from all parts of Paris, from a sou to a franc was charged for admission, that miracles were whispered of, that Robespierre ordered the body to be buried, that this was not done, but that it was carefully and reverently preserved, that on the Allies coming to Paris in 1814 the body was still above ground, that George the Fourth ordered it to be carried in funeral procession to St. Germain, and that it was interred in the church. Agnes Strickland, on afterwards seeing Fitzsimon's account, cited it as a corroboration; but it is really just the reverse, for he concludes by saying, 'Where the body was thrown I never heard. George the

[1] *Les derniers Stuarts*, by Madame Campana de Cavelli.

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Fourth tried all in his power to get tidings of the body, but could not.' Where could the body have lain from 1794 to 1814, or rather till 1824, for there was no ceremony whatever in the former year, when, indeed, St. Germain's church was in a ruinous state? Mrs. Fairbairn, the superior of the Austin convent, could speak only from hearsay, as she did not enter the institution until 1819, and she had not improbably been misled by Longueville Jones, whose visit for collecting epitaphs is still remembered. Miss Strickland was strangely off her guard when she accepted hearsay which it was so easy to test. She had only to consult the newspapers of 1824, or to read the St. Germain inscription, to see that there was no procession of the body from Paris. Indeed, one can trace the slender foundation for almost every detail of her story. The exposure of the body for nearly a whole day grew into a prolonged exhibition; the money given by prisoners at the monastery for a sight of it grew into payments made by a concourse of people from all parts of Paris; the miracles immediately following on James's death grew into miracle-working in 1794, when belief in the supernatural was at the lowest ebb. There is every reason to suppose that the body was flung into some neighbouring pit or sewer. Assuredly all traces of it had disappeared when the Terror ended.[2] So also with the body of Princess Louisa, deposited in 1712 beside her father's, which Miss Strickland represents as 'remaining unburied for upwards of a century,' and as then 'consigned to the silent grave,' which evidently means St. Germain's. The sole foundation for this story is that the two other cases found at St. Germain's, though uninscribed, were in all probability portions of poor Louisa's body, and shared in the father's sepulture.

The Austin nunnery was demolished about 1860, to make way for the Rue Monge, but the Jacobite relic, undisturbed, perhaps unnoticed, in the Revolution, was removed to the new building at Neuilly and placed with other treasures in a shrine. In 1871 the Communists converted the convent into a barrack, the shrine was opened, and all its contents dispersed. St. Germain's thus possessed the only known relics of James. But in 1883 a pipe was being laid under the floor of the Scotch College, now the Chevallier school, when the workmen came on a cavity, where the earth on being disturbed gave way, and in that cavity were two leaden cases, one heart-shaped, containing, as there is reason to believe, the heart of the Duchess of Tyrconnel, the second about the shape and size of a liqueur bottle. This had no inscription, but on being opened by the schoolmaster contained what appeared to be a human brain. Although an inscription would have been more satisfactory, the absence of all record of any other brain at the Scotch College makes it tolerably certain that the Jacobins on taking away the urn at the

[2] It is just possible that some Paris newspaper of the time would clear up the mystery.

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top of the monument threw the leaden case into a hole which they had probably dug in search of leaden coffins for bullets. The relic was handed over to the late Monsignor Rogerson, administrator of the Scotch Catholic endowments, at whose house I shortly afterwards inspected it. The *Times* gave publicity to the discovery, and this led to inquiries from the Queen as to its genuineness and future preservation. Mgr. Rogerson's original intention was to re-inter it in the same spot, but to wait till the affair had been forgotten, lest workmen or schoolboys might be tempted to exhume it. He altered his mind, however, on finding that the brain, instead of being originally buried under the chapel floor, was in an urn over the tablet. He had a scheme of restoring the college, monument probably included, and he died in 1884 without having parted with the relic or without leaving any directions for its disposal, though he had taken the precaution of pasting on it a newspaper cutting recording the discovery. The case was taken charge of, with his other effects, by his executor, a British solicitor at Paris, and was locked up in a drawer at his office until a letter addressed to Mgr. Rogerson's successor, the Abbé Jouannin, of St. Sulpice Seminary, inquiring what had become of it, gave him the first intimation of its existence. The result was its transfer to his safe-keeping. A Scotch Catholic prelate has interested himself in the matter, and the relic will probably be reinstated at the college under an inscribed slab. Unless, however, the monument can be restored, it would seem more natural, considering that the college is now let out as a private school, to place the brain with the other remains at St. Germain. It may at all events be hoped that the posthumous tribulations of the storm-tost monarch are at an end, and that the two fragments, united or separate, will be henceforth undisturbed. *Requiescant in pace.*

J. G. ALGER.

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AUSTRALIAN SIDE LIGHTS ON ENGLISH POLITICS.

THE object of this article is explained by its title. I want to throw upon a few of the current questions in English politics whatever light we may derive from an examination of the treatment such questions have received and are receiving in Australia. The drift of Australian opinion and the lessons from Australian experience cannot fail to be of import to us. Young though Australia be, she has still something to teach England. She is democratic to the last degree, far more so even than America. She is what many hope England will be. She has solved for herself some of the questions that trouble us, and some she has not had to solve. It is impossible to conceive a country more favourably adapted for political experiments. She presented a clean slate whereon those who came might write what they pleased. Furthermore the successive division of Australia into four constitutional colonies presented four new opportunities for four new experiments, or, if we include New Zealand, for five, so that each colony upon its formation could build not only upon the experience of England and America, but upon the experience of its parent and predecessor. Under these circumstances we might expect to see political systems contrived, amended, and laid aside with a somewhat bold and free hand, and some curious and interesting political developments evolved. As a matter of fact the results are somewhat commonplace, not to say disappointing, and evidence no original genius on the part of the framers of the Australasian constitutions, which reflect each other most nearly. But it may be that originality was tied down with red tape, and that Colonial Secretaries did not look kindly on any proposal to depart from the established model. Nevertheless it would be quite a mistake to suppose that Australasia does not present many features of interest well worthy of careful study by all students of politics.

In England we are told by men of both parties that the working classes are our masters. In Australia we see a country made by the working classes and governed by the working classes in the interest of the working classes. All legislation is by the people for the people,

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and without the people is not anything done that is done. It is a democratic Utopia. There is no Court, no hereditary aristocracy, no established Church, no vested interest—nothing that can offend the most susceptible Radical. Whatever distinctions and inequalities there are have grown up naturally out of the natural differences of human nature, and are one more convincing proof, if any were needed, that Socialism, worthy and noble though some of its objects be, rests on a wrong basis and an untrue conception of humanity. In Australia Mr. Henry George would have no chance. He and his friends would be as children crying in the market-place.

The first inference I wish to draw from Australian experience is this, that the Conservative instincts of Englishmen do not entirely depend on so-called Conservative institutions. What are institutions? They are merely expressions of opinion. In the respect, not to say worship, we pay to some of our institutions, we are apt to forget that it was the nation that made the institutions, not the institutions that made the nation. While the nation is sound at heart, the expression of its opinion may take sometimes one form and sometimes another, but its general tendency will be the same. Though the Australians have no venerable, time-worn abbeys and no stately historical cathedrals with fretted front and soaring pinnacle, yet none the less do they worship the God of their fathers in spirit and in truth, and none the less does the regard for the rights of property, the respect for law and order, the observance of the proprieties and even the amenities of life, find a lodging in their hearts because they have not, as we have, institutions bequeathed to us by a past more or less remote and reverenced with a just and fitting regard.

One of the oldest institutions is now thought to be obsolete and out of date. The House of Lords is attacked by some who wish to end it, and by some who wish to mend it; by the former mainly because they would like to enter it and cannot, by the latter mainly because they do not like to enter it and must. The phrase runs that if it is to exist at all, it must be brought into harmony with the spirit of the age, as if peers were not men of the present day as much as other people. Such a clamour has been raised, that Lord Salisbury has thought it necessary to do something to appease it, and accordingly has brought in a bill which will subject the House of Lords to a sort of phlebotomy, by which bad blood is to be let out, and good blood to be let in. Australian experience will throw some light on this question. Both New South Wales and Victoria have an upper House. In New South Wales the Legislative Council, as it is called, consists of a limited number of members, not less than twenty-one, nominated by the Crown for life; in Victoria it consists of forty-two members elected by fourteen provinces, sitting for six years, one-third retiring biennially. The franchise has been reduced from 50*l.*

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for freeholders and occupiers, to 10*l.* for the former, and to 25*l.* for the latter. In Victoria the Legislative Council is not less Conservative in its tendencies than the Legislative Council of New South Wales, but it is far more popular, and consequently acts far more effectively as a check upon the lower House. We may infer from this, that if we reform the House of Lords at all, the reform, to be of any use, should be thorough and searching, even going so far as to create a Senate, partially, at all events, returned by popular election. And there can be little doubt that such a Senate would have vastly more influence than the present House of Lords, and would consequently help to restore the just balance of our Constitution, which the overmastering power of the House of Commons has destroyed.

Speaking at the National Liberal Club on the 24th of April, 1888, Sir Lyon Playfair said: 'I am told by all Metropolitan members, Liberal and Conservative, that the doctrines of Fair Trade have taken deep root in their constituencies. That they have done so throughout the country, we must assume by the fact that, out of 1,000 delegates of Conservative Associations assembled at Oxford in the autumn of 1887, only twelve voted against a resolution which, if it meant anything, was one for imposing protective duties not only on food, but also on all foreign manufactures.' This declaration by so well-informed and fair-minded a man as Sir Lyon Playfair, justifies me in saying that the question of Free Trade and Protection must not be regarded as finally settled. As yet, England stands alone in her Free Trade policy. The world has refused to be converted. The depression in trade which has existed in this country more or less since 1874, with but a few quickly vanishing gleams of prosperity in certain industries, has made many think that, in their respective views of fiscal policy, England is wrong and the world is right, more especially as America, the most protective of countries, has prospered most of all. Here I should like to make two general observations. People, as a rule, are either out-and-out Free Traders or out-and-out Protectionists, each party being convinced that their own faith is the only true faith, and that whatsoever country does not believe it absolutely cannot be saved. Now, as against both these parties, I hold that neither Free Trade nor Protection is right in all countries and in all circumstances. The former would seem to be best in some countries, the latter in others. Moreover, in the same country the former would seem to be best in some circumstances, and the latter in others. High questions of imperial policy might spring up and demolish the reasons that are good enough for ordinary occasions, and to attain some great national end it might be expedient to set aside altogether the laws of political economy. My second observation is that England is more dependent

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on foreign sources for her food-supply than any other country in the world, and we must never leave this fact out of sight when we make comparisons between England and other nations.

To judge whether Free Trade or Protection is in itself, apart from all other considerations, most likely to make a country prosperous, we must find two countries as much alike as possible in situation, climate, and resources, in race, language, and religion, in the character of their inhabitants and in the nature of their institutions. Two such countries we have in New South Wales and Victoria, and for the purposes of the comparison I wish to draw, they are invaluable. Of the two the people of Victoria are unquestionably the more energetic and go-a-head. The gold discoveries at Ballarat and Sandhurst gave Victoria an immense start. What the effect of those discoveries was the following figures reveal. In 1851 the population of Victoria was 97,489, of New South Wales 197,168, in 1876 the numbers rose in Victoria to 463,135, an increase of 373 per cent., in New South Wales to 305,487, an increase of 55 per cent. Victoria retained her advantage, though it diminished steadily till 1886, when the population of each colony stood at about 1,000,000. The emigrants attracted to the gold fields of Victoria were a splendid race of men—orderly, industrious, and law-abiding. It was never found necessary to establish Vigilance Committees in Victoria. The extraordinary prosperity and rapid development of Victoria are owing far more to the gold discoveries than to Protection, just as the extraordinary prosperity and rapid development of England in the twenty-five years following the abolition of the Corn Laws was due more to a combination of other causes than to Free Trade. Still there can be no doubt that Victoria would not have advanced so quickly without Protection, and that England would not have advanced so quickly without Free Trade. Now that the sensational gold discoveries in Victoria are exhausted, and the working of the gold fields has settled down into the regular routine of an ordinary business, now that the first impulse communicated by Protection to the manufacturing industry has spent its strength: we see New South Wales not only coming up abreast with Victoria, but steadily forging ahead.

Capital in New South Wales has flowed into its natural channels, whereas in Victoria it has been diverted into channels that give rise to a fictitious and fleeting prosperity at the expense of the future welfare of the colony. The Victorians are proud, and justly proud, of the growth and splendour of Melbourne. But there are two sides to the picture. Here is a quotation from a leading daily paper in Victoria:—'Under a system of protection the great bulk of manufactures are started in the neighbourhood of the principal seaport where the raw material that is not found in the country can be had

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most cheaply. Hence labour is attracted to one place; the rate of wages is rendered higher, and the country is denuded of the men who ought to be irrigating the plains or clearing the trackless bush. In this colony the country towns are either making little headway or declining, while the metropolis is continually swollen by fresh arrivals. What may be the effect of an overgrown capital, with its army of labourers, who look to the Government for support in times of distress, on the morals, the physique, and the prosperity of the people, remains to be seen.' I might supplement this quotation with many others from other papers, showing the anxiety which the abnormal and disproportionate increase of Melbourne gives to those who try to look a little ahead. The gravitation of the people towards the cities in an old country with very limited space, like England, is not to be wondered at; but in a new country like Australia, where space is practically unlimited, where bush cumbers the earth, which might pasture innumerable flocks and herds, where vast plains only await the kindly care of the husbandman to teem with corn, where a voice from forest solitudes ever cries out to man, 'Be fruitful and multiply and replenish the earth,' it is most deplorable and a symptom of weakness. A nation will never become great by adding house to house and street to street. The early settlers in America faced the solitude and the terror of their wilderness with a stout heart, and extended the bounds of civilisation farther and farther west, till they saw the sun sink into the waters of the Pacific. Thus they became the fathers of a great people. It is only within the last fifty years that American cities have so enormously increased, and who shall say that Protection is not largely responsible for their increase?

Sydney is twice as old as Melbourne, but it contains about a 100,000 fewer inhabitants. If this difference is not to be attributed to the diverse results of Free Trade and Protection what then can be the cause? Yet Free Trade in New South Wales has not killed the manufacturing industry. It has merely left it to grow where it can grow naturally. In Victoria, including manufactories of all kinds, the number of establishments is 5,783, employing 51,469 hands. In New South Wales there are 3,694 establishments, employing 45,783 hands.

The average duty upon imports in Victoria is 25 per cent., so that, looked at in the light of these figures, one of the results of the policy of Protection in Victoria is that a tax of 25 per cent. is imposed on the community at large in order to divert 5,686 men from agricultural pursuits, in which they would be more usefully occupied. Again, Protection in Victoria has so far enjoyed this great advantage, that manufacturers have been able to supply the other colonies freely with their goods, whereas Victoria has erected a

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wall of tariffs against all products coming from other colonies. Mr. Service, the great Victorian statesman, whose administration a few years ago gained for him the lasting esteem and gratitude of the country, said to me, 'When restrictions are placed by the other colonies, as is not improbable, on the importation of Victorian manufactures, and she has herself to consume what she produces, then Protection will be tried on its merits. If it goes through the ordeal successfully I will become a Protectionist, but not till then.' The limits of this article will not allow me to go into an exhaustive and detailed comparison between the two colonies. Outwardly the prosperity of each seems to be much on the same level. To the eye of the stranger Melbourne, as might be expected, presents more visible indications of wealth than Sydney. A few statistics, however, reveal secrets that would otherwise remain hidden from the most practised observer. Both Melbourne and Sydney are great seaports. The shipping industry is one of the most important in the colonies. The number of interests depending on it is very great. The influence of Free Trade and Protection on this industry will be seen from the subjoined figures:—

Tonnage entered and cleared.

	New South Wales.	Victoria.
1860.	859,337	1,180,779
1870.	1,461,762	1,344,862
1880.	2,432,779	2,179,899
1886.	4,258,604	3,735,387

It may be remarked that the Victorian figures are swollen by the addition of nearly 100,000 tons of shipping entered at ports on the Murray river, whereas the New South Wales statistics do not recognise traffic at the river ports. I will now take another test. The volume of trade reflects the prosperity of a people. Here are the figures, comparing the year 1877 with the year 1886. I take 1877 as I could not procure the statistics of 1876 or 1887.

	1877. New South Wales.	Victoria.
Imports	£14,606,594	£16,362,304
Exports	13,125,819	15,157,687
	27,732,413	31,519,991
	1886.	
Imports	£20,973,548	£18,530,575
Exports	15,556,213	11,795,321
	36,529,761	30,325,896

These figures are surprising, not to say startling, for they show that the trade of Victoria has in nine years fallen off by 1,194,095*l.*, whereas in the same period the trade of New South Wales has in-

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creased by 8,797,348*l.* The total trade in Victoria stands at 30*l.* 14*s.* 5*d.* per head of the population, in New South Wales at 37*l.* 5*s.* 7*d.* The deposits in the savings banks tell the same tale. Though the people of New South Wales are by no means so industrious and thrifty as the people in Victoria, their deposits in savings banks amount to 3,504,804*l.* or 3*l.* 11*l.* 6*d.* per head, while the deposits in Victoria amount to 3,431,014*l.*, or 3*l.* 9*s.* 6*d.* per head.

I have yet to speak of the position of the farmer, a person who looms large in all controversies now proceeding in England between Free Traders and Fair Traders, or Protectionists, as they should be more correctly called. Why they imagine they would not smell as sweet were they to woo the country in the name of Protection I am at a loss to conceive. Protection is an old name, a name perfectly well understood, why then shrink from it and substitute a new name for the old faith. Protection to our mutilated trade, Protection to our consumptive agriculture, whereby the one may be restored to its former goodly proportions, and the other be infused with fresh life and vigour, is surely no thing to be ashamed of. Fair Trade speeches and journals give no indication in what essentials Fair Trade is differentiated or marked off from Protection. The electors of this country are quite shrewd enough to see that there is no substantial difference between them, and if the Fair Traders had but the courage of their Protectionist opinions and proclaimed them more boldly, they would be received by the people with greater respect and attention. But a weak heart is ever taken to be the sign of a weak cause, and Englishmen are rightly suspicious of doctrines that are insinuated under an alias. The most plausible distinction that Fair Traders have ever attempted to draw between themselves and Protectionists is that they are only in favour of duties on manufactured articles, whereas their elder brethren are in favour of duties all round. Such a distinction cannot be drawn either in policy or practice. The cry for Fair Trade or Protection entirely derives its strength from the support given to it by the agricultural classes, and were that support withheld it would quickly die away. But for the distress, poverty, and apparently impending ruin of the agricultural classes, the Fair Trade League would either have never been born or would have been strangled in its birth. An artisan out of work may here and there lend a friendly ear to its blandishments, but they are as yet rejected by the vast majority of the working classes. They would be rejected too by the farmers were it plainly understood that Fair Trade did not mean a duty on corn; for it is idle to suppose they would regard favourably a Protection which added to the cost of what they bought, while it left the price of what they sold just where it was.

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The farming industry in the Colonies is not anywhere in a very thriving condition. Radicals tells us that, were it not for landlords, rents, and tithes, the farmers in England would do well enough. But in the Colonies the farmer is free from these incumbrances and burdens. He dwells under his own vine and his own fig-tree, he owns the land he tills, or if he does not it is because he prefers to lease it; he works in a virgin soil, often of rare fertility; he is favoured with a magnificent climate, too dry sometimes, but generally good for corn-growing, and when assisted by irrigation, nearly perfect; and yet, in spite of these advantages, his complaints are loud and deep, and the complaints of the Victorian farmer are loudest and deepest of all. The *Australasian*, writing on April 14th, 1881, says:—

> Of the extent and reality of the depression from which they [the farmers of Victoria] are at present suffering, we have ample evidence in the meeting that was held last week. Delegates from different parts of the country united in telling the same story of falling prices and increasing competition, and the unprofitableness of agriculture. For such a state of things a genuine and effective remedy is urgently required.

The falling prices and increasing competition it must be observed are the dominant factors of the agricultural situation in a Protectionist colony, from both of which Protection is claimed to be a safeguard. The increasing competition which is principally responsible for the falling prices does not appear at first sight to be foreign competition, for Australia has food more than enough for her own population. She is an exporter of wheat, the surplus available for export, according to recent statistics, being about 9,000,000 bushels. Yet nevertheless, remote from all the world as she is, self-inclosed, self-sustained, the insidious influences of foreign competition cannot be shut out.

The low prices for corn prevailing in the importing markets of the world deter the Australian corn-grower from exporting to his full capacity, so that much corn remains at home that would otherwise be sent abroad. Therefore low prices in Europe are largely responsible for low prices in Australia. The reverse of the medal is the same. A rise in prices in Europe would be followed by a rise of prices in Australia. And how would this affect England? Say that a five-shilling duty on corn is imposed and sends up the price of corn in England to that extent. The increased price would draw, with a magnetic attraction, vast quantities of wheat to our shores that are now garnered in other lands. Even as gold obeys the influence of a high bank rate, so would corn obey the influence of rising prices. The duty would not exclude foreign corn because the people cannot live without foreign corn. Apply the stimulus of good prices to Australian corn-growing, and you are face to face with possibilities undreamt of in our philosophy. The land taken

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up for cultivation in Australia is about three times the area of cultivated land in the United Kingdom, the land awaiting cultivation is about fifty times its area. This vast stretch of wilderness embracing great varieties of climate, and ranging through more than thirty degrees of latitude, lies sleeping in the sun, ready to be awakened into life and fertility, and might be converted by the axe, the spade, and the plough into a land teeming with corn and wine and oil. A careful report says of it: 'The soil is generally very fertile, and the products range from the cereals of the temperate zone to the fruits of the tropics.' Australia, as an exporting power, is in its infancy, and should circumstances and markets in the old world stimulate the development of its agricultural resources, the British farmer would be confronted with a competitor almost as formidable as America. But at present low prices have landed the Australian farmer in difficulties, and these difficulties seem to be more keenly felt in Victoria than elsewhere.

I read a remarkable letter in one of the Melbourne papers in which the position of the farmer in Victoria and New South Wales was contrasted and compared, and the result was summed up in the advice that the former should 'clear out of Victoria and migrate across the border.' It is perfectly obvious that a farmer who lives under a protective tariff, and has to pay an enhanced price for his clothes, for his boots, for his coals and candles, for his soap and sugar, for his building materials, for his kitchen utensils, for his household furniture, for his farm implements, and for his carts and waggons, must be at a disadvantage as compared with his neighbour who buys all these things for less money, and who sells his produce for nearly, if not quite, as much. The Victorian farmers are seeking to counteract the damage done them by Protection, by demanding that a bounty should be placed on corn. This no doubt would raise the price in the local market, since the farmer who could not get his price in Melbourne, would at once ship the grain and claim the bounty. But the community would have to pay double; it would have to pay more for its daily bread, and it would have to pay a considerable sum out of the general revenue by way of allowance. As such a remedy could not be seriously entertained, the farmers, while still pressing it upon the legislature, declared their determination, in the event of its rejection, to do all they could to break down the Protective tariff and to substitute Free Trade. The execution of this threat has already brought on a ministerial crisis, and has greatly agitated the strongest government Victoria has ever seen. Whether this movement will lead to a partial or total adoption of a Free Trade policy is still in the lap of the future, but I doubt if it will, as Melbourne governs Victoria, and Melbourne is strongly protective. The consideration of the respective positions

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of the English and Victorian farmer I think brings out clearly this, that here are two men carrying on the same industry under conditions as totally different as the stars they live under, and yet they are brothers in good fortune and in bad. The same economic causes produce the same effects on both. They must both bow to the despotic power exercised by the mysterious ruler of the social world known to mankind as Political Economy. There is no escape from his stern decrees. Banished to Saturn he returns in wrath to execute vengeance on the authors of his exile. Wooed and worshipped he rewards his votaries with golden blessings. He works by the great law of supply and demand, before which tariffs are as touchwood and the ordinances of Parliaments as burnt paper, and hopeless is it for men, whether in England or in Australia, whether they dwell in the centre of the busy world, or fly to the uttermost parts of the sea, to interpose their will and say, 'Thus far shalt thou go and no farther.'

The wretchedness, the waste, the want, the vice, the crime accompanying and growing out of drunkenness have of late years much engaged the attention of the British race all over the world. Whatever the cause, a partiality for strong drinks appears to be ingrained in the Anglo-Saxon nature. Here in England alcohol is invoked to fortify the mind and body against the depressing influences of our dull, foggy climate. Falstaff, in whose remarks there is often as much wisdom as wit, tells us that 'a good sherris sack hath a twofold operation in it; it ascends into the brain and dries there all the foolish, dull and cruddy vapours which environ it; makes it apprehensive, quick, forgetive, full of nimble, fiery and delectable shapes. The second property of your excellent sherris is the warming of the blood.' It is this kindling of the energies of the brain and quickening of the pulses of the body that makes drink so sore a temptation to a race of somewhat sluggish temperament. Drink has been found to be almost a social necessity. Without it tongues will not wag, and the thoughts of the heart are kept close locked. And in so far as it encourages social intercourse between man and man, and I will add between man and woman, it lends cheerfulness to life, increases our knowledge, and makes us take larger and kindlier views of our fellow-creatures. Those well-intentioned but narrow-minded fanatics, who would totally forbid the use of wine because its abuse runs to evil, would do nearly as much harm as they would cure, and by advocating such extreme measures deter moderate men, who loathe the evils they fight against as much as they do, from fighting on their side.

Though the climatic conditions of Australia are about as different from those of England as can well be imagined, the first settlers there took with them their English habits, which they

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transmitted to their children with their blood, and the climate h not yet had time to overcome the force of heredity. But there no doubt that the men of the rising generation, though in son respects inferior to them, are more sober than their predecesso and as the light, dry, clear air and the unveiled sunbeams wo their changes on the system, there can be as little doubt that tl inherited craving for drink, produced by causes no longer existin will be weakened if not expelled. Nevertheless, drunkenness h been so rife in Australia that temperance legislation has be earnestly called for, and a measure of modified local option has be passed into law. This measure I will briefly explain. A Commi sion is appointed whose duty it is to sit at every town with population above a certain amount, and to examine into the circu stances of its trade and the requirements of its people, with a vi to finding out what number of public-houses ought to be sufficie The Commission then fixes the statutory number, which is general considerably below the number already existing. A polling day appointed, and the people have to declare by their votes whether tl number of public-houses should remain as it is, whether it should reduced to the statutory minimum, or whether it should stand some intermediate figure. If it should be, as it generally is, c down to the minimum, the Commission decides what public-hous are to be closed and what compensation is to be given to th proprietors. As, of course, the blow of extinction falls upon tho public-houses which bear the worst character and do the least busine the amount to be paid in compensation is but small, but it is well note that the principle of compensation is recognised.

This arrangement, so far as I could learn, works well, and thou the extreme men on both sides grumble at it—the publicans, because may deprive them of their licenses, the teetotallers because it does n close public-houses altogether—the great body of the people appea to be well enough content with it. To me it seems an eminent just and reasonable compromise, and I venture to think that throu the medium of our county councils, a measure on the same or simil lines could be worked with great success. The county coun might appoint a committee to fix the statutory minimum, and tl people could then vote on that question alone, thus keeping it qui apart—and this would be an immense advantage—from the electio of the county councillors. The committee on the county coun could settle the amount of compensation to be awarded to those wl lost their licenses, upon some pre-arranged scale. During the co troversy on the licensing clauses of the Local Government Bill viole speeches were made and violent articles were written, notably tw by two distinguished ornaments of the Roman Catholic and Engli Churches, whose zeal and imagination, not for the first time, outweigh

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their discretion and sober judgment, to prove that the publican was an enemy of the human race, who ought to be crushed with as little compunction as a toad or a viper. Our fellow-subjects in the Antipodes take a more humane, as well as a far truer and fairer, view of the publican and his position in the community. They see that he is what the people have made him, and that it is against all principles of justice and honour that he should suffer for their sins. The publican has been called into existence to satisfy a public demand, just as much as a butcher or baker, he has laid out his money in order to meet the public taste, and because certain righteous men have arisen who say the public taste is vicious and ought to be restrained, the publican is to be robbed in the name of virtue, and his goods confiscated and himself ruined in the name of suffering humanity. The working men of Australia, by their conduct on this question of compensation, have redeemed their order from a reproach and stigma that many have sought to lay upon it, and have shown that democracy is not necessarily another name for injustice, and that the rule of the people is not incompatible with the rights of individuals.

Education is the faith and foible of the age. By means of education, in the opinion of some, human nature is to be transformed and purged of its base elements. Statistics of diminishing crime are triumphantly quoted to prove that our modern system of education is by degrees regenerating the people. This allegation is replied to by those who contend that the diminution in crime is quite as much owing to the larger diffusion of material prosperity among the lower classes, to the greater opportunities for recreation and amusement they enjoy, to the improved lighting of the streets, to the better organisation and larger numbers of the police force, to the advance in science which renders the detection of crime more easy and therefore the committal of it more hazardous, as to the system of education now in vogue. This whole question is one of such surpassing interest that it demands not the corner of an article, nor a whole article, but an entire book to itself, and in order that I may not be carried far afield I will at once set myself to answer the question, what light has Australasia to throw upon the subject of education? Education has been the prime care of Australasian parliaments, particularly in Victoria and New Zealand. No expense has been grudged to make the mental training of the rising generation as complete and thorough as possible. And yet I hardly met a leading man in any of the colonies who was not perplexed, and in some measure disappointed, with the results. To put it broadly, few visitors to the colonies can fail to be struck by the disparity in physical and intellectual vigour between the fathers and the sons. The generation now growing up is not the equal of its predecessor, except

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in self-assurance, and there it leaves it far behind. And in this th tendency of our modern system of education is clearly revealed. I makes quick, sharp minds, but not strong, thoughtful minds. I cultivates confidence and banishes reverence—that quality whic Goethe thought greatest of all. It causes a man's brain to work lik a piece of machinery, rapidly, regularly, with unfaltering precisio but always in fixed grooves; whereas the intellect should grow an expand like a tree, which needs care and support and gentle guidanc in its earlier stages, but which should be freely exposed, after the are past, to the influences of nature, to be refreshed by the kindl dews of heaven, to be warmed and nourished by the sunbeams, an to have toughness of fibre and strength of constitution imparte to it by storm and tempest, frost and snow, and should be thu allowed to take the proportions nature intended for it, in its wa complete, uncurtailed, fulfilling to its utmost capacity the laws of it being, and fit for its place in the world.

In dealing with the methods of education, we are met at th outset by three questions, Should it be technical? Should it be free Should it be secular? Everywhere the opinion that it should b more technical than it is is gaining ground. The education of th hand and the education of the brain should go more together. Th most useful training for a boy who has to make his living by manua labour is a training that will teach him how his work is to be done why it has to be done in a particular way, and what is the natur and composition of the materials he employs. This information can no doubt, be picked up best in the numerous factories, which ar found to be better than any schools or colleges for imparting tech nical skill and practical knowledge of trades. But nevertheles factories may be very usefully supplemented by technical school and colleges, and the immense interest taken by students in tech nical instruction is a proof of the value they attach to it. And i Shakespeare's saying be true that 'there is no profit where there i no pleasure taken,' then it follows that the greater the pleasure th greater the profit, and, as a means of cultivating the mind, thes classes teaching technical subjects may be more valuable than classe which teach dead languages and high mathematics.

In Australasia the need for technical instruction is fully recog nised, and in New South Wales and New Zealand the recognition o this need has taken practical shape. Mr. Pearson, the very able Minister for Education in Victoria, has presented a report whicl will be the foundation of future legislation there. The two industrie in which technical education will be of most use are mining and agri culture. In New Zealand the Otago University took a step in th direction of providing practical instruction for the miners, which wa attended with great success. It sent Professor Black to lecture a

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the principal mining centres, and his lectures were received with avidity. I should like to make one or two extracts from his report. He says:—

> I delivered forty-four lectures at fifteen different places, and established testing classes at nine centres. The attendance at the classes was very satisfactory, many miners in several districts taking a holiday during my visit, so as to avail themselves more fully of the testing classes. In the more important centres the miners began to form themselves into clubs to procure the appliances necessary for carrying on the testing of ores. In six weeks ten of these clubs came into existence, with their chairmen, secretaries, and funds subscribed, with a membership ranging from thirteen to thirty-five each. I was strongly impressed with the large field open for teaching to crowds of intelligent men such subjects as geology, mineralogy, the use of the blowpipe, the chemistry of minerals, and the extraction of metals from their ores. The men are thirsting for this kind of knowledge.

In Sydney there has been a technical college for some years, and its services are in such demand that it is compelled to be continually widening the field of its operations. At Ballarat there is a school of mines which is very largely attended.

A very general charge against the farmers in Australia is that they are ignorant, and are so intensely conservative, in the evil sense of the term, that they wilfully shut their eyes against the light. The Minister for Public Instruction in New South Wales says:—

> Surely if a school of mines is a necessity, a school of agriculture is not less so, for is it not a notorious fact that the practice and science of tillage is sadly neglected in Australia generally? Instances of wasteful and ignorant farming are not confined to New South Wales. Experimental farms and schools of farming are badly wanted, and must be founded, if we are to utilise to the full our splendid possibilities.

The system of dividing the country into districts, and giving prizes for the best-managed farms in the district, is very generally adopted, and is found to be a distinct encouragement and assistance to good farming. In Australasia the principle is fully recognised that the welfare of the State hangs more directly on the farming industry than on any other, and that State aid should be afforded wherever possible. In England, where new ways of making the cultivation of the soil profitable to the farmer are being suggested with such frequency as to bewilder him and deter him from trying any, the establishment of experimental schools of farming would be a most valuable form of technical education.

What has Australasia to say on the thorny questions of free and secular education? The arguments for and against free education are tolerably familiar to the British public. Education, generally speaking, is free in the Australian colonies; but it has been very costly, and I hardly met with a man, who could speak with any authority, that was ready to maintain they had got full value for their money. I subjoin a table of the cost per head to the State of

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each child in average attendance in each colony, merely rema that the returns from New South Wales are so incomplete a badly made that I cannot vouch for the absolute accuracy (figures with respect to that colony, and that the lower cost of child there is to be accounted for by the fact that 63,135*l.* was in school fees.

Colony	Average attendance	Average cost per
		£ s. d.
New South Wales[1]	184,413	3 12 2
Victoria.	123,540	4 2 3
South Australia	28,000	3 1 3
Queensland	32,350	5 15 4
New Zealand	85,343	4 16 7

That is to say, the average cost per head throughout the Australasian co is 4*l.* 5*s.* 6*d.*

The results of so costly a system of education ought to be striking, but, as I have previously remarked, they are lamen disappointing. There is no display of intellectual power a commensurate with this lavish expenditure. Nor do intelle pursuits seem to be in special favour in the Antipodes. M general culture and wide reading are not numerous; on the con I was particularly struck by the distaste, not to say aversion, to r ing which appeared to be shared pretty well alike by all classes. working men are in no respect superior to the working me England, and, on more than one occasion during the past year, played a spirit of shortsighted intolerance that could only sp from the purest ignorance and prejudice. What would be tho of fishermen at home, who threw their cargo of fish into the rather than sell it below a certain price, thus excluding this wh some and nutritious food from all tables but those of the rich? might also mention more than one instance of recent occurrenc which the colonial working classes indulged in the somewhat chil luxury of cutting off their nose to spite their face—to wit, t conduct in the Melbourne tramway strike, in the Northern Steam Company strike, and in the Newcastle coal strike. In all these c their unreason, their want of judgment, and their reckless indiffere to the public interests betrayed a mind and temper very little credit to their intellectual training. I will conclude my observations free education by two quotations. The Minister for Public Instruct in New South Wales previously referred to says with reference t tour in New Zealand:—

[1] Since making the above calculation I have found that the cost per head in N South Wales was 4*l.* 5*s.* in 1882, and I fancy I have estimated the average attenda too high, which makes the cost less than it should be.

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I had the privilege and good fortune to meet some of the highest and most honoured authorities on educational subjects in the colony. I found a very generally expressed opinion that the existing system errs on the side of liberality. The burden of the educational impost presses heavier on the people every year. In fact, free education is felt by many now to have been a political blunder.

It is quite clear, from other remarks he makes, that in his opinion this stricture applies equally well to the other colonies where education is free. My other quotation is this, taken from another colonial authority:—

The result of free education by the State is very much to beget a feeling of entire indifference on the part of many, and a general weakening of the sense of parental responsibility, almost along the whole line.

But I know some will say, 'This is all very well, but you have evaded one great test of the success of an educational system. What effect has it on the prevention of crime? Where are your criminal statistics?' Perhaps I may be allowed to make an observation here, which applies to the whole of this article. I have tried to expel all preconceived opinions from my mind, and to write neither as a Conservative nor as a Liberal. I have sought only to bring out the conclusions which facts appear to indicate, and those conversant with politics will see readily that some of my conclusions tell in favour of Liberal views and some in favour of Conservative views.

I abstained from quoting criminal statistics before because, singularly enough, education in Victoria is secular, and education in New South Wales is non-secular, and therefore a comparison between the criminal statistics of these two countries will bring into relief the results of these two divergent systems of education. New South Wales labours under the initial disadvantage of possessing to a certain extent a population in whose veins there is an hereditary taint of criminality, but as a set off against that, it is contended that in the rush to the Victorian gold fields thirty-six years ago, much of this human wreckage was carried away over the border, and remained in Victoria to dig up fortunes and found families therewith. Crime mainly consists of offences against the person and offences against property. Where every man has the wherewithal to live, or can easily get it if he chooses, offences of the latter kind should be rare, and as offences of the former kind have, as often as not, robbery for their motive, they should be proportionately rare too. Therefore taking the criminal records of Europe to be black, the criminal records of Australasia should be light grey. I will now quote some figures. Of persons arrested in 1886 the proportion to the thousand of Victorian birth was 16·25, while the proportion for those hailing from the other Australasian colonies was 39·76; England and Wales 46·49;

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Scotland 55·00, while Ireland heads the list with 86·16. In a direct comparison with New South Wales the advantage is on the side of Victoria throughout the decade from June 1876 to 1885 inclusive. In the last-mentioned year the commitments for trial in Victoria to every 10,000 of the population were 8·01. In New South Wales they were 16·24. The convictions after commitments in the same proportion in Victoria were 4·63; in New South Wales 8·43. In the same year the arrests for homicide in Victoria numbered 31 against 50 in New South Wales; arrests for rape and other sexual offences amounted to 57 against 115, while arrests for other offences against the person reached the figure of 4,071 in the former colony against 9,353 in the latter. Whatever changes we may ring on the criminal gamut, it is so constructed that it will only play one tune.

To revert briefly to the action education has on crime, the statistics show most conclusively, if it needed showing, that its influence is of a most benign character, and its power is mighty to soothe savage breasts. Taking Victoria, out of a total of 32,011 persons arrested in 1886 only 171 had any claim to superior instruction, while 23,493 could read only, or read and write imperfectly, and 3,352 were unable to read or write at all. These figures bear striking testimony to the truth of Pope's remark that 'a little learning is a dangerous thing'!

There is yet another question we are much concerned to ask. Can we wring from these impassive figures some of the secrets of the human heart? What tale do they tell of a higher morality, an enlarged self-restraint, an advance towards a better life? Comparing 1876, 1881, and 1886 it appears that the number of arrests in 1876 was in the proportion of 1 to every 32 persons living, in 1881 was 1 to 34, and in 1886 was 1 to 31, not much improvement here. But still, that there was an improvement, though a very slight one, is proved by the fact that, as compared with the arrests, the commitments for trial were fewer at the later periods. These were in the proportion of 1 to every 37 arrests in 1876, of 1 to every 43 in 1881, and of 1 to every 42 in 1886. Yet the people find little satisfaction in these figures, and a writer points out that 'in the *growing* number of *youthful* criminals and neglected children, and in the audacious and shameless forms which the criminal spirit sometimes takes, there is a serious problem to be grappled with.' The italics are mine, and I emphasise those words because an increase of crime among the youth of a nation, where there is an elaborate and costly system of education, and great material prosperity almost unaccompanied by any extreme form of poverty and distress, is a sign and token of melancholy import. Figures teach us—and figures are, like the statue of Memnon, cold, dark, and unresponsive, till, touched by the illuminating beams of the human intelligence, they tremble into

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life, and utter most wonderful music, filling the air around us, now with concords sweet as the voices heard in the enchanted isle of Prospero, now with discords terrible as the shriek of a lost soul—that there runs a monotone of crime through human nature. In the present state of society there is a regular percentage of drunkards, of suicides, of criminals, varying a little, but marvellously little. In every human heart there are dark chambers and deep dungeons where the powers of evil lurk, but in every human will there are the standing armies of light, which may or may not keep the powers of darkness in subjection. Every man combines in himself Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, and which shall get the upper hand who shall say? No one can foresee exactly who will commit suicide or who will fall into crime; but yet it is as certain that the general average of crime will be maintained, as if men were helpless puppets in the hands of the dark fates. But there is no need to despair. Though we must recognise the presence of a strain of criminal tendency in human nature which steadily defies all attempts to make it less—less in volume, less in intensity, though the general average of crime, taking one year with another, is preserved with startling uniformity—yet if we ascend to a greater height, and cast our eyes over a wider prospect, we see much to bid us be of good cheer. Reliable statistics do not go very far back, but they go far enough back to enable us to compare the periods of time which measure the years of a generation, and a smaller period than that is no fair or sure test of the progress we are making. Basing our average of crime upon the records of a generation, we find that each generation shows an improvement over the previous one, and so we know that the constant unremitting efforts made to raise and purify human nature do bear fruit, and we may hope that 'at last, far off, at last for all' a happier and brighter lot and destiny is reserved. In the words of the poet—

> For while the tired waves vainly breaking,
> Seem here no painful inch to gain,
> Far back through creeks and inlets making
> Comes silent flooding in, the main.

I have reserved till the last a question which to many perhaps will be the most interesting of all; and certainly in the consideration of it Australian experience must be of peculiar value. What is likely to be the future of Parliamentary institutions and party government? Bad or good, we are so wedded to our present system and so little disposed to change it, that to some, such speculations will appear barren and unprofitable. But they have their use nevertheless, for Parliament reflects the character of the nation, and whatever impairs its serviceableness or lowers its dignity reacts pre-

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judicially upon the people it represents, in their home and for affairs. If Parliament cannot discharge its proper functions, ca rise to the height of some great argument, and cannot treat l affairs in a large spirit, it is evident there must be something rc in the state of it, as all these things it was able to do not so since. The British constitution is the business of every Briton, it is his duty to inquire how far the malign growth which has of years so grievously affected the most vital part of the British stitution is indigenous to Parliamentary government, and how it is the product of peculiar circumstances and will disappear w they do. If we find, upon examination, that the Australian Pa ments, of which ours is the pattern and prototype, suffer from same evils that we complain of, we may conclude that those e are inseparable from Parliamentary institutions. And in that c we are driven to inquire, Why, then, did they not make their app ance before? At the end of an article it is impossible to go i this subject so fully as it deserves, so that if I appear to treat in a somewhat cursory manner, the limits of space must be excuse.

It will be conceded at once that in every respect Australian Par ments are inferior to ours—I say this in no spirit of offence, for it creditable to them and discreditable to us that their inferiority *is* more marked than it is. Ours is chosen out of thirty-five millions people instead of one; a seat in it is an object of ambition to men all ranks and classes; men of culture, ability, and high position se it as eagerly as the successful soap-boiler or the briefless barriste it is recruited largely and constantly from a wealthy, leisured cla who can give all their time and thoughts to the study of politics; is hedged in with historical traditions that give weight and force its proceedings, and honour and dignity to its members; it sits at t centre of the civilised world, open to the free play of influences th must add continually to its stock of knowledge, experience, and en lightenment; in all these respects it enjoys advantages which i kindred Parliaments in the South Seas are without. Small blam is it to them if their Parliaments in Australasia are not yet on a pa with ours. Though our Parliament is old and their Parliament are young, though the composition and character of them diffe considerably, they both suffer from the same disease and have thei efficiency crippled by the same causes. Nor are the Australasia Parliaments all on the same level. A scale graduated according t the repute and esteem in which they are held would, I should say place the Parliament of Victoria at the top, and the Parliament o New South Wales at the bottom. I do not assert that there are not a able men in the New South Wales Parliament as in any of the othe Parliaments, but I do assert there are more men in it of that peculia

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stamp with which the public have now grown familiar, who by their blackguardism, their ruffianly behaviour, their total disregard of the courtesies of debate and the dictates of decency have done so much to drag Parliamentary institutions into contempt and abhorrence. In New South Wales charges of drunkenness are freely made by the press against the representatives of the people, and one enterprising journal went so far as to state that on one occasion the House was too drunk to perform its duties. No notice was taken of this statement, no contradiction was offered, no punishment followed. On another occasion one honourable member was so incensed by the language used to him by another honourable member that he rushed at him across the floor of the House, threw him on to a bench, and tried to perform upon him the happy despatch. His friends with difficulty dragged him off, both members apologised, and the House proceeded with its business as if nothing had happened.

In Victoria, where such disgraceful scenes are thought unbecoming, and gentlemen are not allowed to relieve their feelings in such violent fashion, there is an occasional cross fire of chaff quite in the cabby strain. In the Chinese Immigration Prevention debate, the subject under discussion was not local, petty, or trivial, but of wide and far-reaching importance, of imperial magnitude—a subject one would have thought of such concern that it would receive the most serious and dignified consideration. But this incident occurred. An honourable gentleman was defending the Chinese from the attacks made upon them with much warmth and vigour, when an honourable member called out from the other side of the House, 'You will wake up to-morrow morning with a pigtail on you three feet long.' This sally produced such uproarious merriment that the House very nearly had to adjourn to recover its gravity, and the discussion was with difficulty resumed.

On the subject of the Victorian Parliament I should like to quote the words of the Victorian Attorney-General, a very able and clear-sighted man. Addressing his constituents he said:—

> Our Parliament is threatened with that paralysis that is creeping over all English legislatures, from the House of Commons downwards. Useless motions for adjournment, aimless and endless discussions, and senseless stonewalling [obstruction] too often block practical business. If the disease is not eradicated, it would seem to indicate that they are growing toward the American system, under which the Executive is taken out of the Legislature altogether, and the Legislature confined to the business of making laws only, and not making and unmaking governments.

These words plainly suggest a possibility which, not only in Australia, but in England, is slowly wheeling into the orbit of practical politics. The American political system is not altogether so lovely and plea-

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sant that we should wish to see it introduced here; but, after all, the business of the Government is to govern, and if its legislative and administrative functions are incapable of simultaneous performance, it is obvious that they will have to be separated, and only the latter entrusted to the Government. If hard-worked, overwrought ministers were totally or partially relieved from the necessity of attending the House of Commons night after night, they would have more time and energy to give to their departmental duties, which would on that account be far better performed, with greater freedom and courage and individual initiative. On the other hand, it is the business of the Legislature to legislate, to pass laws, not to worry ministers; to frame statutes, not to overthrow cabinets. Under our present system our Parliamentary history consists of the record of a series of efforts made by the minority to turn itself into a majority, and of efforts made by the majority to prevent itself being turned into a minority, each effort being divided from the other by intervals of talk. Now talk in itself is not an evil, except in so far as it prevents good being done; and if we could hit upon a system by which members could talk to their hearts' content, and yet by which their unmeasured loquacity could be robbed of its power to interfere with the business of the country, the authors of that system would deserve a place in English constitutional history alongside the framers of the Magna Charta.

One of the leading Australian papers said:

> Parliamentary institutions would be perfect, if it were not for members of Parliament. Very many Parliaments of the present day find it their chief difficulty to protect themselves against their corrupt or mischievous members.

Corrupt and mischievous members follow, as surely as night on day, the payment of members. One is the inevitable result of the other. If you attach remuneration to a seat in Parliament, you hold out a bait to the needy and greedy, who wish not to serve their country, but to live on her. Corrupt and mischievous members lead to corrupt and mischievous legislation, and there is not a single colony in Australasia that has not had its interests injured and its public debt increased by legislation of this character. New Zealand, one of the fairest countries upon earth, a land flowing with milk and honey, teeming with natural wealth of all kinds, blessed with a climate of unequalled salubrity, one of the brightest gems in the British crown, has gone near to be ruined by her Parliament. As an old resident said to me, with great energy: 'But for the curse of constitutional government we should have been one of the happiest and most prosperous countries in the world, instead of being weighed down as we are by a heavy burden of debt, incurred much

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of it for purposes utterly foolish, and worse.' So deeply has the iron of Parliamentary misgovernment entered into the soul of the New Zealanders, that the leading paper of New Zealand wrote thus of the proposal to confer self-governing institutions upon Western Australia :—

> There is no doubt that the retention of that vast territory in the hands of the Government of Great Britain is the wisest course that could be taken in the interests of the empire at large, and in view of the inevitable necessity that, sooner or later, will be imposed upon the Imperial Government for doing something effectual for relieving the plethora of people in the British Islands; while, if we take knowledge of the way in which the public lands have been misused or misapplied in most of the self-governing colonies, Western Australia may not suffer, in its best interests, by being retained, for a good many years to come, as a Crown colony.

It would be well if the Secretary of State for the Colonies were to lay this advice to heart. As I was copying the above quotation, the post came in, bringing a number of *The Australasian*, one of the best papers in the world, containing a leader on 'The Degradation of Parliament,' and setting forth, in vigorous language, the absolute impossibility of getting the business of the country done in the Parliament of Victoria, and suggesting that as the main object of obstruction was the desire, real or avowed, on the part of the minority to force on a general election, in which they could not be losers and might be gainers, this object might be defeated by abolishing general elections altogether, and by substituting for them triennial elections in which a third part of the House only should be elected. I will not discuss the advantages of, and the objections to, this scheme, many of which will readily occur to everyone, and I merely adduce it as a sign of the uneasiness and discontent with which Parliaments, as at present constituted, are regarded in countries that have had much experience of them. One thing is certain, which is too often forgotten, that Parliament is not a machine but an aggregate of living units, and it is on the behaviour of these units that the character and reputation of parliaments depend. If a number of men—and it is not necessary it should be a large number—deliberately strain the forms of the House to the utmost, and make full use of the powers and privileges originally conferred upon members for a very different purpose, to cast discredit on the Government of the day, by putting in their path every obstacle that malice or ingenuity can suggest, it is obvious that the Parliamentary system must absolutely break down. But the remedy for this is not hard to find. It lies close at hand, and can be applied by the people whenever they choose. If the constituencies fairly and squarely gave their representatives to understand that any trifling with the dignity of Parliament was distasteful to them, and that any undue interference with the course of public business

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would be visited by their severe censure, the evil would soon cease. But if the people allow the most flagrant obstruction to go on without protest, and receive the worst offenders with 'loud cheers,' on their heads the responsibility for the degradation of Parliament lies, and the institutions which were an honour to England will survive to be her shame.

ERNEST W. BECKETT.

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A BRAHMIN SCHOOL-GIRL.

'UNE femme qui ne sait rien, mais capable de tout comprendre,' is some French author's ideal. It is doubtful whether many would share this opinion, and an utterly ignorant woman ought to be a thing of the distant past. The nearest approach to the Frenchman's ideal are Indian women, absolutely ignorant, capable of great understanding, full of cunning, full of mischief, full of deceit. This is not from a naturally vicious disposition, but because they know not what to do with the hidden wealth of understanding and capability which they are not allowed to exercise. In the Madras Presidency alone has an attempt been made to raise and develop Indian women's intellectual powers, and it is due to the Maharajah of Mysore, to whose untiring efforts and wonderfully enlarged and intelligent ideas the women of India owe this first step which will do so much in time to raise their position, that English enthusiasts should be acquainted with the great work being now carried on in what is called 'Her Highness the Maharani's Girls' School' at Mysore.

The great advantage that this school possesses over English institutions of the kind is that it has been established by a Hindu for Hindus on strictly Hindu lines, and has thus been able to avoid arousing the suspicious prejudices always to be combated with regard to English or missionary schools. The moral and religious training is entirely based on Hindu tradition, and the English language only taught as an accomplishment, much as German and Italian would be in an English school. There are two things the Hindu dreads when he sends his children to an English school: one is the Catechism, the other the amalgamation of 'caste.' The Maharani's school is exclusively for high-caste Hindus, and thus recognises the difference of social position, a thing which we are all too apt to forget in India. We treat every man whose face is black on an equal footing, forgetting that social distinction, even apart from caste, exists as much amongst the Hindus as elsewhere, and is perhaps more deeply rooted. The Brahmins, too, are the most intelligent race in India, and therefore the very one of all others to work on and use as stepping-stones towards the universal education of Hindu women. Their quickness and memory are something prodi-

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gious, tiny children being able to answer questions that would puzzle big girls in schools at home. A small child will without a second's hesitation tell you what three times nineteen, or four times seventy-five, is &c.; the general quickness of Indians in arithmetic is so proverbial that it is needless to comment further upon it. Sarswati, the goddess of learning, is Brahma's wife. Before the conquest of India, women had a far superior position to the present one, and by means of education it would not be difficult to restore it. The Hindu recognises that the woman develops and forms the mind of the children, and in these days, when English education is anglicising and civilising the male Hindu, he is fast growing dissatisfied with his surroundings, disgusted with the brutish state and ignorance of his home, the petty prejudices and restrictions of his womankind, and longs for a state of things like that he reads of in English books, or sees in the lives of the established English residents. Many therefore were ready to welcome this opening to the higher development of women's minds, and the scheme of a high-caste school found many ready to aid and second it. A proof of its growing importance is that applications have been made to the head master for wives who could speak English and sing, from men of great standing in different parts of India, and this again has probably gathered more attendants to the school.

The school was started in the year 1881, on the 21st of January, and consisted of twenty-eight pupils, children of daring and enlightened Brahmins, who were not afraid to brave popular prejudice. To-day the school has 463 scholars, of whom 6 are in the High School, 55 in the Middle School, 97 in the Upper Primary, 87 in the Lower Primary, 151 in the Infant School, and 67 in the Zenana department. This last was established in order to meet the general complaint throughout India—a complaint which has much truth in it, and which makes it difficult to carry education beyond a certain point—namely, that at the age of ten or twelve the young girl is taken away to be made a child-wife, and relapses into the regular Hindu housekeeper, namely a creature who is to have no thoughts, or ideas, or opinions, beyond cooking rice or combing her husband's hair. In order that the love of study should penetrate into and permeate through the Hindu home, a zenana or grown-up women's class has been established, entirely managed by women, and a few wise husbands are willing to let their wives spend a few hours daily at the school. The average age of scholars in this class is from twelve to sixteen. When I visited the school there was one melancholy little married woman of twelve, dressed in orange satin, working away very hard. Hers was likely to be a sad lot, as her husband, who had not yet claimed, was dying of consumption, and the fate of a Brahmin widow is not enviable. All her jewels and fine clothes are taken away from her, her hair is shaved close to her head, and she becomes the

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household drudge in her husband's family. The school is under the management of a clever Hindu, by name Mr. Narasimenigar, who with real devotion and enthusiasm has given up his life to the task. The children seem to return his care and trouble with sincere affection. The first and second class are under the care of two graduates from the Madras University. The next eight classes, of which three are of the Middle school, four of the Upper Primary, and the remaining of the Lower Primary standard, are in charge of masters knowing both English and the vernacular languages, and who have acquired some experience in teaching in English schools. The teachers of the classes below this (namely, the Lower Primary and Infant schools) are well-chosen people of ability, and with experience in teaching. There are seven lady-teachers, of whom only three are Europeans; two are Roman Catholic nuns. One is a German lady, who teaches the Kindergarten system; the other four are Hindu ladies, of whom one is the wife of one of the assistant masters. The subjects taught are music, drawing, needlework, arithmetic, history, geography, cooking, Sanskrit, Hygiene, Kanarese, and English. The following copy of the examination papers will give a good idea of what is taught, and of what they are expected to know.

FIRST EXAMINATION FOR WOMEN.

(A Five Years' Course for Girls of average Intelligence.)

Compulsory Subjects.

I. Two languages: (A) Kanarese; (B) English or Sanskrit.
II. Arithmetic.
III. Hygiene.
IV. Geography and Indian History.
V. Needlework (plain).
VI. Cookery.

Optional Subjects.

I. Languages: English or Sanskrit. (A) English for those who take Sanskrit as their second compulsory language; (B) Sanskrit for those who take English as their second compulsory language.
II. Drawing.
III. Music.
IV. Painting.

Details.

I.—A. Kanarese. Maximum 150.

50 1. Poetry. About 200 pachas of ordinary difficulty, as Savithripakyana.

2. Prose. About 100 pages of Kathasangraha, or any other book of equal difficulty.

40 3. Grammar. Vagridhayini, the whole with the exception of Derivation and Prosody.

20 4. Composition. A letter, or the description of a familiar object.

20 5. Dictation. About twenty printed lines.

20 6. Handwriting. About twenty printed lines.

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B. (1) Sanskrit. Maximum 120.

40 i. Poetry. Bálarámáyana.

40 ii. Prose. Selections from Panchatantra; fifty pages.

A few questions on sandhi, shabdas, and dhaturupas will be included in the prose and poetry papers. A few ordinary shabdas and dhatus will be selected.

20 iii. Dictation.

iv. Handwriting. In the Dévanagari character.

(2) English. Maximum 120.

80 (2 papers) i. Royal Reader, No. III.; 100 pages.
ii. Elementary grammar.

20 iii. Dictation.

20 iv. Handwriting.

100 II. Arithmetic. Simple and Compound Rules, Greatest Common Measure, Least Common Multiple, Vulgar Fractions, Rule of Three, Practice, and Mental Arithmetic.

80 III. Hygiene. In Raghunatha Rao's Aró'gyamargadarsini.

100 { 65 IV. (*a*) Geography. India in particular (with map-drawing); Europe and Asia in general.
{ 35 (*b*) History of India. Charitradarpana: the Hindu Period.

50 V. Needlework. Plain.

50 VI. Cookery. Selections from the text-book.

Optional Subjects.

(One or more of the following subjects, at the option of the candidates.)

I. Language.

80 { 50 A. 1. English. Royal Reader, No. II., with a few questions on elementary grammar.
{ 15 2. Easy dictation.
{ 15 3. Handwriting.

80 B. Sanskrit. Bharthruhari's Nitisathaha, with a few questions on shabdas and sandhi.

50 II. Drawing. (To be specified.)

50 III. Music. Selected airs. „ „

50 IV. Fancy work. „ „

50 V. Painting. „ „

1. All candidates shall be examined in the six compulsory subjects, and one at least of the optional subjects. Candidates are, however, at liberty to bring up two or more optional subjects.

2. All papers shall be answered in Kanarese, except the paper on the English language. In the case of the papers on the Sanskrit language the Dévanagari characters shall be used.

3. Candidates failing to obtain 30 per cent. of the maximum in Kanarese, 25 per cent. of the maximum in the second compulsory language, 20 per cent. of the maximum in geography and Indian history, 30 per cent. of the maximum in plain needlēwork, and 25 per cent. of the maximum in cookery, and 20 per cent. of the maximum in each of the optional subjects chosen, and 30 per cent. of the maximum of the whole, shall not pass. Those who, after securing the required minimum in each of the subjects, succeed in securing 45 per cent. of the aggregate maximum, shall be placed in the first class, and the rest of the successful candidates in the second class.

4. Certificates will be issued by the Committee to the successful candidates, specifying the subjects in which they have been examined, and the class in which they have been placed.

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There are other examinations, higher ones, which it would be too tedious to enumerate here.

The following is a description of how a Brahmin girl spends her day in this school. It will show how well acquainted some of them are with English, as well as give an idea of Indian life in a *pensionnat*, so I leave it in her own language.

H.H. The Maharani's Girl School, Mysore:
December 5th, 1887.

Dear Madam,—In answer to your request I shall attempt to give an account of how I generally spend my time here, both at home and at school. As I have not much command over the language, I trust you will kindly overlook any defects you may meet with in this letter. It was in 1882, when I was about eight years old, that I entered the Maharani's Girls' School with the object of being educated. My parents have had the benefits of education, and it is owing chiefly to my mother's enthusiasm for female education that I can still pursue my studies in this institution.

I was learning Kanarese, Sanskrit, arithmetic, hygiene, a little of English, and some other subjects till about a year ago. This year I have to study the same subjects in a higher standard, with chemistry and physiology in addition. Cookery was one of the subjects of study last year, in which we have passed a practical examination.

Of the subjects mentioned above, I greatly like Sanskrit, a knowledge of which language I consider is necessary for the study of other languages. I like poetry also, especially in Kanarese, which is the language of this province, and I wish to learn as much English as I can. I find grammar, history, and geography rather difficult to learn, much more so than arithmetic, chemistry, physiology, and hygiene. However, I hope to know them all better after some time. Of all subjects, music is undoubtedly the pleasantest. It is especially soothing in times of sorrow. Of course under this head the playing on the vina[1] is included. In our school Rukhama, Sundaramma, Krishnamma, and Mangamma of the first class, and a few others in the lower classes, are the best singers. In the vina class Krishnamma, Sundaramma, and Mangamma are especially good.

I too, with Bhagirathamma, Yeggamma, Sakbamma, and Kaneriamma of my class, was for some time practising on the vina; but as this interfered with the study of some other subjects, we gave it up for the time. Some of us, however, intend to commence again. For myself I am very fond of the vina, the piano, and the drawing class.

Many gentlemen are here working very hard for our good. I think their hopes will all be realised in a short time. It was with the greatest pleasure that we heard that the very people who a few years ago most bitterly opposed the cause of female education are now praising the good work that has been done.

Female education is no new thing among us. One has only to read the history of our country to convince oneself that the education of girls existed in the earliest days among us. To the ignorant people who will urge that education tends to make women impious and unchaste it has been very aptly pointed out by many revered and learned men among us that Sakuntala, Tara, Seeta, Chitralekha, Drowpadi and many others were at the same time the most learned, the most pious, and the chastest women of their time. The presiding deity of learning itself is not a god, but a goddess, namely, Saraswati. Such proofs are sure to destroy the prejudices of the common people, and we hope in a short time only to see parents sending their daughters to school as naturally as they now send their sons.

[1] The vina is a native instrument somewhat between a mandoline and a guitar.

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I must here mention that we are largely indebted to such good ladies as Miss Manning, who has helped us directly by her gift of books, &c., and indirectly in many ways. The gentlemen who are now labouring for us will, we trust, live to enjoy the reward of their self-sacrifice.

I shall now tell you how I generally spend the day here. I get up at exactly five o'clock in the morning and bathe immediately. As I do not read my school lessons at night, I prepare them in the morning till about a quarter to seven o'clock. Then the carriage arrives to take me to school. I reach the school with my class-master, who drives in the same carriage with me, before a quarter to eight o'clock. Before going to school I am in the habit of eating something and at the same time. From school I come home at eleven o'clock and eat my breakfast at a quarter past eleven. After about half-an-hour's chatting I practise on the vina till one o'clock. I then read my school lessons till about a quarter past three, when the carriage again comes to take me and my master to school. I return home in the evening at about a quarter past six o'clock, and idle away till seven o'clock in some way or other. I eat my supper at seven, and spend another half-hour in chatting. I then generally read some book in Kanarese, or a story-book in English, these books being other than the text-books of the class. I read also with my sisters till half-past ten, when after saying my prayers I go to bed.

I generally spend the 'leave' days either in fancy work, or drawing, or map-drawing, or playing with some girls of the school. Whenever we get leave on feast days I make my class-mates come to me; or we go to some one's house and spend the day together. On such days we invite a number of girls and dine together at one place. We are also in the habit of going out to Seerangapatam and other places on picnic excursions. When we were younger we used to take great interest in such games as lawn-tennis, rounders, &c.; but now that we are supposed to be grown-up women, popular prejudice has compelled us to give them up. We have therefore to be content with the walks and excursions to the bank-side on the various occasions when we go there for picnics.

Yours obediently,
M. KAMAKSHI.

This letter gives its own story of what a stride has been made in the enlargement of ideas and liberty amongst Brahmin women. We see all the many defects attributed to the Indian native refuted by fact. Instead of indulging in lazy day-dreams amidst the fumes of the narghili; instead of whiling away the steaming Indian day in idle talk and harem gossip, in turning over soft silks and listlessly fingering new threads of pearls; instead of sleep, we find, in spite of climate, a brisk, energetic life, breathing out activity at every pore, a life such as few British school-girls would care to embark upon; and remark that there is no six weeks' or two months' summer vacation, no break in the patient, resigned monotony of this life. The same quiet submission which with its faint touch of irony says 'now that we are supposed to be grown-up women, popular prejudice has compelled us to give up games,' proves that education is not making them rebellious; no, the Brahmin woman in her loneliness has found at last the companion which her soul longed for, that ever-filling satisfying delight which study is to brain and heart, and best of all she has learnt to love music, to understand it, to make it her own, to weave it into her joys and her sorrows. The most interesting visit of all in the

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Maharani's schools is to the music class. Here we heard two young girls, daughters of people of good family in Mysore, playing on the vina. The piece they played was a duet of Sterndale Bennett's arranged for two vinas. Then they sang and played native airs with touching plaintive voices that spoke of captivity and loneliness. Education had thrown its velvet glamour over the strings, and these airs, which in themselves are always beautiful in their sadness and wild disregard of cadence, were made exquisite by their accurate rendering and the feeling with which they were played. A sight it is for sore eyes to see these children in each class in their picturesque and often beautiful native dress, with their pearl nose-rings and gold jewels, drinking in science and learning with all the ardour lent to novelty, and to see it fall on years of ignorance and involved struggling of misty brains like the cool plash of summer rain on parched leaves, washing away the dust and cobwebs of a July's drought. This and this alone is the way to civilise India. First of all to civilise Indian mothers; secondly, to take caste by caste and see how far each can be drawn out. There ought to be schools for every caste from the Brahmin to the sweeper, distinct from each other, and in time the great motherhood of learning will draw them to her bosom in one embrace.

GEORGIANA KINGSCOTE.

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MR. BRYCE'S 'AMERICAN COMMONWEALTH.'

It is seldom that that which has been long expected equals the anticipations with which it was awaited. But the great work of Mr. Bryce will much surpass the high expectations which it has so long aroused. It is still more seldom that a book which stirs immediate interest, is a permanent addition to the literature of a country. *The American Commonwealth*, however, teems with matter of the most vital moment to the practical issues of the day, whilst it belongs to the very small number of those works on political and social science which are abiding possessions to the whole English-speaking race.

The analysis of political institutions is a task so complex and subtle that it is rarely undertaken; and when undertaken successfully, it is even more rarely that the result is found to have interest for the public and practical use for the busy. The analysis of social institutions, manners, and practices, though much more common, is very often tedious; and it has a fatal tendency to run into the tabular common places of a gazetteer. Mr. Bryce has avoided both errors. His work, as an analysis of a constitutional organism, is of a rank only reached by De Tocqueville, Mill, Gneist, Maine, and Dicey. As an account of modern America it is full of first-hand knowledge, acute reflections, and picturesque illustrations of men and customs. Mr. Bryce has given to Europeans that kind of insight of the American system which in the last century Voltaire, Montesquieu, and De Lolme gave to France of the English system. And he has revealed the social condition of the States with the same thoroughness of grasp which in the last century Arthur Young brought to bear on France; and, in our day, Mackenzie Wallace brought to bear on Russia.

Accounts of a political system are too often dull and academic, because they are compiled from books without the gifts of the statesman or the traveller, without knowledge of affairs, or the quick insight of the experienced observer. Accounts of the social system and manners of a country are too often gossipy and thin, because the observer sees too much of the surface, and has neither political training nor solid learning. Nothing is more difficult than to weave

[1] *The American Commonwealth*. By James Bryce, M.P. 3 vols. London: Macmillan & Co. 1888.

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into an analysis of the social forces of a mighty State, a living picture of the people as they may be seen in their daily life. In this difficult art Mr. Bryce has achieved a great success. He has drawn the portrait of a nation by virtue of his being at once an accomplished jurist, an experienced politician, a learned historian, an acute man of the world, and an indefatigable traveller.

The book is one not altogether easy to class. Works upon political institutions are almost wholly the studies of lawyers or politicians. Bentham and Austin, Mill and Spencer, Gneist, Bagehot, Maine, and Dicey, have written on the working of a given political system, and have reduced this to abstract terms, but they have none of them written from the point of view of the historian, the traveller, and the parliamentary official. Gneist has written as a political philosopher; Bagehot wrote first-rate essays of a journalist; Mr. Dicey has given us lectures more permanently useful than Blackstone's; and Maine has brought his acute mind and curious learning to the analysis of English and American politics. Mr. Hearn's excellent book on the *Constitution of England* is the work of a lawyer and a statesman. But none of these put the social institutions, or the idiosyncrasies of the country, side by side with the political constitution; nor do they explain the constitution by the habits of the people, and the popular customs by the constitution. They are publicists, not travellers or historians.

On the other hand, those who have given us social and economical surveys of a nation have little of law, statesmanship, or social philosophy. The M'Cullochs, Porters, Maurice Blocks, the Fawcetts, Cairds, and Giffens, who have given us invaluable economic surveys of a nation, have not displayed it as at once the effect and cause of a given political organism, which they describe organically and functionally. This Mr. Bryce has done. His main task is the American Commonwealth as a working organism. But his subsidiary business is to show how this Commonwealth reacts on the life of American society, and how the American people day by day are moulding, modifying, and working this Commonwealth.

We have thus brought before us a great succession of topics which are usually excluded from constitutional treatises and political analyses. Constitutional publicists, even the greatest of them, have been far too formal, too official, too solemn, heraldic, and black-letter. Blackstone wrote a sort of Gold Stick and Lord Chamberlain account of the Constitution, which is now more like the actual system of Japan than that of England. None of our works on the English Constitution, down to the time of Bagehot, ever mentioned the Cabinet or the Prime Minister. Those who write about constitutions and political institutions too often fix their eyes exclusively on the letter of the law, or they argue *à priori* on rights and privileges, as if it were a matter of pure abstract science. Mr. Bryce's method is to combine

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analysis of institutions with practical observation of social habits. And there can be no sort of doubt that this is the true way. Mere book knowledge of a constitution is as worthless as a mere paper constitution. And a bare abstract view of political institutions may be as delusive as a working model of a machine which in practice will not work at all. Mr. Bryce has followed Macaulay's admirable rule, not to be afraid of lowering the dignity of history. He has composed a searching and exhaustive analysis of the American Commonwealth; but, though he has gone quite as deeply into ultimate problems of government as De Tocqueville, Mill, or Austin, he has not been afraid to lower the dignity of social philosophy by explaining to us all about the 'Lobby,' the 'Machine,' the 'Politicians,' 'Rings and Bosses,' 'Spoils,' 'Women's Suffrage,' the Bar, the Bench, the Press, Railroads, Wall Street, the Universities, the Churches, the position of women, American oratory, American life, the social and economic future. Now this is precisely what we want to know; and it is in connection with these things that knowledge of the Constitution really interests us. And it is because all these things are explained and illustrated by a mass of ingenious reflections, vivid observations, and capital anecdotes that Mr. Bryce has managed to make a book full of real political wisdom as picturesque and fascinating as a first-rate volume of travels.

The book with which this work of Mr. Bryce's will be immediately compared is that of De Tocqueville. But nearly sixty years have passed since De Tocqueville went to America, and in that period the American Commonwealth has grown beyond any example in recorded history. Fourteen new States have been added to the Union; the population has doubled itself five times; the railroad, telegraph, and electric systems have been created; new parties have been formed; the question of slavery has been debated and fought out; the greatest civil war the world ever saw has been waged; and a vast system of political and social institutions has been evolved. The changes have been enormous, and yet De Tocqueville's book is the one with which Mr. Bryce's will be most often compared, and it is the one with which it most deserves to be compared.

Mr. Bryce's view of the American Commonwealth consists of three distinct surveys:—of the National organisation, the local State organisation, and the Social organisation: corresponding roughly to the first, second, and third volumes. The first volume is a treatise of constitutional law; the second an analysis of local and municipal politics; and the third is practically a masterly book of travels. All who observe American institutions at all have long known the extreme complexity of the system in its double scheme of co-ordinate political institutions for the Nation and the several States. But until the elaborate analysis of Mr. Bryce explained them, few persons quite realised either the true nature of this complex dualism, or the range

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to which it extends. Complex as this intercatenation of National and State authority is, Mr. Bryce has made it clear without needless prolixity or repetition. The United States Constitution is at once National and Federal, being a supreme Federal State, not a League of States, yet presupposing and based upon an antecedent body of States, each in their own limits performing a very large part of the functions and duties of ordinary civil governments. Again, both Federal Constitution and the State Constitutions very distinctly divide the provinces of the executive function, the legislative function, and the judicial function. Nowhere in Europe is the executive body marked off from the legislative body so strictly and with lines so rigid as in America. Nowhere in Europe is the Constitution walled round with a rampart so difficult to modify as there. Nowhere in Europe is the executive so little able to lead the legislature, and the legislature so little able to control the executive. Alone of settled political systems, the *de facto* head of the administration cannot in America dissolve the legislature, nor can the legislature get rid of the *de facto* head of the administration, except by a two-thirds majority after a regular trial for a criminal offence. And a third element steps in when courts of law are empowered to pronounce that acts of the national legislature are unconstitutional and therefore invalid.

This dualism of National government and State government, this tripartite division of authority into executive, legislative, and judicial, each more or less independent, runs through the whole fabric of the American polity and all its thirty-eight States. There are thus in America thirty-nine Constitutions, i.e. one National Constitution and thirty-eight State Constitutions; as many separate legislatures, as many executives, as many judiciaries, and, wonderful to relate, thirty-nine separate bodies of law. There are four kinds of American law, with four degrees of authority:—

I. The Federal Constitution.
II. Federal Statutes made by Congress.
III. State Constitutions.
IV. State Statutes made by State Legislatures.

And courts of law, both State and National, are bound to decide under which of these four classes of law any given provision falls. Then the judiciary is bifurcated into the National Courts and the State Courts; each being subdivided locally into superior, middle, and inferior Courts. And there is a National Finance, as well as a State Finance. And within each State, there is a system of local government and systems of municipal government, each with their own executive, their own constituents, their own council, and their own taxation. The double system of National and State constitutions, legislatures, executive, judiciaries, bodies of law and separate finance, covers in a co-ordinate way every square mile of the vast American continent included in the States. There is here, it is

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obvious, the material for a curious complexity of forces, which indeed hardly any European has adequately mastered.

Perhaps the most striking and important contribution to political science which Mr. Bryce has made is the fundamental distinction which he pointed out between what he named the Rigid Constitutions and the Flexible Constitutions: America giving us the type of a practically rigid Constitution, and England the type of a Constitution, in theory at least, flexible without limit. Mr. Dicey, in his admirable Lectures on the *Law of the Constitution*, made all readers familiar with this distinction, and has illustrated it with great learning and acumen. But in his own account (p. 84) he refers to an unpublished lecture of Mr. Bryce, the substance of which is incorporated in the present work. The Parliament of the United Kingdom could extend, modify, or abolish the Constitution, or any part of it, by an ordinary Act of Parliament passed in the same way as any Road or Inclosure Act. Nay, more, this power is being continually exercised session after session; for the Constitution seldom leaves off at the end of a session exactly as it stood at the opening of it. A court of law has only to satisfy itself as to the interpretation of an Act of Parliament, and then to give effect to it. It cannot treat any Act as unconstitutional, or see any degree of authority, of greater or less, in an Act of Parliament.

Nor in England can any man say precisely what the Constitution is, or where it can be found. As Mr. Bryce says, it must be searched for in hundreds of volumes, in cases, statutes, precedents, journals, and even memoirs. And of course much of it is even then matter for discussion. All is utterly different in America. The Federal Constitution and all its amendments are printed in a very precise document of sixteen octavo pages. It is so hedged round by securities against hasty alterations, that in the hundred years which now span the life of the Federal Constitution, excepting in the postscript of its first year, and in a trivial amendment in 1794, and another in 1803, it has only been practically modified once—that is, after the tremendous civil war. The contrast between the rigid documentary constitutions of America and the flexible traditional Constitution of England has been most profoundly grasped by Mr. Bryce, and most vividly illustrated and explained.

Next to the contrast between these two types of constitutional systems, comes the equally striking contrast between the Presidential administration of America and the Cabinet administration of England. A cabinet, as we understand it, is of course out of the question where the legislature neither controls nor depends upon a ministry. And where there is no legislature to make or unmake a ministry, there is of course no ministry to initiate, guide, or modify legislation. An American President is a Prime Minister whose business is to control the public departments, but not to interfere with the legislature.

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He has secretaries without collective responsibility, but no ministry. Ministers are not accountable to the legislature, nor are they jointly responsible for each other. So the legislature is a parliament with which the ministers are often in conflict, and which has no means whatever of removing them. All this Mr. Bryce explains and illustrates with a force and fertility which are only possible to a man who has had the advantage of experience in parliament and in office, and who unites to the training of a constitutional lawyer great opportunities for careful study on the spot.

Mr. Bryce next explains the constitution, character, and working of that famous American institution the Senate, the relation of which to the Executive is so puzzling to those who know only the dignified Upper Chambers of Europe, and which has a peculiar interest for those European politicians who find treaties and international relations ultimately referred to its final arbitrament. He then turns to the House of Representatives, a House how utterly unlike our House of Commons few will realise till they have mastered all that Mr. Bryce has to tell. His picture of the 'House at work' is one of those vivid clear-cut portraits which are only possible to a practical politician living his daily life in one school who has attentively watched another school and compared it with his own.

Mr. Bryce's account of the Federal Courts is one that could only be given by a lawyer, who, familiar with the machinery of English courts, and imbued with our own legal principles, has studied the American courts with all the assistance that can be given by his intimate relations with American lawyers, judges, and advocates, thus comparing professional impressions and experience. Nothing in the book is more interesting and valuable than his account of the history, constitution, and working of the famous Supreme Court of Washington, a court which, from the momentous national functions with which it is charged, its striking history, its unique position as the one central Court of Appeal, and the singular power of the great men who have adorned it, may almost be thought, even by an English lawyer, to take precedence in importance of all known tribunals.

That part of Mr. Bryce's book to which the English politician will most often turn will be, no doubt, the eleven chapters from the twenty-fifth to the thirty-fifth inclusive, wherein he compares the American and European systems, criticises the American constitution, and explains the paradox how the most rapidly growing of modern peoples contrives to thrive under the most rigid of all known constitutions, and the one which seems apparently the most prone to insoluble deadlocks. The problem is indeed one of the most curious and suggestive which can engage the student of politics and the practical politician. Mr. Bryce's solution of the mystery, which, like the solution of most mysteries, depends on complex allowances, compensations, and qualifications in practical result, is as full of

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accurate observation of fact as it is of sterling political good sense.

It would need an article even to state in full Mr. Bryce's explanation of the separate State System, of the relations of the States to the Federal Union, of the distribution of the functions of government between the State and the Union, of the complex institutions by which the relations are distinguished and maintained. The co-ordination of National authority and thirty-eight State authorities is one of the most difficult and curious problems in the range of political science. European states are familiar enough with a local government and a national government. But in America, where both exist in full development, there is intercalated between them an antecedent State government which fulfils the great bulk of the functions possessed by the National government of these kingdoms, and habitually exercised by the House of Commons. Nor is this the whole of the anomaly, for in America each of the thirty-eight States, with distinct executives, legislatures, law-courts, bodies of law and finance, are constitutionally safe-guarded under very precise clauses in written instruments from any interference by the Federal Executive, or the Federal Legislature. Let us imagine the new County Councils each having its own distinct, inviolable, and self-enacted constitution, which no Act of Parliament could modify, suspend, or add to. We shall then have some idea of the complexity of the American political system.

The rest of Mr. Bryce's work is devoted to explain the Party System, and all the peculiar institutions to which the party system has given birth, the 'machine,' the 'ring,' the 'boss,' and the way the boss runs the machine; next to the working of Public Opinion, and all its various organs, the press, the 'stump,' the 'caucus,' the conventions, and the ballot. And he concludes with a large body of illustrations, reflections, criticisms, and suggestions.

The grand question which all will ask remains—does Mr. Bryce write as a panegyrist of the American democracy, or as a critic of it? How does the judge sum up the evidence about the greatest experiment of free electoral government yet attempted by man? Mr. Bryce, one may answer, has far too much experience of affairs, too much learning, too much political sagacity, to sum up in any wholesale, trenchant, *ex cathedra* style, or to write either a eulogium on democracy, or an indictment of democracy. As a judge, as a thinker should, he gives us ample material for forming our own judgment, examines all the difficulties and possibilities, the strength, the weakness, the compensations, and the inconveniences of each institution in turn. No single vice or degeneration of the American polity is at all screened or palliated. A hostile satirist could find matter enough for a dozen philippics in the familiar style of the reactionary prophet of evil. A stalwart believer in democracy will find many a

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conclusion to deepen his faith and to fire his enthusiasm. Mr. Bryce, it is clear, sees many a compensating force which was unobserved by Sir H. Maine when he wrote on *Popular Government*, and Mr. Bryce's knowledge of America vastly exceeds that of Maine. To compare their books on this point is to see all the gulf which separates an acute student of political literature from an experienced observer of political institutions.

Mr. Bryce writes as an observer of political institutions, not, be it said, as a party politician. The comparison of Federal with the State legislatures bristles at every point with illustrations of the burning issue of our day, the relations of the Imperial Parliament to a possible Home Rule legislature. The book of Mr. Bryce touches on the problem at every chapter. Yet there is not a sentence in these three volumes by which the most sensitive Unionist could detect whether the author be a follower of Mr. Gladstone or of Lord Hartington. True political science sits calmly aloof from party struggles.

The special strength of Mr. Bryce is this, that he is a rare example (one may almost say a unique example) of the constitutional jurist, who compares institutions and constitutions step by step with social habits and practical results visible on the spot. He refuses to consider the American constitution or any single American institution apart from the habits and opinions of the American people who live under them, and the American politicians, journalists, speakers, officials, managers, and groups of men who work them, make them, and want them. It is another instance of the golden rule that organs, organisms, and organic activity, are only to be truly understood as we study them in their functions, and under the actual conditions of environment and adjustment to it, in which they do, as a fact, habitually function.

One may doubt if such a living picture of Democracy in all its ways, in its strength and its weakness, its dangers and its future, in all its strange nakedness of appearance, and its amazing vitality and force, in its golden hopes, and its simplicity and limitations as of a raw, lucky, inexperienced youth entering on a matchless inheritance for good or for evil, has ever yet been drawn by a competent hand. And it may be doubted even more if there yet exists for any country in the Old World a portrait so thoughtful, searching, and complete, so suggestive of the character, and with its life-history so graven on the face, as that which Mr. Bryce has now given us for the New World.

It is impossible to close this book without reflecting that it adds another fine corner-stone to the noble monument which the sons and teachers of Oxford have raised round the history and analysis of political institutions. Not only has Oxford taken for centuries a leading part in this field of social science, but it is not easy to recall

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a work of first-rate importance in this difficult department which not come from those who have taught in Oxford, or have b trained by her in the school of Thucydides and Aristotle. The tr tion of Sir T. More, of Raleigh, of Hobbes, of Locke, and Ac Smith has been worthily maintained. Clarendon opened a l succession of historians, through Gibbon, the greatest of histori Henry Hallam, Doctor Arnold, Dean Milman, and so on down the great modern school of Bishop Stubbs, Dr. Freeman, S. R. G diner, J. R. Green, Froude, Goldwin Smith, Dean Stanley, Co Morison, John Morley. Nor is it less significant that so much what we know of the English Constitution has been expounded those who have taught at Oxford or who have been trained at Oxf Blackstone's Commentaries on the laws of England were lectures livered by him as Professor at Oxford; so also were those far m trustworthy Commentaries, known as Dicey *On the Law of the C stitution*, and Anson on the *Law of Parliament*; and so at le one of Sir H. Maine's studies on political institutions. To this l list of Oxford achievements we must now add the work of her Reg Professor of Civil Law, a work dedicated to, and in part inspired two of his Oxford colleagues; and which will permanently hold own in this splendid array of historical research and political phi sophy.

FREDERIC HARRISON

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DANIEL O'CONNELL.[1]

For the large majority of persons now living in Great Britain, O'Connell has come to be nothing but a name. A name, it is true, with some vesture of awe and suspicion hanging round it, like a ghost; a name with some lingering capacity to make us feel uncomfortable; yet in the main a name only, like Chatham, or like Strafford. But, for the small proportion of those now inhabiting the island, and for all who were breathing and moving upon it,

ὅσσ' ἐπὶ γαῖαν ἐπιπνείει τε καὶ ἕρπει,

forty and fifty years ago, from the highest to the lowest, O'Connell was, and was felt to be, not a name only but a power. He had, in 1828–9, encountered the victor of the Peninsula and of Waterloo on the battle-ground of the higher politics, of those politics which lie truly *inter apices*, and had defeated him, and had obtained from his own lips the avowal of his defeat.

Moreover, O'Connell was a champion of whom it might emphatically be said that alone he did it. True, he had a people behind him; but a people in the narrower rather than in the wider sense, the masses only, not the masses with the classes. The Irish aristocracy were not indeed then banded together, as they are now, in the cause that he thought the wrong one. Many of them supported Roman Catholic emancipation; but none of them comprehended that, in the long reckoning of international affairs, that support would have to be carried onwards and outwards to all its consequences. He saw, at the epoch of the Clare election, what they did not see, that the time had come when, to save the nation, a victim must be dedicated even from among the nation's friends, like the great king's daughter at Aulis to preserve the host commanded by her own father. O'Connell was the commander-in-chief, although as yet they hardly knew it; and even the most illustrious supporters of Roman Catholic emancipation, on whichever side the Channel, were but the rank and file behind him. His were the genius and the tact, the energy and the fire, that won the bloodless battle. By the force of his own personality he led Ireland to Saint Stephen's, almost as much as Moses led the children

[1] *Correspondence of Daniel O'Connell the Liberator.* Edited, with notices of his life and times, by W. J. Fitzpatrick, F.S.A. London, Murray, 1888. 2 vols. 8vo.

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of Israel to Mount Sinai; and he accomplished the promise of Pitt, which Pitt himself had laboured, and laboured not in vain, to frustrate.

I assume, then, that this remarkable man, whom before reaching the end of these remarks I shall call a great man, has passed out of the mill-stream of politics into the domain of history. There, it is to be hoped, we may contemplate and examine his career in something of the solemn stillness of Glasnevin, where his remains repose beneath the soaring tower, the pre-eminently national symbol of his country.

We have now supplied to us for the first time, through the enterprise of my old friend Mr. Murray, the material necessary for this examination. The preceding biographers of O'Connell have not had access to the stores of the singularly characteristic correspondence in which, while his whole heart was set upon the purpose of the time, he has unconsciously limned himself for posterity. The small but very interesting volume [2] of the Rev. Mr. O'Rourke is of too limited a scope, and was written with too partial an access to sources, for the exhibition of the entire man. The *Life and Times of the Liberator*,[3] containing, as might be expected from its title, much extraneous matter, does not fill the void. The *Select Speeches* were published by his son Mr. John O'Connell, with 'historical notices' of indispensable facts and dates, but with an express disclaimer of any attempt at biography.[4] From the expressions used by Mr. Fitzpatrick in his Preface, I gather that the present work is substituted for the more formal biography, which was at one time meditated by his family.[5]

Unless I am much mistaken, the history of Ireland, especially for the last two hundred years, is not only a narrative replete in itself with the most singular interests, but is also a normal exercise for instruction in the basis of modern history at large. If this be so, then neither the timely and most dispassionately written volume of Mr. Lefevre,[6] nor even the comprehensive collection now before me, will supply the last word that is to be posthumously spoken of O'Connell, as to whom Mr. Greville,[7] most dispassionate of judges, has stated that 'his position was unique: there never was before, and there never will be again, anything at all resembling it.' And once more, he was 'the most important and most conspicuous man of his time and country.' If he has now passed away from the clatter and the rowdyism of everyday politics,

To where, beyond these voices, there is peace,

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[2] *The Centenary Life of O'Connell.* By the Rev. John O'Rourke, P.P., M.R.I.A. Dublin, 1878.

[3] *The Liberator*, his Life and Times. Kenmare Publications. 2 vols. 8vo (1873 ?).

[4] See Preface to *Select Speeches.* 2 vols. 12mo. Duffy, Dublin (without date).

[5] *Ibid.* [6] *Peel and O'Connell.* 8vo. London, 1887.

[7] *Greville Memoirs*, Second Series, iii. 86.

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our time will surely not be lost in an endeavour to ascertain what manner of man it is that stands figured on the canvas before us. For Mr. Fitzpatrick, while presenting to us a collection of moderate extent, selected without doubt from a far larger mass of papers, has not only woven them into a web of fair average continuity, but has, as a sculptor would, presented to us his hero 'in the round,' so that we may consider each of his qualities in each varied light, and judge of their combination into a whole, whether it is mean or noble, consistent or inconsistent, natural or forced.

It is with something of a sense of special duty, and likewise with a peculiar satisfaction, that I make this small effort at historical justice in the case of the Irish Liberator, as he is most justly called. In early life I shared the prejudices against him, which were established in me not by conviction, but by tradition and education. As a young and insignificant member of Parliament, I never (so far as my memory goes) indulged in the safe impertinence of attacks, which it would have been beneath him to notice. I was fortunate, from an occurrence which on his account I must mention further on in some detail, in being brought slightly yet sensibly into personal contact with him (now nearly fifty-five years ago), and thus having experience of his kindly and winning manners. But those who know only the hearty good will of millions upon millions of the English people towards Ireland at this moment, can have but a faint conception of the fearfully wide range of mere prejudice against O'Connell half a century ago. Even Liberal candidates were sometimes compelled by popular opinion publicly to renounce him and all his works. A very small part of this aversion may have been due to faults of his own; but, in the main, I fear that, taking him as the symbol of his country, it exhibited the hatred which nations, or the governing and representative parts of nations, are apt to feel towards those whom they have injured. My own delinquencies in this sphere I think cannot be stated more strongly than in these words; I voted steadily with the Opposition on Irish questions in the Melbourne period, and I had entered the Cabinet of Sir Robert Peel in 1843 when the prosecution of the Liberator, in connection with the monster-meetings, was undertaken. One very slight plea only can I offer for myself. I was not blind to his greatness. Almost from the opening of my Parliamentary life I felt that he was the greatest popular leader whom the world had ever seen. Nevertheless I desire to purge myself, by this public act, of any residue of old and unjust prepossession, to

> Cleanse the stuffed bosom of that perilous stuff
> Which weighs upon the heart.[a]

There cannot but be many, in whose eyes O'Connell stands as clearly the greatest Irishman that ever lived. Neither Swift nor

[a] *Macbeth*, v. 3.

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Grattan (each how great in their several capacities!) can be placed in the scale against him. If there were to be a competition among the dead heroes of Irish history, I suppose that Burke and the Duke of Wellington would be the two most formidable competitors. But the great Duke is truly, in mathematical phrase, incommensurable with O'Connell. There are no known terms which will enable us fairly to pit the military faculty against the genius of civil affairs. It can hardly be doubted that, if we take that genius alone into view, O'Connell is the greater man; and I will not so much as broach the question, in itself insoluble, whether and up to what point of superiority the exploits of the great Duke in the field establish an excess in his favour. With respect to Burke as against O'Connell, it seems safe to say that he was far greater in the world of thought, but also far inferior in the world of action.

There is another kind of comparison which this powerful figure obviously challenges: a comparison with the great demagogues or popular leaders of history. It is, however, a misnomer to call him a demagogue. If I may coin a word for the occasion, he was an ethnagogue. He was not the leader either of *plebs* or *populus* against optimates: he was the leader of a nation; and this nation, weak, outnumbered, and despised, he led, not always unsuccessfully, in its controversy with another nation, the strongest perhaps and the proudest in Europe. If we pass down the line of history (but upwards on the moral scale) from Cleon to Gracchus, to Rienzi and even to Savonarola, none of these, I believe, displayed equal powers; but they all differed in this vital point, that they led one part of the community against another, while he led a nation, though a nation *minus* its dissentients, against conquerors, who were never expelled but never domesticated. For a parallel we cannot take Kossuth or Mazzini, who are small beside him: we must ascend more nearly to the level of the great Cavour, and there still remains this wide difference between them, that the work of Cavour was work in the Cabinet and Parliament alone, while O'Connell not only devised and regulated all interior counsels, but had also the actual handling all along of his own raw material, that is to say, of the people; and so handled them by direct personal agency, that he brought them to a state of discipline unequalled in the history of the world.

The dates and epochs of O'Connell's life are simple. He was born in the county of Kerry on the 6th of August 1775. He received his college education at St. Omer and Douay, during the years of the French Revolution. At this period, there are sufficient indications that in character, though not in mere opinion, 'the boy was father of the man.' It came to a close in January 1793, when he wrote to his uncle Maurice, whose property he was to inherit, that 'the conduct the English have pursued with regard to the French in England makes us dread to be turned off every day' (vol. i. p. 7).

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He set out, however, under a summons from Ireland; and, as I remember his telling me in 1834, he crossed the Channel homewards in the boat which brought the tidings of the execution of Louis XVI. The excesses of the time drove him in the opposite direction; and, when the boat got under way, he flung into the sea his tricolour cockade, which was reverently picked up by some French fishermen rowing past, with a curse upon him for his pains. He studied law in London; and it appears that the State trials of the day, aimed against freedom, disenchanted his politics, and brought him to Liberalism, by which he held steadily and warmly to his dying day. He was called to the bar in 1798; and in 1802, despite the protestations of his friends, and the unrelenting opposition of his uncle, he married a penniless but devoted wife. He did it, expecting disinheritance; and Darrynane was not his in fact until 1825.

The first quarter of the century was spent in achieving at the Irish bar not prominence only but supremacy: such a supremacy as probably never had, and never has, been held by any other member of that highly distinguished body. From the first, he earned something; and in 1813 his receipts already approached four thousand *per annum*. In the last year of his stuff gown, as he told me himself in 1834, he made 7,000*l*. In his letter of 1842 to Lord Shrewsbury (ii. 284) he states that in the year before emancipation, while he belonged to the outer Bar, his 'professional emoluments exceeded 8,000*l*.;' and that soon, on his obtaining a silk gown, they must have been 'considerably increased.' Even Lord Shrewsbury, the leader of his co-religionists in England, had joined in the vulgar cry against his receiving the contributions of the Irish people. How far loftier and more discerning, how wise and true, are the words of Mr. Greville on his death in 1847: 'It was an income nobly given, and nobly earned.'

Yet, even during this quarter of a century, while he was earning a position which became an essential condition of his influence, he was (from 1805 onwards, according to Mr. Fitzpatrick, i. 15) the life and soul of that small and continually dwindling residue of nationality, which the Union, and the accompaniments and consequences of the Union, had left to Ireland. His first, as I believe, and not his least memorable public utterance had been made in January 1800, when he was twenty-four years old. In writing to Lord Shrewsbury he says:—

> For more than twenty years before emancipation, the burden of the cause was thrown upon me. I had to arrange the meetings, to prepare the resolutions, to furnish replies to the correspondence, to examine the case of each person complaining of practical grievances, to rouse the torpid, to animate the lukewarm, to control the violent and the inflammatory, to avoid the shoals and breakers of the law, to guard against multiplied treachery, and at all times to oppose, at every peril, the powerful and multitudinous enemies of the cause.

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This was without doubt what may be called the opulent period of his life: but hear him as to even this period (*ibid.*):—

> For four years I bore the entire expenses of Catholic agitation without receiving the contributions of others to a greater amount than 74*l.* in the whole. Who shall repay me for the years of my buoyant youth and cheerful manhood? Who shall repay me for the lost opportunities of acquiring professional celebrity, or for the wealth which such distinction would insure?

From, or shortly before, the epoch of the Clare election in 1828 dates the commencement of his absorption in public affairs. He was now *totus in illis*. He remained at his zenith until 1843, when the Peel Administration instituted the great prosecution against him. It can hardly be said that this prosecution was directly the cause of a decline in his power over the people. But thus much appears to be certain. If his imprisonment in Richmond Bridewell did not break his spirit, it added heavily to that drain upon his nerve power, which had for so many years been excessive, and almost unparalleled. The loss of a grandchild, we are told, almost crushed the great and profoundly susceptible heart (ii. 331). His handwriting, formerly so bold, became tremulous and indistinct.

He was released in September, 1814, under the judgment of the House of Lords. During the time for which his action had been paralysed, the mind of Ireland, under the influence of disappointment, had been moving in the direction of counsels alien from his. O'Connell's were always the counsels of legality; the new counsels were counsels of force, of force the offspring of despair, and adopted as the sole remaining alternative after the failure of O'Connell's policy based on bloodless effort. On the back of all this came the terrible prospect of the famine. He could not bear it; or he could not bear his own heart-rending sense of incapacity to relieve it. The powerful frame, the brain yet more powerful, gradually yielded to a pressure which defied all resistance. He set out for a continental tour devised by way of remedy, and recommended by the knowledge of his fervent faith, and the hope that arrival at the *limina Apostolorum* might operate as a charm upon him. But the journey was one of manifest though intermitted stages of decline. He was mercifully spared both acute agony of body, and obscuration of mind; and, having received devoutly all the consolations of his Church, he passed into the world of spirits on the 15th of May, 1847. His age was no more than seventy-one; but it may safely be said that these years included, in labour, in experience, in emotion, in anxiety, in suffering, and in elastic and masculine reaction against it, ten times what is allotted, in the same space of time, to more ordinary men.

And here I part from simple narrative to attempt an estimate of the character and action of O'Connell.

The domestic relations of O'Connell cannot escape the notice of the most careless reader of this book. They were broadly distin-

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guished from those of common men by the vehement and ever-flowing tide of emotion that coursed through them. They are illuminated by every occasion that comes up, and we find him acting the part of a spiritual adviser in detail to a daughter in a grave and anxious crisis of the soul, the particular nature of which is reverently veiled. Their verbal expression is concentrated in his letters to his wife. From these it appears that his whole married life, from its commencement in 1802 to its close in 1836, was one continued course, not of ardent affection only, but of courtship. Unless for the purpose of satire, no such gushing vocabulary of love has ever, as far as I know, been laid open to the public eye. O'Connell speaks of Charles Phillips, the author of *Curran and his Contemporaries*, as 'insane with love' (i. 24). Some might be inclined to retort the phrase upon him. After eleven years of married life, in a letter of no more than sixteen lines, his wife is 'my darling heart,' 'heart's treasure,' 'my sweetheart love,' 'my own Mary,' 'my own darling love,' 'my own dearest, dearest darling;' and 'I wish to God you knew how fervently I doat on you.' This is from him when on circuit, to whom the expenditure of a minute was the expenditure of a drop of professional life's blood. In other ways we shall see that he was a man who never could withhold, never could contract, his sympathies. In this very letter, there is one, and but one, morsel of pure prose—his business 'is increasing almost beyond endurance' (i. 20). In later years, the catalogue of endearing phrases is scarcely shortened (see i. 99, 100), and he truly describes his case when he says (in 1825) 'Darling, will you smile at the *love-letters* of your old husband?' If Mr. Fitzpatrick has at all deviated from the common use in printing these letters, he has not done it without sufficient cause. For they exhibit a side of human nature that, besides being genuine, and being in its substance beautiful, was also necessary for the completion of the rich polychrome exhibited by a man in whom exacting business and overwhelming care never arrested, never could even restrict, the lively, and even redundant, play of the affections.

The degree in which his business was exacting, his cares overwhelming, I for one have never fully understood except upon the perusal of these really important and historical volumes. Upon no sovereign, upon no Imperial chancellor, were the anxieties of empire ever more fully charged, than O'Connell was laden with the thought of Ireland, and with the supreme direction of its concerns. He was all along the missionary of an idea. The idea was the restoration of the public life of his country; which he believed, and too truly believed, to have been not only enfeebled, but exhausted and paralysed, by the Act of Union. It lay in his heart's core from the dawn of his opening manhood; from the commencement of his full political career it became the mainspring of his acts, his words, his movements; the absolute mistress of his time, of his purse, and of whatever additions his

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credit could make to his pecuniary resources. He loved his cou with all his heart, and with all his mind, and with all his soul, with all his strength. In his eye, Dublin Castle, commonly sidered as embodying the government of Ireland, had no substan existence except as a machinery for repressing the national through the careful fostering of alien powers, in an omnipotent la lordism, in an exotic establishment of religion, miscalled Natio in proselytising schemes of popular education, and in an anti-pop administration of the law, from its highest agencies downwards tc lowest. To the well-meant money grants, for draining and the l he would have had a twofold answer: first they were but a miser set-off against the heavy sums which England owed to Irelanc account; and secondly, with even greater emphasis, that man d not live by bread alone, and that it is idle to study feeding the m stomach of a nation, yet at the same time to stop all the avenues its higher life. For the true work of a government, Dublin Cas with all its costly and complicated *rouages*, was a mere negati and the main matter was how to make the nation, which had forme been alive, and had been smothered by external force, enter into l once more. He therefore had to do the work that in the ordin course of human affairs is served by an organised system, and occup a countless multitude of agents. He lacked all the advantages, wh result from effective division of labour. There was hardly a man Ireland available, in the highest matters, for lightening his solicitu by sharing them. One indeed there was who appears to have had t capacity, namely, Bishop Doyle; but, for whatever reason, he d not seem to have worked continuously with O'Connell. And y there was no case of wrong to which he closed his ear, which l tongue and pen were not ready to redress. Of him, and of his u bounded sympathies, may be said what Mr. Lowell has said of l country with a noble fervour and in its vigorous *patois*—

> She whose free latch-string never was drawed in
> Against the poorest child of Adam's kin.

Upon this subject, which powerfully illustrates the largeness O'Connell's nature, I must dwell a little. In him we see more th in most even of the good men of history that love and justice a essentially boundless, and that to spend them on one subject seen to increase, and not to lessen, the fund available for spending upc others also. He was an Irishman, but he was also a cosmopolite. remember personally how, in the first session of my parliamenta life, he poured out his wit, his pathos, and his earnestness, in th cause of negro emancipation. Having adopted the political creed Liberalism, he was as thorough an English Liberal, as if he had ha no Ireland to think of. He had energies to spare for Law Refor (i. 167), for Postal Reform (a question of which he probably was on

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of few to discern at the time the greatness), for secret voting, for Corn Law Repeal, in short for whatever tended, within the political sphere, to advance human happiness and freedom. It hardly need be said that he was opposed, in 1829, to the disfranchisement of the forty-shilling freeholders. He was not deluded by the plausible arguments for this measure; which seriously marred the grant of emancipation, and consequentially restricted, for half a century, the legitimate extension of the franchise in Ireland.

The wide scope of his embrace, in questions of sympathy with his fellow-men, is however yet more remarkably shown by the manner in which he exerted himself on behalf of individuals. There was a certain Sir Abraham B. King, a functionary of the Dublin Corporation, and Deputy Grand Master of the Orange Society. It was for denouncing the Dublin Corporation as 'beggarly' that D'Esterre sent O'Connell in 1815 the challenge, which cost the unhappy man his life; and Orangeism as such was the one and only thing Irish, that lay outside the precinct of the fervid Irishman's sympathies. King, however, was put out of his berth in 1832 by a measure of reform, and raised a complaint of insufficient compensation. O'Connell examined his claim, took up his case, carried it to a successful issue, and enjoyed his lifelong gratitude, expressed in a glowing letter at the time, and in a message transmitted from his deathbed (i. 296–8).

Another case, even more worthy of mention, is not noticed in these volumes, but is recorded in Parliamentary documents, and lies also within my own personal knowledge. It was indeed a case of effort on behalf of one who was, like himself, a Liberal in politics, and a man of distinguished talents. There was no other claim of any sort. The singularity, however, of the effort lies in the boldness of the scheme of relief, and in the astonishing amount of labour bestowed upon it by a man already overcharged. It occurred in 1834. The gentleman whose champion he became, had been a solicitor, but had been touched by the verdicts of juries in two actions, dating nearly a quarter of a century before. One of them concerned the abstraction of an important paper, and the other turned upon the appropriation of a sum of money. With the correctness of these verdicts we have nothing now to do. But, in the intervening period, the Benchers of one among our Inns of Court had, by reason of them, rejected him as an applicant for admission to the bar, for which he was deemed to have high qualifications in other respects. With this narrative in his eye, O'Connell moved for an inquiry by a Committee of Parliament into the Inns of Court themselves. To this motion objection was taken on behalf of those powerful bodies. In the course of the debate, O'Connell found that both their friends and the Ministry of the day would acquiesce in an inquiry if limited to the particular instance which he himself had in view. He adroitly fell back on the suggestion, which in effect gave all he wanted. His Committee sat, and boldly retried

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the issues. Even these last times have not furnished an example of a more extraordinary proceeding. But what I have to note is the amount of personal sacrifice made by O'Connell for one with whom he had no connection, I believe, of a personal or special kind. He took the chair, conducted the examinations, carried the report, and presented the result to Parliament in five hundred folio pages of hard work.

I was myself a member of that Committee, and was the only member who did not concur in the final judgment of the Committee. A material witness named Skingley, living at Coggeshall in Essex, was, from age and infirmity, unable to appear. The Committee (that is to say, O'Connell) obtained power to adjourn from place to place; and three of its members, forming a *quorum*, undertook to go down and examine Skingley at his own abode. These three were O'Connell, Sir George Sinclair, and myself. We set out at five on a summer's morning, in a carriage and four, and returned after dusk. The incident gave me an opportunity of enjoying the frank and kindly conversation of this most remarkable man; whose national, I may say whose Imperial cares had thus been forced into compatibility with an enormous effort, such as hardly any unoccupied person would have undertaken, and which he could have had no motive for undertaking except an overpowering belief that justice to an individual demanded it.

As any and every authentic record of a man so greatly transcending the common scale has more or less of value, I may here mention one or two slight incidents of my occasional Parliamentary contact with O'Connell. Once, in a speech on Irish affairs I had, in perfect good faith, but in a blind acceptance of prevailing traditions, noticed some observation that had been made in debate on Protestant and English cruelties in Ireland, and said that I did not see what practical good was to be gained by dwelling either on those outrages, or on the bloody and terrible retributions which they had provoked. O'Connell interrupted me so loudly and vehemently that he was called to order for it by the Speaker (Abercromby), who rose in his chair (I think) for the purpose. I assured him with truth that I had no intention to refer to anything, except what was on all hands admitted. I little knew then what good reason he had to resent the use of any language which appeared to place upon a footing approaching to equality the hideous massacres perpetrated on the Irish under supreme direction, and the feeble, limited, and sporadic acts of retaliation, which were the wild cries of nature outraged beyond endurance, and which were, in the most conspicuous instances, prohibited and denounced by the national leaders from 1641 to 1798. It was six or eight years later, in 1843, when O'Connell himself in a published volume, largely composed of authenticated extracts, supplied the world with adequate means of judgment upon these gross and often almost incredible enormities

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perpetrated against Ireland. His book stopped at the Restoration. It was marked Vol. i., but no second volume ever appeared. My recollection, which does not stand alone, is that, so far as England was concerned, the tale of horror produced no sensation whatever, and that the work fell stillborn from the press.[9]

As was altogether seemly in a man of such breadth and penetration, he had a taste for theology, like others of the statesmen of that day. In one of his letters to Archbishop M'Hale he says: 'No man can be more devoted to the spiritual authority of his Holiness. I have always detested what were called the *liberties* of the Church in France. . . . There does not live a human being more submissive *in omnibus* to the Church than I am' (i. 510). The object of this letter was to prevent the 'light of Rome' from being any longer 'obscured by the clouds of English influence.' Direct action in Rome had then recently been resorted to by Lord Palmerston, in the interest of the Italian people; and the great chieftain evidently suspected what afterwards came to pass, that the same influence might be used in order to keep down the Irish. There is abundant testimony of his conformity to the rule of submission in the spiritual sphere. But it is interesting to see how, when speaking of the Pope, he guards himself by confining himself to his 'spiritual authority.' I have myself heard him reply warmly in Parliament to some member, who charged him with what was then called divided allegiance, by an emphatic declaration that, in regard to the political interests of his country, neither Pope nor Council was his guide.

But for the freedom of his Church he watched with the eye of a lynx, and saw the hollowness of the State's coquetry, at a time when the hierarchy in Ireland were so grateful for the gift as it were of breathing freely after the persecution they had suffered, as to be ready to accept the *veto* of a Protestant State on episcopal appointments. For the keenness of his vision, and the courage and consistency of his action in this matter, she owes him much. But I believe that we also owe him something. In the light of subsequent experience, it seems a rational opinion that the *veto* would have impeded the solution of important questions, and would have acted injuriously on the religious interests of following generations.

When in 1834 we made our summer journey into Essex, he brought with him a book of theology, the name of which I have forgotten, to prove to me that Protestants were all regarded by the Roman Church as Christians (he might have added, as actually brought within her jurisdiction) in virtue of their Baptism. In a memorandum of my own, made at the time,[10] I find it noted with

[9] *A Memoir of Ireland Native and Saxon.* By Daniel O'Connell, M.P. Dublin, 1843.

[10] And published with my consent by the Rev. Mr. O'Rourke, at the close of the third edition of his life of O'Connell in 1878.

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respect to Protestants, 'that he deemed it his duty to hope that they were internally united to the Church,' but that 'the heathen were in a state of reprobation, he believed necessarily:' this latter an opinion which, with more leisure and inquiry, he could hardly have failed to discharge from his mind, as Dante did, who, five hundred years before, assigned to them no bitterer lot than the endurance of desire without expectation:—

Che senza speme vivemo in disio.[11]

I published, in the end of 1838, a volume on the relations of Church and State, which was thought to savour of the opinions of the Oxford School. At the beginning of the ensuing session I chanced to fall in with O'Connell behind the Speaker's chair. He laid his hand on my arm and said 'I claim the half of you.' At all times he was most kindly and genial to one who had no claim to his notice, and whose prejudices were all against him. He had, however, without doubt, more religion than theology, and was in truth thoroughly, consistently, and affectionately devout. I will not inquire whether his duel with D'Esterre requires any qualification of this statement, as applicable to the date of its occurrence. It may be said, however, that an Irishman who, either then or for some time after, was not a duellist, must have been either more or less than man. And the House of Commons is now familiar with the stately figure of an Irish gentleman advanced in life, who carries with him the halo of an extraordinary reputation in that particular, but who is conspicuous among all his contemporaries for his singularly beautiful and gentle manners.

To return to O'Connell. His professional business absorbed his weekdays in early life, so that his journeys from town to town were very commonly made on Sundays; and I remember that in 1834 he suggested a like expedient (of course after his early Mass) for the journey into Essex, to Sir G. Sinclair and myself, both much otherwise inclined. But in these letters he expresses a regret (i. 132) for the necessity so often laid upon him; and, quite apart from this, persons accustomed to a British Sunday should hold themselves disabled from passing a judgment upon our Roman Catholic fellow-subjects, whose weekdays are often more Sundaylike than ours. We gather from these volumes the interesting intelligence that at one time, when still full of vigour at sixty-four years of age (ii. 195), he seriously contemplated a religious retirement at Clongowes for the remainder of his life. In the formation of this desire, disappointment at some failure or decline of the rent may have played a secondary part, but the main motive of it is touchingly described in these few words: 'I want a period of retreat to think of nothing but eternity.' So that when the final stage arrived, and he had Death in immediate contemplation on his intercepted journey, both the first faint whisper

[11] *Inferno*, iv. 42.

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of the summons, and its later and fuller sound, found him watching, as one prepared for the coming of his Lord. The signs abound everywhere in these volumes that he bore with him a lively sense of the presence of God, though taste and reverence withheld him from its free manifestation in the *bufera infernal*, the heated and contentious atmosphere of Parliament.

My reference to D'Esterre must be a little enlarged. But for the use of a single and dangerous epithet ('contemptuous') in his explanatory letter about the Corporation of Dublin, this unhappy antagonist would not have had even a pretext for driving forwards the fatal controversy (i. 28). In the duel, O'Connell purposely fired low; but his shot was fatal. He offered to 'share his income' with the widow. This was declined. To her daughter he paid an annuity regularly until his death. On hearing that she was the plaintiff in a weighty suit at Cork, he threw up important briefs and returned the retaining fees, went down from Dublin, pleaded the cause, and won (i. 34). And it is said that he never passed a certain building that recalled the memory of D'Esterre without uttering a prayer for his soul. The duel was in 1815. At a later period, he formed a deliberate resolution never to fight another.

O'Connell is clearly to be regarded as a man who desired to maintain peace, property, and law. Yet his case exhibits the difficulties which are certain to arise when, as in Ireland, legality and morality have been long pitted against each other in those provinces of human existence, which most concern the vital interests of the people. Accordingly, this friend of law nevertheless could upon occasion recommend not only exclusive dealing since known as boycotting, but exclusive treatment outside of dealings; and the carrying of this treatment to a point so extreme as, for example, the erection of cribs in the chapels, within which alone those who had voted wrong were to be allowed to pray. One step further planted men in the domain of sheer violence. It seems hard to deny that this step was sometimes taken.[12] The violence must be condemned, and so must the recommendation which was the immediate incentive; but not so as to blind us to the fact, that a severer condemnation is due to those, who maintained abominable laws, impossible to be borne by human beings except in a state of abject slavery. The tyranny of the landlord, which was then counteracted by the tyranny of outrage, received in 1871 a deadly blow from the introduction of secret voting, and another heavy stroke in 1885 from the extension of the franchise. The result has been that exclusive dealing, and such exclusive treatment as may now follow it, have come to be as a rule effectually dissociated from outrage; and coercion, which has lost its warrant, assumes an aspect more odious than ever, because it is directed against action the same in essence as that which has been

[12] See the *Reign of Terror in Carlow* (Nisbet, 1841), especially pp. 113-20.

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found essential for self-defence by the order-loving workmen of Gr Britain, and which is effectually guaranteed to them by the law.

It would not be easy to name a man who has attained to eq aggregate excellence with O'Connell in the threefold oratory of bar, the platform, and the senate. As a parliamentary speaker, one, in matching him with his contemporaries of the House Commons, would have relegated him to the second class; but it mi be difficult to find his exact place in the first. He was greatest wl answering to the call of the moment in extemporary bursts, and le great when charging himself with extended and complex expositi As an advocate, it may, I apprehend, be asked, without creating s prise, whether the entire century has produced any one more emine though (not to speak of the living) Follett, had he been spared run his whole career, would have been a formidable rival, while Scarl probably never once missed the mark in dealing with a jury. It here that Brougham, greatly his superior in Parliamentary eloque and in general attainments, falls so far behind him. As orato the platform, he may challenge all the world; for who ever in same degree as O'Connell trained and disciplined, stirred and sooth a people?

But I am convinced that we ought to accord to him also character of an excellent statesman. The world knows him chi in connection with the proposal to repeal the Act of Union w Ireland. Now I would venture to propound as the criteria of statesm ship, properly so called, first the capacity to embrace broad princi and to hold them fast, secondly the faculty which can distingu between means and ends, and can treat the first in entire subordi tion to the last. To both these criteria the life of O'Connell fu answers. He never for a moment changed his end; he never h tated to change his means. His end was the restoration of public life of Ireland; and he pursued it, from his youth to his old a with unfaltering fidelity and courage. In this cardinal respect, drew no distinction between Roman Catholic Ireland, and Protest Ireland. Nay, he subordinated not civil equality alone, but e toleration for his co-religionists, to the political independence a unity of Ireland, always under the British Crown. Perhaps the v noblest epitaph that could be inscribed upon his tomb would b passage from the speech which he delivered, when only twenty-f years of age, at a meeting of Roman Catholics in opposition to t Union, on the 13th of January, 1800[13]:—

> Let every man who feels with me proclaim that, if the alternative were offe him of Union, or the re-enactment of the penal code in all its pristine horrors, t he would prefer without hesitation the latter, as the lesser and more sufferable e that he would rather confide in the justice of his brethren, the Protestants Ireland, who have already liberated him,[14] than lay his country at the feet foreigners.

[13] *Life and Times of the Liberator*, i. 232. [14] By the Franchise Act of 1793.

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This exalted sentiment drew forth 'much and marked approbation.' O'Connell was true to it in proposing the Repeal. Whatever difficulties that measure might now entail, they had by experience been shown to be at that time altogether secondary. Mr. Burke allowed to them no weight whatever. O'Connell had lived through the horrors that preceded and brought about the Union. It is my firm belief that if Englishmen could have had a parallel experience in their own country they, Tory as well as Liberal, would have adopted the sentiment of O'Connell, and that with their hands as well as with their hearts. Repeal was the one obvious, direct, and natural means of repairing the specific mischief, nor was it then his business to appreciate the inconveniences of reversal; though it was doubtless a duty to take them into view when, within the walls of Parliament, he became charged as a legislator with public and imperial cares. And this is the very thing that, when the occasion arose, he showed that he was able to do, and did.

On the second accession of Lord Melbourne to power, he thought that he saw his opportunity for an alternative policy. That remarkable man, who has often been accused of political indifferentism, had filled for a short time the office of Chief Secretary; and his experience, as Mr. Lamb, seems not to have been lost upon him. In 1827, when Mr. Canning was Prime Minister, O'Connell writes (i. 148): 'With Mr. Lamb, I would forfeit my head if we did not un-Orange Ireland, and make the Protestants content and good, and the Catholics devotedly loyal; for our disposition truly leans to loyalty.'

Early in 1835 came the epoch of what was termed the Lichfield House compact. 'Compact there was none,' says Earl Russell (ii. 2), but an alliance. Nothing could be more honourable, nothing more wise. O'Connell was ready, like a man of sense, to try out fairly and fully the experiment of government from London, and on the condition of justice to Ireland, if attainable, to waive, even to abandon, the policy of Repeal. Such was the extent of his concession: 'a real Union, or no Union' (ii. 59, compare 105). Justice to Ireland embraced two great items. The first was that of legislative reforms. The second was the substitution of a national for an anti-national spirit in Irish administration. For the second, and hardly the less difficult, of these a rare instrument was at hand in the person of Drummond,[15] private secretary to Lord Althorp, who now became Under-Secretary in Dublin, and who appears, by a singular combination of courage, sagacity, and tact, to have reversed the movement of the administrative machinery in Ireland, and inspired its people for the first time with a dawning hope, and yet never to have

[15] As this article is going to press, I hear that the life of Mr. Drummond by Mr. Barry O'Brien is on the point of appearing. It cannot fail to be of the greatest interest. Mr. O'Brien is extremely well fitted for his task; and the career of Mr. Drummond forms an indispensable link in the chain of Irish history.—W. E. G.

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supplied the Orange party, then strong in Parliament, with the means of establishing a charge of partiality against him, and of thus showing that one abusive system had only been supplanted by another. O'Connell supported the Government, in fulfilment of his avowed intention, with fidelity and patience. But the legislative portion of the scheme was sickly from the first, and grew sicklier still. The Irish Church Establishment remained in its monstrous integrity. Even Municipal Reform was combated for seven years, and then given in a shape such as to humiliate the country that received it, by perpetuating the principle of inequality. Drummond died. The Ministry declined, from a variety of causes, some to its honour and some otherwise. I regret to record that among the reasons for their gradual loss of favour with the English people was their honest and persistent endeavour to mitigate or redress a part at least of the grievances of Ireland. In 1840 O'Connell confesses (i. 230) the failure of his conciliatory plan; and the accession of the Opposition to power, in August 1841, seems to have struck for him the keynote of absolute despair.

But the flexibility of his mind was indefectible; and the rebounding force of its elasticity was still to be shown. Failing with repeal, and failing with justice to Ireland, he turned to what appears, in these pages and elsewhere, under the roughly applied name of Federalism. Miss Cusack has published[16] a curious note by Mr. Butt, which states with considerable appearance of authority that, in 1844, the Liberal leaders met and resolved to offer to O'Connell a Parliament for Irish affairs, under a system of federal union with Great Britain. We must still hope for further elucidation of so remarkable a statement. What is indisputable is that O'Connell seems to have been perfectly prepared to adopt this guarded means of reanimating and embodying the national life of Ireland. In a letter of October 1844 to the Secretary of the Repeal Association, he gives his full adhesion to this plan, and sets forth its principle at great length (ii. 433–48), though after the manner of a man who does not feel himself to be on the eve of practical legislation. He declares, however (446), an actual preference for it over Repeal pure and simple.

In general he had a mean estimate of his coadjutors in Ireland, and calls them 'the species of animals with which I had to carry on my warfare with the common enemy' (ii. 183). His Parliamentary following was mostly of an inferior stamp, whence the *sobriquet* of O'Connell's tail. They stand in disadvantageous contrast with the body, of about the same numerical strength, who supported Mr. Parnell in the Parliament of 1880; and they could do little to lighten the multitudinous cares of their chief. One of the revelations supplied by these volumes exhibits the cruel pungency of those

[16] *Life and Times*, ii. 702.

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cares in a point not hitherto known or appreciated. Through all the years of Herculean labour entailed by his Parliamentary dominance, and notwithstanding the large sums, sometimes exceeding 16,000*l.* (i. 202), placed at his disposal from year to year by the Irish nation, he lived almost from day to day under the pressure of the most acute pecuniary anxieties.[17] It was probably with some idea of forethought for his family that he founded, or shared in founding, a bank and a brewery (i. 421, 442, ii. 194); and it does not appear that these had much to do in the making or marring of his fortunes. The only signs of heavy personal expenditure in these volumes are that he was compelled to have several residences, that his frequent and rapid journeys must have been expensive, that his charities (to which he pays a touchingly minute attention) were liberal, and that his free and large nature delighted to expand itself in hospitality at Darrynane. No account is presented on the pages before us: but we are safe in conjecturing that the rent would have met all these charges over and over again; and they do nothing to explain his constant use of the instrument of credit, his resort to the expedients of renewal, his casting himself, again and again, sometimes in despair, on the ingenuity, the devotion, and the patience of his friend and agent Mr. P. V. Fitzpatrick, who plays a silent part in the narrative, but whose parts and gifts must in their line have been as remarkable, as his active friendship was invaluable. The explanation evidently lies in the ravenous demands, at that date, of Parliamentary life, the heavy charges of elections and petitions, and in the fact that on him seems to have lain the burden of meeting the pecuniary engagements of many seats and persons besides his own and those of his family. We are told of a single dissolution which brings him (ii. 53) five contests, and five election petitions. He is too brave to complain readily, but sometimes it is more than he can bear. On the 11th of July, 1842, he writes to Fitzpatrick: 'Want is literally killing me. I have grown ten years older from my incessant pecuniary anxiety. God bless you, my dear friend' (ii. 289). But never, so far as appears, was there a man more truly superior to money: its master, not its slave. At his death, his personal property was sworn under 21,800*l.* This value consisted principally, in all likelihood, of insurances on his life, which it was his practice to make largely. But his debts were not less than 20,752*l.*; so the true value of his personal estate was no more than 1,048*l.* He himself states the landed estate of the family to have been worth 1,000*l. per annum.*

While all this was going on, he was occasionally also pierced by the stings of ingratitude. The English Roman Catholics, who owed everything to him, had a club called the Cisalpine Club (i. 186). In May 1829, the very time of his victory on their behalf, they blackballed O'Connell. Let us hope it was some small minority; but he calls them 'the English Catholics.' At the best it is bad enough.

[17] See i. 54, 193, 248, 257, 269, 295, 354, 347.

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Burdett in 1835, before his great 'recant of patriotism,' wrote, as Greville[18] tells us, to the managers of Brooks's to propose his expulsion; but he was at that time indispensable to the Whig party. There are stories of social exclusion practised against him by the Ministers; but, if they are true, it might be due to the fear of offending weak brethren among their party.

O'Connell owns himself to have been vain, but it was with an innocuous and sportive vanity, that played upon the surface of his character. But how readily he would have abdicated his leadership appears sufficiently from his own declarations.[19] His ample faculty of wit, and his intense love of fun, may have sometimes too easily inclined him to a jest, even upon men whom he most respected. He was sanguine in a degree almost ludicrous; and he was given to exaggeration. In 1837 he declares (ii. 80) he had two hundred letters a day, and this at a time when letters usually were charged from sixpence to eighteenpence apiece, and prepayment was unusual. The scenery at Darrynane was 'the finest, the most majestic in the world' (ii. 293). The beagles were beyond all rivalry; and his own performances as a pedestrian are described in terms which raise the smile of scepticism on the lips of those who remember that his figure, though not inactive, was eminently portly as well as too large in scale for superlative activity. On the Dissolution of 1837 he predicts a working majority of sixty to seventy, which proved to be under twenty; and further counts upon 'at least fifty' to be attracted by a settled Ministry, of whom there was not one. In early days he thought emancipation certain and immediate long before it came; further on he was not less confident about Repeal. In 1835 the Tories were down (ii. 12) 'for ever.' In 1840 the Tories 'never will regain power' (ii. 221-2). In the same year the Duke of Wellington (ii. 226) 'will be speedily extinct as a political man.' This power of believing what he wished was probably a remedial provision in his nature, and may have added on the whole to his vast but heavily taxed working superiority. If, as some say, he was dictatorial, it was from a resistless consciousness of superiority. No man could be more profoundly deferential and humble for a public purpose, but for a personal or private object he never cringes. His tact and self-control in the interest of his clients were as those of Odysseus. But like Odysseus he was tempted on occasion; and once, in court, he was about to waste on an interruption of the opposing counsel, a point which was invaluable for reply, when Blackburn, who was employed with him in the case, pulled him down by his gown. Irascible without doubt he was, and highly irascible; but he was placable in a not less eminent degree. From Richmond Bridewell he writes to Sheil, who had joined the Whigs, and expostulates with him on his conduct (ii. 322-4). But mark his closing paragraph:—

[18] *Greville Memoirs*, First Series, iii. 320.

[19] ii. 231, and elsewhere.

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Adieu, my dear Sheil. God bless you! Be assured of my friendship and personal regard. I am sorry, sincerely sorry, we part in politics, but I am ever alive to the many claims you have on my gratitude as a private friend and a public man.

His gravest fault seems to have been his too ready and rash indulgence in violent language, and this even against men whose character ought to have shielded them from it. Thus in 1832 he published, in a paper called the *Cosmopolite* (Oct. 6) the following scurrilous passage:—

I promise to demonstrate that he has been guilty of the most gross and shameless violation of a public pledge that ever disgraced any British minister since Parliament was first instituted. I do expect to demonstrate that no honest man can vote for Lord Althorp in any county or borough without being content to share in his guilt and disgrace.

Lord Althorp was one of the best, truest, and purest among the public men of this or any other country. Such a habit of hasty and uncurbed invective was peculiarly blameable in a man who had, however rightly, resolved to exempt himself from the consequences then usual; and they did much to maintain, and something at least colourably to warrant, the cruel and inveterate prejudice against Ireland, which at that time possessed, beyond question, the minds of a vast portion of the British people. But I have now closed the list of the faults which, so far as I see, can be fairly charged against him; and how short and light a list it is, compared with the catalogue of his splendid virtues, and of those services to the people of his own blood which have assured the immortality and the brightness of his fame!

In all the separate phases of his life and action, which were numerous beyond the common, O'Connell was remarkable, but their combination into a whole, and the character he presents to us as a human being, are more worthy than any among his separate gifts, brilliant as they were, of study and of admiration. In many famous persons the acted life seems to be detached from the inner man. These belong to the category of responsible beings, but it is hard to say how far that responsibility was conscious and applied, how far, nay, how much further, dormant and forgotten. Their life is not woven into continuity by a solid and persistent purpose. Such was not the case with this great child of Nature. Nothing in him was little, nothing was detached or heterogeneous. In the assemblage of all his properties and powers he was one, indivisible, and deeply cut. No day of his life could be severed from the rest without touching the essence and demolishing the whole. If he ever seemed to wander into violence, these were the wanderings of a moment: his boomerang soon came home. Next to his religion, and indeed under the direct inspiration of his religion, his country was for him all in all. He had room for other genuine interests in his large and sympathetic nature, but these revolved around his patriotism, like

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the satellites about a mighty planet. Few indeed, as I think, of those who give a careful perusal to these pages, will withhold their assent from the double assertion that he was a great man, and that he was a good man. Upon this issue the volumes now before us will enable us to try him; and, in trying him, to try ourselves. For who can any longer doubt that some debt is still due to him; that he was, to say the least, both over-censured and undervalued? By many he was taken to be unquestionably a ruffian, probably a public swindler of his countrymen. Besides being a great and a good, he was also a disappointed man. The sight of his promised land was not given to his longing eyes. But as a prophet of a coming time he fulfilled his mission. It seems safe to say, that few indeed have gone to their account with a shorter catalogue of mistaken aims, or of wasted opportunities; and not only that he did much, but that he could not have done more.

W. E. GLADSTONE.

The Editor of THE NINETEENTH CENTURY *cannot undertake to return unaccepted MSS.*

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THE

NINETEENTH CENTURY.

No. CXLIV.—FEBRUARY 1889.

AGNOSTICISM.

WITHIN the last few months the public has received much and varied information on the subject of agnostics, their tenets, and even their future. Agnosticism exercised the orators of the Church Congress at Manchester.[1] It has been furnished with a set of 'articles' fewer, but not less rigid, and certainly not less consistent than the thirty-nine; its nature has been analysed, and its future severely predicted by the most eloquent of that prophetical school whose Samuel is Auguste Comte. It may still be a question, however, whether the public is as much the wiser as might be expected, considering all the trouble that has been taken to enlighten it. Not only are the three accounts of the agnostic position sadly out of harmony with one another, but I propose to show cause for my belief that all three must be seriously questioned by anyone who employs the term 'agnostic' in the sense in which it was originally used. The learned Principal of King's College, who brought the topic of Agnosticism before the Church Congress, took a short and easy way of settling the business:—

'But if this be so, for a man to urge, as an escape from this article of belief, that he has no means of a scientific knowledge of the unseen world, or of the future, is irrelevant. His difference from Christians lies not in the fact that he has no knowledge of these things, but that he does not believe the authority on which they are stated. He may prefer to call himself an Agnostic; but his real name is an older one—he is an Infidel; that is to say, an unbeliever. The word infidel, perhaps,

[1] See the *Official Report of the Church Congress held at Manchester*, October, 1888, pp. 253–4.

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carries an unpleasant significance. Perhaps it is right that it should. It is, and it ought to be, an unpleasant thing for a man to have to say plainly that he does not believe in Jesus Christ.'

And in the course of the discussion which followed, the Bishop of Peterborough departed so far from his customary courtesy and self-respect as to speak of 'cowardly agnosticism' (p. 262).

So much of Dr. Wace's address either explicitly or implicitly concerns me, that I take upon myself to deal with it; but, in so doing, it must be understood that I speak for myself alone. I am not aware that there is any sect of Agnostics; and if there be, I am not its acknowledged prophet or pope. I desire to leave to the Comtists the entire monopoly of the manufacture of imitation ecclesiasticism.

Let us calmly and dispassionately consider Dr. Wace's appreciation of agnosticism. The agnostic, according to his view, is a person who says he has no means of attaining a scientific knowledge of the unseen world or of the future; by which somewhat loose phraseology Dr. Wace presumably means the theological unseen world and future. I cannot think this description happy either in form or substance, but for the present it may pass. Dr. Wace continues, that is not 'his difference from Christians.' Are there then any Christians who say that they know nothing about the unseen world and the future? I was ignorant of the fact, but I am ready to accept it on the authority of a professional theologian, and I proceed to Dr. Wace's next proposition.

The real state of the case, then, is that the agnostic 'does not believe the authority' on which 'these things' are stated, which authority is Jesus Christ. He is simply an old-fashioned 'infidel' who is afraid to own to his right name. As 'Presbyter is priest writ large,' so is 'agnostic' the mere Greek equivalent for the Latin 'infidel.' There is an attractive simplicity about this solution of the problem; and it has that advantage of being somewhat offensive to the persons attacked, which is so dear to the less refined sort of controversialist. The agnostic says, 'I cannot find good evidence that so and so is true.' 'Ah,' says his adversary, seizing his opportunity, 'then you declare that Jesus Christ was untruthful, for he said so and so;' a very telling method of rousing prejudice. But suppose that the value of the evidence as to what Jesus may have said and done, and as to the exact nature and scope of his authority, is just that which the agnostic finds it most difficult to determine? If I venture to doubt that the Duke of Wellington gave the command 'Up, Guards, and at 'em!' at Waterloo, I do not think that even Dr. Wace would accuse me of disbelieving the Duke. Yet it would be just as reasonable to do this as to accuse anyone of denying what Jesus said before the preliminary question as to what he did say is settled.

Now, the question as to what Jesus really said and did is strictly a scientific problem, which is capable of solution by no other methods

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than those practised by the historian and the literary critic. It is a problem of immense difficulty, which has occupied some of the best heads in Europe for the last century; and it is only of late years that their investigations have begun to converge towards one conclusion.[2]

That kind of faith which Dr. Wace describes and lauds is of no use here. Indeed, he himself takes pains to destroy its evidential value.

'What made the Mahommedan world? Trust and faith in the declarations and assurances of Mahommed. And what made the Christian world? Trust and faith in the declarations and assurances of Jesus Christ and His Apostles' (*l. c.* p. 253). The triumphant tone of this imaginary catechism leads me to suspect that its author has hardly appreciated its full import. Presumably, Dr. Wace regards Mahommed as an unbeliever, or, to use the term which he prefers, infidel; and considers that his assurances have given rise to a vast delusion, which has led, and is leading, millions of men straight to everlasting punishment. And this being so, the 'Trust and faith' which have 'made the Mahommedan world,' in just the same sense as they have 'made the Christian world,' must be trust and faith in falsehood. No man who has studied history, or even attended to the occurrences of every-day life, can doubt the enormous practical value of trust and faith; but as little will he be inclined to deny that this practical value has not the least relation to the reality of the objects of that trust and faith. In examples of patient constancy of faith and of unswerving trust, the *Acta Martyrum* do not excel the annals of Babism.

The discussion upon which we have now entered goes so thoroughly to the root of the whole matter; the question of the day is so completely, as the author of *Robert Elsmere* says, the value of testimony, that I shall offer no apology for following it out somewhat in detail; and, by way of giving substance to the argument, I shall base what I have to say upon a case, the consideration of which lies strictly within the province of natural science, and of that particular part of it known as the physiology and pathology of the nervous system.

I find, in the second Gospel (chap. v.), a statement, to all appear-

[2] Dr. Wace tells us: 'It may be asked how far we can rely on the accounts we possess of our Lord's teaching on these subjects.' And he seems to think the question appropriately answered by the assertion that it 'ought to be regarded as settled by M. Renan's practical surrender of the adverse case.' I thought I knew M. Renan's works pretty well, but I have contrived to miss this 'practical' (I wish Dr. Wace had defined the scope of that useful adjective) surrender. However, as Dr. Wace can find no difficulty in pointing out the passage of M. Renan's writings, by which he feels justified in making his statement, I shall wait for further enlightenment, contenting myself, for the present, with remarking that if M. Renan were to retract and do penance in Notre-Dame to-morrow for any contributions to Biblical criticism that may be specially his property, the main results of that criticism, as they are set forth in the works of Strauss, Baur, Reuss, and Volkmar, for example, would not be sensibly affected.

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ance intended to have the same evidential value as any other contained in that history. It is the well-known story of the devils who were cast out of a man, and ordered, or permitted, to enter into a herd of swine, to the great loss and damage of the innocent Gerasene, or Gadarene, pig-owners. There can be no doubt that the narrator intends to convey to his readers his own conviction that this casting out and entering in were effected by the agency of Jesus of Nazareth; that, by speech and action, Jesus enforced this conviction; nor does any inkling of the legal and moral difficulties of the case manifest itself.

On the other hand, everything that I know of physiological and pathological science leads me to entertain a very strong conviction that the phenomena ascribed to possession are as purely natural as those which constitute small-pox; everything that I know of anthropology leads me to think that the belief in demons and demoniacal possession is a mere survival of a once universal superstition, and that its persistence at the present time is pretty much in the inverse ratio of the general instruction, intelligence, and sound judgment of the population among whom it prevails. Everything that I know of law and justice convinces me that the wanton destruction of other people's property is a misdemeanour of evil example. Again, the study of history, and especially of that of the 15th, 16th, and 17th centuries, leaves no shadow of doubt on my mind that the belief in the reality of possession and of witchcraft, justly based, alike by Catholics and Protestants, upon this and innumerable other passages in both the Old and New Testaments, gave rise, through the special influence of Christian ecclesiastics, to the most horrible persecutions and judicial murders of thousands upon thousands of innocent men, women, and children. And when I reflect that the record of a plain and simple declaration upon such an occasion as this, that the belief in witchcraft and possession is wicked nonsense, would have rendered the long agony of mediæval humanity impossible, I am prompted to reject, as dishonouring, the supposition that such declaration was withheld out of condescension to popular error.

'Come forth, thou unclean spirit, out of the man' (Mark v. 8),[3] are the words attributed to Jesus. If I declare, as I have no hesitation in doing, that I utterly disbelieve in the existence of 'unclean spirits,' and, consequently, in the possibility of their 'coming forth' out of a man, I suppose that Dr. Wace will tell me I am disregarding the testimony 'of our Lord' (*l. c.* p. 255). For if these words were really used, the most resourceful of reconcilers can hardly venture to affirm that they are compatible with a disbelief in 'these things.' As the learned and fair-minded, as well as orthodox, Dr. Alexander remarks, in an editorial note to the article 'Demoniacs,' in the *Biblical Cyclopædia* (vol. i. p. 664, note):—

[3] Here, as always, the revised version is cited.

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. . . 'On the lowest grounds on which our Lord and his Apostles can be placed they must, at least, be regarded as *honest* men. Now, though honest speech does not require that words should be used always and only in their etymological sense, it does require that they should not be used so as to affirm what the speaker knows to be false. Whilst, therefore, our Lord and His Apostles might use the word δαιμονίζεσθαι, or the phrase δαιμόνιον ἔχειν, as a popular description of certain diseases, without giving in to the belief which lay at the source of such a mode of expression, they could not speak of demons entering into a man, or being cast out of him, without pledging themselves to the belief of an actual possession of the man by the demons. (Campbell, *Prel. Diss.* vi. 1, 10.) If, consequently, they did not hold this belief, they spoke not as honest men.'

The story which we are considering does not rest on the authority of the second Gospel alone. The third confirms the second, especially in the matter of commanding the unclean spirit to come out of the man (Luke viii. 29); and, although the first Gospel either gives a different version of the same story, or tells another of like kind, the essential point remains: 'If thou cast us out, send us away into the herd of swine. And He said unto them: Go! (Matthew viii. 31, 32).

If the concurrent testimony of the three synoptics, then, is really sufficient to do away with all rational doubt as to a matter of fact of the utmost practical and speculative importance—belief or disbelief in which may affect, and has affected, men's lives and their conduct towards other men in the most serious way—then I am bound to believe that Jesus implicitly affirmed himself to possess a 'knowledge of the unseen world,' which afforded full confirmation to the belief in demons and possession current among his contemporaries. If the story is true, the mediæval theory of the invisible world may be, and probably is, quite correct; and the witchfinders, from Sprenger to Hopkins and Mather, are much-maligned men.

On the other hand, humanity, noting the frightful consequences of this belief; common sense, observing the futility of the evidence on which it is based, in all cases that have been properly investigated; science, more and more seeing its way to enclose all the phenomena of so-called 'possession' within the domain of pathology, so far as they are not to be relegated to that of the police—all these powerful influences concur in warning us, at our peril, against accepting the belief without the most careful scrutiny of the authority on which it rests.

I can discern no escape from this dilemma: either Jesus said what he is reported to have said, or he did not. In the former case, it is inevitable that his authority on matters connected with the 'unseen world' should be roughly shaken; in the latter, the blow falls upon the authority of the synoptic gospels. If their report on a matter of such stupendous and far-reaching practical import as this is untrustworthy, how can we be sure of its trustworthiness in other cases? The favourite 'earth,' in which the hard-pressed reconciler takes refuge, that the Bible does not profess

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to teach science,[4] is stopped in this instance. For the question of the existence of demons and of possession by them, though it lies strictly within the province of science, is also of the deepest moral and religious significance. If physical and mental disorders are caused by demons, Gregory of Tours and his contemporaries rightly considered that relics and exorcists were more useful than doctors; the gravest questions arise as to the legal and moral responsibilities of persons inspired by demoniacal impulses; and our whole conception of the universe and of our relations to it becomes totally different from what it would be on the contrary hypothesis.

The theory of life of an average mediæval Christian was as different from that of an average nineteenth-century Englishman as that of a West-African negro is now in these respects. The modern world is slowly, but surely, shaking off these and other monstrous survivals of savage delusions, and, whatever happens, it will not return to that wallowing in the mire. Until the contrary is proved, I venture to doubt whether, at this present moment, any Protestant theologian, who has a reputation to lose, will say that he believes the Gadarene story.

The choice then lies between discrediting those who compiled the gospel biographies and disbelieving the Master, whom they, simple souls, thought to honour by preserving such traditions of the exercise of his authority over Satan's invisible world. This is the dilemma. No deep scholarship, nothing but a knowledge of the revised version (on which it is to be supposed all that mere scholarship can do has been done), with the application thereto of the commonest canons of common sense, is needful to enable us to make a choice between its horns. It is hardly doubtful that the story, as told in the first gospel, is merely a version of that told in the second and third. Nevertheless, the discrepancies are serious and irreconcilable; and, on this ground alone, a suspension of judgment, at the least, is called for. But there is a great deal more to be said. From the dawn of scientific biblical criticism until the present day the evidence against the long-cherished notion that the three synoptic gospels are the works of three independent authors, each prompted by divine inspiration, has steadily accumulated, until,

[4] Does anyone really mean to say that there is any internal or external criterion by which the reader of a biblical statement, in which scientific matter is contained, is enabled to judge whether it is to be taken *au sérieux* or not? Is the account of the Deluge, accepted as true in the New Testament, less precise and specific than that of the call of Abraham, also accepted as true therein? By what mark does the story of the feeding with manna in the wilderness, which involves some very curious scientific problems, show that it is meant merely for edification, while the story of the inscription of the Law on stone by the hand of Jahveh is literally true? If the story of the Fall is not the true record of an historical occurrence, what becomes of Pauline theology? Yet the story of the Fall as directly conflicts with probability, and is as devoid of trustworthy evidence, as that of the Creation or that of the Deluge, with which it forms an harmoniously legendary series

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at the present time, there is no visible escape from the conclusion that each of the three is a compilation consisting of a groundwork common to all three—the threefold tradition; and of a superstructure, consisting, firstly, of matter common to it with one of the others, and, secondly, of matter special to each. The use of the terms 'groundwork' and 'superstructure' by no means implies that the latter must be of later date than the former. On the contrary, some parts of it may be, and probably are, older than some parts of the groundwork.[5]

The story of the Gadarene swine belongs to the groundwork; at least, the essential part of it, in which the belief in demoniac possession is expressed, does; and therefore the compilers of the first, second, and third gospels, whoever they were, certainly accepted that belief (which, indeed, was universal among both Jews and pagans at that time), and attributed it to Jesus.

What, then, do we know about the originator, or originators, of this groundwork—of that threefold tradition which all three witnesses (in Paley's phrase) agree upon—that we should allow their mere statements to outweigh the counter arguments of humanity, of common sense, of exact science, and to imperil the respect which all would be glad to be able to render to their Master?

Absolutely nothing.[6] There is no proof, nothing more than a fair presumption, that any one of the gospels existed, in the state in which we find it in the authorised version of the Bible, before the second century, or, in other words, sixty or seventy years after the events recorded. And, between that time and the date of the oldest extant manuscripts of the Gospels, there is no telling what additions and alterations and interpolations may have been made. It may be said that this is all mere speculation, but it is a good deal more. As competent scholars and honest men, our revisers have felt compelled to point out that such things have happened even since the date of the oldest known manuscripts. The oldest two copies of the second Gospel end with the 8th verse of the 16th chapter; the remaining twelve verses are spurious, and it is noteworthy that the maker of the addition has not hesitated to introduce a speech in which Jesus promises his disciples that 'in My name shall they cast out devils.'

The other passage 'rejected to the margin' is still more instructive. It is that touching apologue, with its profound ethical sense, of the woman taken in adultery—which, if internal evidence

[5] See, for an admirable discussion of the whole subject, Dr. Abbott's article on the Gospels in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*; and the remarkable monograph by Professor Volkmar, *Jesus Nazarenus und die erste christliche Zeit* (1882). Whether we agree with the conclusions of these writers or not, the method of critical investigation which they adopt is unimpeachable.

[6] Notwithstanding the hard words shot at me from behind the hedge of anonymity by a writer in a recent number of the *Quarterly Review*, I repeat, without the slightest fear of refutation, that the four Gospels, as they have come to us, are the work of unknown writers.

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were an infallible guide, might well be affirmed to be a typical example of the teachings of Jesus. Yet, say the revisers, pitilessly, 'Most of the ancient authorities omit John vii. 53–viii. 11.' Now let any reasonable man ask himself this question. If, after an approximative settlement of the canon of the New Testament, and even later than the fourth and fifth centuries, literary fabricators had the skill and the audacity to make such additions and interpolations as these, what may they have done when no one had thought of a canon; when oral tradition, still unfixed, was regarded as more valuable than such written records as may have existed in the latter portion of the first century? Or, to take the other alternative, if those who gradually settled the canon did not know of the existence of the oldest codices which have come down to us; or if, knowing them, they rejected their authority, what is to be thought of their competency as critics of the text?

People who object to free criticism of the Christian Scriptures forget that they are what they are in virtue of very free criticism; unless the advocates of inspiration are prepared to affirm that the majority of influential ecclesiastics during several centuries were safeguarded against error. For, even granting that some books of the period were inspired, they were certainly few amongst many; and those who selected the canonical books, unless they themselves were also inspired, must be regarded in the light of mere critics, and, from the evidence they have left of their intellectual habits, very uncritical critics. When one thinks that such delicate questions as those involved fell into the hands of men like Papias (who believed in the famous millenarian grape story); of Irenæus with his 'reasons' for the existence of only four Gospels; and of such calm and dispassionate judges as Tertullian, with his '*Credo quia impossibile*:' the marvel is that the selection which constitutes our New Testament is as free as it is from obviously objectionable matter. The apocryphal Gospels certainly deserve to be apocryphal; but one may suspect that a little more critical discrimination would have enlarged the Apocrypha not inconsiderably.

At this point a very obvious objection arises and deserves full and candid consideration. It may be said that critical scepticism carried to the length suggested is historical pyrrhonism; that if we are to altogether discredit an ancient or a modern historian, because he has assumed fabulous matter to be true, it will be as well to give up paying any attention to history. It may be said, and with great justice, that Eginhard's *Life of Charlemagne* is none the less trustworthy because of the astounding revelation of credulity, of lack of judgment, and even of respect for the eighth commandment, which he has unconsciously made in the *History of the Translation of the Blessed Martyrs Marcellinus and Paul*. Or, to go no farther back than the last number of this Review, surely that excellent lady, Miss Strickland,

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is not to be refused all credence because of the myth about the second James's remains, which she seems to have unconsciously invented.

Of course this is perfectly true. I am afraid there is no man alive whose witness could be accepted, if the condition precedent were proof that he had never invented and promulgated a myth. In the minds of all of us there are little places here and there, like the indistinguishable spots on a rock which give foothold to moss or stonecrop; on which, if the germ of a myth fall, it is certain to grow, without in the least degree affecting our accuracy or truthfulness elsewhere. Sir Walter Scott knew that he could not repeat a story without, as he said, 'giving it a new hat and stick.' Most of us differ from Sir Walter only in not knowing about this tendency of the mythopœic faculty to break out unnoticed. But it is also perfectly true that the mythopœic faculty is not equally active on all minds, nor in all regions and under all conditions of the same mind. David Hume was certainly not so liable to temptation as the Venerable Bede, or even as some recent historians who could be mentioned; and the most imaginative of debtors, if he owes five pounds, never makes an obligation to pay a hundred out of it. The rule of common sense is *primâ facie* to trust a witness in all matters in which neither his self-interest, his passions, his prejudices, nor that love of the marvellous, which is inherent to a greater or less degree in all mankind, are strongly concerned; and, when they are involved, to require corroborative evidence in exact proportion to the contravention of probability by the thing testified.

Now, in the Gadarene affair, I do not think I am unreasonably sceptical if I say that the existence of demons who can be transferred from a man to a pig, does thus contravene probability. Let me be perfectly candid. I admit I have no *à priori* objection to offer. There are physical things, such as *tæniæ* and *trichinæ*, which can be transferred from men to pigs, and *vice versâ*, and which do undoubtedly produce most diabolical and deadly effects on both. For anything I can absolutely prove to the contrary, there may be spiritual things capable of the same transmigration, with like effects. Moreover I am bound to add that perfectly truthful persons, for whom I have the greatest respect, believe in stories about spirits of the present day, quite as improbable as that we are considering.

So I declare, as plainly as I can, that I am unable to show cause why these transferable devils should not exist; nor can I deny that, not merely the whole Roman Church, but many Wacean 'infidels' of no mean repute, do honestly and firmly believe that the activity of such-like dæmonic beings is in full swing in this year of grace 1889.

Nevertheless, as good Bishop Butler says, 'probability is the guide of life,' and it seems to me that this is just one of the cases in which the canon of credibility and testimony, which I have ventured to lay down, has full force. So that, with the most entire respect

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for many (by no means for all) of our witnesses for the truth of dæmonology, ancient and modern, I conceive their evidence on this particular matter to be ridiculously insufficient to warrant their conclusion.[5]

After what has been said I do not think that any sensible man, unless he happen to be angry, will accuse me of 'contradicting the Lord and his Apostles' if I reiterate my total disbelief in the whole Gadarene story. But, if that story is discredited, all the other stories of demoniac possession fall under suspicion. And if the belief in demons and demoniac possession, which forms the sombre background of the whole picture of primitive Christianity presented to us in the New Testament, is shaken, what is to be said, in any case, of the uncorroborated testimony of the Gospels with respect to 'the unseen world'?

I am not aware that I have been influenced by any more bias in regard to the Gadarene story than I have been in dealing with other cases of like kind the investigation of which has interested me. I was brought up in the strictest school of evangelical orthodoxy; and when I was old enough to think for myself, I started upon my journey of inquiry with little doubt about the general truth of what I had been taught; and with that feeling of the unpleasantness of being called an 'infidel' which, we are told, is so right and proper. Near my journey's end, I find myself in a condition of something more than mere doubt about these matters.

In the course of other inquiries, I have had to do with fossil remains which looked quite plain at a distance, and became more and more indistinct as I tried to define their outline by close inspection. There was something there—something which, if I could win assurance about it, might mark a new epoch in the history of the earth; but, study as long as I might, certainty eluded my grasp. So has it been with me in my efforts to define the grand figure of Jesus as it lies in the primary strata of Christian literature. Is he the kindly, peaceful Christ depicted in the Catacombs? Or is he the stern judge who frowns above the altar of SS. Cosmas and Damianus? Or can he be rightly represented in the bleeding ascetic,

[5] Their arguments, in the long run, are always reducible to one form. Otherwise trustworthy witnesses affirm that such and such events took place. These events are inexplicable, except the agency of 'spirits' is admitted. Therefore 'spirits' were the cause of the phenomena.

And the heads of the reply are always the same. Remember Goethe's aphorism: 'Alles factische ist schon Theorie.' Trustworthy witnesses are constantly deceived, or deceive themselves, in their interpretation of sensible phenomena. No one can prove that the sensible phenomena, in these cases, could be caused only by the agency of spirits: and there is abundant ground for believing that they may be produced in other ways.

Therefore, the utmost that can be reasonably asked for, on the evidence as it stands, is suspension of judgment. And, on the necessity for even that suspension, reasonable men may differ, according to their views of probability.

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broken down by physical pain, of too many mediæval pictures? Are we to accept the Jesus of the second, or the Jesus of the fourth gospel, as the true Jesus? What did he really say and do; and how much that is attributed to him in speech and action is the embroidery of the various parties into which his followers tended to split themselves within twenty years of his death, when even the threefold tradition was only nascent?

If anyone will answer these questions for me with something more to the point than feeble talk about the 'cowardice of agnosticism,' I shall be deeply his debtor. Unless and until they are satisfactorily answered, I say of agnosticism in this matter, '*J'y suis, et j'y reste.*'

But, as we have seen, it is asserted that I have no business to call myself an agnostic; that if I am not a Christian I am an infidel; and that I ought to call myself by that name of 'unpleasant significance.' Well, I do not care much what I am called by other people, and if I had at my side all those who since the Christian era have been called infidels by other folks, I could not desire better company. If these are my ancestors, I prefer, with the old Frank, to be with them wherever they are. But there are several points in Dr. Wace's contention which must be eliminated before I can even think of undertaking to carry out his wishes. I must, for instance, know what a Christian is. Now what is a Christian? By whose authority is the signification of that term defined? Is there any doubt that the immediate followers of Jesus, the 'sect of the Nazarenes,' were strictly orthodox Jews, differing from other Jews not more than the Sadducees, the Pharisees, and the Essenes differed from one another; in fact, only in the belief that the Messiah, for whom the rest of their nation waited, had come? Was not their chief, 'James, the brother of the Lord,' reverenced alike by Sadducee, Pharisee, and Nazarene? At the famous conference which, according to the Acts, took place at Jerusalem, does not James declare that 'myriads' of Jews, who, by that time, had become Nazarenes, were 'all zealous for the Law'? Was not the name of 'Christian' first used to denote the converts to the doctrine promulgated by Paul and Barnabas at Antioch? Does the subsequent history of Christianity leave any doubt that, from this time forth, the 'little rift within the lute' caused by the new teaching developed, if not inaugurated, at Antioch, grew wider and wider, until the two types of doctrine irreconcilably diverged? Did not the primitive Nazarenism or Ebionism develop into the Nazarenism, and Ebionism, and Elkasaitism of later ages, and finally die out in obscurity and condemnation as damnable heresy; while the younger doctrine throve and pushed out its shoots into that endless variety of sects, of which the three strongest survivors are the Roman and Greek Churches and modern Protestantism?

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Singular state of things! If I were to profess the doctrine whic was held by 'James, the brother of the Lord,' and by every one the 'myriads' of his followers and co-religionists in Jerusalem up t twenty or thirty years after the Crucifixion (and one knows not ho much later at Pella), I should be condemned with unanimity as a ebionising heretic by the Roman, Greek, and Protestant churches And, probably, this hearty and unanimous condemnation of th creed held by those who were in the closest personal relation with the Lord is almost the only point upon which they would be cordially one mind. On the other hand, though I hardly dare imagine such thing, I very much fear that the 'pillars' of the primitive Hierosoly mitan Church would have considered Dr. Wace an infidel. No on can read the famous second chapter of Galatians and the book Revelation without seeing how narrow was even Paul's escape from similar fate. And, if ecclesiastical history is to be trusted, the thirty nine articles, be they right or wrong, diverge from the primitiv doctrine of the Nazarenes vastly more than even Pauline Christ anity did.

But, further than this, I have great difficulty in assuring myse that even James 'the brother of the Lord,' and his 'myriads' Nazarenes, properly represented the doctrines of their Master. Fo it is constantly asserted by our modern 'pillars' that one of the chie features of the work of Jesus was the instauration of Religion b the abolition of what our sticklers for articles and liturgies, wit unconscious humour, call the narrow restrictions of the Law. Yet, i James knew this, how could the bitter controversy with Paul hav arisen; and why did one or the other side not quote any of th various sayings of Jesus, recorded in the Gospels, which directl bear on the question—sometimes, apparently, in opposite directions

So if I am asked to call myself an 'infidel' I reply, To wha doctrine do you ask me to be faithful? Is it that contained in th Nicene and the Athanasian Creeds? My firm belief is that th Nazarenes, say of the year 40, headed by James, would have stoppe their ears and thought worthy of stoning the audacious man wh propounded it to them. Is it contained in the so-called Apostles Creed? I am pretty sure that even that would have created a re calcitrant commotion at Pella in the year 70, among the Nazarene of Jerusalem, who had fled from the soldiers of Titus. And yet i the unadulterated tradition of the teachings of 'the Nazarene' wer to be found anywhere, it surely should have been amidst those no very aged disciples who may have heard them as they were delivered

Therefore, however sorry I may be to be unable to demonstrat that, if necessary, I should not be afraid to call myself an 'infidel, I cannot do it, even to gratify the Bishop of Peterborough and Dr Wace. And I would appeal to the Bishop, whose native sense o humour is not the least marked of his many excellent gifts and virtues

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whether asking a man to call himself an 'infidel' is not rather a droll request. 'Infidel' is a term of reproach, which Christians and Mahommedans, in their modesty, agree to apply to those who differ from them. If he had only thought of it, Dr. Wace might have used the term 'miscreant,' which, with the same etymological signification, has the advantage of being still more 'unpleasant' to the persons to whom it is applied. But, in the name of all that is Hibernian, I ask the Bishop of Peterborough why should a man be expected to call himself a 'miscreant' or an 'infidel'? That St. Patrick 'had two birthdays because he was a twin' is a reasonable and intelligible utterance beside that of the man who should declare himself to be an infidel on the ground of denying his own belief. It may be logically, if not ethically, defensible that a Christian should call a Mahommedan an infidel and *vice versâ*; but, on Dr. Wace's principles, both ought to call themselves infidels, because each applies that term to the other.

Now I am afraid that all the Mahommedan world would agree in reciprocating that appellation to Dr. Wace himself. I once visited the Hazar Mosque, the great University of Mahommedanism, in Cairo, in ignorance of the fact that I was unprovided with proper authority. A swarm of angry undergraduates, as I suppose I ought to call them, came buzzing about me and my guide; and if I had known Arabic, I suspect that 'dog of an infidel' would have been by no means the most 'unpleasant' of the epithets showered upon me, before I could explain and apologise for the mistake. If I had had the pleasure of Dr. Wace's company on that occasion, the undiscriminative followers of the Prophet would, I am afraid, have made no difference between us; not even if they had known that he was the head of an orthodox Christian seminary. And I have not the smallest doubt that even one of the learned mollahs, if his grave courtesy would have permitted him to say anything offensive to men of another mode of belief, would have told us that he wondered we did not find it 'very unpleasant' to disbelieve in the Prophet of Islam.

From what precedes, I think it becomes sufficiently clear that Dr. Wace's account of the origin of the name of 'Agnostic' is quite wrong. Indeed, I am bound to add that very slight effort to discover the truth would have convinced him that, as a matter of fact, the term arose otherwise. I am loath to go over an old story once more; but more than one object which I have in view will be served by telling it a little more fully than it has yet been told.

Looking back nearly fifty years, I see myself as a boy, whose education had been interrupted, and who, intellectually, was left, for some years, altogether to his own devices. At that time, I was a voracious and omnivorous reader; a dreamer and speculator of the first water, well endowed with that splendid courage in attacking any

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and every subject, which is the blessed compensation of youth a inexperience. Among the books and essays, on all sorts of topi from metaphysics to heraldry, which I read at this time, two l indelible impressions on my mind. One was Guizot's *History Civilisation*, the other was Sir William Hamilton's essay 'On t Philosophy of the Unconditioned,' which I came upon, by chance, an odd volume of the *Edinburgh Review*. The latter was certain strange reading for a boy, and I could not possibly have understo a great deal of it;[8] nevertheless, I devoured it with avidity, and stamped upon my mind the strong conviction that, on even t most solemn and important of questions, men are apt to ta cunning phrases for answers; and that the limitation of our faculti in a great number of cases, renders real answers to such questior not merely actually impossible, but theoretically inconceivable.

Philosophy and history having laid hold of me in this eccentr fashion, have never loosened their grip. I have no pretension to l an expert in either subject; but the turn for philosophical and hi torical reading, which rendered Hamilton and Guizot attractive me, has not only filled many lawful leisure hours, and still mo sleepless ones, with the repose of changed mental occupation, b has not unfrequently disputed my proper work-time with my lie lady, Natural Science. In this way, I have found it possible cover a good deal of ground in the territory of philosophy; and a the more easily that I have never cared much about A's or B opinions, but have rather sought to know what answer he had give to the questions I had to put to him—that of the limitatic of possible knowledge being the chief. The ordinary examiner wit his 'State the views of So-and-so' would have floored me at any tim If he had said what do *you* think about any given problem, I migl have got on fairly well.

The reader who has had the patience to follow the enforced, b unwilling, egotism of this veritable history (especially if his studi have led him in the same direction), will now see why my min steadily gravitated towards the conclusions of Hume and Kant, s well stated by the latter in a sentence, which I have quoted elsewher

'The greatest and perhaps the sole use of all philosophy c pure reason is, after all, merely negative, since it serves not as a organon for the enlargement [of knowledge], but as a discipline fo its delimitation; and, instead of discovering truth, has only th modest merit of preventing error.'[9]

When I reached intellectual maturity and began to ask mysel whether I was an atheist, a theist, or a pantheist; a materialist o

[8] Yet I must somehow have laid hold of the pith of the matter, for, many year afterwards, when Dean Mansell's Bampton lectures were published, it seemed t me I already knew all that this eminently agnostic thinker had to tell me.

[9] *Kritik der reinen Vernunft.* Edit. Hartenstein, p. 256.

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an idealist; a Christian or a freethinker; I found that the more I learned and reflected, the less ready was the answer; until, at last, I came to the conclusion that I had neither art nor part with any of these denominations, except the last. The one thing in which most of these good people were agreed was the one thing in which I differed from them. They were quite sure they had attained a certain 'gnosis,'—had, more or less successfully, solved the problem of existence; while I was quite sure I had not, and had a pretty strong conviction that the problem was insoluble. And, with Hume and Kant on my side, I could not think myself presumptuous in holding fast by that opinion. Like Dante,

> Nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita
> Mi ritrovai per una selva oscura,

but, unlike Dante, I cannot add,

> Che la diritta via era smarrita.

On the contrary, I had, and have, the firmest conviction that I never left the 'verace via'—the straight road; and that this road led nowhere else but into the dark depths of a wild and tangled forest. And though I have found leopards and lions in the path; though I have made abundant acquaintance with the hungry wolf, that 'with privy paw devours apace and nothing said,' as another great poet says of the ravening beast; and though no friendly spectre has even yet offered his guidance, I was, and am, minded to go straight on, until I either come out on the other side of the wood, or find there is no other side to it, at least, none attainable by me.

This was my situation when I had the good fortune to find a place among the members of that remarkable confraternity of antagonists, long since deceased, but of green and pious memory, the Metaphysical Society. Every variety of philosophical and theological opinion was represented there, and expressed itself with entire openness; most of my colleagues were *-ists* of one sort or another; and, however kind and friendly they might be, I, the man without a rag of a label to cover himself with, could not fail to have some of the uneasy feelings which must have beset the historical fox when, after leaving the trap in which his tail remained, he presented himself to his normally elongated companions. So I took thought, and invented what I conceived to be the appropriate title of 'agnostic.' It came into my head as suggestively antithetic to the 'gnostic' of Church history, who professed to know so much about the very things of which I was ignorant; and I took the earliest opportunity of parading it at our Society, to show that I, too, had a tail, like the other foxes. To my great satisfaction, the term took; and when the *Spectator* had stood godfather to it, any suspicion in the minds of respectable people, that a knowledge of its parentage might have awakened, was, of course, completely lulled.

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That is the history of the origin of the terms 'agnostic' a 'agnosticism;' and it will be observed that it does not quite ag with the confident assertion of the reverend Principal of Kin College, that 'the adoption of the term agnostic is only an attem to shift the issue, and that it involves a mere evasion' in relati to the Church and Christianity.[10]

The last objection (I rejoice, as much as my readers must d that it is the last) which I have to take to Dr. Wace's deliveranc before the Church Congress arises, I am sorry to say, on a questio of morality.

'It is, and it ought to be,' authoritatively declares this official representative of Christian ethics, 'an unpleasant thing for a man to have to say plainly that he does not believe in Jesus Christ' (*l. c.* p. 254).

Whether it is so, depends, I imagine, a good deal on whether *the* man was brought up in a Christian household or not. I do not see why it should be 'unpleasant' for a Mahommedan or a Buddhist *to* say so. But that 'it ought to be' unpleasant for any man to say anything which he sincerely, and after due deliberation, believes, *is*, to my mind, a proposition of the most profoundly immoral character. I verily believe that the great good which has been effected *in the* world by Christianity has been largely counteracted by the pestilent doctrine on which all the churches have insisted, that honest *dis*belief in their more or less astonishing creeds is a moral offence, indeed a sin of the deepest dye, deserving and involving the *same* future retribution as murder and robbery. If we could only see, in one view, the torrents of hypocrisy and cruelty, the lies, *the* slaughter, the violations of every obligation of humanity, which have flowed from this source along the course of the history of Christian nations, our worst imaginations of Hell would pale beside the vision.

A thousand times, no! It ought *not* to be unpleasant to say that which one honestly believes or disbelieves. That it so constantly is painful to do so, is quite enough obstacle to the progress of mankind in that most valuable of all qualities, honesty of word or of deed, without erecting a sad concomitant of human weakness into something to be admired and cherished. The bravest of soldiers often, and very naturally, 'feel it unpleasant' to go into action; but a court-martial which did its duty would make short work of the officer who promulgated the doctrine that his men *ought* to feel their duty unpleasant.

I am very well aware, as I suppose most thoughtful people are in these times, that the process of breaking away from old beliefs is extremely unpleasant; and I am much disposed to think that the encouragement, the consolation, and the peace afforded to earnest

[10] *Report of the Church Congress*, Manchester, 1888, p. 252.

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believers in even the worst forms of Christianity are of great practical advantage to them. What deductions must be made from this gain on the score of the harm done to the citizen by the ascetic other-worldliness of logical Christianity; to the ruler, by the hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness of sectarian bigotry; to the legislator, by the spirit of exclusiveness and domination of those that count themselves pillars of orthodoxy; to the philosopher, by the restraints on the freedom of learning and teaching which every Church exercises, when it is strong enough; to the conscientious soul, by the introspective hunting after sins of the mint and cummin type, the fear of theological error, and the overpowering terror of possible damnation, which have accompanied the churches like their shadow, I need not now consider; but they are assuredly not small. If agnostics lose heavily on the one side, they gain a good deal on the other. People who talk about the comforts of belief appear to forget its discomforts; they ignore the fact that the Christianity of the churches is something more than faith in the ideal personality of Jesus, which they create for themselves, *plus* so much as can be carried into practice, without disorganising civil society, of the maxims of the Sermon on the Mount. Trip in morals or in doctrine (especially in doctrine), without due repentance or retractation, or fail to get properly baptized before you die, and a *plébiscite* of the Christians of Europe, if they were true to their creeds, would affirm your everlasting damnation by an immense majority.

Preachers, orthodox and heterodox, din into our ears that the world cannot get on without faith of some sort. There is a sense in which that is as eminently as obviously true; there is another, in which, in my judgment, it is as eminently as obviously false, and it seems to me that the hortatory, or pulpit, mind is apt to oscillate between the false and the true meanings, without being aware of the fact.

It is quite true that the ground of every one of our actions, and the validity of all our reasonings, rest upon the great act of faith, which leads us to take the experience of the past as a safe guide in our dealings with the present and the future. From the nature of ratiocination it is obvious that the axioms on which it is based cannot be demonstrated by ratiocination. It is also a trite observation, that, in the business of life, we constantly take the most serious action upon evidence of an utterly insufficient character. But it is surely plain that faith is not necessarily entitled to dispense with ratiocination because ratiocination cannot dispense with faith as a starting point; and that because we are often obliged, by the pressure of events, to act on very bad evidence, it does not follow that it is proper to act on such evidence when the pressure is absent.

The writer of the epistle to the Hebrews tells us that 'faith is the assurance of things hoped for, the proving of things not seen.'

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In the authorised version 'substance' stands for 'assurance,' a 'evidence' for 'the proving.' The question of the exact meaning the two words, ὑπόστασις and ἔλεγχος, affords a fine field of disc sion for the scholar and the metaphysician. But I fancy we shall not far from the mark if we take the writer to have had in his mi the profound psychological truth that men constantly feel certa about things for which they strongly hope, but have no evidence, the legal or logical sense of the word; and he calls this feelin 'faith.' I may have the most absolute faith that a friend has n committed the crime of which he is accused. In the early days c English history, if my friend could have obtained a few more com purgators of like robust faith, he would have been acquitted. A the present day, if I tendered myself as a witness on that score, th judge would tell me to stand down, and the youngest barrister would smile at my simplicity. Miserable indeed is the man who has not such faith in some of his fellow-men—only less miserable than the man who allows himself to forget that such faith is not, strictly speaking, evidence; and when his faith is disappointed, as will happen now and again, turns Timon and blames the universe for his own blunders. And so, if a man can find a friend, the hypostasis of all his hopes, the mirror of his ethical ideal, in the Jesus of any, or all, of the Gospels, let him live by faith in that ideal. Who shall or can forbid him? But let him not delude himself with the notion that his faith is evidence of the objective reality of that in which he trusts. Such evidence is to be obtained only by the use of the methods of science, as applied to history and to literature, and it amounts at present to very little.

It appears that Mr. Gladstone, some time ago, asked Mr. Laing if he could draw up a short summary of the negative creed; a body of negative propositions, which have so far been adopted on the negative side as to be what the Apostles' and other accepted creeds are on the positive; and Mr. Laing at once kindly obliged Mr. Gladstone with the desired articles—eight of them.

If anyone had preferred this request to me, I should have replied that, if he referred to agnostics, they have no creed; and, by the nature of the case, cannot have any. Agnosticism, in fact, is not a creed, but a method, the essence of which lies in the rigorous application of a single principle. That principle is of great antiquity; it is as old as Socrates; as old as the writer who said, 'Try all things, hold fast by that which is good;' it is the foundation of the Reformation, which simply illustrated the axiom that every man should be able to give a reason for the faith that is in him; it is the great principle of Descartes; it is the fundamental axiom of modern Science. Positively the principle may be expressed: In matters of the intellect, follow your reason as far as it will take you, without

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regard to any other consideration. And negatively: In matters of the intellect, do not pretend that conclusions are certain which are not demonstrated or demonstrable. That I take to be the agnostic faith, which if a man keep whole and undefiled, he shall not be ashamed to look the universe in the face, whatever the future may have in store for him.

The results of the working out of the agnostic principle will vary according to individual knowledge and capacity, and according to the general condition of science. That which is unproven to-day may be proven, by the help of new discoveries, to-morrow. The only negative fixed points will be those negations which flow from the demonstrable limitation of our faculties. And the only obligation accepted is to have the mind always open to conviction. Agnostics who never fail in carrying out their principles are, I am afraid, as rare as other people of whom the same consistency can be truthfully predicated. But, if you were to meet with such a phœnix and to tell him that you had discovered that two and two make five, he would patiently ask you to state your reasons for that conviction, and express his readiness to agree with you if he found them satisfactory. The apostolic injunction to 'suffer fools gladly,' should be the rule of life of a true agnostic. I am deeply conscious how far I myself fall short of this ideal, but it is my personal conception of what agnostics ought to be.

However, as I began by stating, I speak only for myself; and I do not dream of anathematizing and excommunicating Mr Laing. But, when I consider his creed and compare it with the Athanasian, I think I have, on the whole, a clearer conception of the meaning of the latter. 'Polarity,' in Article viii., for example, is a word about which I heard a good deal in my youth, when 'Naturphilosophie' was in fashion, and greatly did I suffer from it. For many years past, whenever I have met with 'polarity' anywhere but in a discussion of some purely physical topic, such as magnetism, I have shut the book. Mr. Laing must excuse me if the force of habit was too much for me when I read his eighth article.

And now, what is to be said to Mr. Harrison's remarkable deliverance 'On the future of agnosticism'?[11] I would that it were not my business to say anything, for I am afraid that I can say nothing which shall manifest my great personal respect for this able writer, and for the zeal and energy with which he ever and anon galvanises the weakly frame of Positivism until it looks more than ever like John Bunyan's Pope and Pagan rolled into one. There is a story often repeated, and I am afraid none the less mythical on that account, of a valiant and loud-voiced corporal, in command of two full privates, who falling in with a regiment of the enemy in the dark, orders it

[11] *Fortnightly Review*, Jan. 1889.

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to surrender under pain of instant annihilation by his force; and tl enemy surrenders accordingly. I am always reminded of this ta when I read the positivist commands to the forces of Christianity an of Science; only the enemy show no more signs of intending to obe now than they have done any time these forty years.

The allocution under consideration has the papal flavour whic is wont to hang about the utterances of the pontiffs of the Church Comte. Mr. Harrison speaks with authority and not as one of tl common scribes of the period. He knows not only what agnosticis is and how it has come about, but what will become of it. Th agnostic is to content himself with being the precursor of the pos tivist. In his place, as a sort of navvy levelling the ground ar cleansing it of such poor stuff as Christianity, he is a useful creatu who deserves patting on the back, on condition that he does n venture beyond his last. But let not these scientific Sanballa presume that they are good enough to take part in the building the Temple—they are mere Samaritans, doomed to die out in propo tion as the Religion of Humanity is accepted by mankind. Well, that is their fate, they have time to be cheerful. But let us he Mr. Harrison's pronouncement of their doom.

'Agnosticism is a stage in the evolution of religion, an entire negative stage, the point reached by physicists, a purely mental co clusion, with no relation to things social at all' (p. 154). I am qui dazed by this declaration. Are there, then, any 'conclusions' th are not 'purely mental'? Is there 'no relation to things social' 'mental conclusions' which affect men's whole conception of life Was that prince of agnostics, David Hume, particularly imbued wi physical science? Supposing physical science to be non-existen would not the agnostic principle, applied by the philologist and tl historian, lead to exactly the same results? Is the modern more less complete suspension of judgment as to the facts of the history regal Rome, or the real origin of the Homeric poems, anything b agnosticism in history and in literature? And if so, how can agno ticism be the 'mere negation of the physicist'?

'Agnosticism is a stage in the evolution of religion.' No tw people agree as to what is meant by the term 'religion'; but if means, as I think it ought to mean, simply the reverence and lo for the ethical ideal, and the desire to realise that ideal in life, whi every man ought to feel—then I say agnosticism has no more to with it than it has to do with music or painting. If, on the oth hand, Mr. Harrison, like most people, means by 'religion' theolog then, in my judgment, agnosticism can be said to be a stage in evolution, only as death may be said to be t evolution of life.

When agnostic logic is simply one of a distinctive faith, will have spontaneously

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I can but marvel that such sentences as this, and those already quoted, should have proceeded from Mr. Harrison's pen. Does he really mean to suggest that agnostics have a logic peculiar to themselves? Will he kindly help me out of my bewilderment when I try to think of 'logic' being anything else than the canon (which, I believe, means rule) of thought? As to agnosticism being a distinctive faith, I have already shown that it cannot possibly be anything of the kind; unless perfect faith in logic is distinctive of agnostics, which, after all, it may be.

Agnosticism as a religious philosophy *per se* rests on an almost total ignoring of history and social evolution. (P. 152.)

But neither *per se* nor *per aliud* has agnosticism (if I know anything about it) the least pretension to be a religious philosophy; so far from resting on ignorance of history, and that social evolution of which history is the account, it is and has been the inevitable result of the strict adherence to scientific methods by historical investigators. Our forefathers were quite confident about the existance of Romulus and Remus, of King Arthur, and of Hengst and Horsa. Most of us have become agnostics in regard to the reality of these worthies. It is a matter of notoriety, of which Mr. Harrison, who accuses us all so freely of ignoring history, should not be ignorant, that the critical process which has shattered the foundations of orthodox Christian doctrine owes its origin, not to the devotees of physical science, but, before all, to Richard Simon, the learned French Oratorian, just two hundred years ago. I cannot find evidence that either Simon, or any one of the great scholars and critics of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries who have continued Simon's work, had any particular acquaintance with physical science. I have already pointed out that Hume was independent of it. And certainly one of the most potent influences in the same direction, upon history in the present century, that of Grote, did not come from the physical side. Physical science, in fact, has had nothing directly to do with the criticism of the Gospels; it is wholly incompetent to furnish demonstrative evidence that any statement made in these histories is untrue. Indeed, modern physiology can find parallels in nature for events of apparently the most eminently supernatural kind recounted in some of those histories.

It is a comfort to hear, upon Mr. Harrison's authority, that the laws of physical nature show no signs of becoming 'less definite, less consistent, or less popular as time goes on' (p. 154). How a law of nature is to become indefinite, or 'inconsistent,' passes my poor powers of imagination. But with universal suffrage and the coach-dog theory of Premiership in full view; the theory, I mean, that the whole duty of a political chief is to look sharp for the way the social coach is driving, and then run in front and bark loud—as if being the leading

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noise-maker and guiding were the same things—it is truly satisfactory to me to know that the laws of nature are increasing in popularity. Looking at recent developments of the policy which is said to express the great heart of the people, I have had my doubts of the fact; and my love for my fellow-countrymen has led me to reflect with dread on what will happen to them, if any of the laws of nature ever become so unpopular in their eyes as to be voted down by the transcendent authority of universal suffrage. If the legion of demons, before they set out on their journey in the swine, had had time to hold a meeting and to resolve unanimously, 'That the law of gravitation is oppressive and ought to be repealed,' I am afraid it would have made no sort of difference to the result, when their two thousand unwilling porters were once launched down the steep slopes of the fatal shore of Gennesaret.

> The question of the place of religion as an element of human nature, as a force of human society, its origin, analysis, and functions, has never been considered at all from an agnostic point of view. (P. 152.)

I doubt not that Mr. Harrison knows vastly more about history than I do; in fact, he tells the public that some of my friends and I have had no opportunity of occupying ourselves with that subject. I do not like to contradict any statement which Mr. Harrison makes on his own authority; only, if I may be true to my agnostic principles, I humbly ask how he has obtained assurance on this head. I do not profess to know anything about the range of Mr. Harrison's studies; but as he has thought it fitting to start the subject, I may venture to point out that, on the evidence adduced, it might be equally permissible to draw the conclusion that Mr. Harrison's absorbing labours as the *pontifex maximus* of the positivist religion have not allowed him to acquire that acquaintance with the methods and results of physical science, or with the history of philosophy, or of philological and historical criticism, which is essential to anyone who desires to obtain a right understanding of agnosticism. Incompetence in philosophy, and in all branches of science except mathematics, is the well-known mental characteristic of the founder of Positivism. Faithfulness in disciples is an admirable quality in itself; the pity is that it not unfrequently leads to the imitation of the weaknesses as well as of the strength of the master. It is only such over-faithfulness which can account for a 'strong mind really saturated with the historical sense' (p. 153) exhibiting the extraordinary forgetfulness of the historical fact of the existence of David Hume implied by the assertion that

> it would be difficult to name a single known agnostic who has given to history anything like the amount of thought and study which he brings to a knowledge of the physical world. (P. 153.)

Whoso calls to mind, what I may venture to term, the bright side of Christianity; that ideal of manhood, with its strength and

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its patience; its justice and its pity for human frailty; its helpfulness, to the extremity of self-sacrifice; its ethical purity and nobility; which apostles have pictured, in which armies of martyrs have placed their unshakable faith, and whence obscure men and women, like Catherine of Sienna and John Knox, have derived the courage to rebuke popes and kings, is not likely to underrate the importance of the Christian faith as a factor in human history, or to doubt that if that faith should prove to be incompatible with our knowledge, or necessary want of knowledge, some other hypostasis of men's hopes, genuine enough and worthy enough to replace it, will arise. But that the incongruous mixture of bad science with eviscerated papistry, out of which Comte manufactured the positivist religion, will be the heir of the Christian ages, I have too much respect for the humanity of the future to believe. Charles the Second told his brother, 'They will not kill me, James, to make you king.' And if critical science is remorselessly destroying the historical foundations of the noblest ideal of humanity which mankind have yet worshipped, it is little likely to permit the pitiful reality to climb into the vacant shrine.

That a man should determine to devote himself to the service of humanity—including intellectua and moral self-culturel under that name; that this should be, in the proper sense of the word, his religion—is not only an intelligible, but, I think, a laudable resolution. And I am greatly disposed to believe that it is the only religion which will prove itself to be unassailably acceptable so long as the human race endures. But when the positivist asks me to worship 'Humanity'—that is to say, to adore the generalised conception of men as they ever have been and probably ever will be—I must reply that I could just as soon bow down and worship the generalised conception of a 'wilderness of apes.' Surely we are not going back to the days of paganism, when individual men were deified, and the hard good sense of a dying Vespasian could prompt the bitter jest, 'Ut puto Deus fio.' No divinity doth hedge a modern man, be he even a sovereign ruler. Nor is there anyone, except a municipal magistrate, who is officially declared worshipful. But if there is no spark of worship-worthy divinity in the individual twigs of humanity, whence comes that godlike splendour which the Moses of positivism fondly imagines to pervade the whole bush?

I know no study which is so unutterably saddening as that of the evolution of humanity, as it is set forth in the annals of history. Out of the darkness of prehistoric ages man emerges with the marks of his lowly origin strong upon him. He is a brute, only more intelligent than the other brutes; a blind prey to impulses, which as often as not lead him to destruction; a victim to endless illusions, which make his mental existence a terror and a burden, and fill his physical life with barren toil and battle. He attains a certain degree of physical comfort, and develops a more or less workable

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theory of life, in such favourable situations as the plains of Mesopotamia or of Egypt, and then, for thousands and thousands of years, struggles with varying fortunes, attended by infinite wickedness, bloodshed, and misery, to maintain himself at this point against the greed and the ambition of his fellow-men. He makes a point of killing and otherwise persecuting all those who first try to get him to move on; and when he has moved on a step, foolishly confers post-mortem deification on his victims. He exactly repeats the process with all who want to move a step yet farther. And the best men of the best epochs are simply those who make the fewest blunders and commit the fewest sins.

That one should rejoice in the good man; forgive the bad man; and pity and help all men to the best of one's ability, is surely indisputable. It is the glory of Judaism and of Christianity to have proclaimed this truth, through all their aberrations. But the worship of a God who needs forgiveness and help, and deserves pity every hour of his existence, is no better than that of any other voluntarily selected fetish. The Emperor Julian's project was hopeful, in comparison with the prospects of the new Anthropolatry.

When the historian of religion in the twentieth century is writing about the nineteenth, I foresee he will say something of this kind:

The most curious and instructive events in the religious history of the preceding century are the rise and progress of two new sects, called Mormons and Positivists. To the student who has carefully considered these remarkable phenomena nothing in the records of religious self-delusion can appear improbable.

The Mormons arose in the midst of the great Republic, which, though comparatively insignificant, at that time, in territory as in the number of its citizens, was (as we know from the fragments of the speeches of its orators which have come down to us) no less remarkable for the native intelligence of its population, than for the wide extent of their information, owing to the activity of their publishers in diffusing all that they could invent, beg, borrow, or steal. Nor were they less noted for their perfect freedom from all restraints in thought or speech or deed; except, to be sure, the beneficent and wise influence of the majority exerted, in case of need, through an institution known as 'tarring and feathering,' the exact nature of which is now disputed.

There is a complete consensus of testimony that the founder of Mormonism, one Joseph Smith, was a low-minded, ignorant scamp, and that he stole the 'Scriptures' which he propounded; not being clever enough to forge even such contemptible stuff as they contain. Nevertheless he must have been a man of some force of character, for a considerable number of disciples soon gathered about him. In

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spite of repeated outbursts of popular hatred and violence—during one of which persecutions, Smith was brutally murdered—the Mormon body steadily increased, and became a flourishing community. But the Mormon practices being objectionable to the majority, they were, more than once, without any pretence of law, but by force of riot, arson, and murder, driven away from the land they had occupied. Harried by these persecutions, the Mormon body eventually committed itself to the tender mercies of a desert as barren as that of Sinai; and, after terrible sufferings and privations, reached the oasis of Utah. Here it grew and flourished, sending out missionaries to, and receiving converts from, all parts of Europe, sometimes to the number of 10,000 in a year; until in 1880, the rich and flourishing community numbered 110,000 souls in Utah alone, while there were probably 30,000 or 40,000 scattered abroad elsewhere. In the whole history of religions there is no more remarkable example of the power of faith; and, in this case, the founder of that faith was indubitably a most despicable creature. It is interesting to observe that the course taken by the great Republic and its citizens runs exactly parallel with that taken by the Roman Empire and its citizens towards the early Christians, except that the Romans had a certain legal excuse for their acts of violence, inasmuch as the Christian 'sodalitia' were not licensed, and consequently were, *ipso facto*, illegal assemblages. Until, in the latter part of the nineteenth century, the United States legislature decreed the illegality of polygamy, the Mormons were wholly within the law.

Nothing can present a greater contrast to all this than the history of the Positivists. This sect arose much about the same time as that of the Mormons, in the upper and most instructed stratum of the quick-witted, sceptical population of Paris. The founder, Auguste Comte, was a teacher of mathematics, but of no eminence in that department of knowledge, and with nothing but an amateur's acquaintance with physical, chemical, and biological science. His works are repulsive on account of the dull diffuseness of their style, and a certain air, as of a superior person, which characterises them; but nevertheless they contain good things here and there. It would take too much space to reproduce in detail a system which proposes to regulate all human life by the promulgation of a gentile Leviticus. Suffice it to say that M. Comte may be described as a syncretic, who, like the Gnostics of early Church history, attempted to combine the substance of imperfectly comprehended contemporary science with the form of Roman Christianity. It may be that this is the reason why his disciples were so very angry with some obscure people called Agnostics, whose views, if we may judge by the accounts left in the works of a great Positivist controversial writer, were very absurd.

To put the matter briefly, M. Comte, finding Christianity and

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Science at daggers drawn, seems to have said to Science, 'You find Christianity rotten at the core, do you? Well, I will scoop out the inside of it.' And to Romanism: 'You find Science mere dry light—cold and bare. Well, I will put your shell over it, and so, as schoolboys make a spectre out of a turnip and a tallow candle, behold the new religion of Humanity complete!'

Unfortunately neither the Romanists nor the people who were something more than amateurs in science, could be got to worship M. Comte's new idol properly. In the native country of Positivism, one distinguished man of letters and one of science, for a time, helped to make up a roomful of the faithful, but their love soon grew cold. In England, on the other hand, there appears to be little doubt that, in the ninth decade of the century, the multitude of disciples reached the grand total of several score. They had the advantage of the advocacy of one or two most eloquent and learned apostles, and, at any rate, the sympathy of several persons of light and leading—and, if they were not seen, they were heard all over the world. On the other hand, as a sect, they laboured under the prodigious disadvantage of being refined, estimable people, living in the midst of the worn-out civilisation of the old world; where anyone who had tried to persecute them, as the Mormons were persecuted, would have been instantly hanged. But the majority never dreamed of persecuting them; on the contrary they were rather given to scold, and otherwise try the patience of, the majority.

The history of these sects in the closing years of the century is highly instructive. Mormonism . . .

But I find I have suddenly slipped off Mr. Harrison's tripod, which I had borrowed for the occasion. The fact is, I am not equal to the prophetical business, and ought not to have undertaken it.

T. H. HUXLEY.

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THE FUTURE OF TORYISM: A SKETCH.

To review the past, contemplate the present, and forecast the future so as to prepare for its difficulties, seems a reasonable and seasonable instinct, constantly asserting itself in the mind of man. As individuals we are constrained to take stock at the commencement of the year, to balance our accounts, to reflect on what has been and prepare for that which is to be, and the same process may with equal usefulness be applied to our national concerns. The moment is, therefore, opportune for briefly considering the phenomena of the times, for analysing the attitude of the national mind towards them, and for hazarding a guess at the characteristics of the crew under whom the ship of state is likely to sail in her voyage towards the shores of the unknown. Any detailed retrospect is of course out of the question here; but most men will, I think, agree that the history of the last ten years or so is surcharged with auguries and omens of grave and depressing import; accompanied, however, by indications that a strong and increasingly vigorous reaction is arising against conditions of thought which at one time seemed to point to a degradation of our national position, and a serious deterioration of our national character.

Even the most careless and superficial of observers cannot fail to discover signs of strange parturition in the moral, physical, social, and political elements surrounding us. The people are seething with passions and sentiments such as they have not felt for generations. The times are peculiar; not out of joint, but full of startling facts and fancies held in suspension—facts and fancies not generally on the surface, and which arrest attention only when whirled into sight by some gust of popular feeling, or when dragged from the depths by public or private inquiry.

An increase of morbid sentimentality; the fleeting nature of impressions made on the public mind by great events; a tendency to surrender private judgment for the sake of ease; the worship of men rather than the approval of measures; want of purpose; weakness and vacillation in foreign and colonial matters; feeble fatalism and absence of robust resource in domestic affairs; blind hopelessness and mere opportunism on the part of leaders, bewilderment and uncertainty of the led—such are among the strongly marked character-

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istics of late years. The antagonism between fact and faith has dropped a veil of agnosticism over much that made life worth living—especially to the poor. Doubt and discontent, the enemies of repose, have, with myriads of tiny teeth, stealthily gnawed at the pillars which support the structure of state and society. Regarding life from the modern materialistic standpoint, men have become intolerant of the conditions of existence. More is expected, and, to some extent, less is obtained; for the struggle of life has become harder for all, and for many it is far crueller than it used to be. People are disquieted. A few turn to unreasonable schemes of relief; the majority search eagerly in the dark for causes of their distress. The age is inquisitive and iconoclastic. The intensity of the struggle for existence, assuming year by year more serious proportions, has dragged into the light of criticism systems and institutions hitherto unchallenged; and a blind, instinctive revolt against economic theories, generally accepted on authority as axiomatically correct, is gathering strength.

Despair of the present and distrust of the future brood like a heavy cloud over cultivated intellects, and, as a consequence, the lives and energies of those lower down in the social scale are sapped by doubt and deadened by dismay. A fear of examining and comprehending the actualities of life deters men in general from facing and grappling with the material and moral forces acting upon us, and puzzled discontent and aimless hope form the mental attitude of great masses of the people. Their aspirations are indefinite and indistinct. The main mental characteristics of recent years are, in short, vague dissatisfaction with what is, equally vague anticipation of what may be. If these latter-day phenomena, thus briefly adumbrated, were deep and lasting; if no reaction against the weakly pessimism and lack of energy and resource involved in them were visible, the cry of those shallow thinkers who predict the speedy downfall of England would possibly be verified. Happily, however, tokens of such a reaction and unmistakable signs of a new departure are plainly visible on all sides.

In the narrow party sense, politics are resolving themselves into their primitive elements. The old lines have melted away in the crucible of a great national danger, and ancient war-cries have become mere empty sounds. There is no longer a Tory party in the sense of the term in pre-Disraelian times. In its stead there is a growing popular Conservatism, full of vitality, courageous enough to deal with the present, strong enough to hold on to the good, and vigorous enough to cast off the bad in the past. As to the Liberal party, it has ceased to exist as a whole. There are, indeed, groups of politicians vaguely labelling themselves with the Liberal name—a fraudulent trade-mark, for they are wide as the poles asunder in their origin, aims, objects, and aspirations, and approach each other only in a general illiberality of thought.

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Politics, in the broader meaning of the term, are undergoing a radical and in some respects wholesome change. The people are beginning to require something more than the mere nutriment of a name in exchange for their suffrages, and the hero-worship of statesmen is losing votaries day by day. A feeling, deep yet undefined, that the relation of individuals towards the State and of the State towards individuals requires modification, is strongly, though obscurely, influencing their minds. Social sentiments, aspirations, needs hitherto unknown or buried beneath the surface, are upheaving the strata of society. In a thousand directions and a thousand ways a mute and pathetic appeal against the offensive realism and dull ugliness of life can be traced. On all sides a strong reaction against weak acquiescence in evil, and in favour of a masculine and aggressive policy, is making itself felt; and a benign vigorous growth of national or imperial sentiment is springing up. How are these political, intellectual, material, and spiritual aspirations, needs, and requirements to be satisfied? By what means and in what way is this national imperial sentiment to work out the safety of the nation? How are the forces newly generated among us to be guided, controlled, and wrought into beneficial action? Which of our political parties is most naturally adapted to deal successfully with the great problem of the day? That is the question, and it is as a tentative contribution towards the solution thereof that I venture upon the following remarks.

The Whigs, as a party, cannot be looked upon as a serious factor in the future; they have done their work and have had their day. Too blindly worshipping hidebound precedent and past interpretation of economic law, they are unable, as a party, to see that nature is subject to the will of man, that there can be no finality in his dealings with her, and that political wisdom consists largely in controlling and directing economic law. They are the Celestials of politics. Unchanged and unchangeable, they cannot adapt themselves to our future cravings, and, however important to the common weal their present political attitude may be, they need not be seriously considered as competitors for the future management of our national affairs.

Is safety to be found in Radicalism? What is it? I do not mean the old-fashioned sturdy English inland radicalism born of an independent spirit, often wrong but always honest, of which but few specimens remain; I allude rather to the modern article, the visionary and unpractical, or violent and hysterical politics, the outlandish radicalism imported from abroad. Modern Radicalism is a mere aggregation of imperfectly cohering atoms, not only differing from each other, but actively and mutually hostile in many respects. Professional politicians, enthusiastic philosophers, fanatics, faddists, quacks, cynics, humorists, bound together by the loosest tie, without a programme and with no definite object worthy of serious con-

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sideration, find in radicalism a stage on which to strut and air their fantastic fallacies. Fruitful in talk but fruitless in results, they are distinguished by no intelligible adhesion to any possible programme. Radicalism, in short, conveys no meaning. It is unselfishness incarnate in so far as, in its cosmopolitanism, it advocates the interest of every nation under the sun except our own. It is the embodiment of sheer selfishness, the political resultant of class jealousy and of the narrow-minded envy, hatred, malice, and uncharitableness of man towards man. Its idea of government is mere opportunism, a meek following of the press, fulsome flattery of the people, and a firm conviction that true statesmanship consists in shouting with the biggest mob. To some it signifies loot, spoliation, the extortion of ransom, or some equally immoral interference with the rights of man. To others it presages Church disestablishment, a jealous desire to encompass the downfall of what is falsely and viciously described as the Church of the aristocracy. To others again, especially to the plutocracy of the party, it signifies land-law reform. In the minds of most of its adherents it means anything that will enable them to profess without practising those broad theories of democratic virtue which form such a safe and elastic platform whence the national sentiment may be wooed. In fact radicalism is aimless force and empty sound. It is a blind Polyphemus laboriously beating the air, uttering battle-cries without sense or meaning, creating much confusion but accomplishing naught.

The people are tired of it; they are weary of transcendental philosophers and of the barren mouthings of faddists for ever spinning pretty but flimsy commonplaces, as a mountebank extracts yards of tissue paper from his mouth. They have little sympathy with the destructive radicalism of the nihilistic school, or with their vague ideas of a socialistic republic, their schemes for the overthrow of vested interests and the destruction of property, their communistic theories, and all the masquerading foolishness involved in socialism. In fact, Liberalism is played out. It is living on its reputation, subsisting on the memory of the past. The people do not sympathise with obtrusive utilitarianism, or with the worship of the great god Mammon, whose hard unemotional formulæ constitute the rule of life adopted by one section of the Liberal party. Neither do they believe in the communistic theories and destructive propaganda of the other wing. The conviction grows among them that Whiggism is a squeezed orange and Radicalism a transparent fraud. Liberalism has exhausted its *rôle*; it can never lead clear-headed people who desire reform, not revolution, who love to construct rather than to destroy, whose main characteristics are common sense, self-dependence, justice, love of order, and a manly self-respecting spirit. The claims of the Tory party remain to be considered.

Of all our political combinations, the Tory party alone can act

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adequately in the future without prejudice to its past. It alone can deal with problems now pressing upon us without departing from its traditions, or violating those principles which have guided it in former days. No reform which is honest and complete can be attempted until certain fundamental, social, moral, and political conditions are first assumed. The Tory party stands upon the firm principles and sure foundation of liberty, property, and law; and subject only to their sanctity is it free to act. Its hands are bound by no inflexible rules. Its feet are free to follow the paths of justice and expediency. It holds fast to the ancient constitutional institutions of the land, but realises that changing circumstances require changing treatment, that systems and laws must be modified in order to remain the same, and that institutions are made for man, not man for institutions. The need of the present day is a clear understanding of the realities of life, of the circumstances under which millions are living, or are trying and failing to live. Indeed the condition of labour is the one great problem of the age. Some Liberals are too purblind to see the sword stretched across the path, and proceed on their course with the imprudence of Balaam, and with all the obstinacy but none of the clearsightedness of Balaam's ass. Others perceive the danger, but look to meeting it only by a general overturning of existing things. What is the root of the present discontent? Moral and physical starvation or want. The various requirements of human nature are inadequately provided for. Liberalism shows no appreciation of this fact, but that the Tory party recognise it, is evident by their attitude towards the Church and education, and by the leading and honourable part they have taken in working-class legislation. Their record is good. Considering the comparatively few opportunities they have enjoyed, much has been accomplished by them for the benefit of labour. Undoubtedly much more remains to be done. The grievances of the people grow with their numbers. The competitive struggle for existence becomes more and more intense. Reform comes slowly. It is partial in its operation; it must be more effective in the future. The people can be trusted; they have no liking for revolution, no desire for violent change. They realise the hollowness of communistic professions; they see that reforms, to be permanent and without anarchic results, must be general. They want men who will construct, not men who will destroy. They look for leaders who will go forward with the world, who will be enemies of anarchists and the friends of the neglected poor, who will fight against spoliation and uphold reasonable, humane, and practicable reform.

Toryism can act within these lines, but Liberalism is powerless to do so. Its positive action in the past, disguised under the name of reform, has been purely of the levelling order. Such operations do not find favour with the people. They have no liking

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for communism, nor is the levelling of society to their taste. All that they want is efficient help and protection through the action of organisation, and by their own efforts, and if necessary—that is where organisation and self-help are powerless—by the aid of the State. A policy which advocates and advances reforms by safeguarding the individual as well as the common interest, is the only policy suitable for modern surroundings, and is the only one of which the nation will approve. This perhaps may be called 'socialistic.' Much recent legislation has been stigmatised with that name, and in one sense the charge is true. I do not defend all the legislation of the last few years. Much of it was faulty in inception, and has proved disastrous in results. But the intention was good, the object sound, and in no case can it be described as socialistic in the ordinarily accepted sense, though it may be so under a truer and more accurate conception of the term.

Socialism, in its popular sense, is either aggressive rowdyism aiming at theft, or an amiable fanaticism which clamours for vain elysiums. In both cases it is opposed to individualism. Socialism in its true sense is a very different thing, and is compatible with individualism—a principle which is, of course, essentially sound. It is undeniable, that if the race is to flourish, the independence of individuals must be maintained and encouraged. The survival of the fittest is an immutable law. Men will never consent to the apotheosis of the useless, the incapable, and the cunning members of society. But individualism is misunderstood. As conceived by socialists it is simply self *plus* selfishness; and upon this hypothesis every socialistic theory is based. True individualism is self purged of selfishness, individuals working for their own benefit and combining when necessary for the protection and benefit of all. In all ages of the world the weak have required protection against the strong: the king protecting the people from the tyranny of nobles; nobles wringing the liberty of the people from a despotic king; corporate bodies safeguarding the rights of individuals; the state restraining the power of corporate bodies; sanitary laws and poor laws and all working-class legislation are socialistic in the true sense of the word. In fact true socialism aims at the exposure of injustice; its methods are self-help and mutual help. The problem of the future is, how to distinguish between true and false socialism, how to encourage the one and destroy the other, how to reconcile the individual with the social instinct. This can be done by promulgating the great truth, that whatever affects the stability of one class reacts with double effect on all other classes; by pointing out that the 'people' can never benefit by the despoiling of a class, because vicarious dependence is more extensive among the 'masses' than among the 'classes,' and because a wedge driven through the upper surface of society must penetrate, with havoc and destruction, to the very core

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of the lowest strata; by allowing perfect liberty of action to individual effort, and guaranteeing property—the fruits and result of effort; by encouraging legitimate and crushing illegitimate combination; by protecting the weak who cannot protect each other; by helping people to help themselves. Charity can do but little; it can deal only with the sick and wounded, the stragglers, and those who fall out of the ranks in the battle of life. Organisation, and to some extent legislation, is necessary to insure fair play in the struggle, and to give each struggler the opportunity to do what in him lies to help himself. It is obvious that legislation can play but a comparatively small part, but legislation is necessary, and it must be based on the principles here laid down, and must work within their scope. Legislation must be protective, but the protection must be just, impartial, and accorded to all. This is not socialism as generally understood; it is social science brought to bear upon our present needs. Toryism standing on the solid rock of liberty, property, and law, untrammelled by the past, viewing the present with open and unprejudiced eyes, believing in progressive reform, is alone capable of converting sound theory into wholesome results. No other political combination can do so without compromising itself and losing its identity in the traditions, principles, and objects of the Tory party. For these reasons, as it appears to me, the Tory party is alone capable of successfully handling the problems of the day, of avoiding inaction on the one hand and revolution on the other, and of leading the modern democracy safely along the paths of prosperity and peace. Although, as I have said, too much reliance must not be placed on legislation, some subjects may be mentioned and some large principles laid down as indicating the general tendency of a national policy or a people's programme.

Any attempt to sketch out a popular foreign policy, except in mere outline, is, of course, absurd, seeing that in detail it must adapt itself to the requirements of the day. But two great principles ought to guide us: first, a clear recognition of the fact that foreign affairs are the affairs of this country abroad, and that the phrase 'this country' means the British Islands and the British Empire; and secondly, an understanding that foreign affairs should be, as far as possible, confined to the defence and the commercial requirements of the Empire. Day by day our home politics and foreign relations are becoming more and more charged with colonial matter. Year by year the growing and consolidating strength of empire lifts us more and more outside the sphere of European complications. Empire makes us sensitive, but at the same time independent. The growth of the Empire and its gigantic potential strength has profoundly modified our status. The unity of sentiment binding it together renders it unparalleled in infinite resource and concentrated power. The rich vitality and self-sufficiency of every part, together with the

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inherent power of united action, combine to render it unique in the history of the world.

Isolation—that is freedom from entanglements and liberty of action—is not to be deprecated. What England has chiefly to dread is a policy of foolish interference. She can never be isolated in the sense of being held of small account as a factor in the world's affairs, if she follows her instincts and pursues the natural and national policy of developing the Empire she has somewhat chaotically created. We are far more independent now than we once were of the European system. Our stability and equilibrium are not so much affected by it. Expansion of empire and increased colonial weight have shifted our political centre of gravity, and it can no longer be said to coincide with the balance of European power. But the advantages of this position are jeopardised through our own folly. The foolish iniquity involved in our defenceless condition may be our undoing.

The Empire should be put in a state of thorough defence. It is idle to pretend that such is its condition now. England—that is, the British Empire—should be strong enough to stand alone, able to pursue her own course, not compelled to seek alliances of problematical morality and doubtful use. Whatever it costs, whether it be ten, twenty, or fifty millions, the defence of the Empire should be taken in hand. The amount should be obtained by loan and repaid by imperial contributions, raised throughout the Empire by a small customs duty or in any other way that the Empire through its legislatures might select; and the money should be spent under the eye of the Empire. The defence of the Empire, the safeguarding of trade and of the national and imperial commerce, are really the foreign politics of this country. It is useless, under our system of party government, to expect any Ministry to ask the House of Commons for a sum of money sufficiently large to put the Empire into a condition of thorough and substantial repair. To do so, and to keep it so, involves the periodical outlay of large sums. Armaments and fortifications soon become obsolete, and if five millions or ten millions, or whatever sum is requisite, were spent to-day, an equal, or perhaps a larger sum—a sum commensurate with the growth of the Empire—would be needed at some future date. Our strength must be ineffective, and our safety hazardous, as long as they are dependent upon elections; turning upon matters of no imperial moment, and are affected by the vicissitudes and exigencies of party government. We must live in unnecessary peril until a fund is formed for imperial defence; a fund lifted above the sphere of party politics; created within the Empire and administered by the Empire; raised in fair proportion by the mother country and self-governing colonies; spent by the naval and military authorities at home in conjunction with representatives of those colonies.

That our navy is inadequate to perform duties that may devolve

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upon it is a proposition the truth of which requires no great act of faith or stretch of imagination to concede. Blind, indeed, and superhumanly bold must be the man who would maintain that, under circumstances easily to be conceived, the ships at our disposal are capable of guarding the shores and protecting the food-supply and commerce of the British Islands and the British Empire. It is, of course, absurd to expect absolute immunity from loss, and even from serious calamities, in time of war; but it is equally, and far more dangerously, absurd to argue that the incalculable value of the interests at stake is reasonably insured against ordinary risk by our fleet as at present constituted. What accession of strength is desirable is a matter that does not concern me now. Neither will I enter upon the difficult and vexed question of the relative value of land and marine defence. I take it for granted that war ships constitute our first line of defence, and that offensive operations must be conducted mainly by sea. I assume also that, although our danger of starvation if we lost control of the ocean is greatly exaggerated, the protection of our water-borne commerce is of vital importance to us, and I hold it to be beyond dispute that certain vital spots and strategic positions should be impregnable to attack, and that access to coaling stations and places suitable for succour and repair is essential to enable ships to keep the sea. In all these respects we are dangerously weak. What proportion of the expense requisite to the proper safeguarding of the Empire should be borne upon an imperial fund, the choice of localities, and selection of purposes on and for which it should be spent, are matters not suitable for discussion here. If the principle of an imperial fund for imperial defence were agreed to, the details of expenditure and selection of places of strategic value would present no difficulties of a serious character. The main question is the advisability of common contributions for the common good, and on that point an expression of opinion on the part of the great colonies might be sought. But before investing large sums sound administration must be secured. Administrative reform is a condition precedent to the spending of the nation's money.

Our trading requirements within the Empire may some day compel a revision of the system of commercial treaties. Nothing should stand in the way of the development of our own estate. Labour and capital, unable to find profitable employment at home, naturally travel along the lines of least resistance towards the most fruitful fields of investment abroad. Friction on the lines of travel to the colonies should be reduced to the smallest possible proportions. Uniformity in commercial law, cheap transportation, easy communication by land and sea, by post and telegraph, should be aimed at within the Empire. British capital and labour should be afforded every legitimate opportunity of flowing in the direction of most profitable employment for the nation—that is, towards utilisation in British

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possessions; and fictitious advantages offered to foreign labour and capital, and to the investment of British capital and labour in foreign countries, should be looked upon as hostile to our national interests. To turn from external to internal affairs.

The condition of labour—the circumstances of the wage-earners of both sexes—is the one all-important question to be considered. Two Committees, one of the House of Lords and one of the House of Commons, are inquiring into what is commonly called the Sweating System and into the subject of foreign immigration respectively; and pending the completion of their labours, the formation and expression of any opinion on the status and prospects of labour is impossible. But it will be generally, if not universally, conceded that the balance between capital and labour has somewhat shifted of late; that changes have occurred and are occurring in methods of employment; that some industries are in certain instances conducted under circumstances at variance with our ideas of decency, morality, and health; and that a considerable body of unemployed, partially employed, and poorly paid labour exists among us. Poverty is beyond the power of the State, as indeed we are warned that it is on Scriptural authority. State interference is to be deprecated, and in self-help and organisation the best remedy for the evils under which we suffer may possibly be found. But certain functions can be usefully performed by the State. Its duty is to secure a just balance, and to protect where the need of State protection is clearly established—that is to say, where adequate protection cannot be obtained by other means. It cannot attempt to equalise men's natural advantages, but it can prevent their abuse. In cases where individuals or sections of the community suffer disadvantages from which they have a moral right to be freed, but from which they are powerless, through force of circumstances, to free themselves, the State may interfere. Positive interference with a view to equality is infinitely bad. Interference in a protective negative sense is very good. Institutions die hard with us, and Feudalism has even now scarcely lost its hold on the imagination and sentiment of the people. But it could not survive the aggregation of population in great towns and industrial centres. It received its death-blow in the revolt of the crofters against their hereditary chiefs, and in the political antagonism of the people of Scotland generally against heads of clans and great families, and it is lost for ever as a humanising link between class and class. True it is that a larger, more unselfish, more generous sentiment is taking its place, and that a strong reaction in favour of fellowship and social sympathy is making itself felt. But, with increased population, with the massing of people in towns, and the depopulation of the country, it is impossible that the old personal relations between lord and peasant, master and man, can ever be revived. Wage-earners, while strong as a body, will

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always be weak as individuals and even as industries, and they may require the State to undertake much of the protection for which the weak used to look to the hands of their natural protector—the strong man with whom they were immediately connected. The tendency to require more State intervention in the life of the people is not a strange phenomenon. It does not indicate less independence or increased desire for protection. It is the natural result of national development, and merely shows that, owing to the changed relationships of man to man, the State is called upon to exercise functions which individuals were formerly wont to perform.

The claims of emigration and immigration to be seriously considered will not brook long delay. Obviously the two subjects must be taken together, for emigration subject to immigration is merely letting water out at one end and in at the other; and if the outflow is purer than the inflow, the ultimate result must be mischievous.

Immigration, if excessive and of poor material, should be checked. Labour has a perfectly legitimate right to demand protection against such competition as will reduce it below that level in the social scale which decency and the commonest instincts of humanity admit to be proper in a civilised and Christian state. The degradation of British labour can never be a plank in a national or people's programme.

Many large and most complicated matters are thrusting themselves before the public gaze. Whether our fiscal system tends to the unnatural accumulation of wealth, whether it is to the interest of a trading and manufacturing community to raise a large proportion of revenue by profits on means of communication and in other ways that constitute a tax on commerce, are questions openly debated, and men's minds are exercised about monometallism, bounties, and the immigration of foreign poor. New subjects, or old subjects under a new guise, are vexing the self-satisfied placidity of our insular repose, and will come up for settlement some day; but whatever sense there may be in these discussions, whatever solid ground for dissatisfaction may exist, however important these subjects are, or may become, they are secondary to the recognition of a true imperial policy in their bearings upon the labour question at home. One great fact constantly intrudes itself in connection with our commercial and manufacturing prosperity, namely, the great and growing proportions of colonial and Indian trade. In the development of the Empire the future of our home labour is to a large extent involved. These are great and complicated questions—questions which at no distant day will have to be met, considered, and decided. At present, however, they merely cast faint shadows of their advent upon the political plain; and with a view to illustrate my ideas of national home policy more clearly, I will briefly mention some questions which appear to be within the range of practical politics at the present day.

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Education should be more easily attainable. The evil effects of excessive strain upon children, and the hardships upon parents, call for remedy. In Ireland the just claims of Roman Catholicism in regard to higher education; in Wales the insufficiency of secondary education, and, throughout the United Kingdom, the urgent need of better technical instruction to enable our workers to hold their own against foreign competition, demand attention. In the same category may be placed the question of opening national museums and art galleries upon the day of rest.

Inquiry into charitable and trade endowments and cathedral trusts is desirable. A misapplication of funds is the practical contention in all those cases. It is claimed that original intentions have been frustrated, that natural increase has been unjustly apportioned, and that funds have been diverted from their proper use. I venture no opinion; my position is that such matters come well within the paramount duty of the State, namely, to see that no injustice occurs, that no unfair advantage is accorded to position, power, or wealth.

The codification and simplification of laws affecting labour should be undertaken.

As regards reform of our legal system, two facts of ominous import stand prominently forward as affording *primâ facie* evidence of injustice to the poor. Since 1869 imprisonment for debt has been abolished; but has it really disappeared, or does it practically remain under the guise of imprisonment for contempt of Court? In 1887 over 5,000 poor persons were imprisoned for not obeying the order of the County Courts to pay. I say poor persons, since in the majority of cases the sum sued for was under 2*l*. This in itself somewhat shocking fact is rendered still more significant when it is found that the proportion of persons committed varies to an extraordinary extent in different Courts.

That the dignity and power of the Courts must not be tampered with is unquestionable; but justice is not only compatible with, but is necessary for both, and in the present state of the law it is doubtful whether justice can be done. In view of the facts it is difficult to escape from the suspicion that imprisonment for debt still exists for the poor, and can be inflicted, not on the finding of a jury, but on the authority of a judge.

The procedure of our Courts is being simplified with commendable rapidity, but in one case a serious grievance and grave injustice may exist. Court fees are in many cases so high as to constitute a vice which our kings of old were forced to swear they would avoid—that of selling justice. The Bankruptcy Court is notorious in this respect. The evil in the County Courts is aggravated, insomuch as they are the Courts of the poor. Whether it is advisable that courts of law should be wholly or partially self-supporting, whether the

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entire cost should be borne by litigants, or whether justice should be free, and fines only levied on persons who wilfully wasted the time and labour of the Court, is one and, comparatively, an unimportant question. Whether the cost is justly and impartially apportioned is another and a much more serious one. The average value of the million (1,023,227 in 1887) plaints issued by the County Courts in a year is about 3*l.* The poor man who sues his debtor for 2*l.* 10*s.* has to pay 10*s.*, or one-fifth of his debt, in court fees alone before his case can be heard, whereas the suitor who proceeds in the High Court for any sum, however large, is only called upon to pay for his judgment, 3*l.* 10*s.*, probably an infinitesimal fraction of the sum recovered. The proposition that costs should bear a fixed and uniform proportion to the amount sued for would be absurd, but the existing inequality is startling, and looks ominously like one law for the rich and another for the poor. At any rate it constitutes a *primâ facie* case of injustice, and as such calls for examination by the State. In these and in many other equally legitimate ways labour may be helped, and the industrial, producing life of the nation warmed and protected by the State.

One other point remains to be specially noted as being eminently practicable and capable of producing excellent results by the most legitimate means. A department of the State dealing with labour—a Board of Industry as differing from a Board of Trade—is greatly needed. At present the interests of labour are supposed to be looked after by four departments. The Foreign Office collects, tabulates, and circulates, in a somewhat embryonic way, consular reports as to the condition of the labour market, the fashions of consumers, rates of wages, and the circumstances generally of manufacturing and trading in foreign lands. Very useful work, but performed in an inadequate and very unequal manner, and inaccessible to the people in its results. The Colonial Office deals with emigration—a subject of commanding interest to working men, who naturally desire information about Colonial markets, rates of wages, and demands for various kinds of labour throughout the Empire. The Home Office inquires into the working and sanitation of such factories and workshops as come within the 1878 Act, and generally aims at guarding the operative against oppression. The Board of Trade endeavours, in the midst of its multifarious and onerous duties, to grapple with matters specially affecting industry by means of a Labour Bureau. Here we have the evils of too great decentralisation illustrated to perfection. Four departments are dealing with four main divisions of the same subject, their functions interlacing, overlapping, contradicting each other. No central authority exists to sift, reject, combine, digest, the heterogeneous mass of materials thus collected. And the inevitable consequences appear in the miserably small results produced at a great expenditure of time, trouble,

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and money. It is nobody's business to look after the working of some most important acts, and consequently many salutary enactments are practically of no avail. Moreover it is allowed, I believe, on all sides, that both the Home Office and the Board of Trade are already overwhelmed with work and quite incapable of affording that assistance to labour which the acute competition of the present day imperatively demands. It is unnecessary to describe the duties, functions, and formation of such a department in detail. The Minister should be assisted by a Board or Council having technical knowledge. His duties would be to work up the material supplied in the rough by the Foreign and Colonial Offices, to collect and disseminate statistics and information, to take charge of what is commonly called working-class legislation, overlooking the operation of existing laws which affect labour, and advising upon, and, if desirable, introducing new legislation—in fact, to undertake that, as far as the State can do so, the industries and labour of the country shall be thoroughly equipped in the severe struggle for existence in which it is engaged. The expense involved need be very small. But even if large additional expense were incurred, the benefit accruing to the people would be cheaply bought.

Such are a few instances illustrating the main lines within which the democracy have a right to demand assistance from the State. State interference cannot work miracles. The labour problem is incapable of solution by that means, and labour is fully cognisant of the fact. In England and Scotland the whole tone of the national mind is suffused with creditable self-reliance, is opposed to State aid, and is confident in the power to work out its own salvation. It believes in self-help, in the motive power of self-interest, freely acting in reliance on the inviolable security of property. It is learning also to have faith in mutual help, in organisation, and co-operation. What it needs in this respect is a fuller appreciation of the necessity for looking beyond the immediate interests of self, whether in the case of individuals or of trades. In actual war the fates of nations are often decided in places remote from the objects of strife, and on grounds quite different from the real issue at stake; and the future of great industries among us may be influenced and decided amid the throes of unorganised labour, or in the struggle of a weak trade. Solidarity is the one necessary quality that labour at present lacks. But labour desires fair conditions, and, while relying upon self-help and mutual help, it claims that fair conditions can, in certain matters, be secured only through the action of the State. And the argument is sound. England's relative position as a manufacturing country has undergone profound modifications of late years. The days have gone by when she was the one great workshop of the world, and enjoyed a practical monopoly of manufacturing. Rivals press upon her heels. Other nations have developed their industries. English capital, English machinery, English skilled labour, have largely

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contributed to the serious competition she meets with in the open markets of the world. Year by year barriers of high tariffs are raised higher and higher against her. Telegraphy and cheap transport have greatly modified the conditions of trade. Labour is subject to new conditions, and to old conditions aggravated in character. It works under the competition of fierce rivalry from without, and of fierce pressure of population from within. With close upon 40,000,000 inhabitants, men are jostling each other over the edge of these islands and over the verge of bare subsistence, as Mr. Cobden long ago predicted would be the case. These conditions may be wholesome, they may prove salutary in effect, if properly dealt with; but they require new methods of procedure on our part. Through natural causes a greater amount of State help is needed now, in order to secure for labour the same freedom of action and fair play that it formerly enjoyed. The people are dissatisfied with the bigotry or ignorance that refuses to investigate, recognise, and understand the altered conditions under which they live. They require their rulers to realise the actualities of their lives and the circumstances of their trades at the present time.

In another direction also is serious dissatisfaction felt. The conviction is strong and is growing among them that in the matter of expenditure of public money the State does not adequately fulfil its trust. The people are not niggardly—indeed our thriftlessness and extravagance amount to a national crime—but they dislike mismanagement, hate jobbery and corruption, and demand money's worth for their money. Their instincts are honest and businesslike, and they wish the affairs of the nation to be carried on in a businesslike and honest way. Four of our State Departments are clustered together in one quadrangle, and two others are within a stone's throw; yet tons of correspondence about trivial matters pass between these departments because permanent officials have no means whatever of personally exchanging views.

A great saving of clerical work, time, and money could be made by the introduction of a little common sense in matters of this kind. The condition of the Civil Service, of the Admiralty, and of the War Office have been dragged before the nation's eyes by the labours of committees and the efforts of a few earnest and patriotic men; and the public are indignant at the nature of the revelations made. They are not unjust. They realise the difficulties in the way of reform. But they think that much of our departmental procedure is out of date. They wish the light of criticism to penetrate into the inmost recesses of officialism. The nation wants to be taken into the confidence of Governments, to feel sure that no jobbery exists, to be satisfied that there is no mystification as to the expenditure of its money or in the preparing and balancing of its accounts. Nothing short of searching inquiry and radical reform in

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these respects will satisfy it, and such reform is an essential plank in a people's platform.

Although the importance of the subject is much exaggerated, it is impossible to exclude Ireland from an attempt to pry into the future. The question of Union was settled three years ago for good and all. Whatever evils, born of political changes in the future, may be in store for us, it is certain that the accomplishment of Home Rule is not among them. The Irish question is serious because change or the anticipation of change will prevent moral and material improvement, and because a hopeless but protracted struggle delays legislation. The views of the great majority of all classes may be summed up in Union, supremacy of Parliament, supremacy of law, local self-government, and a settlement of the land question. A settlement of the land question can be arrived at only in one of two ways: either by restoring single ownership, or by substituting State ownership for individual property in land. The latter proposition need not be discussed. Individual ownership may be absolute or subject to conditions, but its restoration, in one form or the other, is essential to the prosperity of Ireland. Cruel vivisection, experiments—useful, perhaps, as demonstrating the results of malpractice—have already wrought too much suffering upon that sensitive land, and a return to sound principles and good practice is greatly to be desired. A restoration of real ownership requires a transfer of property in land on a large scale. The expatriation of the former landowning class is much to be deprecated, for few greater misfortunes can happen to Ireland than to be denuded of those men, and they are many, who have struggled to do their duty against unparalleled difficulties, and who are most capable of managing local affairs. Facilities should be given to landlord and tenant indifferently to purchase each other's interest. The restoration of ownership, not the creation of a new class of owners, ought to be the object in view. As a class the old landowners cannot be preserved. A new and inferior class will arise. That is unavoidable. Ireland is between the devil and the deep sea. Nature is inexorable, and sins against her laws must produce inevitable results. Even though Ireland be deprived of men she can ill afford to lose, ownership of land must be restored, and can be restored in the main only by a transfer to the occupiers of the soil. It is difficult to see how the object can be obtained by extensions from time to time of Lord Ashbourne's Act, as large operations on the basis of that Act appear out of the question. The security is not good enough. The value of land as a security is its agricultural value *plus* the value of the buildings and improvements upon it. Tenant-right, as far as it goes beyond that, is of sentimental, fictitious, and at present inflated value. It must vary in inverse proportion to the peacefulness and prosperity of the country. In so far as tenant-right represents the price of peaceful possession, it is of the nature

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of blackmail, rising when the country is disturbed and falling when it is at rest. If Ireland became really prosperous, if her resources were developed, if employment other than agriculture were found for capital and labour, tenant-right must fall in price. Moreover, under the present system of purchase, we are dealing principally with the large properties and the best land. Nothing is more certain to produce discontent and disaster than a great inequality in the prices paid to landowners and in the instalments payable by tenants; and such inequality is likely to arise under further large extensions of Lord Ashbourne's Act.

The Local Government Act is the principal feature of modern legislation. It will be a prominent landmark in history. If for no other reason it was necessary in order to save imperial policy from the paralysing effects of by-elections fought on side issues. Policy, prudence, consistency, and justice require the application of the principle to Scotland and Ireland with the least possible delay.

Union is, of course, an integral part, a central plank, in a people's programme. Though bewildered and misled for a moment, the instincts of a masterful, governing race are too strong and too true to permit of permanent delusion. They understand that union is essential to national existence, and that by a United Kingdom only can the Empire be consolidated or maintained. They well know that the declaration of independence, or quasi-independence, of Ireland is the death-warrant of the British Empire. The spectacle of British statesmen drawing plans for the coping-stone of the Imperial edifice, and at the same time labouring to overturn the foundation on which it rests, is edifying only as an example of the inconsistency of human nature; it does not impose upon the people.

Reform of the Upper House and of procedure in the House of Commons, and many other questions, attract more or less attention, but they are matters of comparatively unimportant detail. Sufficient instances have been given to show, in as definite, positive, and concrete a form as is possible in a sketch of this kind, the general tendency that legislation must take in order to meet and satisfy the objective and subjective phenomena of the present and of the immediate future.

Some of the subjects mentioned have been dealt with, are under consideration, or will be taken in hand soon; others, though looming large in the distance, are beneath the political horizon as viewed from the sea-level of the present day. The main characteristics of a national policy may be gathered together and summed up thus:—

1. Non-intervention.
2. Unity of the United Kingdom and the supremacy of Parliament.
3. Defence, development, and consolidation of the Empire.
4. Maintenance of law and security of property.

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5. A clear understanding of the national importance of accurate information on industrial subjects, of the urgency of sanitation and house accommodation, over-population, emigration, immigration, and similar matters; and, in general, due, but not exaggerated, recognition of the protective functions of the State.
6. Administrative and departmental reform.
7. Extension of the principle of local self-government.
8. Settlement of the land question in Ireland.
9. Reform of the legal system.
10. Educational reform.

These are the class of problems to which political parties and statesmen must address themselves. As far as my vision extends, Liberalism is powerless to grasp them. Tradition permits, principle compels, and its present attitude suggests the belief that Toryism can do so. With the Tory party should lie the leadership of the nation for many years to come.

DUNRAVEN.

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NOTICEABLE BOOKS.

THE Editor has invited a certain number of his friends to send him from time to time, in the shape of letters to himself, remarks upon any books which in the ordinary and natural course of their reading may strike them as being worth special attention. He has suggested to them that, whenever a book is thus met with—such as they would be likely, in familiar conversation, to advise a friend to read for this or that reason—a letter about it should be written to the Editor, giving the same advice and in much the same sort of easy fashion. He hopes in this way to obtain fresher and more spontaneous criticism than can possibly be always produced under the prevailing system of 'noticing' books 'sent for review.'

1.

'DIVORCE'—A NOVEL.[1]

IN answer to your suggestion, I desire to draw attention to a short novel by an American lady, Margaret Lee, which will, as I hope, be published forthwith in England. Its American title is the single word *Divorce*; but as this is thought not to convey its aim with sufficient distinctness, it is likely, I believe, to be enlarged into *Divorce, or Faithful and Unfaithful.*

[1] *Faithful and Unfaithful.* By Margaret Lee. London: Macmillan & Co. 1889.

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The greatest and deepest of all human controversies is the marriage controversy. It appears to be surging up on all sides around us; and every book which helps definitely to map out its lines has on that account both interest and value.

It is in America that, from whatever cause, this controversy has reached a stage of development more advanced than elsewhere.

Moreover the present social life of America offers at all points a profoundly important field of observation, towards which European eyes have hardly yet begun to be turned. This social life, if it does not already embrace the largest province of the entire social life of civilised man, will shortly embrace not the largest only, but the largest beyond all comparison, and will form, in constantly growing proportions, a telling element in the general condition of Christendom, and even of humanity at large.

The present social life of America may be said to be a new formation, and to have begun at a date which would warrant our applying to it the alternative title of *Waverley*, 'Tis sixty years since.' Mrs. Stowe must have drawn upon the experience of her early days in her admirable New England novels, such as *The Minister's Wooing*; but the Puritan life which she describes appears to have vanished, at least from the wealthier circles of American society. In the work of Margaret Lee there is no trace of it; but the actual state of social relations among well-to-do people is drawn with a free hand in a singularly natural and truthful manner.

Here we rest on general grounds. But the special interests of the book turn upon marriage. The true meaning of a discussion which calls into question the ancient and specially Christian constitution of the family is that it is a vast upthrow in the world of thought and fact which, if consummated, will change in time the whole moral surface of the earth, and shift, in a revolutionary sense, the polarity of life. The chief spur thrown out laterally from this great upthrow is in America. Many a reader on this side the water will be startled when he learns that in the old State of Connecticut one marriage is dissolved in every ten, and in the new State of California one in every seven. He may learn with equal surprise that in South Carolina there is (as I am informed) no legal divorce whatever; I mean, of course, divorce which leads the way to remarriage. Again, it is necessary to bear in mind that the divorces as well as the marriages of any one State are acknowledged in the Courts of every other. I understand that the experience of America as well as of this country tends to show that divorce is largely associated with that portion of communities which is lacking in solid and stable conditions of life generally. America may suffer specially from the shiftings of relative position and circumstance incidental to a forward movement in things material of an unexampled rapidity; and it may also be true that a State like Connecticut has to answer for many offences not her own,

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though she cannot be exempted from full responsibility for the laws she has chosen to enact. We must beware of all sweeping and premature conclusions. But it seems indisputable that America is the arena on which many of the problems connected with the marriage state are in course of being rapidly, painfully, and perilously tried out. In so far she is intrusted, like a *prærogativa tribus*, with the destinies of others, and may do much by her example to make or mar them.

It is with great gallantry as well as with great ability that Margaret Lee has ventured to combat in the ranks on what must be taken nowadays as the unpopular side, and has indicated her belief in a certain old-fashioned doctrine that the path of suffering may be not the path of duty only, but likewise the path of glory and of triumph for our race.

W. E. GLADSTONE.

Dec. 20, 1888.

2.

'LYRICS.'[2]

Westgate: January 18.

WHAT have I been reading, my dear Editor? I have been living, breathing this difficult air of the iced Isle of Thanet, gazing across the long reaches of the sands, where Turner loved to watch the sunset, tramping it over this most peaceful, most ozonic, most ancient corner of England, covered with the footprints of successive races and foregone religions. I have been tracing the estuary from Portus Rutupiæ to Regulbium, sitting in the shade of the big yew under the tower of Minster, I have explored the old 'gates' of the cliffs, their beacons, turrets, castles, and ports, and the records of the Daundelyons, Quekes, Crispes, and Criolls, amongst ancient memories of Vortigern, Austin, and Ethelbert. *J'ai vécu*, my friend, here in this purest of all airs, and most historic of all islands, far from the madding crowd of yelping journals and railing politicians, and fog and mud, and the irritable tribe of critics. Have I been reading? Yes! I have found a new poet, an unknown poet, one who just falls in with my present mood, whose sombre music haunts me as I wander round the remnants of the Minster Grange, or watch the ploughman over the weary sweeps of the down.

Thus lost to human things,
To blend at last with Nature and to hear
What song she sings
Low to herself when there is no one near.

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[2] *Lyrics.* By Margaret L. Woods. (Privately printed.) Oxford.

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These lines close the graceful little poem called 'Rest,' in the volume of *Lyrics*, by Margaret L. Woods, a collection of some twenty pieces, daintily printed with broad margin and tasteful setting, in the private press of Mr. H. Daniel, Fellow of Worcester College, Oxford. Mrs. Woods, the wife of the President of Trinity College, is already known in England and in France by her *Village Tragedy*, that gem of truth and pathos, of which I will presently speak. But all who love the *Tragedy* must call upon the author to give these *Lyrics* to the public, and no longer to keep them as the delicious mystery of the few, for the *Lyrics* are the complement, the key, the moral of the *Tragedy*; they teach us how the *Tragedy* is to be read, to see that it is the work of a poet, to linger over the vignettes of scenery scattered through it, to understand the deep undertone of sorrow, it may be of despair, the terrible calm with which it faces the cruel destinies of the poor.

There is a bit of eighteen lines, 'To the forgotten Dead,' full of a pathetic music and a stern patience, which might be the sequel to the noble lines of George Eliot, 'Oh! may I join the choir invisible,' but they contain a thought not in the larger poem, a thought well worth our meditations, of the services of those unknown, forgotten, unconsidered ones who brought

> Renunciation and laborious years,
> To lay the deep foundations of our race.

There is to my ear a melodious wail in the refrain, 'To the forgotten Dead,' 'To the unhonoured Dead,' which reminds me of some of those strange sobs in unison written by Edward Fitzgerald, and which he called by the name of Omar Khayyám. How like the *Rubaiyát* are the lines—

> Among the stars, along the wind in vain
> Their souls were scattered and their blood was shed,
> And nothing, nothing of them doth remain.
> To the thrice-perished dead.

Some such cry one might hear over the 'moat-like fish-pond,' where Annie Pontin was found dead in her night-clothes, as the water closed over the ring that Jesse never lived to place upon her finger.

This sustained threnody reaches its deepest note in the poem that begins, 'I dreamed a dream within a dream,' which is the very Dead March of pessimism.

> I saw this monstrous grave the earth
> Shake with a spasm as though of birth,
> And shudder with a sullen sound,
> As though the dead stirred in the ground.
> And that great angel girt with flame
> Cried till the heavens were rent around,
> Come forth, ye dead!'—Yet no man came.

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Then there was silence overhead:
But far below the ancient dead
Muttered as if in mockery;
And there was darkness in the sky,
And rolling through the realm of death,
Laughter and some obscure reply,
With tongues that none interpreteth.

The dreamer of this nightmare vision of human life hears the laughter of the undeluded dead. They have drained the cup of life to the bitter dregs; they are where the weary are at rest; there they choose to rest still.

Lie still, ye dead, lie still and sleep.

The same note of despair runs through the four stanzas with the refrain—'Sigh in the silence of the midnight hour'—

Sigh, watcher for a dawn remote and grey,
Mourn, journeyer to an undesirèd deep,
Eternal sower, thou that shalt not reap.

One would have thought it impossible to say anything fresh, or even endurable, about Night; but it is not every day that one has such a 'Ballade of the Night' as that which opens thus:—

Far from the earth the deep-descended day
Lies dim in hidden sanctuaries of sleep.
The winged winds couched on the threshold keep
Uneasy watch—

There are bits of quaint fancy, of mirth, and light play in these little pieces, but the prevailing note is stern, sad, and even uncanny, as in the poem entitled 'Ghosts,' which begins—

Where the columned cliffs far out have planted
Their daring shafts in the Northern foam.

There, in a ruined castle, the ghosts pass in and out, in storm and in calm, by the sunset and at night—

When the starry charm of the night is broken,
And the day but lives as a child unborn,
They pass with echoes of words once spoken,
And silent footsteps and eyes forlorn.

What is the meaning of this fierce, dogged, almost cynical pessimism? for Omar himself never sounded more sombrely the note—

δμόφωνον αἴλινον αἴλινον εἰπέ.

Obviously it is the poetic imagination. What is the meaning of any lyric poetry? It is the musical form of a passing mood. And our moods of sadness, disappointment, even of despair, are as much the subject of lyrical expression as any other.

Optimist as I am bound to be, it is with regret that I lay down

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this dainty little volume, which I am only sorry others cannot enjoy, a volume of verse in which I do not remember one clumsy line or one jarring note, which is everywhere musical, intelligible, graceful (three qualities without which verses have no right to be), and which especially interests me as serving to throw light on the most poetic of modern romances, whereon I will now say a few words.

3.

'A VILLAGE TRAGEDY.'[3]

He who reads this miniature story in one small volume of 229 pages should bear in mind what it professes to be. It is a *tragedy*, a *village* tragedy, an idyll clear-cut and gem-like as a fine sonnet. They who cannot bear modern tragedy should lay it down, for here is a cruel, bitter, unrelieved *tragedy*, a simple tale of savagery wreaked on a quiet girl; of sickness, mutilation, agony, despair. They who shrink from human suffering must stand off. Again, it is a *village* tragedy. The whole action passes in a simple, dull, matter-of-fact English village; where, save the vicar and his family, no character appears, no word is spoken, above the rough level of labourers, small farmers, and village crones. It is such a tragedy as may happen any day in any English village, the incidents whereof are as obvious and common as a thunder-storm; not a single circumstance being strained or unusual, not a character but such as any country parish holds a score to-day. There is not a word here to shock, to mystify, or to excite. The characters are very few, transparently simple, familiar, and real. The plot, if plot there be, may be stated in five lines; it works itself out quite easily and quietly, without hurry, crowding, or obscurity. From the first to the last of the ten short chapters, the scene rests in the same dull English village. The first chapter introduces us to the whole of the principal characters—and these are only five. And from first to last they are all before our eyes.

Can any material be less promising for romance? Yet art has succeeded in making, out of elements so crude and common, an idyll, a little poem in prose, with a sombre grace, a corrosive pathos that bites into the memory, a haunting mystery of pain, like that of an old ballad such as *Proud Maisie* or the *Twa Corbies*. It has, as the grander ballads have, that reticence, the reserve of feeling, the sharp touch which tells the cruel fate in plain cold words, leaving the hearer to solve the mystery or to clear up the moral. An unoffending, artless, orphan girl, with little to distinguish her from any farm

[3] *A Village Tragedy*. By Margaret L. Woods. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1887.

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drudge but a certain sensitiveness to suffering, is trampled on, crushed, unfriended and dishonoured, till she lies still at last beside her lover, who has nothing to distinguish him from any village lout, but a certain nobility of love and the inarticulate chivalry of the honest boor. Why do these poor children suffer thus? why have they no friend, why do God and man thus join in tormenting them? Why, when the circle of ripples has at last died away over the ring which ought to have joined them, is the dark surface of the pond, where their loves are buried, silent for ever? why does no gleam of joy or pity shine upon their forgotten graves? Why is it thus ordained? Why is life so dark, so hopeless, so joyless? Ah! why indeed! Who can say? Such things are. Every village God's acre holds a score of graves where the mouldering bones have borne as much. It is all true. It is most common. This is the plain tale of life to tens of thousands—

> One hidden tongue they still have power to teach—
> The obscure cry of toiling, suffering Man.

And this is the tongue which the poet teaches in this cruel idyll, where the tragedy is coloured by a silent pity, with exquisite painting of simple scenes, and a stern realism in narration and drama.

The lines I have just quoted are from the sonnet which stands for preface, and which we find in the *Lyrics*, and they give us the key of the tale. I almost never read a modern novel in any language, finding that the slovenly gabble and the penny-gaff blue-fire of the circulating library spoil all power of enjoying any kind of literature. But a person in whose judgment I trust without reserve having urged me to read the *Village Tragedy*, I took it up, and having read a chapter, read on with increasing wonder and delight, till I read it through three times consecutively. I bought it and keep it near me, and I have read it through very many times again. And each time that I close the last page anew I say, 'Here is the work of a poet, a true sonnet without verse, mournful to actual pain, tragic indeed, yet how true, how quiet, how pure!' A vignette, no doubt, in a very low key, and a very narrow range, but in that key and within that range, of the kith and kin of the Village Tragedies of the masters; of George Eliot, Tourgéneff, Georges Sand, Tolstoi, Ohnet. Let us do nothing so idle as make comparisons. This sketch in black and white, finished as the pencilling be, remains of course a sketch, and the sketch of a young beginner, not the broad canvas of a past master. But it is studied in the spirit of a master, and it promises mastery hereafter. Nor, since *Silas Marner*, has any tale but *Treasure Island* so filled and held my mind; none other seems to me so truly a work of art. I find passages as full of quaint fancy and of exquisite English in Louis Stevenson and in George Gissing. But this little tale is of faultless art from beginning to end.

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The first chapter (but twenty pages in all) strikes the dominant note. We have there all the characters, the scene, the materials of the little tale: a slight shy girl sold by an abandoned brute, her mother, the harsh, dogged, not intentionally evil uncle, and his harsh, coarse, not wholly ill-natured wife, a rude, warm-hearted, shaggy farm lad, an idiot boy, half toad, half gnome, an ancient decayed village in the remote upland of Oxfordshire, with fragments of an Elizabethan hall, of an old gateway and an octagon summer-house, with four great elms shading a broken cross. Here are the whole elements of the tragedy, and all the *dramatis personæ*. I spoke just now of *Silas Marner*; and I doubt if the Weaver of Raveloe leaves on the memory a more definite picture of our village life, or a picture where the cold greys and the dark shadows blend in more exquisite tone, or one where setting, character, action, and catastrophe form a more harmonious whole. Given the low lights of the scene and the very narrow canvas, it may be doubted if modern art could better that first chapter, every word of which is true, suggestive, simple, pathetic. Note the stern self-control which strikes off a character in ten sentences. Selina the mother utters about forty lines in the whole book, and never appears after the first thirteen pages, and yet we know her whole nature entirely. Note too the severe truth of every speech in the book. No single phrase is uttered which might not naturally be spoken in any midland village. And then note the perfect simplicity of the workmanship. A scene of intense pathos is touched in half a page, wherein the sufferer utters just nine words. But they are enough. So, everything is plain, matter-of-fact, familiar, unlovely. No one is beautiful, or brilliant, or eccentric; nothing uncommon happens, nothing revolting, nothing even criminal. There is no crime, no harrowing mistake, no villany. No actor in the tragedy is wholly evil, or does anything utterly bad; there is no villain in the piece, and no unforgivable wrong is done by any one. Yet tragedy there is, cruel, remorseless fate, a black abyss into which two innocent lives descend. The tale is like a picture by J. F. Millet. It has the same utter truthfulness, simplicity, and reserve, the same poetry found in that which is not lovely, the same pathos drawn out of the most common of all facts, the same passionate sympathy with the martyrdom of labour—with 'the obscure cry of toiling, suffering Man.'

The art of our day has nothing more true than such scenes as these:—Annie sobbing on her father's bed; the death of Kite; Annie driven out by Pontin, and her flight to the summer-house; the death of Jesse; and the terrific scene where Annie, alone at night, lays her cheek on the icy breast of her lover's corpse. To these add the idiot boy squatting by the forlorn mother's body, and the faint splash of the ring as it sinks to rest in the moat. I hold by the idiot boy, as one of the most simple, most real, most ghastly of the phantoms in

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modern fiction. How entirely natural, and yet how gnome-like; how far superior to the dwarf in *La Grande Marnière*; how far simpler than the stage *diablerie* of which we are weary, and yet how like the evil sprite of a Norse legend! Yes! this is indeed the work of a poet; full of intense pity for all that is pitiful in the common; full of calm, resolute, piercing observation of men, circumstance, and English life; full of melody and colour, though of sombre colour; a tale told in an English speech as pure, simple, and pellucid as ever our best have used, and such as but few are now found to use.

FREDERIC HARRISON.

4.

'LIVES OF TWELVE GOOD MEN.'[1]

ONE of the most racy books that have been published in the last six months is Dean Burgon's reminiscences of *Twelve Good Men*. It is true that the volumes appeal most strongly to Oxford men and to those who are interested in the Tractarian movement. But the Dean's ideal ecclesiastic and ideal layman hail from the sister university; the life of Rose is a valuable contribution to the history of the present century; and the work is a Scotch bun of anecdotal plums. Moreover the lives are masterpieces in the craft of biography. Most biographers of the present day only raise cairns to the dead; they do not preserve them alive. If they adopt the scientific method, they arrange and classify the bones, and forget to put them together. If they adopt the historical method, they lose sight of the hero in details or their own processes of thought, and neglect to remove the scaffolding. Only women should be allowed to 'tell us *all* about it,' because they alone note the little features which give the life. When men attempt the same task, they grow tedious from excess of conscientiousness. Dean Burgon adopted neither the scientific nor the historical method. He did not paint full-length pictures of men posing for their portraits, but dashed off pen-and-ink sketches of his subjects as he caught them in working garb and their most natural and least constrained attitudes. Whether the results are always likenesses may be open to doubt; but they never fail to be lifelike. Hundreds of less important men than most of the *Twelve Good Men* are each commemorated in two or three volumes. Yet the twelve subjects of the late Dean's biographical reminiscences are more likely to live with their fifty pages apiece. It is just the difference

[1] *Lives of Twelve Good Men.* By John William Burgon, Dean of Chichester. Two volumes. London: John Murray. 1888.

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between two monuments on the same wall of the Cloisters of Westminster Abbey. The first sets out with pompous verbiage and all the emphasis of capitals the virtues of a Pulteney; the second is a simple slab bearing the words, 'Jane Lister deere childe.'

R. E. PROTHERO.

5.

'SOPHOCLES IN ENGLISH.'[5]

I HAVE just been spending several pleasant hours over Sir George Young's 'Sophocles in English.' The pleasure has arisen from this, that in every page of it is evidence of accurate scholarship, keen poetic sympathies, and indefatigable pains. But I confess the book has caused me to ask myself—for the hundredth time perhaps—the old question, Why do people attempt metrical translations of poetry at all? It is like trying to square the circle. Voltaire puts it with his usual clear insight: 'Poets cannot be translated: who can translate music?' The metrical form in which ideas are presented is no accidental vesture that may be put on or off at pleasure. No: it is vitally united to the thought, as the skin to an animal. The utmost a translator can hope to accomplish, with all his pains, is to express in his own language the sense of the bard, with such adornment of verse as may, in some sort, represent the grace, sweetness, and power of the original poetic form. 'In some sort.' Sir George Young well observes, 'the moments are rare when, in happier mood, the translator attains to something of inspiration.' He himself has certainly experienced such moments, and that not so very rarely. It was surely under the influence of a true afflatus that he produced the beautiful lines in which he has rendered Antigone's most pathetic lament, *ἄκλαυτος, ἄφιλος, ἀνυμέναιος*:—

> Friendless, unwept, unwed,
> I, sick at heart, am led,
> The way prepared for me.
> Day's hallowed orb on high,
> I may no longer see.
> For me no tears are spent,
> Nor any friends lament
> The death I die.

Very beautiful these lines certainly are. So is the translation of the famous chorus *Ἔρως ἀνίκατε μάχαν*:—

[5] *Sophocles in English.* By Sir George Young. London: Bell & Sons. 1888.

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O Love, thou art victor in fight; thou mak'st all things afraid;
Thou couchest thee softly at night, on the cheeks of a maid;
Thou passest the bounds of the sea, and the folds of the fields;
To thee the immortal, to thee the ephemeral yields;
Thou maddenest those that possess thee; thou turnest astray
The souls of the just, to oppress them out of the way;
Thou hast kindled amongst us pride, and the quarrel of kin;
Thou art lord, by the eyes of a bride and the love light therein;
Thou sittest assessor with Right, her kingdom is thine,
Who sports with invincible might, Aphrodita divine!

These are charming verses. But their ethos, it must be confessed, is Swinburnian rather than Sophoclean. They are by no means an English equivalent for the original; nay, to say the truth, they could not possibly convey to an English reader any real idea of the impression which the original makes upon a Greek scholar. Indeed, I personally regret that Sir George Young has employed rhyme at all in his reading of the Choruses. It is an incongruous ornament, the effect being much like that which would be produced by adorning an antique statue of Venus with modern jewellery. Sir George Young does not seem to have sufficiently realised what Goethe called 'the great and mysterious agencies included in the various forms of poetry.' I suppose that it would be impossible in English to follow the example of the Germans, and to reproduce the metres of Hellenic tragedy. But I am persuaded that our language possesses much greater metrical capabilities than is usually believed. If I were asked to indicate the most successful imitations of the Greek Chorus by a British poet, I think I should instance Mr. Matthew Arnold's *Fragments of an Antigone and a Dejaneira.* Of course Sir George Young fully feels that the Chorus *are* the great difficulty. 'In them,' he says, 'it is specially incumbent upon a translator to do his best.' He has himself clearly followed this precept, and his best is often very good. I wonder, however, why in translating the famous Πολλὰ τὰ δεινὰ he has rendered δεινὰ by 'strange.'

Much is there passing strange,
Nothing surpassing mankind.

Surely, Dr. Donaldson is far nearer the mark:

Many the things that mighty be,
And nought is mightier than man.

The poet is speaking of the power of man—the δύναμις ἣν καλοῦσι δεινότητα, as Donaldson happily quotes from the 'Nicomachean Ethics.' Perhaps the least satisfactory portion of Sir George's work is his translation of the magnificent Chorus in the *Œdipus Tyrannus* —'an indescribable blending of melody, of meditation, of tenderness' a great German critic very well calls it—in which the poet celebrates those laws of eternal righteousness, ὑψίποδες, οὐρανίαν δι' αἰθέρα τεκνωθέντες, ὧν Ὄλυμπος πατὴρ μόνος, 'sublime, of transcendent

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birth whose author is High Heaven alone—no parent of man's ephemeral race—which oblivion can never lay to sleep, for a Mighty God is in them, whom age cannot wither.' This is what Sir George Young makes of it:—

> Let it be mine to keep
> The holy purity of word and deed
> Foreguided all by mandates from on high
> Born in the ethereal regions of the sky,
> Their only sire Olympus; which nor seed
> Of mortal man brought forth, nor Lethe cold
> Shall ever lay to sleep;
> In them Deity is great, and grows not old.

The last line is particularly unfortunate, I think. Its humdrum bears as much resemblance to the magnificent *μέγας ἐν τούτοις θεός, οὐδὲ γηράσκει* of Sophocles as Keble's 'many-twinkling smile of Ocean' bears to the *ποντίων τε κυμάτων ἀνήριθμον γέλασμα* of Æschylus. But to say that Sir George Young is unequal in his work is merely to say that he is human. And, where there is so much to praise, it would be ungracious to dwell on occasional lapses from the high standard commonly maintained. He tells us that each play was more than two years in hand. And, as regards the whole work, he has more than observed the Horatian canon, 'nonumque prematur in annum.' It has been repeatedly revised by him, we read, 'during the ten years which have elapsed since its completion.' All previous versions of Sophocles, he judges, and, I think, very rightly, 'labour under one serious defect—that of being difficult of perusal, apart from the original, in English verse.' His own professed aim has been 'to reconcile fidelity with the genius of English poetry.' And he certainly may claim to have succeeded in providing a version 'more readable, while not less accurate, than any other.'

W. S. Lilly.

6.

'NOTES OF CONVERSATIONS WITH THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.'[6]

The Duke of Wellington is, I believe, by the best military authorities, reckoned a lucky general. He and his armies ought on more occasions than one to have been cut into pieces. Lord Wolseley has lately told us that but for the unlucky cannon-ball at Corunna which

[6] *Notes of Conversations with the Duke of Wellington*, 1831–51. By Lord Stanhope. London: John Murray. 1888.

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killed Sir John Moore, we should have heard less of Sir Arthur Wellesley. Such delicate considerations are not for civilians. The man who led an army of losels to repeated victories in Spain—the hero of Assaye and of Waterloo—was never a favourite of fortune, so far, that is, as fortune is controlled by great people at home. He was not nursed and dandled into high command, nor puffed and praised by a penny press. He had to contend against jealousy and misrepresentation in ministerial and official ranks, and was never a hero with the populace like Nelson. If, then, Wellington was a lucky general it can only have been because the God of Battles liked him, which is the highest praise possible.

But though civilians ought to be, and unless they are military correspondents usually are, silent upon questions of the art of war, they are free to form their own opinions as to the character and general capacity of great commanders. If, therefore, a civilian finds that a military hero who has led troops to victory not once, nor twice, but again and again, is able to stamp both his speech and his bearing with the indefinable mark of greatness—if he has the gift of style—that is, if the things he says, though they be but bluntly said, 'pass into proverbs among his people,' why then that civilian, though he be a fellow

> That never set a squadron in the field,
> Nor the division of a battle knows
> More than a spinster,

may yet confidently assert that the hero was lucky because he deserved to be.

The Duke's fame as a man of character and mark has gone on steadily increasing ever since his death. Stories about him now circulate in all societies. His 'twopenny damns' resound on every side. What he said and did and wrote on various occasions—and his life both civil and military was full of occasions—are common talk. The great Duke has succeeded in being interesting.

For this he is indebted to no one but himself. There is no Life of Wellington either worth reading or which anybody reads. The Duke, like a mediæval saint, has depended upon traditions, and anecdotes which have but slowly got into print. Once there they are seized upon and treasured in hungry memories. A good story about Wellington keeps many a book alive. A number of such stories made even Croker's *Memoirs* respectable.

The appearance of a book known to exist, but only recently published by Mr. Murray—*Notes of Conversations with the Duke of Wellington*, 1831–51, by the Lord Stanhope, who will be longer remembered as Lord Mahon—marks an epoch in the history of a great tradition, and also adds an excellent volume of table-talk to our scanty collection.

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The book is not one to take away any reader's breath. The Duke was no phrasemonger, as was his illustrious opponent. He did not like fancy things. Once when he found himself made a party to family prayers which were read from a book which was *not* the Book of Common Prayer, he was much annoyed. 'Had I known,' said he, 'that you used fancy prayers I would not have been present.' He never attempted to say or to do a fine thing all the days of his life. 'It was always Napoleon's object,' added the Duke, 'to fight a great battle. My object, on the contrary, was in general to avoid to fight a great battle' (p. 113). Neither can it be pretended that the Duke was remarkable for civil knowledge or insight. 'Wellington,' says Sir George Lewis, 'showed as much skill in leading a political party to defeat as he had shown in leading an army to victory.' But the career of a politician who wrecked his party may be pleasanter in the retrospect than that of one who personally conducted his out of the wilderness. There have been wiser statesmen than Wellington, but never before—and hardly dare we hope to see it again—was there so great a soldier so anxious to become a peace-loving citizen. He was a dry, cold man, selfish it has been sometimes said, unsympathetic and, except towards young children, not remarkably affectionate, but he was humane. The horrors of war and of civil war had sunk into his soul. He did not glory in, he sometimes almost abhorred, what in this book he calls 'these bloody hands.' When he had to choose between Catholic Emancipation and crushing the Catholic Association, he preferred the former, having, as he assured the House of Lords, too accurate a knowledge of the evils of civil war ever to inflict them voluntarily upon any country. Had he thought fit to become a Tory Democrat, and to ally himself with an anti-Catholic mob, he might have added to his 'glories' a campaign in Ireland. It is the Duke's self-restraint, his resolute keeping the soldier out of sight, that has endeared the memory of his civil career and made it striking and memorable.

These 'Notes of Conversations' will be carefully read and studied by thousands. People who have not been known to buy a book since their childhood have owned, with a blush, to buying this one. All it contains goes to swell the great tradition and to show us

> In praise and in dispraise the same,
> A man of well-attempered frame.

Lord Stanhope never seems to have beguiled the Duke into anything like literary conversation. The only piece of Marlborough's table-talk that has survived in popular memory is his remark that the only history he knew he had learnt from Shakespeare's plays. Wellington, it now appears, thought it his duty, during the troubled times before the Reform Bill, to read Clarendon's History. No other English book is referred to in these Notes.

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The Duke's humour is reflected very strongly in the volume. Could there well be a funnier story, better told, than the one of the Portuguese cat devoured by the hungry French soldiers?

The Duke was too severe a Constitutionalist to laugh at his own account of George the Fourth's last hours, but an irreverent foreigner might be excused if he found in it an example of formalism run mad:—

> On that Wednesday the Duke plainly perceived that his (the King's) last hour was approaching. . . . He was rather irritable from the effect of a clause which Lord Grey had introduced into the Bill for his stamp, that his assent should be spoken separately to each paper requiring signature. Keppel, who was always about him, was very careful as to the due observance of this rule. Once or twice, when the King had only nodded instead of repeating the same words, Keppel reminded the Duke, and the Duke then reminded the King. His Majesty said, with some impatience, 'D— it! what can it signify?' But the Duke answered, 'Only, sir, that the law requires it,' upon which he complied.

An English king reigns, but does not govern. He swears in English, but complies in Norman-French.

There are also here selected excellent sayings of Talleyrand's and jokes of Brougham's from the bins of the Duke's memory. One of Brougham's was at the expense of a forgotten M.P. called Wakley.[7] 'He will scarcely set the Thames on fire,' said somebody. 'No!' said Brougham, 'unless indeed he had insured it.'

One refers to trifles; for the graver things should and will be—nay, already have been—read in their own place.

> They may talk (said the Duke), of punishment as cruel; but there is nothing so inhuman as impunity. (P. 251.)
>
> A democracy (said the Duke) if a real democracy could be formed, would be the strongest of all governments. (P. 29.)

Were a real democracy to be formed, which seems hardly likely just at present, its supreme need would be, not brilliant orators, or heaven-sent generals, or sentimental editors, but more dukes like the Duke of Wellington, who was a soldier abroad and a citizen at home, who had a clear head and not too soft a heart, who was incorruptible and thick-skinned, and who never, though with the venomous Croker and the melancholy Stanhope at his elbow, could be induced to despair of his country, even though old Sarum no longer sent members to Parliament.

AUGUSTINE BIRRELL.

[7] He speaks with Wakley's silver tone.—*Praed.*

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7.

'THE QUICK OR THE DEAD?' AND 'VIRGINIA OF VIRGINIA.'[8]

THE novel-reading world has lately been startled by the importation from America of a strange book—a book so remarkable from several points of view, that I cannot feel surprised to find the judgments passed upon it various, and violently opposed.

You have probably heard of *The Quick or the Dead?* the work, we are told, of a very young lady, Miss Amélie Rives, and one which unquestionably displays considerable power, though as yet undisciplined and immature. I may as well confess at once that it does not please me. I consider it morbid and unhealthy in tone, false in morality, and strangely coarse in parts. I say this the more frankly because, while disliking the book when I read it, six months ago, I perceived in it the promise of much better things; which promise has been already redeemed in what I have since read from Miss Rives's pen.

The account of the authoress appended to this first story tells us that her vigorous and original mind was trained, in the solitude of her Virginian home, upon the books in her father's library, which (from internal evidence) seem to have ranged from the Greek to the Elizabethan dramatists; from Rabelais to the last French novels of the realistic school. Her youth, her rapidly-prehensive faculty, and her ignorance of modern conventional usage, may be pleaded in extenuation of those errors of taste which have caused *The Quick or the Dead?* to be called 'improper,' though this—in the sense of *immoral*—it certainly is not. Sensuous, uncastigated in style, wild and rank as the vegetation she so charmingly depicts, the book seems the outcome of a strong, impressionable nature, ignorant of the world, undiscriminative, gustily emotional, acted upon by some of the forces of the time in which she lives. Who can wonder that the flock of her fancies, with no other guide than this passionate young shepherd's untutored pipe, strayed at first into unwholesome pastures?

But Miss Rives is too good to be abandoned to the lovers of 'spicy' or sensational literature. There is the ring of true passion in all that she writes; as there is in every imaginative work of a high order that deals with the frailties and sufferings of humanity. Even in this first book, disagreeable as the subject is, crude and extrava-

[8] *The Quick or the Dead?* and *Virginia of Virginia.* By Miss A. Rives. London: Routledge. 1888.

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gant as is its presentation to the reader, I find nothing prurient. And in *Virginia of Virginia*—a delightful story, from beginning to end—while the intensity of passion is as great, the exuberance is pruned, and additional strength has been gained by this free use of the knife. It is not deformed by the coarseness and violence which to the young writer seemed, I suppose, at first inseparable from power. Original in conception, and singularly fresh in treatment, the tale possesses the rare faculty of impressing one as a transcript direct from nature. The force that compels me to accept and thoroughly to believe in types unlike any I have ever met in real life—the force that reveals to me a world where I grow to love and sympathise with, creatures between whom and myself there seems to exist scarcely even the link of comprehensible speech—this force I can only call 'genius.' The humour and the pathos are, alike, exquisite: while the sin and the sacrifice of the half-savage girl are told with a tragic force which I can recall few things in modern literature to equal. The writer's insight, and outsight, if I may coin a word, of things animate and inanimate are sometimes wonderfully shown in a few vigorous touches, as in the scene where the girl stands before her tarnished mirror in the dead of night—a vivid picture, in which every stroke tells. Again, she occasionally characterises an individual and a situation in a word or two; as when we are told of a gossip, announcing bad news, that he spoke in a tone *whose threadbare lugubriousness revealed the morbid satisfaction which lined it.*

Though *Virginia* is free from the most glaring defects of *The Quick or the Dead?* it still suffers occasionally from a surplusage of words: not to speak of vulgarities of diction. It may be that Miss Rives will never become a literary artist, in the strict sense of the term. That careful balance and fine adjustment of a sentence which cost poor Gustave Flaubert such days and nights of torment, and which are so dear to the lover of 'style,' may never be hers. Her last production, *Herod and Mariamne*, seems to point to this. It is a tragedy, containing some admirable and highly dramatic scenes, apparently dashed off at a white heat, alongside others of almost puerile verbosity. The idea that reiteration and insistence must be impressive possesses her in such lines as these, where Mariamne, in a violent revulsion of feeling against Herod, whose atrocities she learns, calls to her children:—

> Let's take him kisses—ha! ha! ha! such kisses!
> Let's fall upon our knees to honour him.
> Was ever such a father? Come, let's hurry!
> Let's kiss, kiss, kiss, kiss, kiss him! Run! run! run!

There are many other instances (none, perhaps, quite so absurd as this) where the repetition of a word or name—in one case it is that of the Deity, who is invoked four times in the same line—is

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supposed to indicate the storm of emotion that shakes the speaker. All this is very bad—so bad that we require to re-read the best scenes to feel assured that we were not mistaken in the impression which some portions of the tragedy left upon our minds.

I shall watch the future of this young writer with interest. She has much to learn, and something to unlearn. If her upward growth is choked with the golden as well as green laurels by which her indiscriminating countrymen seem disposed to surround and oppress her, she will, instead of expanding towards the light, gravitate towards the clay. But I hope and believe there is too much vigour at the root for this.

HAMILTON AÏDÉ.

8.

'ENGLISH WAYFARING LIFE.'[9]

HAVE you seen a book just published by M. Jusserand, of the French Embassy, entitled *English Wayfaring Life in the Middle Ages*? If not, let me assure you that the sooner you get it the better for yourself and your friends, for you are certain to talk about it and talk *out* of it, and in proportion as you do so will the liveliness of your conversation be remarked upon! The book is a translation and an amplification of one of those enchanting volumes which only Frenchmen have the gift of writing, and with one of those brilliant titles which only Frenchmen seem able to flash out upon literature. *La Vie Nomade* was published in 1884. It was a gem, written in a style that provokes and worries some of us, because it is so lucid, so simple, so vigorous, that we Island folk feel in despair of attaining to such graceful precision of language as we read. Now the book appears in an English form and with its English title, very much increased in bulk, and one of the best illustrated volumes of the season—dressed, in fact, in purple and fine linen—a pleasure to handle, a joy to read, and bearing with it, when one gets to the end of it, a conviction that one has become a much more learned man than one was a week ago, for that somehow one has absorbed a great deal that the outer world knows little about. Pray do not order this volume at The Library. Buy it if you are wise, and keep it as a joy for ever.

What is it about? Well, it is about English life in the fourteenth century, as it professes to be. M. Jusserand has long been a

[9] *English Wayfaring Life in the Middle Ages.* By J. J. Jusserand; translated from the French by Lucy Toulmin Smith. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1889.

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student of this period. He has written about Chaucer and Langland; has brought out a book on the theatre in England from the Conquest to the *birth* of Shakespeare, which is said to be excellent and which has reached a second edition; he has been continually hunting among out-of-the-way sources of information; and while the dryasdusts have been emptying out their cart-loads of Early English texts and quaint odds and ends, good, bad, and indifferent, M. Jusserand has been utilising them. The plodders do the digging, the man of genius makes his harvest when the time comes.

The book is divided into three parts. First, let it be understood that we could not make a greater mistake than by assuming that the life of the fourteenth century was a quiet, dull, restful life for our forefathers. They had no railroads and no steamboats, but they were for ever on the move. Everybody was moving about; the life they led was emphatically a wandering vagabond life. Kings and nobles, bishops and judges, workmen and students, merchants and quacks, were itinerants, to whom 'home' meant much less than is generally supposed. The moment a man became a personage, and was in the enjoyment of realised property, that moment he began to think of possessing more houses than one. A great man *meant* a man who had half a dozen establishments. This of course implies that there was constant traffic along the roads. So M. Jusserand begins by giving us a delightful monograph, for it amounts to that, on the roads and bridges and inns, and means of conveyance, on the company that travellers were likely to find, on the dangers they had to face, on the accommodation to be found here and there. And all this is done with the lightest touch of the pen, with a profusion of illustrative learning, with not a page that is dull, with no display; his imagination never runs away with him, for he keeps strictly to fact, and can give you chapter and verse for everything that he asserts.

Having told us how our ancestors got about from place to place, and the risks they ran and the discomforts they suffered, and the company they kept and so forth, M. Jusserand divides the rest of his volume into two parts, the first of which deals with the laity, the second with the clergy whose lives were 'wayfaring lives.' This is what he says of the first class: 'The wayfarers appertaining to civil life were, in the first place, drug-sellers, buffoons, glee men, perambulating minstrels and singers; then messengers, pedlars, and itinerating chapmen; lastly the outlaws, thieves of all kinds, peasants out of bond, or jobbing workmen.'

On every one of these M. Jusserand has a great deal to say, and very entertaining his evidence is. How it all goes to show that men change their dress, their food, their language, but human nature remains the same, and, making all due allowance for change of circumstances, their habits are as they were! There were Blondins

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who danced on the tight-rope in the fourteenth century, though there was no Aquarium; there were quacks with special cures and nostrums, though there was no central home for mesmeric patients to resort to; there were no Zoological Gardens, but there were wandering menageries; there were no society papers, but there were 'messengers,' who spread the last lies; there were no monster concerts, but there were minstrels moving about from shire to shire. Do you wish to see all this drawn out into fascinating detail, then I counsel you to buy this volume. I was going to warn you not to stop at the second part, but to go on and read the third, which has to do with the 'Religious Wayfarers.' There is no need of any such warning, for if you have got thus far you will be sure to be drawn irresistibly on to read what follows.

The chapters on the Wandering Preachers and Friars and on the Pardoners are naturally less fresh and entertaining than the rest, but they are very full of original matter, which testifies to M. Jusserand's wide and vigilant reading and to his remarkable gift of finding out picturesque scenes and narrating them brightly and attractively. But the last chapter, on Pilgrims and Pilgrimages, is a really remarkable contribution to our historical knowledge of this period—not so much from the absolute novelty of the information or because any great discoveries have been made by the author, but from the extraordinary skill with which sources open to us all have been utilised, and the quickness of eye which the learned author gives proof of at every page. I do so very much wish some Englishman had written this book; but as he has not, it may safely be said that only such a Frenchman as M. Jusserand could have produced it. Are there many such Frenchmen? Be it as it may, I envy this one his literary faculty, though surely I do not grudge him his well-deserved meed of fame.

AUGUSTUS JESSOPP.

9.

'IN CASTLE AND CABIN.'[10]

IF the present book were no more than an ardent pleading either for Home Rule or against it, this would not be at all a proper place for commending it to public attention. Parliament, platforms, and newspapers are full enough of the great controversy of the day, and

[10] *In Castle and Cabin; or, Talks in Ireland in* 1887. By George Pellew. New York and London: Putnam. 1888.

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one needs a good excuse for asking people in such pages as these to read yet one more volume on a subject on which we are generally told that everything has already been said over and over again, whether on one side or the other. The excuse is that Mr. Pellew's book has a special and peculiar quality of its own, which distinguishes it from most of what has appeared on Ireland since the publication of Mr. Senior's *Journals* a good many years ago.

Anybody who likes may go to Ireland for a long or a short visit, and get up a case of a sort either against the Nationalists and their cause, or in their favour. A case so got up is sure to be found satisfactory by those who have already formed their opinions and are glad to have arguments supplied to them afterwards. Mr. Hurlbert's two volumes on *Ireland under Coercion* were of this description: they were a cheerful, gossiping, loose, not unkindly, story, told by one who had skimmed the surface of Irish society, mostly in the company of one class and one party; had got together a certain number of facts, or versions of facts, about rents and farms and boycottings and the like; and so supplied some useful ammunition of lightish metal to the political party in England who think that the present fashion of Irish government is as good as Ireland desires or deserves. Mr. Pellew's book is a very different performance. This does not at all mean, as the reader may uncharitably suppose, that the later book does for Home Rule the same friendly office as was done by the earlier one for Unionism. On the contrary, the Unionist, if he chooses to take up the volume with a good stout resolution to pick out all that makes for his own view, and to shut his eyes to all that points the other way, will find himself in very fair foraging-ground.

It would not be easy to state the author's practical conclusions, for in truth he comes to no conclusions in so many precise, definite, or unqualified propositions. What he does is to report the hopes, fears, promises, threats, stories, opinions, explanations, and predictions —all set out in their own words, as nearly as may be—of a great number of officials, landlords, agents, priests, farmers, lawyers, doctors, tradesmen, and labourers, with whom he came into contact during a visit of four months in the summer of 1887. Mr. Pellew appears to be a lawyer in the United States, and he is evidently an intelligent and naturally fair-minded man, with the gift of a really political head, capable of discerning the bearings of what he sees and hears, and knowing what is worth reporting and what is not. He was armed with letters from Lord Sligo, Mr. Lecky, and others in one camp, and from Mr. Harrington in the other. He tried to make everybody talk about Home Rule, and he took down full notes of these talks with more than two hundred people. From this copious record he has selected in each of the four provinces typical men, and has put down what they had to say, without gloss or comment, and in a

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singularly compact and terse form. To borrow the divisions of Mr. Browning's poem, we hear what half Ireland said, what the other half said, and then the *Tertium Quid*: perhaps some readers may leave off in the same state of balance and dubitation as perplexed the Pope in that famous story.

At least they will know more of the opinions held by all sorts and conditions of Irishmen as to the difficulties of their own society, and as to the various ways suggested for getting out of them, than can be gathered, so far as I know, from any other of the many contemporary books about Ireland and its problems. As Mr. Pellew tells us at the close of his pages, we find that we have been listening to many voices, that much of what they say is contradictory, and that hardly a single word is to be taken as wholly free from partisanship. How, indeed, could we expect men to be without bias and partisanship when they are facing issues which are not in the least degree academic, but are as actual as life and death? Nor do I either expect or desire the reader to open the book without prepossessions or convictions of his own. The matter is not academic for us either. The important thing is that the reporter should do his share of the work without bias, and with this condition Mr. Pellew complies absolutely. He never stands for an instant between us and his Irish interlocutors, and he has, for a wonder, succeeded in his laudable aim of producing a really 'uncoloured record.' If any reader leaves off in some bewilderment and confusion, that is the fault of the Irish question, and not of the book which poses the question in detail. It is we in England who have upon us the compulsion of finding an answer to the riddle, and we may be grateful to a traveller who furnishes such valuable clues. Only an American can do this particular work in a perfectly satisfactory way. An American speaks the same language; he lives amid institutions that have sufficient similarity to our own, and yet have variations from our own that give freedom and elasticity to his judgment of the Irish case; and he has no small national interest in the right handling of that case.

To those who believe that arguments for or against Home Rule drawn either from past history or from contemporary analogies, real or supposed, are infinitely less weighty than the actual circumstances of Irish society with which we have to deal, Mr. Pellew's contribution is of the first interest. Nor have we any right to quarrel with him merely because his conclusions are provisional and negative. They are not the less apt and useful on that account. For instance, among other remarks, he gives the following results of his various observations on his own mind:—

> From a distance the various classes in Ireland seem separated one from another by wide gulfs of feeling and interest. Close at hand they are seen to contain within themselves every variety of opinion, to be all sincerely in love with Ireland

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and all dissatisfied with the present system of government. In the event of 'Home Rule' there is no danger of actual civil war, and a Dublin Parliament, so long as it holds the scales of justice even, will be criticised and ridiculed, but not forcibly resisted. No general exodus of the merchants is expected. Except under compulsion a merchant does not go out of business, and with the exception of a few distilleries and iron manufactories about Belfast, there is little business now transacted in Ireland that could be transferred to another country. The landlords also will remain for the most part, if they can. Only those will leave the country who are driven by poverty or persecution to live or to earn a living in a more business-like or tolerant community. Home Rule, if it does come, will be given a fair trial even by those who are hopeless of its success.

Be all this as it may, everybody should be glad to read the work of a really diligent, cool, and neutral observer, who clearly perceives that whether the solution of Irish problems in the Liberal direction of Home Rule be right, or the Tory solution of Land Purchase and Peasant Owners carried out exclusively by the British Government be right, in either case a fundamental change in the social and political condition of Ireland is now being rapidly, and not very obscurely, accomplished, a change such as may properly be called a revolution. To this position both of the two great conflicting parties in the State are now fully committed. If any one desires to measure the distance that has been traversed in reaching this position within the last forty years, we commend him to turn to Mr. Senior's *Journals*, composed at a time when the Whig and Politico-Economic school dreamed that they had found the key to Irish regeneration. One merit, if no other, the book has: it treats the question in the concrete, and not as a field for bandying abstract and general language about unity, empire, and so forth. We see in it the nature of the malady which it is our business to cure, even though the author does not commit himself fully to either of the two remedies proposed.

JOHN MORLEY.

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IS EXAMINATION A FAILURE?

So many personal and public interests were attacked in Mr. Auberon Herbert's 'Protest,' published in this Review last November, and there was so much condemnation of everything and everybody, that if the Protesters can stand their ground, the country is in sorry plight indeed. Our small boys are being mentally maimed for life; our adult scholars are 'pot-hunters;' the University Honours-men care only for 'public triumphs;' the schoolmasters are wrong; the University coach is wrong; the private tutor is doing serious mischief; science is shrouded in mystery and is a costly luxury; the examiner does not know his business and ought to be himself examined; competition and examinations are disquieting and pernicious novelties;—what is there left in the educational world that is substantial and immaculate but the richly endowed Professor?

The immediate cause of the spleen and fretfulness which have culminated in this piercing cry of despair may be easily conjectured by all who are able to read between the lines.

All through this symposium, from the blank despondency of the 'Protest' down to the caustic and brilliant finale of Professor Frederic Harrison, there was intentional hard-hitting; and yet the collective papers struck one as a farrago of truisms and romance, of platitude and epigram, of recantation and doubt. The 'Protest,' in fact, is entirely destructive, and in place of suggestion for reconstruction, we find the names and addresses of 413 supporters, some whole-hearted, and others half-hearted enough to agree to disagree as to details. If in the multitude of counsellors there is wisdom, it would here appear to consist in shirking all responsibility and trouble by delegating a hopeless task to another of those costly failures—a Royal Commission. It would be interesting to have the signatories under cross-examination with a view of eliciting how far their decision is based on real knowledge of facts, how far on some family failure, and how far on mistaken impressions.

A startled public will no longer be satisfied with theories. The time has come for plain speaking and plain truths, each man according to his lights; and though the limits of an article scarcely allow

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of an ample rejoinder, there may be just room enough to put one's assailants on the defensive.

It may be in the memory of most readers that during the eighteenth century a powerful weapon was wielded by mighty people in high places for the purpose of harrying and persecuting innocent men on the chance of circumventing some political opponent. This was the 'general warrant' that was declared illegal after a pugnacious politician had succeeded in mulcting his oppressors in heavy damages, and in making them appear thoroughly ridiculous. Something very much akin to this warrant was revived about twenty-five years ago for other than political purposes. This time it did not emanate from the Ministers of the day, but in consequence of State interference in the matter of examinations for the public service.

When Government, acting on the suggestion of Lord Macaulay, Lord Derby, Sir Charles Trevelyan, and other able advisers, assumed the control of the education of those who were henceforth to receive State pay, and competitive examination was instituted, it determined that, as, in a race open to all comers, candidates of different temperaments and of various shades of ability would be forthcoming, the opportunities should be both wide and comprehensive. In view of this, many subjects of study, probably accounted trifling and vulgar in certain quarters, were included in the curriculum. There were no 'modern sides' in the schools at this epoch; and the Universities were still pacing the hallowed track of centuries; consequently this boom from the Order in Council may be better imagined than described. In a very few years the old state of peaceful repose was changed into a busy camp. Demand had to be met by supply; and, as ill-luck would have it, the supply came from that *enfant terrible* the unendowed 'coach.' In his naïve desire to supply the want efficiently and at infinite pains, he was guiltless enough, but he sinned in being successful. A dignified demeanour might have condoned much of his original sin, but the boisterous parade of success was exasperating. The professorial 'general warrant' was then issued to beset, expose, and exterminate this modern Cacodæmon, this impairer of mental digestion who was cramming a feeble generation with some poisonous concoction that stimulated his victim into making one supreme and successful effort only to wither and droop at the outset of his career. Everything that ingenuity and a strong position could contrive was done to put a handful of volunteers under the heel of a strong battalion, but all to no purpose. Good solid useful work went on prospering by virtue of sheer righteousness; and as nobody is one whit the worse, and the country, as we may presently see, is a considerable gainer, there is now much gnashing of teeth at the unfortunate examiner for failing to prove that white is black. There may occasionally have been bad examiners, as there are also

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indifferent teachers, but the habit seems to be to tar everybody with the same brush.

These remarks were necessary as an introduction to the whole question of examinations, because it is a fact, beyond all dispute, that every innovation in our schools and universities, every evidence of progressiveness in public education, every book actually in use tutorially, first saw the light *after* this historic Order in Council. Of course there may be reasonable doubts as to the wisdom of some of these innovations; there *can* be no doubt as to the execrable unwholesomeness of many of the books; but nobody can honestly lament the present state of education compared with what it was a quarter of a century ago, at least if he knows anything of what is going on in Germany, France, and America. There is, no doubt, a system of competition which existed ages before State examinations. Small boys trained for time-honoured foundation scholarships, big boys read hard for college scholarships, and University men for fellowships; yet how comes it that only in these latter days we hear of the moral degradation of securing 'the great prizes of the education market'?

If education throughout the length and breadth of the land can be shown not to have deteriorated since the introduction of the Civil Service Commission, it may be capable of proof that education is not sacrificed to examination, but that examination is a spur to education. Not that this would settle the difficulty; for, as a Saturday Reviewer once wrote:—

> Education has always supplied reformers with a fruitful theme of discussion. It has been so since the days of Hophni and Phinehas; it will be so until the Millennium renders education obsolete. On no other subject, except perhaps that of religion, do rival doctors differ more completely both as to diagnosis and treatment.

Happily this particular appeal is not addressed to rival doctors, who are already overburdened with their own internal broils, but to the common sense of those tens of thousands without whose support no school and no college could exist; in other words, the contention here is that this is quite as much a parental as an academic question. Nothing would be easier than to follow the line of reasoning in the 'Protest' and in the three papers appended to it, were all boys, say at the age of ten or twelve, found to be of the same mental stature, of the same disposition and passions, in the same condition of bodily health, and all enjoying the same degree of moral development, energy, and ambition. But by an all-wise arrangement, Nature does not fashion human creatures of uniform pattern like so many bullets from a mould. There is quite as much constitutional difference in boys and in men as there is between the sanguine fox-hound and the lymphatic pug. The pug is about as likely to catch the fox as the

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great proportion of the rising generation would be likely to become philologists, historians, or philosophers, were they to forswear 'coaches,' and attend Professors' lectures until the crack of doom. It is interesting to learn from Mr. Freeman himself that he has never stopped reading for forty-three years; and the circumstance that there lives the man who can write over five hundred pages on the year 1066, and yet will scoff at the mysterious energy that invents a new -ology, is also not devoid of interest. Probably, as he himself writes, 'not a dozen persons in the University know what the -ology is about;' probably also not a dozen persons in or out of the University would care to be examined in the third volume of the *Norman Conquest*. The unfortunate unendowed tutor is obliged to know a good deal about it nevertheless. Great historians who can produce such splendid work as Mr. Freeman has done are as rare as the Darwins and Huxleys of science; but this surely goes to show that Mr. Freeman and certain scientists are very remarkable men; it does not prove that thousands upon thousands of their less fortunate countrymen will work or do any good for themselves by merely attending college lectures. Upon the truth or falsity of this premiss the right or wrong of this paper must depend.

In a discussion of such momentous importance the contribution of opinions not founded on considerable practical experience would be mere presumption. This present contribution is based on an intimate knowledge of over a thousand cases as they have presented themselves in the drift of the last twenty years. These cases represent examinees for public employment who have sought advice and assistance *at the close* either of their school or University course. Be it observed that the functions of the present writer have begun *after* the pleasurable anticipations of early promise have been determined one way or the other in the persons of the adult schoolboy or University man. Here one is face to face with stern reality and with what is to be done next. It is no longer a question of passing 'trials,' or getting through 'Mods,' neither of them a formidable operation forsooth, but how to get over the stile that separates young students from a career.

Too much stress cannot be laid on this point, and it is urgently asked that readers will bear it in mind, because in every speech and every press article of recent years a certain keynote has been struck with monotonous regularity when dealing with the so-called 'evils of cramming.' In these utterances it is confidently asserted that the true course of education in the full sense of the word is being tampered with in order that lads may be prepared for a particular ordeal; and that parents who wish to get their sons out in the world 'are apt to look merely to immediate results and care little how much is sacrificed to the preparation for examination' (Daily Paper—

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December 27th). Also it is said that 'combined action is necessary in face of the *new* difficulties and dangers by which the cause of regular education is beset.'

The cruel inference here is, and always is, that the private tutor worms his way into the very heart and life-blood of the school system, and is both powerful and sinful enough to make education subordinate to examination; whereas he is rarely so much as consulted until the school or University course, for better or for worse, is *absolutely closed*. It is *then* that 'parents are apt to look merely to immediate results.' They have no more interfered with the course which schoolmasters have thought it right to pursue than the private tutors themselves have. If the Civil Service Commissioners could be persuaded to reveal the secrets of their archives, we might learn, on circumstantial evidence, that some three hundred young gentlemen, aspiring to the army or other posts, fail annually in the most elementary subjects of human knowledge. Nobody is blamed for this except that unhappy wight, the private tutor, if he fail to put matters straight. And when no individual can be blamed the system is discredited as 'vicious.' Instead, therefore, of allowing the private tutor to work quietly and unostentatiously (as he had hoped) side by side with the schools and Universities, to relieve them betimes of troublesome but responsible cases which it was difficult and all but impossible, by reason of large numbers, for them to meet adequately, the prevailing attitude has been (for reasons probably well known, but which nobody has the boldness to state) one of disparagement and misrepresentation.

Now, as against the 'Protest,' the present writer's position may be thus shortly stated:—Students are not all alike; they are divisible, as regards the effect upon them of an examination system, into two great categories; first, a small and select class on whom examinations are practically powerless for good or evil; and, secondly, a large and very mixed class with whom examinations are potent, but potent for a greatly preponderant good. It will be instructive to subdivide these categories a little more minutely.

From the basis of experience of the number of cases just mentioned, and from ordinary observation in other directions, it may be safely asserted that among the upper and upper-middle classes (and probably throughout the population of the kingdom) not *one* per cent. are individuals of great and commanding original power who might be trusted not to coquet with 'the serious monetary considerations that now throw their shade over all educational work.' Such men should certainly be free of all examination, all thought for the morrow, and no patriotic person would grudge a little State expenditure on their account in return for the pickings of their brains. They should, in fact, be turned out to grass and left to batten to their hearts' content. Youths of this calibre would just about fill the kind of college John Milton had in his mind, but whether they would ever

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reach the poet's idea of what a gentleman's education should be it is impossible to say. They certainly are not always the men who accomplish the greatest things at the Universities; and possibly some might in later life have cause to remember the late Rev. F. W. Robertson's remark to his young friend Kennion—'*Now* I would give 200*l.* a year to have read on a bad plan chosen for me, but steadily.' Still, even with these risks the Professors are entitled to this short one per cent., and here we part company.

In the next group would come about three per cent. of the type usually spoken of as 'very remarkably clever men,' brilliant in boyhood, well-grounded and well-watched at school, always interested in play or work, and with a singular power of concentration in anything and everything they attempt. Their 'mental sympathies are' *never* 'bounded by the narrowest horizon,' and if the fence of examination chance to come in their path, they take it without more ado. These men rarely fail to make a distinct mark either in literature, at the bar, the university, or in the service of the State. They have certainly not '*lived their mental life at the age of* 25,' they '*do love knowledge for its own sake*,' and they are none the worse for '*the public triumph of a successful class*.'

Professor Frederic Harrison, however, declares that

> the youth who leaves the University loaded with honours may prove to be quite a portent of ignorance and mental babyishness. He has learned the trick of playing with a straight bat the examiner's most artful twisters. But he cannot bear the sight of a book, and, like any successful speculator, he has a hearty contempt for knowledge.

This is the slashingly racy way with which the parting kick is given to some of the brightest intelligences and best workers at the Universities. But the whole statement is begged, from beginning to end. The Professor says, 'may prove:' of course he *might*, only it generally happens that he does not. In the present crowded state of the country it is impossible that every distinguished scholar shall receive fitting recompense, or have greatness thrust upon him; but it may be easy to demonstrate that high 'honours'-men do not usually come off second best. And why, considering the hand-to-hand struggle of to-day, should the 'pecuniary value of a First Class' provoke such contemptuous sneers? What of the pecuniary value of professorships and judgeships and of Cabinet office? Dr. Johnson remarked that nobody but blockheads wrote books except for money. This would seem to be true from the Poet Laureate down to the penny-a-liner: and yet historians and philosophers would consider it ungenerous and irreverent if they were told by playful undergraduates that the writing and publishing of books and essays was morally degrading because of their pecuniary value; and, in respect of this nineteenth century at least, the Protesters might be challenged to declare that all the books which have been pecuniary successes are 'portents of ignorance,'

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displays of 'mental babyishness,' and in every respect inferior to those works whose reception has saved their authors from all suspicion of the degradation of a pecuniary value.

In group No. 3, about four per cent. will be a liberal apportionment for the stamp of youth who does not require much incentive, and whose powers are of high average merit. He, too, has been well looked after at home and in his earliest school-life; he passes his school form-examinations (for there must be some test) with unerring regularity, and works with an interest that is natural to him or that is inspired by his teachers, and he is rewarded with a scholarship at the University for his pains. He is never remarkable for any special brilliancy, but is what schoolmasters call a clever, steady, and deserving boy. Idle boys call him a 'sap.' Now, if the spirit of page 620 of the 'Protest' has not been misinterpreted, this boy 'has been sacrificed to an ignobly conceived system for the sake of a sum of money,' while the 'higher type of boy' (wherever he can be found) is more 'ready to follow knowledge in a high and worthy spirit' (!). Is it not too much to ask that these sordid and successful young scholars should henceforth be provided '*with rewards and stimulants by their friends*'? The more this page is studied the more does it strike one as a bid for generating a type of lazy and undisciplined young prigs. As a matter of fact, this ignobly conceived scholar does *not* 'become separated by a great gulf' from his former self. University life is but the continuation of his school life, except that he has more license and six months' vacation in the year. If by fortuitous circumstances he is not 'morally depressed by a system that deliberately sets itself to appeal to the lower side of human nature' (which means if he shuns a private tutor), and withal fails in his research of endowment, the University will give him more lectures but no bread.

He then turns to a new master, oftentimes the State, and when the fitting time arrives for him to come under examination, he would be quite willing to waive his chance of 'flooring a paper with instinctive knack,' and to settle matters during 'a quiet afternoon or morning's walk' with his examiners, according to Professor Harrison's solitary but impossible suggestion. All London would be in Hyde Park to see the examiner doing his three-hundredth lap round the course.

It is from this energetic class of boy in group 3 that many of our public servants in India, in the Colonies, and in the Home Civil Service are recruited.

Group No. 4 is the most difficult to estimate. The doctrine of averages does not help us here with any clearness and definiteness as in the previous three sections; but, roughly speaking, we may take the percentage as varying between 30 and 50 according to time and circumstances. In this large mass are comprehended the

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different types found on the outskirts of the sixth and all through the fifth forms of great schools. Many distinct subdivisions are to be noted. There is the cleverish casual boy who works by fits and starts; the plodding boy of mediocre classical or mathematical ability whose work is generally creditable, but who rarely rises beyond the level of respectability; then we have a great number who abominate Greek and Latin, and who might develop distinct tastes under a less rigid system than they are exposed to; afterwards come the boys who can do, but won't do, and who cannot be induced to make any effort until their personal interests are at stake; and, lastly, the dreamy, artistic, dilettante lad who loafs and reads fiction. Schoolmasters know these types quite well, and how that their representatives are only roused from mental inactivity by the wholesome fear of an impending examination. The 'coach' who is anything of an expert can take the measure of all these several types as rapidly as a physician can diagnose an ordinary complaint.

There is abundance of excellent stuff in many of these youths, only it cannot be properly got at, owing to the tempting and healthy distractions of the playing-fields, and to the insuperable obstacles of overwhelming numbers. Public-school masters are as able and hard-worked a body of scholars as can be found anywhere, but they are only human. Disappointment and mortification are troubles which come to them in different shape than to the University professor. From these school failures do private tutors secure their most startling and gratifying successes. The boy is literally collared and made to work. He is thoroughly overhauled and the peculiar bent of his capacity is ascertained. A certain enthusiasm is kindled, not perhaps for knowledge as such, but for the *object* of this knowledge. Force of character and the power of teaching that is in the teacher create a feeling of certitude that he is a zealous helpmate. The thorough grounding that was lacking is now supplied, and then comes upon it, in the space of a year or two, a superstructure of good serviceable knowledge which the recipients and their parents are grateful for, professorial opinion notwithstanding.

It may not be up to John Milton's or high University standard (indeed no human power could make it so), but for the purposes of life it is sufficient. The men who find themselves among the higher winners in the Sandhurst and Woolwich competitions, in some few branches of the Civil Service, in certain Colonial employments, are drawn from this group, and are pleased to own that the erewhile dread of examination and the watchful energy of their 'coaches' have been the reverse of a 'Sacrifice of Education to Examination.' Those among them who do not actually win the particular race they entered for have at least been put in better condition to fight the battle of life, and have been rescued from the slough of despond.

A grievous mistake is made by Professor Max Müller when he

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declares, as an incontestable fact, that, as far as our public schools are concerned, the present system of examination stands self-condemned because of 'the number of men who, after having spent six years at a public school, fail to pass the matriculation examination in college, or the little-go examination at the University.' This is too palpably absurd. What are the examinations of public-school boys until they are ripe for matriculation? Absolutely nothing worth speaking of—nothing but the incipient tests necessary for ascertaining whether a lad should be moved into a higher division. The foundation scholars have undergone one sharp test before the age of fourteen, but they *never* fail to matriculate. The Professor should have told us that the cause of failure is idleness at school; and that the cause of ultimate success is that boys who really want to spend three years at the University *do* manage to qualify *because* of examinations.

Lastly, in group 5 (which absorbs approximately the remaining 40 to 50 per cent.) comes the unworshipful company of so-called 'duffers.' Some are almost hopeless; and some have brains which they apply in the research after mischievous fun and bear-fighting, or to the art of doing nothing, or at all events to only so much work as will save appearances. In their heart of hearts the outside of school books is only less detestable than the inside; still in due season they are not by any means beyond reach.

Given therefore a congregation of six hundred boys, we should be provided, from first to last, with five or six geniuses, eighteen lads of great brilliancy, twenty-four future University scholars, and the vast residuum who have been the innocent cause of modern examinations and of the improved education of the country. This estimate will be found to be absurdly liberal if we apply the same test to another congregation of some six hundred men—members of the House of Commons. They have not suffered all the pangs of competitive examination, and yet do not give us six men of supereminent powers in the science of government, eighteen others who are orators and debaters of the highest order, and yet another twenty-four who are endowed with distinguished administrative ability. Possibly examination would raise the average.

Be this as it may, the important point to establish is that a certain *few* of human creatures inherit either genius or talent, or are born of parents who zealously instil the love of learning into them; and of a great residue so apathetic to the voice of culture, so constitutionally lazy, or so abjectly indifferent to the advantages of learning, that nothing but the goad of examination will rouse them to any serious mental effort. Professor Harrison greatly assists one here by stating—

> One hears of the *ordinary* lad at school or college as amusing himself because he is not going in this year, or else as working hard for his examination. He is

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never simply studying, never acquiring knowledge. He is losing all idea of study except as preparation for examination, &c.

This is positively true: he is an *ordinary* lad; he is never studying, and has never had ideas of study to lose. Teachers and parents have failed both in school-time and college-term to coax or bribe him into studious habits, and wean him away from river, fives-court, or cricket-field. But he is finally cowed by the 'Frankenstein Monster of Examination;' and albeit his 'is the memory of the busy lawyer;' though he acquires 'a diabolical knack of spotting questions in the books he reads;' though 'he gains a marvellous flair for what will catch the examiner's attention;' and though, 'as he studies subject after subject, his eye glances like a vulture on the points,' still he has picked up a good deal that will be useful to him at the desk or in the army. He does *at last* know how to spell and how to write a passable essay: he has learned some geography of the world, some Euclid and algebra, a little military or general history, and some geometrical drawing; and he has been induced to learn some French at Tours and some German in Hanover. Very little all this may be, but it is considerably better than crass ignorance. Here, again, examination stepped in as his truest friend when all previous attempts at education had hopelessly failed. He has been saved from a life of pitiable roughness in the colonies, from hunting the fleeting dollar in the Far West, or from driving a milk-cart through Denver City. It is opposed to all reason to assume some men will work without the spur any more than a donkey will trot without his carrot.

This most useful type of English boy certainly never loved knowledge for its own sake, but he has lived for the first time what the Protesters are pleased to call 'his mental life.'

Surely Professors Max Müller, Freeman, and Harrison, as well as Mr. Auberon Herbert, must know, if the 413 signatories do not, that the class of lad embodied in group 5 has always represented, and always will, the preponderating majority in every school and in every college of the United Kingdom; and that the idea of kindling any desire in them but to pitch their books 'in the old sacred fire' is whimsical absurdity. Professor Harrison has hit off this type of examinee to a nicety in the amusing paper that no one could have failed to read with relish. But his pungent lampoon only really touches the class of examinee comprehended in groups 4 and 5 of this article, and certainly not, as far as one's own experience goes, the types in the higher groups.

All the references to 'the ten-day memory, trained to carry a quantity of things with sharp edges, in convenient order, for a very short time;' 'the feats he can perform, like the conjurer with bottles and knives;' 'the trotting out of surface information;' 'the writing down of tips from memory;' 'the knowledge to answer papers;' and

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his busy searching into old examination-papers will apply to the lad who at the age of eighteen is in a state of shameful ignorance. Perhaps the Professor does not know that our army examinations arose from the circumstance that a young officer once asked the Duke of Wellington if he had ever seen Queen Elizabeth. We have changed all this by means of examination.

When Sydney Smith wrote that

> it cannot be the main object of education to render the splendid more splendid, and to lavish care upon those who would almost thrive without any care at all. In a forest, or public school for oaks, the trees are left to themselves; the strong plants live and the weak ones die; the towering oak that remains is admired, the saplings that perish around it are cast into the flames and forgotten—

when he wrote these lines, universal interest in the competitive principle had not been aroused; Oxford and Cambridge in response to public pressure had not instituted the University Local Examinations, and the State had done nothing to encourage the growth of the saplings. Now everything has been altered both inside and outside the great forests of learning, though curiously enough, by some strained interpretation, success in the art of teaching is construed by some into a public offence.

If then the premisses advanced thus far are sound, and the estimates reasonably accurate, then seven-eighths of the 'Protest' and the appendices are not worth the paper they are printed on. And it is tolerably certain that, if learned professors continue to write flippantly and racily about what they call tutorial 'tips,' without thoroughly knowing their business, the British parent will warn them off the course. In this particular race their utterances are not up to weight. There has, indeed, been so much merciless word-flogging of the private 'coach' any time these last twenty years (pugilistic folk would call it hitting below the belt) that one is only too glad to accept the offer to do battle on the field selected by the Protesters. The public-school master can afford to treat this upbraiding with contempt, but the pigmy among giants must make his points one by one.

We are told that 'books are going out of fashion,' and that 'only analyses, summaries, and tables are studied'! This is indeed a formidable indictment. But happily it is too well known that nothing but conscientious reading from the best sources will go far in any high-class competition. If solid books are 'tabooed,' who is responsible for this? Who but University men of more or less distinction, and the University Press, have swamped the country with the detestable primers, digests, summaries, analyses, tables, &c., that no really competent 'coach' will admit into his library? If they could all be packed in a perpendicular pile, the Eiffel Tower would be nothing to this monument of 'cram.' Forty per cent. of text and sixty per cent. of notes! Such is the kind of mental fare that has been dished

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up with amazing activity and regularity to sap the intelligence of our youth, to deprive them of the power of thinking out a single passage—even the value and point of an adjective—for themselves, and with a view, be it supposed, to giving 'a sharp, smart, orderly, cock-sure style' to their knowledge. As one of the unendowed, and a discarder of this trash, one must needs exclaim with Prince Hal, 'O monstrous! but one half-pennyworth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack.' And yet the compilers of these books, and their associates in such criminal deeds, have the temerity to scoff at those who will have none of them as educational parasites who are extinguishing the 'sacred fire' of original thought; whereas it is a fact that few of the difficulties which confront the private tutor on his taking up the task of education where the school or University has laid it down, tax so severely his courage and his skill as the necessity put upon him, in the case of nine out of every ten pupils, of persuading to the abandonment of the beloved abridgments, notes, compilations, *et hoc genus omne* for ever, and of instilling the conviction that the road to success is paved with realities. Had the 'Protest' taken the form of a humble petition to her Majesty the Queen, praying that in the next gracious Speech from the Throne there should be promise of legislation for prohibiting the further publication of these cram books, something definite, sensible, and advantageous would have been promoted.

We now come to three specific points in the 'Protest,' namely: (*a*) the health question, (*b*) examiners, (*c*) more professorial chairs. The hackneyed reference to health collapse consequent on overwork is repeated with touching solemnity. This was not clever. The British parent knows too much about this side issue, and if he could be canvassed as to the risk of sacrificing the dear boy's constitution for the sake of more work, he would probably plump, like a desperate gambler, for the whole risk. Had the complaint referred to poor hungry School Board children, everybody would have sympathised; but the whole spirit and tone of the 'Protest' pointed to the upper half of the population and their teachers, and certain *coups de Jarnac* are only too obviously aimed at the experts. Sir John Lubbock maintains, on the authority of Mr. Fitch and Mr. Sydney Buxton, that 'there is no satisfactory evidence of over-pressure in elementary schools;' and if cases of breakdown occur among the higher social strata of boys, they are extremely rare. A small fraction of boys inherit physical weakness, just as a large fraction of robust children inherit lack of brains. Some poor fellows are a source of anxiety, be they at work or at play. They rarely pass muster for a length of time anywhere and if they scrape through a medical examination after some steady successful work, they are never really fit for much. The misfortune of constitutional infirmity is their all too sad birthright; it is never thrust upon the strong by book-reading. Englishmen of the physique and energy of Mr.

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Gladstone could pass competitive examinations monthly up to any age and be none the worse; and we know what forty-three years of hard reading have done for Professor Freeman. There is no more damning testimony to the perennial silliness of these reckless statements than the annual reports of the Civil Service Commissioners for the last fifteen years. Candidates have passed through this ordeal by thousands; the leading physicians of the day have always been requisitioned; and what these physicians have said all may ascertain who care to read. Let it therefore be stated at once for all who have not read, and who care to know the truth, that there is not a tittle of evidence to support the misleading assertions that are reiterated periodically in defiance of authoritative opinion.

If this misdirection of the public mind is allowed to continue we shall soon be told that Eton collegers are no longer able to wrest a victory at the Wall from the Oppidans; that the old dash and spirit of the British subaltern have succumbed to book-feeding; that the nerves of our debilitated young gunners are unstrung long before they hear the roar of their field-pieces; that the once keen edge of all athletic sport at our Universities is being blunted by the 'combined lecturer;' that our Civilians in the East are dying off like flies, and our home Civil Servants are past praying for. Either the Protesters are right, and a medical commission is urgent, or the unsparing comments of parents and guardians concerning the too vigorous growth of athleticism in the United Kingdom are culpably and mercilessly hypercritical.

Examiners.—This section of the controversy should be left to the consideration of experts; but it may be pointed out that the absence of some settled and well-understood system is constantly a cause of unspeakable wrong to examinees. In all our public examinations unsuccessful as well as successful candidates are penalised in various sums up to 5*l.* and 6*l.* a head for the privilege of being mentally vivisected; and their interests should not, therefore, be imperilled by the fads and caprices of any mere theorist in the business of assessing the value of work.

In framing rules for the guidance of examiners the authorities would do well to remember that there may be fair-play in educational as in other matters. The fanatical narrow-mindedness that now makes of our State examinations a kind of auctioneering 'knock-out' of all but classical and mathematical scholars has been tolerated long enough; and the long-suffering non-classical and non-mathematical students are weary of asking how much longer they are to wait before being allowed to meet their opponents on equal terms. If they study in directions best suited to their tastes and abilities, they are accused of *cramming subjects which will pay*; and do what they will, however well, they are both handicapped in their race, and decried as mark-hunting adventurers.

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It is asked that readers shall refer to the analyses of examinations held annually for the India Civil Service since the new regulations were passed in 1878, and they will see that the door has been ruthlessly shut in the face of every candidate who was not very proficient either in classics, or mathematics, or both. But here is a criminal example of the educational 'knock out,' which was pointed to by the present writer in *Macmillan's Magazine* as far back as 1874, and which still obtains.

In an examination for the higher branches of the Home Civil Service, A offers mathematics (full marks 1,250); B offers not only the language, but the *literature* and *history*, of France, Germany, and Italy (full marks for each country 375). The rival candidates exhibit proficiency each to the extent of half marks in their respective branches. How does this work out?

The mathematician marks		$\frac{625 - 125}{1250\text{ths}}$ =	Total 500
The linguist marks	Italian	$\frac{187 - 125}{375\text{ths}} = 62$	Total 186
	German	$\frac{187 - 125}{375\text{ths}} = 62$	
	Italian	$\frac{187 - 125}{375\text{ths}} = 62$	

(125 marks are deducted from every subject.)

By this process the mathematician emerges from the contest as apparently the more desirable candidate by nearly three times as many marks as the linguist. It is to be hoped, for the sake of public virtue, that the people who encourage the framing of such suicidal regulations do not know that German clerks in the cities of London and Bradford alone are numbered by thousands, and that the mercantile labour market is now practically closed to our smart but ignorant sons.

Professors who advocate Radical doctrines and the equitable treatment of all classes must not take away with one hand what they give with the other. Competition is their own baby; they conceived it years ago, and now that it has grown into a hideous monster they dare not slay it. Instead of the favourite theory of the 'survival of the fittest,' we now hear lamentations because some do not survive in trying to become fit. Moreover, the survival of the fittest in the matter of teaching (the unendowed 'coach') is yet another monster they had not calculated on. If it be now wished to beat a retreat, the same influence that excited the public appetite for competition must be exerted to better purposes than the 'Protest' reveals, before the masses join in the stampede.

More Chairs.—The same great public that was induced to agitate for open competition and all its consequences will hesitate on no

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point of the 'Protest' so much as that which asks for the foundation of more 'Chairs.' The writer of an admirable article on the 'Protest' in the *Journal of Education* (1st of December) somewhat irreverently described existing Chairs as 'undoubtedly comfortable resting places, but too often seats of dignified idleness.' Public benefactors are now urged to limit their munificence in the future to 'local Chairs,' and to lend themselves no longer to the deterioration of public learning by founding scholarships and other prizes. Before withdrawing these cheering incentives to youthful study, they will require accurate information on the work and results of present 'Chairs.' Looking haphazard in the *Times*, almost as this is being written, one reads with wonderment that, out of the vast congregation of students at Cambridge, the lists of *First-classmen* in certain special examinations record the following: French, *one*; German, *none*; modern history, *one*; law, *three*: total five for four chairs presumably.

If what Mr. Auberon Herbert designates as the 'luxury' of reading produces no better results for the young Epicureans, can it be matter for surprise that so many avail themselves at the supreme crisis of a life's career of more stoical schooling? A few lines in the daily journals sufficed to tell this pitiful tale: a whole column barely sufficed for the very interesting account of the 'Varsity Foot-ball Match.

The last reference in the 'Protest' is to the Civil Service. We are asked to seek out a system under which

> those who wished to enter the service, and who reached a certain standard of excellence required by the Commissioners, should be practically tested in such way and for such period as could be conveniently arranged; that the most fitting should *then be selected on public grounds by the permanent heads of departments.*

This is really a masterpiece of impracticability and an indirect proposal (perhaps unwittingly made) to job our so-called 'higher type of boy' into the service by a process of personal selection. What the peculiar qualification shall be is left to conjecture. The Constitution suffered not a little from the 'higher type' of individual under the Protectorate when godliness was the chief qualification for public employment. Even Cromwell himself admitted that the Puritanical method had completely missed its aim, and that it was hard to distinguish between saint and hypocrite when godliness became profitable. Macaulay has faithfully described this seventeenth-century prig; but it is impossible to forecast the description of the nineteenth-century candidate for profitable employment until we know what the distinguishing virtue is to be. But let us accept the proposal for an instant, and suppose there are two vacancies at the Treasury and two at the Colonial Office. From both Universities there would be a rush of First- and Second-class Honour-men, besides a sprinkling from other parts of the Empire, and probably at least fifty would experience little difficulty in reaching 'a certain standard

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of excellence.' Is all Government business to be suspended while these gentlemen crowd the staircases, corridors, and rooms in Whitehall 'to be practically tested for such period as could be conveniently arranged'? If this be the only way of combating 'the great evils which result from competition under the force of Government example' that can be suggested, we had better remain as we are.

Although Government appears to be giving practical effect to the recommendations of the present Royal Commission for reorganising the Civil Service, it may still be possible to save certain departments from the sweeping changes that must, in course of time, bring down the general standard to a level considerably lower than that of the sister services. A practical suggestion that was made by the present writer in 1875, when criticising the Playfair Commission scheme, may be repeated from this public platform. It was then predicted that, by accepting all the proposals, Government would be spending half a million of money in getting rid of many of its most matured and useful officers, to make room for a cheaper set of second-class clerks who in ten years would agitate a claim to come within the pale of the first-class staff. And this is what actually has happened. It was also feared that the grouping of a considerable number of departments, to be henceforth known as Class I., and recruiting them under a uniform competitive examination of an exceedingly stringent nature, would create difficulties and disappointments both with heads of departments and among the candidates themselves. Moreover, as the Transfer clause of the Order in Council remained in force, jobbery in a modified form was always possible. As a matter of fact, whenever notifications were issued of an examination for a batch of appointments, if there chanced to be vacancies in such desirable departments as the Treasury or the Colonial office, University men of distinction were tempted to enter the lists. Their presence in great numbers acted as a deterrent to many very excellent but less scholarly candidates, who gradually withdrew from active participation in these contests, leaving the field in the possession of certain very strong and many very indifferent candidates. But the bulk of the strong only came forward on the chance of securing one or other of the most coveted posts, and declined to accept appointments in other offices to which they had the right of selection according to the order of seniority resulting from the competition. On one occasion there was a competitive examination for eight places, and as no less than twenty of the candidates refused the appointments offered to them in rotation, the twenty-eighth man on the list was declared successful. There was no reason why, if this twenty-eighth man happened to have powerful friends, he should not in process of time be transferred to the best department in the service. This was the loose screw under the open-competition principle for superior appointments.

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It was with a view of obviating these breakdowns and heart-burnings that the present writer suggested the unqualified withdrawal of the Transfer clause, and then that in the half-dozen superior offices there should be a limited competitive examination by nomination of some twelve candidates for each vacancy. This would absorb but a meagre fraction of Government appointments. The bulk of the remaining appointments might then be submitted to open competition under a less severe form of examination. Let it not be supposed that in this suggestion there was the remotest desire for a return to favouritism. The wish rather was that the competition should be stronger and more concentrated than it ever had been; that the close borough system should not obtain in the matter of nomination, but that the Ministerial chief of a department, besides his own privilege of nomination, should recognise in a liberal spirit the recommendations that might from time to time issue from the heads of colleges and other public bodies in favour of desirable candidates. In this wise candidates will know from the outset the conditions and risks under which they are seeking special employment; and there will be far greater likelihood of satisfactory results and infinitely less opportunity for grievance and grumbling. Moreover this would tend to alleviate in some measure the disappointment that will be caused at the Universities by the threatened exclusion of its members from the Civil Service, the more so that they are already cut adrift from the Civil Service of India by reason of the present limit of age.

By nominating from nine to twelve candidates to compete for each vacant post, the proportion of candidates to vacancies will be in excess of that produced by open competition (see *Civil Service Reports*, 1875–87); and by adhering to a very high standard of qualification (each department according to its wants) the opportunity of jobbing in a pet candidate would be nil.

It is known that many heads of departments would welcome such a scheme; and it is believed that a fair trial would demonstrate its feasibility and reasonableness, both to aspirants and to the public. The mistake in the present *régime* is scheduling certain departments under Class I. which are *not* first-class offices, and in which a certain type of successful candidate steadily refuses to serve.

Having thus briefly touched on all the salient points of the 'Protest,' there remains the necessity of combating the many covert insinuations respecting the quality of work done by the unendowed specialist. To undertake the defence of all concerned would be ridiculous. In every profession there may be men who have done things they ought not to have done; but, speaking generally, it can be affirmed that the unendowed have worked in the interests of their pupils quite as earnestly as the endowed.

The time is favourable for exploding the preposterous cant about 'cramming.' Well-digested knowledge carefully imparted cannot be

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called 'cram,' whether it be acquired in an endowed or an unendowed centre of teaching. But somehow it has come to pass that *all* teaching in an unendowed centre is called by this ugly sobriquet. The gross injustice of this is accentuated by the fact that not one of the many writers and speakers who periodically indulge in this slander has cared to satisfy himself by personal inquiry and inspection. To demonstrate the extraordinary folly of these attacks it will be more than sufficient to cite one amusing example. There is a *littérateur*, by common consent second to none in range of knowledge of English literature, whose critical articles in the *Quarterly Review* of recent years have excited very considerable attention; owing to his increasing reputation he is eagerly sought after by the University Extension Delegates to lecture on literature at different centres. When so lecturing he is said to be disseminating culture; but when he is delivering the same lectures before University candidates for the Civil Service, he becomes a dangerous 'crammer.' Is it to mark their distrust of such dangerous men that the authorities have contrived almost to oust the study of English literature from the curriculum for the Civil Service of India by putting so mean a price on its value that most of the candidates are obliged to discard it? This, too, is a part of the educational 'knock-out.'

It is exactly the same with English history (for the history of France and Germany has unfortunately been expunged long ago). Even Professor Harrison, in the present year of grace, writes glibly about the general use of 'summaries,' 'digests,' and 'tables.' The only reply that can be given to such rashness is to print one of many papers of questions set by the writer, to test his pupils, as far back as 1872. They never formed part of any '*published examination papers that are the Bible of the student to-day.*' The pupils had been lectured and had read their books—each man according to his special period—up to the standard implied in the paper. It will be observed that none but careful *students* of history could possibly write theses on three or four such comprehensive quotations. With all the digests and tables in the English tongue at their fingers' ends, they would be powerless to meet any such searching tests.

(COPY.)

January, 1872.

1. 'That the accession of the Anglo-Saxon Sovereigns was not governed by the rules of hereditary succession is manifest from their history. The dynasties of Wessex were more steady and regular than any others of the Octarchy.'—(*Sharon Turner.*)

2. 'Homage and fealty being the relations of service, the vassal's condition was determined by the nature of his tenure.'—(*Pearson.*)

3. 'While the Kingdom of France in consequence of the slow and gradual formation of the Feudal Government, found itself, in the issue, composed of a number of parts simply placed by each other, and without any reciprocal adherence; the Kingdom of England on the contrary, in consequence of the violent introduc-

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tion of the same (feudal) system, became a compound of parts united by the strongest ties.'—(*De Lolme.*)

4. 'William the First practically followed constitutional forms because he could afford to do so, and yet could none the less wield a power which in his hands amounted to a practical despotism.'—(*Freeman.*)

5. 'Henry the First concluded his quarrel with Anselm much more to his honour than Henry the Second ended his with Becket; because the plan of the latter was interrupted and disturbed by the effects of his passions: whereas the former had no passions which prudence did not control.'—(*Lord Lyttelton.*)

6. 'O let us pay the time but needful woe,
Since it hath been beforehand with our griefs.
This England never did, nor never shall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself.
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them. Nought shall make us rue,
If England to herself do rest but true.'—(*Shakespeare, 'King John.'*)

7. 'It was Heaven's last gift to De Montfort that he died when all that life could win had been achieved. The good lived after him; the evil was interred with his bones.'—(*Pearson.*)

8. 'Our history in the fourteenth century shows us a great Drama of a Thirty Years' War between Capital and Labour.'—(*Creasy.*)

9. 'After the murder of Gloucester, Margaret of Anjou was ushered into an authority which brought her nothing but strife and misery. She had now removed, the flood-gate which had hitherto prevented the strong tide of the claims of York from overwhelming those of Lancaster.'—(*Fisher's Annals.*)

10. 'The true commentary on the government of Henry the Eighth is to be looked for in the reign of his immediate successors.'—(*Froude.*)

11. 'The Church of England was not left by Elizabeth in circumstances which demanded applause for the policy of her rulers. After forty years of constantly aggravated molestations of the Non-conforming clergy, their numbers were become greater, their popularity more deeply rooted, their enmity to the established order more irreconcileable.'—(*Hallam.*)

12. From party spirit have sprung scenes and compromises often neither just nor honourable: but with it have been associated, in very memorable periods of history, the liberties and political advances of the English people.'—(*John Forster.*)

13. 'The vast legislative reforms, for which the reign of Charles the Second is so remarkable, merely form a part of that movement, which though traceable to a much earlier period, had only for three centuries been in undisguised operation.'—(*Buckle.*)

14. 'In the choice of his ministers William the Third seemed to have almost forgotten personal as well as political animosities and predilections.'—(*Hume.*)

15. 'No man in English History has had more influence on the fate of other nations, or on the fame of his own nation than the Duke of Marlborough. It was he who gave to the Germanic Empire another century of life, since but for him it would have ended in 1704 instead of in 1806.'—(*Stanhope.*)

16. 'The situation which Pitt occupied at the close of the reign of George the Second, was the most enviable ever occupied by any public man in English History, A few years sufficed to change the whole aspect of affairs.'—(*Macaulay.*)

17. 'England ventured to tax her colonies, and lost them; she endeavoured to rule them from Downing-street and provoked disaffection and revolt, at last, she gave freed om, and found national sympathy and contentment. But in the mean while her colonial dependencies have grown into affiliated states. The tie which binds them to her is one of sentiment rather than authority.'—(*Erskine May.*)

If the Professors persist in calling this 'cram,' what in the name

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of history is *not* cram? Mr. Freeman is wrong in assuming that it is only with the Professor students 'are willing to toil over the text of books;' and until he can prove that candidates who distinguish themselves in high-class examinations owe their success in history to mere 'tips' it were better to withhold the scathing denunciation of conscientious interested reading, simply because it happens not to be done 'in a corner,' (to use his expression) with a Professor. His remarks were probably directed against men actually at college; but the readers of his paper will necessarily apply them also to men who happen to have left, or have never even been to, college.

As History and Literature are the two branches usually put forward by the castigators of so-called 'crammers,' it was necessary to meet them with evidence, in the form of practical illustration, which they are invited to traverse. Doubtless many other tutors are also prepared to supply further exculpatory evidence in abundance as applicable not only to these two branches, but to such subjects as Political Economy, Logic, and Philosophy.

Space does not permit of prolonged discussion on this topic; but it may be remarked that, under careful guidance, the literature and the history of a foreign country can be so taught to those who are fairly conversant with its language as to inspire interest and promote knowledge and culture. There are many youths on the 'modern side' now exempted from studying the literature of Greece to whom the privilege of being examined in Sainte-Beuve, Coppée, Michelet, Victor Hugo, and other French classics, would be a veritable windfall. Our assailants do not say whether 'cramming' is possible in the matter of turning English into good Latin, Italian, French, or German prose. One has always been under the impression that nothing but the help of masterful methods of teaching combined with the closest observation of the best classic writers in these tongues was available. If there is any royal road, most people would rejoice to be put upon it.

In conclusion, it is urged that, as differences of opinion have at last reached their acutest form, full opportunity should be taken of the present crisis by heads of schools and others interested in the dignity of the profession of teaching, to state without hesitation or *arrière-pensée*, what it is in the conduct or method of any one or more of the unendowed tutors that has provoked so much animosity. In this wide world there are no public bodies that command such national following, respect and support, none that are so firmly poised in their time-honoured and venerable traditions, and none from whom the condemnation of wrong would better come, than our Universities and public schools. Their strength and security place them in a position alike to expose and to redress. There *must* be something very wrong that has been held back, and what this something is should, in common fairness to men with clean hands, be boldly stated.

W. Baptiste Scoones.

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THE DISTRACTIONS OF GERMAN STATESMANSHIP.

THOUGH all our prosperity may be jeopardised in a single month by some combination of rivalry abroad with error or timidity at home, the general mass of Englishmen take no account of foreign politics. Conscious of their own ignorance, and aware that not to know everything in affairs so intricate is nearly as bad as to know nothing, they leave all that business in the hands of one or two great officials whose knowledge must be pretty complete. It is a creditable thing to do, under the circumstances; but not, under the circumstances, without risk. In the first place, knowledge is not always power. It is not wisdom, but only the necessary equipment of wisdom. It is strength only when it is possessed by men who know how to use it rightly, and are not hampered in its use. This is certainly true of whatever knowledge may find its way to the Foreign Office. It may come into the hands of men who are wise or unwise, or wise and yet timid; patriots, but shrinking from the publicities and responsibilities of action; or withheld from doing what they think right by fears of domestic origin. Should they who sit at the receipt of information in Downing Street be men of this sort, much of their knowledge will be mere affliction to them. Meanwhile, its concealment may be a grave danger; and to make matters worse, it happens that our system of party government provides temptations to concealment over and above the persuasions that timidity may counsel. And so it is that the British citizen who thinks himself safe in the fact that the foreign affairs of the Empire are managed by responsible men who know all that can be known may be living in a fool's paradise.

From time to time, a suspicion that that may be his lot has visited the mind of many a British citizen for some years past. Seeing the prodigious armaments of the continental nations; listening to the pacific protestations of potentates who studiously increase those armaments every year; looking to the rage for 'colonial expansion' which has overcome so many of our neighbours; considering how feebly our own scattered possessions are held, and how we should stand if we were obliged to defend them against a possible combination of foes—many an Englishman has wondered whether there was

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really nothing to do in this country but to await the revival of trade and square up to Mr. Parnell. But even when some new incident seemed likely to bring on the tremendous conflict for which every nation in Europe is preparing, most Englishmen had one comfortable belief to repose upon. Belief I have called it, confident supposition it was: namely, that although no formal alliance had been made with the German Powers, a sound understanding with them had been come to—one that would stand us in good stead should the general preparation end in general conflagration. This hopeful idea was very prevalent; and it was probably founded, more or less consciously, on two considerations which were quite enough to account for it. The first, that the German Powers are truly called our 'natural allies;' that they have no rivalries with us necessarily hostile, and that their Governments are more to be depended on than any others in Europe. The second consideration was that, after looking about him, no English minister was likely to go on without either improving the alliances or strengthening the defences of the country. The argument was that since nothing had been done about the one, something must have been done about the other. But this was an erroneous notion, a mistaken argument altogether; and belief in it became a public danger by the rapid series of events which placed the present Emperor on the German throne. At the same time it remained an unrecognised danger; but now, thanks to the ungovernable candour of German statesmanship, it is so no longer.

Anxious to show betimes what the danger was, I lately wrote in this Review an account of the changed position of affairs consequent on the following events: the death of the Emperor William II.; the discovery of fatal disease in his son, upon whose reign for more than a sad three months was based our surest hopes of peace without 'entangling alliances' or 'bloated armaments' either; and the succession of a prince who has already taught us that if we do not choose to enter into the one we had better provide ourselves with some approximation to the other. To enforce the purpose of this present article, I may be permitted to recall certain statements before made. They are these. In the later days of the second Emperor William, Prince Bismarck did his utmost to bring England into a formal alliance with the German Powers, like that which Italy has since made with them. His overtures were unsuccessful, and weighty reasons for their rejection are not far to seek. It is very difficult for an English minister in our time to enter upon treaty-engagements defensive and offensive; Prince Bismarck's stipulations may have been thought too onerous; the likelihood of a grand Radical outcry had to be reckoned with, and the doubtful effect of such an outcry on the Liberal opponents of Mr. Gladstone, of whom many are sharply hostile to all projects of alliance with foreign powers.

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More important still, perhaps, there was the reign of the (then) Crown Prince to look forward to; there was no reason to doubt at that time that he would ascend the throne with a promise of long life; his pacific temper was well known; and Lord Salisbury may have thought it only reasonable to keep out of leagues of peace which the accession of Prince Frederick would render unnecessary. But if there were risks in accepting the German Chancellor's overtures, their rejection was not without danger. The immediate consequence of it was extreme irritation at Berlin, where the future was already viewed with great uneasiness, where the necessity of guarding against certain hostile alliances had become a torment, and where the uselessness of relying upon the friendship of England, which had long been a cardinal point of doctrine with many politicians, was now extended into a general belief, and an angry one. Prince Bismarck (small blame to him) is unfastidious in the choice of means to keep his country safe, and since he is neither withheld by the novelty nor affrighted by the magnitude of any venture that may serve the grand purpose of his life, it now became a serious question for Englishmen whether the inconveniences of keeping out of the league of peace would not be greater than any that might have been incurred by joining it. Suspicion that it might be so was sharpened by the rapid growth in Germany of hatred against England, and contempt of her as a fading Power, without will enough to use her remaining strength for her own protection, and desperately mistaken in supposing that the peace of the world was to be kept at no expense to herself while she preserved her colonies and commerce undisturbed. These hostile feelings were far stronger in Prussia than elsewhere in Germany; but it is important to observe that they were caught from the most powerful men at the seat of government, and were by them disseminated.

This was the state of things—regarding them as they concerned ourselves—when the old Emperor died; and no one need be reminded of the anti-English rancour that reeked up from those miserable contentions over the sick bed of his heir. The poor gentleman went his way to the grave, to the satisfaction of many; and then the whole aspect of affairs became definitely changed. It is not to be imputed to him as a crime, but the truth is that the new Emperor has a deep dislike of England; and though he is well supported in that opinion, no man in his dominions is more convinced that alliance with this country is hopeless and worthless, and that the right course for Germany to take is to seek friendships elsewhere. It would be erroneous to suppose that temper has much to do with these convictions, and ridiculous to make a grievance of them. They are chiefly made up of material supplied by ourselves, and they are shared by men of judgment in his own land who are under no obligation to shape their counsels according to our convenience. It is much to the purpose

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that Count Herbert von Bismarck—who may or may not be a man of judgment, but who is certainly a man of vigour, and is drawn close to the new Emperor by the natural concordances of youth—feels as strongly as his master does on these points. All that remains to be said is that the bitterness engendered by our rejection of treaty arrangements, and by the fierce and shameful controversies that stormed about the Emperor Frederick's death-bed, was intensified by the too obvious failure of his present Majesty's tour; the purpose of which, as he afterwards told his fellow-countrymen, was 'to seek an understanding' with certain of his neighbours: doubtless a new understanding based on agreement with the Czar.

No increase of endearment between Germany and England could be expected from all this; for though there has always been a strong feeling of friendship in our own land for Prince Bismarck's people, continuance of reciprocity was hardly to be hoped for under the circumstances above described. Except in Russia, perhaps, there is more human nature in the German folk, gentle and simple, than remains to any other European nation; and human nature spoke loudly in them when they were taught that but for the selfishness, the cowardice, the stupidity of those who owned the sprawling British empire, Germany might be relieved of the uneasiness that torments and the insecurity that oppresses her. Of course it was not for them to put this complaint into words and shout it from the house-tops. Policy as well as pride forbade any such specific acknowledgment of mortification. But the sense of injury rankled: and when the rulers of Germany feel their anxieties most (and they have never been felt so keenly as in these later days) then do they most angrily reflect upon the enormous difference to them if England had entered into the League of Peace. It sometimes happens, however—in the political world it often happens—that policy puts restraint upon anger; and Prince Bismarck might have gone softly under disappointments which, whatever he might think of them, he had no right to take in dudgeon. But that is not Prince Bismarck's way. Besides, when he found his overtures rejected it became more or less incumbent on him to make good the prognostication that we should be no better off for declining them. His mind is no mystery; his methods of procedure are the same whether he has to deal with a nation, a minister, or a Herr Professor. Punishment must ensue upon all fixed opposition to his wishes. Not temper alone, but his system of expediency resolves him that his opponents shall acknowledge in pain that submission might have suited them better.

That is one of the reasons why I, in my small way, doubted whether there were not as many risks in rejecting Prince Bismarck's projects of alliance as in assenting to them. This temper of mind, this course of policy had to be considered, as well as a nearly desperate sense of insecurity for the future which had to be appeased in

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one way if not in another. But till the present Emperor came to the throne it was not easy for the German Chancellor to proceed far in convincing England that she must not hope to grow much broader in selfish isolation. When the present Emperor did come to the throne, Prince Bismarck had not only a free hand for that business but a master whose heart was in it more completely than his own.

The first consequence of this greater freedom, or the first that came before the world, was the East African agreement; which was forced upon our Government, not with the solicitations of friendship, not for purposes of mutual help, but with politic intent to involve England and her traders in the results of German error on the Zanzibar coast. War was to be carried to that coast as a punishment for resistance to brutalisms which had to be confessed in the Reichstag; for otherwise the national prestige would suffer. And, that being settled, Lord Salisbury was informed with sufficient clearness that England was to countenance the war; to fly her flag in company with the bombarding cruisers of Germany; to share whatever loss of trade, or whatever destruction of the lives and property of traders, might result from the German attack. Or if her Majesty's Government did not consent to this proposal, then it was to prepare for certain consequences of a more serious kind. What they were I need not repeat. They were thought by many competent persons to have been quite grave enough to justify Lord Salisbury's submission, sweetened as it was by a pretence of putting down the slave trade which Prince Bismarck has since gone out of his way to ridicule. It has been supposed, and said, that the East African agreement was an amicable one. In fact, it was extorted in a spirit of aggression from a minister who could neither have been blind to what was meant nor doubtful of the mischiefs that would ensue; and who must therefore have been as conscious of the punishment intended as any one at Berlin could desire. How far the punishment may go is beyond our prescience; but though the East African agreement is only a few months old, what has happened in Africa has signally justified all the objection that was taken to it in England as soon as it was heard of. And what is now understood to have been a most unfriendly stroke of diplomacy has been followed by other evidences of a disposition to alarm our Government and plague the country. More than to fret and to plague is not intended, I dare say; though even in Africa, north and east, we may still be exposed to the vexations which Lord Salisbury's submission to the East African agreement was intended to avoid. Meanwhile, we are already warned that material for a very pretty quarrel exists in Damaraland, and a further provision of trouble may presently be found in German dealings with Portugal over the prodigious appropriation of African territory which that nation claims, with something more than German sanction.

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But, since all European rights and claims in a great part of Africa have been thrown into the furnace, we need not trouble ourselves at present with that little matter. Meanwhile, we have had a 'Morier incident' to illustrate the relations of Germany with England, and to deepen the well-nursed animosity of the German people against the English people; but, luckily, not with that result alone. It is this prodigious hurlyburly which, to our great advantage, has set the alarm bell ringing in England. Thanks to an official press which receives instructions through agents who every day await orders in the Chancellor's ante-rooms (this is not a figure of speech), we all know how we stand. No doubt it has been said that the inspired-press attack on her Majesty's representative at Berlin is to be explained altogether by hatred of the Emperor Frederick, and the determination of his son's minister to degrade him in the eyes of the people. And on one point we shall all agree: there is such a hatred, there is such a determination, and they 'work like madness in the brain.' By madness, even the rage that passes into madness, much may be explained; and nothing but a passion so extreme can account for the extravagant indecency with which the memory of the late Emperor is attacked, months after the sight of him ceased to afflict any human being. But more than one paroxysm of anger has yielded this revelation:—one of the worst of the Emperor Frederick's offences was his sympathy with England; and it is obvious that even if Sir Robert Morier had been guilty of the treachery imputed to him his offence might have been chastised without creating bad blood between the people of the two nations. To say the least, no attempt was made to avoid doing so, a fact from which it is impossible to infer that avoidance was any particular desire of the official instructors of the official press; while as for the newspapers, they published charges against the English Minister that were not true, but false, and at the same time took pains to exasperate the anti-English feeling which had already spread from the circles about the throne. I do not complain of this, nor should I think complaint reasonable if I believed that the official cultivation of hostility to England was intended to prepare the way for nothing less than war. But while I do not believe that war is meant by it, neither do I believe it accidental and of no consequence. It is expressive of the wrathful disappointment of Prince Bismarck and his master at our standing aloof from Germany in the midst of her anxieties; it is intended to show that in the *Kriegsspiel* of international ambitions we must either 'play or pay;' and, obviously, if a strong feeling of hatred has been established in Germany against England it will be easier for the rulers of the one nation to 'funk' the other, and to proceed to violences which can only be resented effectually by war.

Mercifully, however, the game has been carried too far. It was a

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good one to play; but there was too much passion in it, and it has been overdone. It has been overdone in every direction. In England a ministry has not been frightened, if that was the calculation, because the nation has been alarmed. For to alarm does not necessarily mean to intimidate, and when the nation is not intimidated the Government dare not be. But that is by no means the whole of the matter, even so far as we are concerned. What has been the effect in other countries of this extraordinary outbreak of rancour? What at Vienna? They have to be very careful of what they say in Vienna; but the truth is that the lofty and commanding conduct of the young German Emperor in that capital was no good preparation for these extraordinary developments of temper at Berlin. The Austrians have no grudge against England, personal or national. On the contrary, they (who are bound in alliance with the Germans) set a considerable value on British sympathy; and therefore they regard the wanton alienation of it by their allies as a very lamentable thing. Some Austrian statesmen there are, indeed, who look with the deepest concern upon what seems to them a kind of dementia; and their misgivings are not appeased by the knowledge that if England is believed by the prevailing statesmanship of Germany to be sinking in decay, so also is the Austrian empire. It is impossible to say what consequences will result from these newly-inspired misgivings —none of any importance, perhaps; but if it be true that the Czar is inclined to court Austrian friendship just now, the Germans have an additional reason for regretting that they have done so much to awaken them. For similar reasons the Italian Government must feel the shock too; and they had already suffered injury from the mindless arrogance of the German Emperor's behaviour at the Vatican, which his Majesty must deplore as much as anybody by this time. Moreover, both the allies of Germany are deeply interested in the effect of the Chancellor's vagaries—(countenanced as they are by the Emperor)—upon Germany itself. They are aware, and we should not forget, that Berlin is not Germany, neither are the Germans all Prussians. A good many are of other tribes and different temperaments. But in all the domestic sentiment is strong; and while in Prussia itself many a man is shocked at the persistency of the greatest personages in blackening the name of the dead Emperor, elsewhere it has revolted millions: and they are not all silent either. Nor is it the unkindness of the thing alone that moves them, but—if the word may be allowed—its senselessness as well. Blunder after blunder is committed with a ferocity that would discredit success and detract from the merit of good works.

Some of the worst of these blunders are not, perhaps, the most obvious, like the Geffcken prosecution, and the whole course of procedure in relation to the Emperor Frederick's diary, where there is a graceless stumble at every step. To give another example, not so manifest.

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It is true, no doubt, that there is a vast deal of Liberalism in Germany, and that some of it is dangerous and would be so anywhere. It is true that this whole mass of Liberalism—black, white, and grey—built its hopes high on the known character of the Emperor Frederick; and while some looked to his accession for the fulfilment of reasonable expectations, others had little doubt that his concessions to freedom would help them to destroy something more than absolutism. And though, of course, there were many reasons for the endeavour to keep the Crown Prince Frederick from the throne—an endeavour which his son assisted—it was this state of things that supplied the strongest motive of all, perhaps. The unfortunate Prince did come to the throne; but no sooner had he proved that his was not mere heir-apparent liberalism, to be dropped in taking up the sceptre, than he died. It was a heavy blow to German Liberals of every school; with him all their hopes perished; and then, while their disappointment was freshest and keenest, they were not only exasperated by insult heaped upon the friend they had looked so long for and had lost so soon, but the insult was such as they could resent with the voice of outraged humanity and not merely of political chagrin! Was not that a blunder? If it were pointed to as proof of some strange decadence of statesmanship at Berlin, what could be said in reply?

And yet even the faintest suspicion of decadent statesmanship at Berlin is more than the governing men there can afford. They could not have afforded it in the days of the old Emperor: less still can they do so now, when time, and labour, and anxiety, and excitement are wearing out the greatest statesman that the world has seen for generations (with the sole exception of Cavour), and when supreme authority has fallen into the hands of a young man who has shown less wisdom than self-confidence. Every sign of failing prudence must be watched with profound anxiety by the allies of Germany; nor can it be viewed with much less perturbation in Germany itself. In the course of these unfortunate discussions on the publication of the diary, Prince Bismarck himself has revealed a doubt whether all the states of Germany rejoice in the domination of Prussia. The truth is—and it is perfectly compatible with the existence of pride in the Empire, gratitude to its creators, and determination to maintain it intact—that a vast number of Germans do not share the Berlinese idolatry of the Prussian Boot. They know the Boot; they are aware that it has been a serviceable aid to diplomacy; but they do not like it, they still resent its employment on themselves, and they fear there may be overmuch use of it as a means of persuasion in dealing with Germany's friends. Out of Prussia the press-cultivation of animosity against England is not generally approved; and therefore, while it excites alarm in Austria and Italy, it contributes largely to the domestic differences which were all to be crushed when

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the present Emperor took the reins, and were never so many, never so passionate, never so outspoken, before that time as they have been since and are to-day.

The significance of all this for Germany's rulers, for Germany's allies, and for her enemies also, need not be enlarged upon. Possibly it may be regarded as advantageous to ourselves, under the circumstances. I do not know how that may be. One thing is clear; if it could be said with truth two months ago that the long-standing anxiety of the German Government had greatly increased, there is much more truth in the assertion now. Their uneasiness at the outlook beyond their own frontier is not diminishing, far from it; and while the Zanzibar fiasco will cost in men and money, it combines with those lawless, profitless proceedings at Samoa to damage a prestige which blunders committed at home and at first hand were nearly enough to ruin. Prince Bismarck is not only sensitive to such consequences, but supersensitive. No man can be more conscious than he is of the diminishing prestige with which he has to meet increasing troubles; and after the disastrous indulgences of temper we have lately witnessed, we can have no assurance that he will choose the most delicate means of deliverance from a well-nigh desperate situation. Before these pages come into the reader's hands, the Boulanger election will be decided—the election which, according to all belief, will settle the question whether the General is or is not to become master in France without more ado. Now from the hour of his first appearance in France as a possible pretender to the Presidentship, Boulanger's ascendency has been dreaded by the German Government, for certain good reasons that need not be repeated. There are many even among ourselves, onlookers of the game, who believe that a Boulanger dictatorship means war with Germany. I see no sufficient grounds for that opinion. If, as most of us think, the present state of things in the last-named country commends a waiting game to the Czar, so it would to a President Boulanger; who, in any case, could not be expected to set to work on a war of revenge at once. Besides, if these personages are to be allies, General Boulanger will not be allowed to choose his own hour. But the more common expectation is that should the General become President-Dictator the Germans will attack betimes, and before his martial spirit has accomplished yet more formidable preparations for a brilliant, dynasty-founding revenge. But is it safe to assume that they would be at liberty to make such an attack? Suppose they were informed by the Russian Government, as soon as the necessary pretexts began to be formulated, that attack could not be allowed? How then? In my humble judgment that would certainly be done; and I fancy that it is just when the Emperor's counsellors and generals contemplate the likelihood of Russian restraint that they grind their teeth most angrily at

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England's abstention from the 'league of peace.' For they may say, 'If she had come in as a fourth great power, to forbid all disruption of the peace, peace there would be, Boulanger or no Boulanger.' As it is, what would be Germany's choice if the General did come to the front? Apparently, one of two things: either to venture an offensive war against France and Russia combined (which her allies might not like, and which might not be approved by all Germans) or to stand still while the dreaded combination increased in strength, meantime watching how affairs went on under the new Emperor.

Now if these seem to be the only alternatives, who can wonder at the desperate uneasiness that exists at Berlin, or at the grudging against England? Who could be surprised if the governing men there had a mind to put off their own difficulties at our expense? It might not be easy to do so, though of course it is possible; and to some amongst us who believe that if General Boulanger becomes dictator he will be irresistibly compelled to flaunt the French flag in one direction or another, this may be news: Some of the most authoritative persons in our own country fear that the General's attention will be turned to England. What special reasons there may be for this apprehension I do not know. But it exists where nearly all that can be known is known, and that it is a plausible fear is manifest. Russia would not object to our being worried by the French; the Germans would not be sorry to see them occupied, and occupied in proving to us how wrong we are in fancying we can stand alone in these days; and why the rest of Europe should interfere is not obvious. This, however, is a speculation upon which I lay no stress; though it does enforce the moral of the whole of these remarks.

It is true that we cannot hope to stand alone in these days, except upon one condition. We may reject alliances as 'entangling,' but unless that condition be fulfilled we must do so without any prospect of escaping consequences worse than 'entanglement' is ever interpreted to mean. Alliance or armament; strong alliance or enormous armament; the one or the other we must choose, or go down. This is the lesson which the whole course of recent events offers to our view. To suppose that a comparatively weak England can 'keep out of the arena of European complications,' as the cant phrase goes, is but a vain dream. No doubt she could do so at pleasure for a long period; but that period is past. She may still try to keep out, but as surely as there are millions and millions of armed men on the continent of Europe, and as surely as there are half-a-dozen navies where before there was not one worth heeding, she will infallibly be dragged in unless she makes herself strong enough to resent and resist interference. Now it seems to be quite decided that we are to have no friends, and the history of the last six months proves that this decision itself is a danger. Therefore in rejecting the one alternative we have made it all the more compulsory to

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take shelter under the other. But it has no existence. There is no security for us in our naval defences. They do not suffice, or nearly suffice, to support a foreign policy which (in effect) bids the contentious states of Europe tear each other in pieces if they choose, or, if they choose, sink their differences in cutting up an empire which they agree in thinking has too much of what they need. No doubt we are promised a great addition to our naval strength, but what is the Government idea of a great addition? It may not be for me to say it, but I feel confident that the addition of half-a-dozen ships will not sustain a policy of abstention from fighting alliances, now that this policy is understood to be fixed. More than that is needed, and much more; but we may have reason for gratitude, perhaps, if we get a few ships built before we find out that an enormously wealthy nation which will have no allies, and yet will go half-armed, invites attack by every colony and every market in its possession.

FREDERICK GREENWOOD.

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THE FLUCTUATING FRONTIER OF RUSSIA IN ASIA.

In the June number of this Review for 1888 appeared a paper under my name entitled, 'The Scientific Frontier of India, an accomplished fact.' Writing with the knowledge derived from a recent visit to the North-West Boundary, I attempted in that article to show that a scientific frontier, *i.e.* a frontier fixed by conditions, whether physical, ethnographical, political, or geographical, or a combination of these, qualified to give it something like precision, and likely to give it something like permanence, had recently been acquired by the joint action of the statesmen and soldiers who are responsible for the defence of the Indian Empire. In its particular application to the North-Western Borders of India, the phrase 'a Scientific Frontier' practically means a border line drawn on the far side of the passes through the mountains that command the Indus Valley, instead of a line excluding them from British territory. It is of course true that the policy originally foreshadowed by Lord Beaconsfield in 1878 has not been carried out in its entirety; Kandahar having been evacuated, Herat not having been handed over to Persia, and the Khyber Pass and Kurum Valley having been left to the custody of native tribes. It was supplanted when the Liberals came into power in 1880 by the alternative policy of a Buffer Afghanistan. The principle, however, of Lord Beaconsfield's policy, so derided at the time, so amply justified by events, is enshrined in the movement that led even a Liberal Government to Quetta, and on to Pishin, and that is now inspiring a Conservative Government to pierce the Amran Range by a tunnel that will involve the practical control of Kandahar. India may be said now to possess a frontier, thanks to the indiscreet provocation of her opponents, rather than to the sagacious forethought of her defenders, the natural strength and defensive capacities of which entitle us to regard it as a solid guarantee for security and to predicate of it a scientific denomination.

In this article I shall endeavour to show, again speaking from the experience of a recent visit to the territories concerned, that the same cannot be said of any portion of the immense frontier line of

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our only serious rival in Central Asia—Russia; and, perhaps least of all, of that portion of it which at a distance of 500 miles faces the newly extended Indian frontier in Pishin. Throughout the prodigious expanse of territory which stretches from Chinese Mongolia to the Caspian, and which embraces more than half a continent, the present confines of the Russian dominions follow an irregular line upon the map, several thousands of miles in length, and variously determined by mountain ranges of gigantic height, by mighty rivers, and by appalling sands. It might be thought that in these dispensations Nature herself had made a voluntary present of a scientific frontier to the dominions of the Czar. A variety of circumstances, however, combine in each case to render the boundary thus fixed an artificial and a temporary, instead of a natural or a permanent barrier. In each case it is possible to show that the Russian frontier is in no sense scientific; that not possessing precision it does not promise stability; that on the contrary there are the soundest reasons for believing that it is regarded by the Russians themselves, and is in fact, a merely temporary makeshift; and that we must accordingly expect in Central Asia a redistribution of existing political forces and an effacement of existing artificial lines, which, if not anticipated, may convulse two continents and embroil many nations; but which, if foreseen, may be provided for or met by such policy as a prudent statesmanship, divorced from the disturbing influence of panic, may be able to devise.

In establishing this contention I shall be far from wishing to impute any sinister or Machiavellian motive to Russia's policy, or from crediting her with distinctly aggressive designs. I shall say nothing of the rupture of past diplomatic pledges from the Neva, or of the inferences which might be drawn therefrom as to future advance. Travel in the East has led me to wonder, not that such assertions were ever given, but that they were ever accepted; the guilelessness of the deceived being out of all proportion, in my judgment, to the guilt of the deceiver. No amount of assurances, no reams of Foreign Office foolscap, can ever intervene to resist the combined pressure of natural causes, plus national ambition; and Canute bidding the sea-waves to retreat was not a more ridiculous spectacle than the British Government calling upon the Russians to stop at Askabad, at Sarakhs, or at Merv. The history of the last twenty years shows that Russia has been drawn, partly of her own free will, sometimes against it, into conquest after conquest, till she finds herself in the possession of an Empire that Alexander would have envied and that outshines that of Tamerlane. I say nothing of the means by which this empire has been acquired; for I do not know that they are separated by so very wide a difference from those by which we ourselves obtained an even more splendid dominion in the East. I ask leave only to point out that the process is not at an end; that

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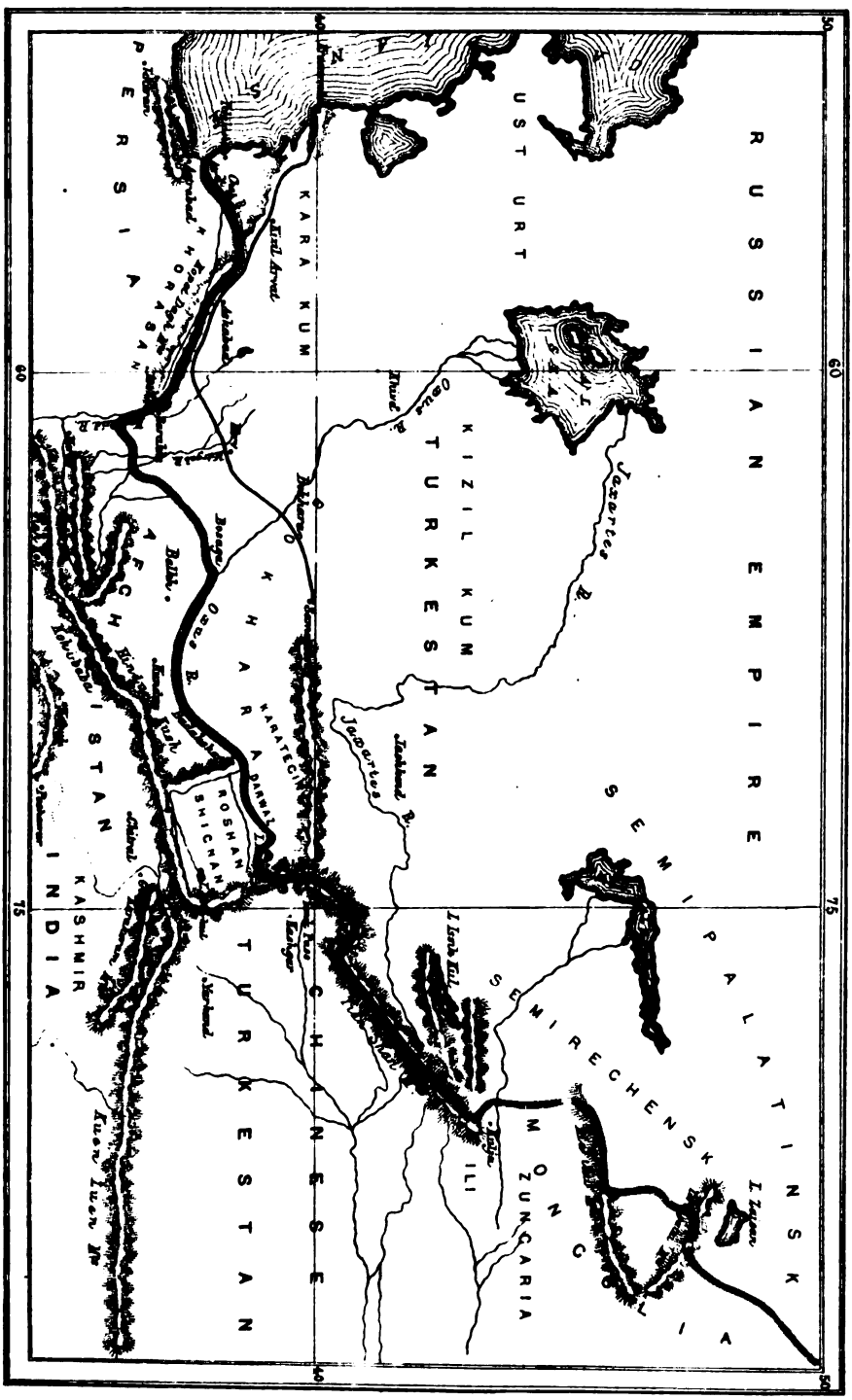
RUSSIAN FRONTIER IN CENTRAL ASIA.

Frontier - Pink line ▬▬▬▬▬

Railway ..... ———



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the very causes which have hitherto been at work are as yet unexhausted in their operation, and are capable of a startling recrudescence; in a word, that the Central Asian confines of Russia have yet to be fixed along their entire length; and that there is a part which Great Britain, alike in amity and in honour, should play in the task of fixing them.

Along the vast extent of frontier which has been indicated, the Russian possessions are co-terminous with those of three other powers. I include Bokharan territory within that of Russia, as, though not formally annexed, it is for all practical purposes under Russian control, and the responsibility for its regulation has been openly assumed by Russia since the Gortschakoff-Granville agreement of 1872–3. From the Pacific on the east to the western borders of Kashgaria, Russia and China are neighbours. Then comes the debated No-man's-land of the Pamir, where amid glaciers and snows the claims of rival ownership have proved difficult to establish. From the upper sources of the Oxus, which spring from this lofty mountain plateau, contact with Afghanistan commences, and continues along the length of the main stream to the point below Khoja Saleh at Bosaga, whence the new line of demarcation was drawn by the Anglo-Russian Commission in 1885–7 across the desert to the Zulfikar Pass on the Heri Rud between Herat and Meshed. Here Russia and Afghanistan for the present part company. Persia is the third and last neighbour of Russia, and the dominions of Czar and Shah are contiguous from the Heri Rud to the Caspian. These are the three powers, China, Afghanistan, and Persia, with whom Russia is brought into immediate contact in Central Asia, and her line of border division from whom I propose to examine. England is only remotely interested in the first section of my inquiry; she is more closely, though still indirectly, interested in the third; but in the second, relating to the Russo-Afghan frontier, she has a direct and commanding interest, arising from its vital bearing upon the integrity and peace of the Indian Empire.

I. I do not propose to follow the long frontier line of Russia and China from the mouth of the Amur in the Pacific to the border of Semipalatinsk, being anxious to confine my observation to the Central Asian zone. It would be easy, however, to show that this line is one of only temporary duration. The Amur itself might have served as an intelligible boundary, but the Russians have gone south of the river into Manchuria; and though the border question has been peacefully settled for the time being by the Russo-Chinese Frontier Commission of 1886, yet the vigour and success of Chinese colonisation in the ceded district, contrasting with the hopeless failure of Russian efforts in the same direction, may at any time generate disturbance. Further to the south Korea supplies a standing source of friction and an ever possible *casus belli*.

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Restricting our attention to the Central zone, we find that the Russian boundary, after crossing the Irtish river, strikes the east end of the Tarbagatai range at about the point where the eighty-fifth meridian of longitude intersects the forty-seventh parallel of latitude. After following its axis westward for some distance, it diverges south across the open tract known as the Gates of Zungaria, till it is again brought up by the scarp of the Ala Tau range. Still continuing south, its course as determined by the Frontier Commission that resulted from the cession of Kulja in 1881, and the consequent delimitation, skirts the Chinese province of Ili till it again becomes identified with a physical barrier in the mighty wall of the Tian Shan or Celestial mountains. This section of the new frontier has not been religiously observed since its demarcation, and affrays have more than once been reported between the Russian and Chinese soldiery. The Tian Shan mountains running from north-east to south-west form a natural boundary on the north to Chinese Kashgaria or Eastern Turkestan as far as the Terek pass, 12,500 feet, which is the Russian route to Kashgar and Yarkand. Kashgaria is the portion of the Chinese Empire most subject to Russian influence, least capable of resisting Russian aggression, and certain in the long run to fall into Russian hands. In illustration of the impotence of China and the power and intentions of Russia in this quarter, I shall quote the words of the latest visitors, English and Russian, to the neighbourhood.

Lieutenant Younghusband, who journeyed from Pekin across the Mongolian desert to Kashgar and Kashmir in 1887, reported that the Chinese position in Turkestan was very weak; that the country was almost denuded of troops, those on the spot being nothing but police of just sufficient numbers to keep the population in order (the Turkis being very submissive), but quite powerless to resist invasion. He pointed out the impossibility of reinforcing the Chinese army at Kashgar and Yarkand, owing to the enormous distance from headquarters, and the barren waste intervening. And he commented upon the corruption, the want of discipline, and the total absence of professional *esprit de corps* among the officers of the Chinese army.[1]

Lieutenant Gombtchevski, a Russian officer who explored the same region in 1886, also reported the Chinese position in Eastern Turkestan as very precarious, the people being over-taxed and oppressed, and the Chinese system of punishment being rigorous and cruel.

More significant still were the words of the famous Russian explorer General Prjevalski, so recently dead, an article from whose pen, the importance of which cannot be exaggerated, appeared in a recent number of the *Asiatic Quarterly Review*.[2] Of the Chinese

[1] *Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society*, August, 1888.
[2] Translation by Capt. F. Beaufort, R.A., October, 1887.

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administration he observed: 'Crying injustice, espionage, rapacity, grinding taxation, tyranny of officials, in a word entire absence of all ideas of legality in all administrative or judicial matters—such are the leading characteristics of the Chinese rule.' Of the Chinese army in Eastern Turkestan, returned as from 15,000 to 17,000 strong, he reported that their arms were primitive, scanty, and in miserable condition; that there was a total absence of discipline, or sense of duty both among officers and men, and not the most elementary knowledge of the art of war. Such a condition of affairs, it is not surprising to hear, has excited wide and growing discontent among the natives, and has encouraged a 'deep sympathy and respect for the Russian name,' which teaches them to 'long for the arrival of the Russians as liberators,' and which 'surrounds the name of the Czar in the eyes of the Asiatic masses with a halo of mystic might.'

Self-satisfied patriotism may have tempted the General into a pardonable exaggeration in the latter remarks, and a different version is presented to us by Mr. A. D. Carey, who, with poor Dagleish, since murdered, made an adventurous tour in Chinese Turkestan in 1885. Whilst acknowledging the administrative corruption of Chinese rule, the undisciplined and ill-armed condition of the Chinese army, and the low morale of its officers, he formed a more favourable opinion of the general merits of Celestial administration.[3] Of greater practical moment, however, coming from the lips of Prjevalski, are the words with which he concluded, and which amount to a direct incitement to forcible annexation. 'The much-lauded two centuries of friendship between Russia and China, notwithstanding all our efforts to prolong it, even at the price of concession and indulgence, hang in reality by a thread which any day may snap asunder. The favourable solution of the many vexed questions which confront us is hardly to be attained by peaceful means. It may be that the moment for war is not far distant. Whether we like it or not, we have a long account which must be settled, and practical proof given to our haughty neighbours, that Russian spirit and Russian courage are equally potent factors, whether in the heart of Great Russia or in the Asiatic Far East.' These remarks will show how thin is the crust that overlies the lava-springs of insurrection and war on the Chinese confines of Russia, how ephemeral the truce that now prevails, how inevitable the result of the next forward move. More pressing necessities may delay it for awhile, but come it eventually must. Great Britain, who cannot even get consuls appointed at Kashgar and Yarkand to superintend her still considerable trade with the country, will be powerless except to protest. And British protests are not now at a high premium in Central Asia.

II. I pass now to the Russian frontier in the *terra semi-incognita* of the Pamir, and here again I shall indicate conditions not less

[3] *Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society*, December, 1887.

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fluctuating or unstable. Till lately this mysterious country, the Roof of the World, and site of the fabulous Bolor Tagh of Alexander Humboldt, was almost a blank space in maps, Wood's discovery of one of the sources of the Oxus in 1838 having long remained an unsupplemented preface to the history of scientific exploration. During the last twelve years, however, an annual series of Russian so-called scientific expeditions has investigated and surveyed the various passes and highland plateaux possessing a mean elevation of 13,000 feet above the sea, and the names of Kostenko, Fedchenko, Mushketoff, Maieff, Severtzoff, Middendorf, Abramoff, and Oshanin, recall an amount and minuteness of topographical labour to which the efforts of British pioneers offer but an inadequate parallel. British exploration has been confined to the more southerly portions of the Pamir; but here the expeditions of Johnson, Hayward, and Shaw in 1867, of Forsyth, Gordon, and Trotter in 1873–4, of Ney Elias in 1885, of Colonels Lockhart, Barrow, and Woodthorpe in 1885–6, and of other Hindu emissaries of the Indian Topographical Department, have supplied us with information which, though inaccessible to the public, is in the hands of those whose official position will entitle them to utilise it.

A country so lofty in situation, fast bound in the fetters of frost and ice during eight months of the year, almost destitute of vegetation, swept by terrible hurricanes and inhabited only by nomad tribes, is one the ownership or boundaries of which none are able, and few are anxious, to determine. In the latest Russian maps the Russian frontier is drawn as follows. Starting from the Terek Pass, it runs almost due south along the eastern escarpment of the plateau, skirting on the east the beautiful mountain lake of Kara Kul, 12,800 feet, from the southern end of which flows a branch of the Murghabi or northernmost source of the Oxus. Throwing a loop round the mountains south of the lake, and excluding the smaller and more southerly lake of Rang Kul, it turns north-west, and presently joins the ill-defined frontier of the petty state of Darwaz, which, with its neighbour Karategin, is subject to the rule of the Emir of Bokhara, and may therefore be considered *de facto* as a Russian possession. It is here principally, amid the upper sources of the Oxus, and along the shadowy line that separates the Bokharan States from those acknowledging the suzerainty of the Amir of Afghanistan, that the artificial character of the Russian frontier is manifest, that contact with Afghanistan, involving possible collision with England, commences, and that we may expect an early development of Russian frontier policy.

Before leaving the Pamir proper, I am tempted to point out that, however unpropitious the natural conditions, however worthless the country itself, there is every indication that it will ultimately become a secondary arena of Russian advance. Russian diplomacy is en-

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gaged upon the task of ascertaining—not whether the country is worth conquering, because there is nothing and no one to conquer, but how far the passes are available for the movement of troops contemplating a descent upon Chitral, or upon Kashmir—in other words executing a diversion upon a corner, unprotected save by Nature, of the Indian Empire. Till quite lately it has been fondly believed that mountains 20,000 feet high must constitute an insuperable rampart. But the experience of General Abramoff, who in 1878 transported a battery without difficulty over the Alai, and the further exploration of the passes both north and south of the lake Kara Kul, have shown that, at any rate between the months of June and September, they may be crossed by troops, and that the descent of a lightly-equipped force upon Gilgit or Chitral is no impossibility. Lieutenant Gombtchevski reported that for an army there were three good passes between Tashkurgan and Kashmir; and although one of these, the Kilik Pass, received a much less favourable certificate from Colonels Lockhart and Woodthorpe, yet there can be little doubt that this angle of the British frontier is more vulnerable than was supposed, and that a greater security must be assured to it in the near future.

III. We come next to the Russo-Afghan difficulty, arising out of the co-terminous borders of the Upper Oxus khanates, dividing their allegiance respectively between the Amirs of Bokhara and Kabul. The Roshan-cum-Shignan question, which is the crux of the situation, is one about which there has been great mystery, and is still considerable uncertainty. It arose as follows: By the Gortschakoff-Granville agreement of 1872–3, the only diplomatic engagement between England and Russia relating to the Upper Oxus boundary, it was decided that all the territory, subject to Dost Mohammed at his death in 1863, and in effective possession of Shere Ali in 1872, should be considered Afghan property. Under the terms of this settlement the two khanates of Badakshan and Wakhan were, after a slight diplomatic encounter, ceded to Shere Ali, their northern boundaries being determined by what was then supposed to be the northernmost branch of the Oxus, namely the Panja river, flowing from the mountain lake discovered by Wood and variously known as Wood's Lake, Victoria Lake, and Lake Sir-i-kul. Geographical ignorance on the part of both Governments was responsible for the complications that ensued. It afterwards appeared (1) that the Upper Oxus stream was really the Murghabi or Aksu river, a good deal further north, and (2) that Badakshan had dependencies on both banks of this more northerly stream. These dependencies, known as Shignan and Roshan, were actually occupied by Abdurrahman Khan in 1883. Russia, adhering to the strict letter of the original agreement, protested against this violation of its terms, and called upon England to induce the Amir of Afghanistan to withdraw

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his troops, and 'to renounce for ever all interference in its affairs.'[4] Lord Granville replied (April 29, 1884) that the Amir considered Shignan and Roshan to be parts of Badakshan, which Russia herself had acknowledged as within his border; 'but that the information in the possession of the Indian Government was not sufficient to enable them to pronounce a decided opinion on the subject, and therefore her Majesty's Government would be happy to consider the question in concert with the Russian Government, and to send a Commission to make an investigation on the spot jointly with a Russian and Afghan Commissioner.' The question was further complicated by the fact that simultaneously with the assertion of Afghan rights in the Trans-Oxian region, Bokhara was shown to have claims of equal validity to territory in the Cisriparian region, an interlacing of pretensions which threw into still greater disrepute the ill-informed agreement of 1872–3.[5] The proposal of a Joint Commission was discussed in a half-hearted manner for some little time, but neither Government appears to have made up its mind whether they really wanted a Commission at all, and if so, whether it should have a separate existence, or should be merged in the Commission that was about to delimitate the North-west Afghan frontier from the Oxus to the Heri Rud. Finally, the concentration of public interest on the labours of the latter, and the startling events that threatened the peace of the world in the spring of 1885, caused the question of the Upper Oxus boundary to fall into the background; and, so far as the public is aware, no official mention of it has been made since. The last public despatch relating to it was from Lord Granville, dated the 6th of August 1884, which appeared in the Blue-book, Central Asia, No. 5, 1885. No. 6, says Sir Charles Dilke, was laid on the table and ordered to be printed, but was afterwards withdrawn; and the next Central Asian Blue-book, No. 1, 1887, appearing after a long interval, contained no allusion to Shignan and Roshan.

There, consequently, the matter rests for the present. The experience of frontier commissions is not such as to encourage us to look with any confidence to such a solution. British responsibilities are already quite sufficiently onerous with reference to Afghanistan, without saddling ourselves with a fresh burden; and in regions so remote and inaccessible, whence it is almost impossible to obtain accurate information, and where might and not frontier pillars constitute the right, it may be as well to relinquish the ascendency to the stronger hand. It is obvious, however, that the future of these regions is as precarious as the present is ill-defined. At this moment no one knows the precise boundary between Roshan the northernmost Afghan, and Darwaz the southernmost Bokharan, possession. The Russians despatched an expedition to that quarter under Dr. Regel

[4] *Central Asia*, No. 2, 1885.

[5] *Vide* the remarks of Sir Henry Rawlinson, reported in the *Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society*, September, 1884, vi. 506.

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in June 1882, but the report of M. Kossiakoff, the military topographer, contained no very exact information on the point;[6] and in 1885 Ney Elias, who was sent by the Indian Government to collect information about the conflicting claims to this region, was unable, owing to illness, to complete the demarcation of Darwaz.[7] Even if the *status quo* be maintained for a while, it is certain that upon the death of Abdurrahman trouble will ensue. Attempts, real or imaginary, on the part of the local Begs to assert their independence will afford Russia a reasonable pretext for interference, if she has not already attained her end by a more pacific re-assertion of Bokharan rule. The strategical value of these territories, as commanding some of the best trade routes and most accessible passes both to Kashgar and to Kashmir will not outweigh in the eyes of the British public their physical poverty and intolerable distance; and Shignan, Roshan, and Wakhan, even Badakshan itself, whose Tajik population, though speaking a Persian dialect, are of like kin to the subjects of Bokhara in Karategin and Darwaz, will assuredly pass under Muscovite rule either directly or through the intervening stage of a nominal Bokharan suzerainty.

The next section of the Russo-Afghan frontier is the long stretch from the junction of the Kokcha with the main stream of the Oxus (which is the western limit of Badakshan as fixed by the agreement of 1872–3) to Bosaga below Khoja Saleh. Throughout this distance the Oxus constitutes the boundary between Bokhara and Afghan Turkestan, and, with its mighty volume from 200 to 800 yards in width, might be thought to supply a frontier at once natural and enduring. Conditions however, to which I shall now allude, combine to render this perhaps the least scientific portion of the entire line, and should prepare the public for its early repudiation. These conditions are fourfold:—(1) Geographical—the existence of a magnificent natural frontier at a distance of from 100 to 200 miles to the south in the shape of the main range of the Hindu Kush; (2) Ethnographical—the mixed Tatar, Tajik, and Turkoman origin of the peoples south of the Oxus, suggesting assimilation with Bokhara rather than with Afghanistan; (3) Historical—the old pretensions of Bokhara to sovereignty over these khanates, which under weak Bokharan and powerful Afghan rulers have passed into abeyance, but might be diplomatically revived; (4) Political—the closer proximity and superior vantage ground supplied by a frontier drawn at the Hindu Kush for advance upon Kabul and menace to Hindostan. A few words about each of these.

(1). A glance at an orographical map of Asia will show that the Hindu Kush, with its lateral prolongations merging on the east into the Mustagh mountains and the Karakoram range, and on the west

[6] *Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society*, January, 1886.
[7] *The Times*, December 25, 1886.

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into the Koh-i-baba and the misnamed Paropamisus, is the real backbone and water parting of Central Asia, dividing it into two zones physically separate and only artificially allied. 'Geographically the Upper Oxus and all the northern slopes of the Iranian and Afghan plateau belong to the Aralo-Caspian basin, and the growing influence of the Slav power cannot fail sooner or later to unite in a single political group the various parts of this vast region. During several months of the year Afghan Turkestan is completely cut off from Afghanistan proper, and this remains exposed to the free advance of the Russian arms.'[8] General Soboleff, formerly head of the Asiatic Department at St. Petersburg, said to Mr. Marvin in 1882—'The Oxus is a river, and rivers are bad boundaries; therefore we want the Hindu Kush as a real wall to divide our possessions from yours in Central Asia.' He expounded the same idea in his sketch of the Anglo-Afghan war of 1879–80. Skobeleff frequently elaborated it in conversation; and there is no doubt that it is now the common property of most Russian officers and statesmen. Nor can it plausibly be denied. Nature has pointed out the Hindu Kush, and not the Oxus, as the true line of division; and Russia is not the power to neglect so obvious a reminder.

(2) The Oxus has long ceased to be a natural boundary between Iran and Turan; and but few inhabitants of Afghan Turkestan are of Afghan blood. Iranians there are, it is true, in the persons of Tajiks, kinsmen to the indigenous tribes of Bokhara, whence they came; but these are but a small minority compared with the Turki population of Kunduz and Balkh, some of whom toward the west are nomad Turkomans who have strayed this way to the river pastures, but the bulk of whom are Uzbegs or Tatars of various tribes who were planted on the left bank of the Oxus by the successors of Jenghiz Khan, of Timur, and of Sheibani Khan, as an outpost against the marauding Afghans. Ties of blood, the Pan-Tatar idea, may not be very potent with these turbulent tribesmen, but motives of self-interest are. Russian travellers in this district, and particularly Colonel Grodekoff, who traversed it on his ride from Samarkand to Herat in 1878, have represented the people as groaning under the cruel Afghan yoke and as sighing for Russian emancipation. And though these statements do not entirely tally with the experience of the officers of the British Frontier Commission who explored the region in 1885, or with the lessons of the recent revolt of Isak Khan, who was Governor of this country, yet it will be a sufficient plea for Russian advance that ethnographical principles can at any moment be invoked to confuse a foreign cabinet, while material advantage is the chord that will be played upon on the spot.

(3) If need required, a historical excuse might also be forthcoming. For it is quite true that the khanates of Kunduz, Khulm,

[8] Elisée Reclus, *Universal Geography*, vol. vi. chap. iii.

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and Balkh have all in the past, and that no distant past, been dependencies of Bokhara. This condition of affairs, however, practically ceased with the resurrection of Afghan power in the last half century, and was politically extinguished by the Agreement of 1872–3, accepted by Russia as binding, which left these States to the Amir of Afghanistan. The historical plea, therefore, if advanced, can be shown to be valueless.

(4) That Russian policy is now directed towards a contraction of the middle ground that separates her from British territory in Central Asia, is becoming increasingly clear. The theory of a neutral zone or buffer state is one to which she has latterly shown no favour; and a co-terminous frontier, involving direct contact and multiplying and magnifying to an incalculable degree the capacity to strike, is the present object of her ambition. With this view, her military centre was moved in 1887 from Tashkent to Samarkand; Kerki on the Oxus was occupied in June 1887; the Oxus flotilla was designed for transporting troops from Tcharjui to the Afghan frontier; and Russian native emissaries are everywhere at work fomenting disintegration among the Uzbeg tribes south of the Oxus. Quite recently (October 10th, 1888) the *Novoe Vremya* published an article during the revolt of Isak Khan which contained these words:—

> Sooner or later the Indian Government will perceive that the political buffer which it has created, while very costly, has little solidity. Moreover, the existence of Afghanistan in its present state is very prejudicial to the commercial interests, not only of Russia, but of England herself. Would it not, therefore, be wiser to give serious consideration to the pacification of Afghanistan, even by means of a partition, which might, perhaps, be very clearly marked out by ethnographical as well as geographical conditions?

What the conditions are to which allusion is here obscurely made, and what is the real object of Russia in suggesting them, I hope that I have made clear. It is astonishing that some English politicians, by openly advocating a similar solution, should be willing to precipitate the day of danger to their country. Come it may and probably will, but there is no statesmanship in accelerating it. For the present much if not all depends upon the life of Abdurrahman. Were he to die and no capable British candidate to be forthcoming, Russia would be at the Hindu Kush within a couple of years.

From Bosaga on the Oxus starts the concluding section of the Russo-Afghan frontier which, after protracted negotiation and frequent reference to head-quarters, was settled by Sir W. Ridgeway in 1887. It runs for a distance of 340 miles as far as the Zulfikar Pass, where it touches the right bank of the Heri Rud, here the boundary between Persia and Afghanistan. Without recapitulating the history, or reviving the pros and cons of this vexed question, I desire merely to point to the fact, which not one of the delimitators would deny, that this is a purely artificial and temporary frontier

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possessing no elements of stability or duration. It runs, as Sir W. Ridgeway has himself informed the public, through 'a sandy, treeless, waterless desert,'[9] except where traversed by the Heri Rud and the Murghab and the two tributaries of the latter, the Kushk and Kasan. No mountain valleys or passes, in fact not a single physical advantage, contribute to its efficacy. It has been very pertinently remarked that it is a 'line of length without strength,' a peace frontier and not a war frontier. Ethnographical considerations were invoked to justify its advance; but they may equally be adduced to palliate its violation. The Turkomans have by no means all been brought under the flag of the Czar. There are Salor Turkomans of Maimene and Ersari Turkomans of Andkhui, not to mention those in the upper pastures of the Murghab, who are still subjects, even if reluctant subjects, of Afghanistan. Only in April, 1888, a movement of Salors across the frontier, variously explained by the two parties, produced a certain amount of fighting, and might have embroiled a far wider area. These movements continue. There is not a month when they either do not take place spontaneously, or cannot be manufactured to order by Alikhanoff; and if each or any of these inevitable provocations were to be considered as involving a *casus belli* between Great Britain and Russia, we should hang eternally suspended on the razor's edge of war.

Here, however, I must pause to point out that a very radical misconception appears to prevail in the minds of the British public, even of the best informed, as to the nature and extent of the responsibility which we have incurred upon the new frontier. It is assumed that because British officers staked it out, therefore British ministers are bound to defend its integrity, and British arms to punish its violation. Sir W. Ridgeway, in his article, says that 'responsibility for the integrity of the Amir's territory had already been undertaken, and has now been defined by demarcation, that being one of its chief merits.' And even so acute a critic as Sir Charles Dilke remarks—'We are solemnly pledged to defend against Russia the integrity of Afghanistan.'[10] Fortunate it is for us that no such pledge in treaty or other instrument exists; else the ambition of a Cossack officer, straining his orders for the sake of a decoration, or the marauding instincts of a gang of hereditary moss-troopers, might at any moment plunge a world in arms. A pledge, it is true, was given to the present Amir, when we placed him upon the Musnud of Kabul, to aid him in resisting unprovoked aggression on his dominions; but the very important qualification was appended, 'to such extent and in such manner as may appear to the British Government necessary.'[11] Had

[9] *Nineteenth Century*, October, 1887.

[10] In the chapter on Russia in *The Present Position of European Politics*.

[11] Letter, dated July 20, 1880, from Sir Lepel Griffin, British Agent at Kabul, to Abdurrahman Khan.

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a more specific guarantee existed the humiliation of Great Britain at the incident of Penjdeh would have been greater than it actually was, for we should not only have sacrificed the territory but have broken a pledge of honour.

The fact, however, that no engagement exists compelling British forces to resist the infringement of the North-west Afghan frontier, does not relieve us from responsibility in that quarter, or entitle us to look upon Russian advance with complacency. Even without the loss of honour there may be a sacrifice of prestige, the Asiatic equivalent for honour. The extreme point of the Russian frontier is now less than seventy miles from Herat, and an easy pass alone intervenes. It is notorious that a Russian army could appear at the gates of Herat before a British force had advanced within four hundred miles; and though the new fortifications, executed under the eye of British officers, might prevent a *coup de main*, yet Herat would have struck its flag to Russia almost before Great Britain had planted the Union Jack upon the citadel of Kandahar. Or if such violent action did not commend itself to Russia, intrigue might secretly effect the same object, and a revolt in Herat, which has never been held by the Afghans without the greatest difficulty, might supply her either with an open invitation to advance or with an excuse for an occupation already accomplished.

The strategical importance of Herat has probably been greatly exaggerated by the alarmists who have proclaimed for years that it is the key of India; but who, now that it has virtually passed from our hands, begin to discover that there are a multitude of locks to the Indian door and an infinity of keys. The Frontier Commission discovered the town itself to be a cluster of mud hovels, within a rampart, containing about five thousand souls; and the famous Herat Valley to be only a moderately cultivated strip of land from two to five miles wide, on either side of the river. But though the immediate value of Herat may be small, the prestige of its possession would, thanks in a great degree to the ill-judged outcry of these same alarmists, be very great. And its occupation by Russia, which is as certain as the succession of day to night, will swell the majesty that already encircles her invincible name.

Not that the work of the Frontier Commission has been without solid advantage. It has had a direct and an indirect result, both of them of the highest importance. Some frontier is better than no frontier at all. It has temporarily arrested the advance of Russia in a region where the uneasy feeling, arising from constant movement and unrestrained aggression, was fraught with danger to peace; and it has thrown upon Russia the responsibility of future war. Indirectly, it has placed upon a footing of far greater friendship and concord our relations with the Amir of Afghanistan, who welcomed the Commission to Kabul with the utmost cordiality, and has shown

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himself a more amenable ally since; and it enabled the British engineer officers attached to the Commission to obtain a minute topographical acquaintance with the whole of the North and North-west of Afghanistan.

I have argued that the present frontier is temporary, and that we must expect Herat to fall to Russia. A glance at the map will show the physical conditions which will assist such a consummation. The main range of the Hindu Kush, which I have indicated as the probable southern limit of Russian advance south of the Oxus, is prolonged westward into the Koh-i-baba range north of Kabul, into the Safid Koh and Siah Koh, between which is the basin of the Heri Rud, and still further west into the Serabend or Paropamisus mountains, under which lies Herat. In this lofty and continuous barrier, the spinal ridge of Afghanistan, we may see a not improbable frontier of the future, and a possible line of division between the two empires. The question of the policy to be pursued by England in the event of such a frontier being demanded or seized by Russia is one that I shall not now touch; my object being to indicate the instability of present conditions rather than to formulate a new combination.

IV. There remains the concluding section of the Russian border line, co-terminous with Persia, from the Heri Rud to the Caspian. The greater part of this frontier, that namely from the Caspian to Luftabad, just beyond Baba Durmaz, the then outpost of Russian territory in Transcaspia, was settled by the Russo-Persian Treaty of the 21st of December 1881, and has been demarcated by Commissioners since. Starting from Hassan Kuli Bay at the mouth of the Atrek, it follows that river to Chat, at the junction with the Sumbur, whence it strikes eastwards to the Arwaz Pass in the Kopet Dagh. Thence, roughly speaking, it is traced along the crest of this magnificent range till it descends into the plain at its base at Luftabad. Russian annexation in 1883 and 1884, involving the occupation of the oases of Sarakhs and Merv, rendered a new definition of the frontier beyond Luftabad desirable; and there is little doubt that a secret treaty to this effect was concluded between Russia and Persia in 1884, though its terms have never been made known—a reticence which is generally believed to be due to the existence in the document of a clause giving Russia the right, in certain contingencies, to utilise the Persian territory south of Sarakhs along the Heri Rud as far as the road from Meshed to Herat; in other words, to make a flank attack upon Herat and to turn the existing Afghan frontier line. Concerning this section of the border, Captain A. C. Yate, who visited the district in 1885, wrote: 'I cannot find any distinct definition of the frontier drawn from Kalat-i-Nadiri to Sarakhs, and it is just in that quarter that rumour credits Russia

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with further aggressive designs.'[12] Rumour probably does not lie; for quite recently, when I was in that country, upon asking leave from the Governor-General at Askabad to cross the frontier to Kalat, we were peremptorily refused.

Looking again at the map, we shall see that a third at least of this frontier is not based upon physical recommendations. From Michaelovsk on the Caspian there exists an admirable natural boundary, supplied by the continuous ranges of the Little Balkans, the Kuren Dagh and the Kopet Dagh. Neglecting this, however, Russia has pushed southwards along the coast of the Caspian and has occupied Tchikislar and the naval station of Ashurada, so as to command Astrabad and the main road to Shah-rud and Khorasan. Nor in the inland portion of this territory is there any superior guarantee for permanence. From the mouth of the Atrek to the Kopet Dagh the frontier, though bordering on Persia, does not border on Persians. The inhabitants of this region are Turkomans, mainly of the Yomud or Goklan tribes, living on both sides of the frontier and accustomed to shift their camping ground to and fro according to the season of the year. Already these migrations have resulted in conflict and bloodshed;[13] and the frontier is as easily, and will be as frequently, infringed as the boundary, before described, with Afghanistan. Here too the ethnical principle may as triumphantly be appealed to; and there can be very little doubt that sooner or later every Turkoman in this region, if not every Persian too, will acknowledge the Russian sway. Further east the new Transcaspian Railway, already extended south of Luftabad, and about to be prolonged to Sarakhs, has completely turned the flank of the Persian position and left Khorasan more absolutely at Russian mercy than before. A good military road from Askabad to the frontier at the summit of the range has been constructed by which Russian troops could at a day's notice be poured into the heart of Khorasan. The ridiculous outcry which has recently been raised by the Russian newspapers at the concession obtained by Sir H. Drummond Wolff for the navigation of the Karun river in the Persian Gulf—a part of Persia with which Russia can have nothing whatever to do—is probably designed to furnish an excuse, which the refusal of the Persian Government to allow a Russian Consul-General to be appointed to Meshed will render the more plausible, for still further tightening the grip on Northern Persia. Russians already talk about it as Russian territory, and of the Shah as a Russian vassal. Nor is this bravado altogether ill-founded. For, apart from the miserable impotence of the Persian army, and the enormous strength of their own position, the Russians have for years made themselves exceedingly popular in Khorasan, partly by intrigue and a free use of the rouble,

[12] Preface to *Travel with the Afghan Boundary Commission.*

[13] *Vide The Times*, April 14, 1888.

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partly by the unquestionable service which they have rendered to the Persians of this province in freeing them from the terrible scourge of Turkoman raids. As long ago as 1875 Sir C. Macgregor wrote that the inhabitants were asking when the Russians were coming, and adding: 'May God send them speedily;' and a petition to the Czar praying for annexation is said to have been circulated among the Persian towns and villages and to have received 10,000 signatures. Here, as in Afghanistan, the life of the reigning sovereign is probably the limit of the *status quo*. As soon as the Shah dies, the Russo-Persian frontier which I have described will vanish into thin air.

I have now surveyed the entire Russian frontier in Asia from the Pacific to the Caspian, and have shown that at scarcely any point along its prodigious stretch is there a guarantee of the smallest value for permanence. Russia does not retreat: she may say 'J'y suis, j'y reste.' But neither can she stand still: she may also say 'J'y suis, je n'y reste pas.' Ambition, policy, necessity, Nature herself, call her on; and she is powerless, even if she be willing, to resist the appeal. Let no Englishmen be deluded into thinking that the process can be arrested. To those who argue that territorial expansion is financially ruinous to Russia, I answer that financial discouragement has never yet retarded her advance. She knows that an interest plus a heavy bonus is accumulating in the future. To those who like Sir W. Ridgeway rely upon 'the honesty, good faith, and pacific tendencies of the Emperor,' and upon 'the foresight and sagacity of Russian statesmen,' I answer that Czars are not immortal, and that foresight and sagacity will tempt Russian statesmen into the very course which Sir W. Ridgeway supposes that they will thereby be led to avoid. The last quarter of a century has witnessed an acquisition of empire by Russia, wonderful in extent, but often haphazard and rarely difficult. The next will be devoted to the far more onerous but remunerative search for a limit at once stable and scientific.

What should be the part which Great Britain will play in this certain developement must be determined by considerations of her own advantage, the security of her Indian dominions, and her ability or resolution to defend the position which she takes up. Along almost the entire line from the Pamir to the Caspian we have a commanding right to assist in dictating the settlement. Our interest in these regions is prior in date and superior in importance to that of Russia. We have to fear aggression: not they. A scientific frontier may be an advantage to them: it is a necessity to us. Instead of nervous anticipation of an advance which we do not mean to prevent, and petulant protests when it is accomplished, let our statesmen make up their minds what they mean to hold and what they are prepared to abandon. If we do not intend Russia to advance beyond a certain line, let us be prepared ultimately to advance up to it ourselves.

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Let it be clearly understood what will be a *casus belli*, and what not. Let a responsible Government declare: 'Thus far and no farther.' Short of that point, let England and Russia, so far as is possible, co-operate in the great work of subduing the East to the West. But, once it has been passed, let the Foreign Office clerks dry their pens, and the historical 'Krieg mobil' be flashed from Whitehall.

GEORGE N. CURZON.

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THE SACRIFICE OF EDUCATION TO EXAMINATION.

THE response to the 'Protest' against over-examination in the November Number of this Review has been so large that it is difficult to deal with.

The signatures alone appended to the hundreds of letters which have been received would occupy more pages than could possibly be here spared for them, while the whole Review might be filled by pertinent extracts from the letters themselves and from articles dealing with the subject.

The correspondence has come from all parts of the country, and from all sorts and conditions of men and women, but chiefly from those who are engaged in education as their business. Teachers of all grades—from members of the Universities downwards—are unanimous as to the need for some change in the present system, while parents and doctors confirm the widespread discontent, and give abundant evidence in justification of it.

It was hoped that some of the letters might have been published in the *Nineteenth Century*, and nothing but want of space prevents it: a volume, however, is likely to be soon issued by the originators of the 'Protest,' in which many of them and all the signatures will probably appear.

Meanwhile, as a further contribution to the discussion, the following articles, suggestive of remedies, are selected from the mass of papers and essays which have been volunteered. And, as bearing more directly than others upon the

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proposed application for a Royal Commission, the names of the one hundred Members of Parliament who have now signed the 'Protest' are here brought together.

Lord Armstrong
Earl of Ashburnham
Lord Brabourne
Lord Bramwell
Lord Lamington
Lord Wolseley
Lord Stanley of Alderley
Earl of Lytton
Earl of Meath
Lord Manvers
Lord Grimthorpe
Lord Norton
Lord Wantage
Earl of Wemyss

John Addison, Q.C., M.P.
Hon. W. Cochrane-Baillie, M.P.
W. B. Barbour, M.P.
T. C. Baring, M.P.
G. C. T. Bartley, M.P.
W. W. B. Beach, M.P.
Ernest W. Beckett, M.P.
George H. Bond, M.P.
Sir Algernon Borthwick, M.P.
Charles Bradlaugh, M.P.
Jacob Bright, M.P.
Lord Henry B. Bruce, M.P.
James Bryce, M.P.
Thomas Burt, M.P.
P. A. Chance, M.P.
G. B. Clark, M.D., M.P.
Sir Edward Clarke, M.P.
J. J. Colman, M.P.
C. A. V. Conybeare, M.P.
John Corbett, M.P.
Joseph Craven, M.P.
Sir Savile Crossley, Bart., M.P.
Right Hon. G. Cubitt, M.P.
Lieutenant-Colonel Hon. Lewis P. Dawnay, M.P.
George Dixon, M.P.
Viscount Ebrington, M.P.
T. Ellis, M.P.
Sir J. Whittaker Ellis, M.P.
R. Gent-Davis, M.P.
Sir T. H. G. Esmonde, M.P.
C. Fenwick, M.P.
Cyril Flower, M.P.
Sir Walter B. Foster, M.D., M.P.
H. Gardner, M.P.
Sydney Gedge, M.P.
R. Cuninghame Graham, M.P.
Charles Milnes-Gaskell, M.P.
Sir Edward Green, Bart., M.P.
Sir E. Grey, Bart., M.P.
Sir T. F. Grove, Bart., M.P.
W. C. Gully, Q.C., M.P.
Colonel R. Gunter, M.P.
R. B. Haldane, M.P.
Edward Hardcastle, M.P.
C. Seale-Hayne, M.P.
J. Henniker Heaton, M.P.
Right Hon. E. Heneage, M.P.
R. T. Hermon-Hodge, M.P.
W. H. Hornby, M.P.
Henry H. Howarth, M.P.
George Howell, M.P.
F. Seager Hunt, M.P.
Hon. Walter H. James, M.P.
J. E. Kenny, M.P.
H. Kimber, M.P.
H. T. Knatchbull-Hugessen, M.P.
Thomas Lea, M.P.
Sir Edmund Lechmere, Bart., M.P.
Stanley Leighton, M.P.
A. McArthur, M.P.
Justin McCarthy, M.P.
R. Macdonald, M.D., M.P.
Walter McLaren, M.P.
J. M. Maclean, M.P.

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Colonel W. T. Makins, M.P.
Right Hon. Sir William Marriott, M.P.
Sir Herbert Eustace Maxwell, Bart., M.P.
Francis B. Mildmay, M.P.
Walter Morrison, M.P.
P. A. Muntz, M.P.
T. P. O'Connor, M.P.
Sir W. Pearce, Bart., M.P.
Alfred E. Pease, M.P.
J. Allanson Picton, M.P.
Sir George Baden-Powell, M.P.
Sir J. H. Puleston, M.P.
T. W. Russell, M.P.
Lieutenant-Colonel T. Myles-Sandys, M.P.
F. S. Stevenson, M.P.
Samuel Storey, M.P.
Edmund Swetenham, M.P.
C. R. Talbot, M.P.
Walter Thorburn, M.P.
H. J. Trotter, M.P.
Hon. G. R. Vernon, M.P.
Sir H. Hussey Vivian, Bart., M.P.
Colonel Thomas Waring, M.P.

I.

By the Hon. AUBERON HERBERT.

As regards all proposals made for testing the character of teaching, certain things should be borne in mind. First, and I think Mr. Tatham in his excellent book somewhere lays stress on this, that the highest kind of teaching defies all test. In the case of a teacher of great gifts, who is to sit in judgment upon his work? It can hardly be desired that his work should be submitted to men inferior to himself. The most passionate lover of tests would feel that they could only work pure mischief in such instances. Secondly, that, as regards even teaching of an altogether lower class, there can be no true and healthy method of distinguishing good from bad work, unless such method be based upon an intelligent desire on the part of those most concerned—the parents—to know and understand something of the work done by their children. All external tests, which attempt to take trouble and responsibility altogether off the shoulders of parents, whether they consist of examinations, or inspections, official or not official, will in the long run be found to work greater harm than good, and to be only organised against their end. It may be broadly affirmed that nothing in this world was ever well done, where the people primarily concerned possessed very slight knowledge and slight interest in the matter. We may therefore feel sure that we

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are not likely to succeed in any of our educational attempts, until we bring the parents into much closer relation than they are now with the work of school and college.

The question, then, is, what practical means can be devised to lead parents to take more interest in the educational life of their children? To be interested, one must have the means of knowing; and therefore the suggestions, shadowy as they are in the text of the protest, seem to go in the right direction. It may be at once conceded that all such suggestions are likely to appear thin and weak, because they are only means to an end—an end hardly recognised as yet—of leading parents to know more and think more about the education that they choose for their children. As regards examinations held in public—a custom sometimes followed, as I am informed, in Germany—it has been said that such examinations might become in some hands at least, as they have been in the past, mere forms, the ground having been gone over beforehand, and the pupils drilled in their answers. It might well be so, where parents were very ignorant or very indifferent; but where they were at all interested in the matter, it would be impossible to keep the secret, and a school would be self-condemned, as soon as such manipulation of the work came to light. A competent person from the outside—where the parents desired it—might be present at the examination, being free to take a certain part in it and to report upon it, as a guarantee of good faith; but the truer safeguard is in the impossibility of keeping a secret in which the whole school shares, and which boys would delight to tell.

It would also seem well to consider the suggestion that at some schools parents who desired it could have for a moderate payment a detailed report of the ground gone over in various subjects by their children; in other words, as suggested in the protest, that teachers should print, for the use of parents, notes of certain courses they have gone through in the term, accompanied by notes upon the manner in which the pupils have profited by the teaching, and by notes upon the examination that closed the term. No doubt to some parents, without any fault of their own, such notes might be nearly as mysterious as the dialects of Central Africa, but they could always be placed in the hands of friends, and some glimmering might thus come both to them and to the public as to what their sons were doing. Any light is better than no light; and when teachers had once got through the first difficult and tiresome steps of the undertaking, they would realise more and more how much would be gained, in the interest of education itself, by cultivating the intelligent partnership of parents and of the public generally in the work that they were doing. Any great system of examination or inspection seems destined to destroy all chance of the development of such partnership, for the usual parent simply accepts the official verdict, and recognises no occasion for further troubling himself in the matter. It is but too surely the crutch of

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those who become in danger of being made permanently lame by the use of it. In saying this it is perhaps fair to add one word. I ought to admit that some years ago examinations were an instrument in improving education. But let it be clearly seen that they were an instrument, and nothing more. The real motive power was the general perception of the bad state of education, and the desire for something better; the same motive power, which, as we may hope, is going to-day to destroy examinations, in their present form, and replace them by better agencies. Our wisdom is to recognise that we are for ever driven to change our instruments. The same instrument which did good service in one generation is only too often reserved to work considerable mischief in another.

Not less difficult is the question how best to replace competitive examination as a means of making official appointments. Well aware of the thorny nature of the case, I offer the following suggestions. There are several kinds of public service, widely differing in themselves, and the plan sketched would have to be modified to suit the circumstances of each service—the character of the different examinations being dependent upon the special service which it was sought to enter. The plan, therefore, is given under a general form, which in each case would have its own modification. There would be (say) four or five Boards of examiners, before all of which the candidates would pass in turn. All examinations would be simply of a test kind. Each Board would occupy itself with a certain branch of work; would have sub-divisions corresponding to the different services; would act in turn as a sieve, dividing the successful from the unsuccessful. The Boards would test in the following subjects:—

(1) *General mental efficiency.*

The widest possible range should be allowed under this head. As under the plan one candidate does not compete against another—that is, does not by his success exclude another candidate—the widest latitude might be given to candidates in selecting their own subjects, and in studying them by different methods. That there was some good work done—implying the qualities which belong to good work—is all that the examiners need exact for such a test examination. Those who could show no good work would be rejected.

(2) *Efficiency in technical matters.*

This examination might range from simple good penmanship and correct spelling up to special knowledge connected with the different services.

(3) *Physical efficiency.*

There is a great deal to be said as to the means which should be taken to test such efficiency. Skill in games would be strongly advocated by some persons. Much is to be said for skill in certain matters, such as athletics, swimming, &c., in certain trades, such as carpentering, engineers' work, &c., &c., many of which imply valuable

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qualities. Of course the relative importance of such efficiency depends upon the service.

(4) *Character, conduct in the past, and general moral and intellectual fitness—as judged by other evidence than examination on paper—for the service.*

The reports of the different schoolmasters, in whose forms the candidate has been at school, of the professors whose lectures he has attended at college, and the result of all examinations held by his teachers, should be put in by the candidate, and would afford a valuable indication as to character. The knowledge that such reports were being accumulated, by a sort of irresistible destiny, as future evidence for or against him, would probably act as a great incentive to steadiness in the case of many a boy and young man.

Two commissioners, most carefully chosen, and only holding office for a limited time (I think that the permanent Heads of Departments might name two of their number to appoint these commissioners—it being of importance that appointments, when not made by large bodies of electors, should be made either by one person or very small bodies of persons), would supervise the whole examination. These commissioners should have the assistance of the most qualified persons connected with each service. The two commissioners should be allowed certain discretion; such as the power to select yearly some small number out of the successful candidates—say 5 out of each 100—whom they believed to be specially fitted, and who would at once be nominated for employment. As regards the remaining mass of successful candidates, a ballot would take place to fix the order in which they should receive appointments; fresh examinations being held, either when the whole number had been disposed of, or when a certain time had elapsed. I am quite aware that the proposal of a ballot is one that will meet with criticism, but I think principally from those who, without recognising the tyranny of fashion, have allowed themselves to be mentally possessed by the modern belief in competitive examinations. To 'let a man's success depend upon the turn of a halfpenny!' would be the first exclamation of such persons. To which I reply that if it is the case of spinning a halfpenny, at least the halfpenny is spun fairly and in the daylight, and every man knows the nature of the chance he runs. In the case of examinations, there are also chances of many kinds, but they are unrecognised and unavowed. In face of the enormous mass of papers that have to be looked over, it is now admitted by the most candid that to do real justice—on certain occasions at least—is a physical impossibility. An examiner is only human; he can only do his best, and must, on occasion, slash right and left, like an overtasked surgeon on a battle-field. Then there are the many chances of the candidate having followed or having missed the right line of reading; of his being possessed of the right examination qualities; of his having dodged

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the examiner, or the examiner having dodged him; of which examiner marks a particular set of papers; of the state of health of the candidate, and of the temper of the examiner, at the moment itself; of the candidate having been able to afford, or not, the best preparatory guidance. All these are chances, and I think we might easily cultivate a rather unreal state of mind by allowing ourselves to suppose that it was intolerable to submit to the chances of the halfpenny, whilst we discreetly avoided looking at the other less known chances that underlie competitive examinations. Under any circumstances I maintain that it is far better to increase the quantity of openly recognised chance than to lower the best ideals of education throughout the country, to spoil the intellectual temper of thousands of bright young minds, and to lead an immense mass of teachers to believe that the only way to deal with these young minds is to pass them through one course after another of violent and exciting mental athletics.

By the side of such a system a small amount of personal selection might perhaps be safely entrusted to such persons as the Permanent Heads of Departments. It is not likely that the privilege would be abused, where the selections were so few that each attracted a certain amount of public attention; and it would greatly increase the efficiency of the Departments, if the heads were able to pick from time to time a few individuals especially fitted for their work. But no system of selection could, as I believe, stand for long, unless it were simply subordinate and complementary to a larger system, of the impartiality of which the public were completely assured.

One last remark. Our dear public have to get rid of an illusion. The State cannot appoint in the best way. Every private individual has an advantage over the State in this respect. The former can simply select the person whom he believes to be best fitted for his purpose. The State in this matter lies at an infinite disadvantage. It can only with the greatest difficulty, if at all, find persons qualified to make the selection. *Quis custodiet custodes?* is the question that returns again and again, and finds no answer. Therefore we seem driven to choose between systems that are not the best; but if we are wise, we shall not select from these—as we are now doing—the one which exercises a demoralising influence upon the whole education of the country. The scheme offered has at least this merit, that it need only slightly injure educationally those who seek to gain appointments.

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II.

By Sir FREDERICK POLLOCK.

Before criticising a system which in its youth was hailed as a great reform, and to the development and perfection of which there has been devoted as much and as excellent ability as to any modern English institution whatever, it seems no more than fitting to show what opportunities one has had of forming a considered opinion of its merits and its dangers. I must therefore speak of myself so far as is needful for that purpose. For about ten years, namely, from my election as a King's Scholar at Eton to my election, now just twenty years ago, as a Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, I was in the state of being habitually examined. I went through the Mathematical and the Classical Tripos, and competed with more or less success for such university and college prizes as then were and still are usually competed for by men who throw the main weight of their university reading on the Greek and Latin classics. For another ten years I had no direct concern with examining except on one or two occasions not worth special mention, though I took a good deal of interest in the reform of the Triposes at Cambridge. Having been called to the Bar before the establishment of the present compulsory examination of Inns of Court students, I have not been examined—save now and again in dreams—since I became a Fellow of Trinity. During the last ten years, again, I have been an examiner in the law schools of Cambridge, Oxford, and the Victoria University, and I do not think one of those years has passed without my being thus engaged in one or more of those schools, or in other occasional employment of the same kind. Thus I may claim a fair working experience of the university examination system in its methods and results, both as candidate and as examiner. It is true that as an examiner I can bear witness, of my own knowledge, only to its application in that branch of learning with which my own profession is concerned. Perhaps I may add without presumption that an interval of ten years spent in professional work and study apart from scholastic affairs is not likely, at any rate, to have spoilt my chances of forming a rational judgment.

Competitive examination, in the literal meaning of the words, would include any trial of strength or skill between several persons or associated bodies of persons of whom some or one are to be in some way preferred to the others in accordance with the result of the trial; and this whether the preference carry with it some kind of

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substantial gain or reward, or a purely honorific title or distinction; and again, whether the distinction in question be conferred by any formal act, or marked by any visible token, or consist only in the reputation of the published and verified result itself. The Isthmian Games, the shooting for the Queen's Prize, the solution of chess problems propounded in a newspaper, come equally within this conception. But in common usage we limit the term to examinations conducted as a test of proficiency in some branch or branches of knowledge, and wholly or mainly by means of identical questions, problems, or exercises proposed to all the candidates in the same subject, to be dealt with in writing within the same limited time, and either without using books or other aids to memory, or with liberty to use only specified aids. Examination of this kind may be directed to 'subjects' or to 'books,' or to both. One may be examined in Greek and Latin scholarship without any particular Greek and Latin authors being prescribed, as in the Cambridge Classical Tripos; or one may be required to show knowledge of a particular book chosen for its authority or importance in its subject, as the *Elements* of Euclid or the *Ethics* of Aristotle. Such particular requirements may be and often are combined with the requirement of general knowledge of the subject and of its literature. This is one of the distinctive traditions of the University of Oxford. Cambridge, in its higher examinations, has avoided prescribing fixed books. At both Universities, however, there has of late years grown up a system of officially recommending books as useful in the study of such special subjects as history, law, theology, but without requiring a specific knowledge of the contents of those books.

It is needful to bear in mind the limits to which the method of examination is subject by its very nature; these being quite different from the dangers and abuses which may attend it when unskilfully or inopportunely employed. All that examiners can directly learn from the papers sent up to them is how much information and intelligence, and of what quality, the candidates have then and there given proof of in handling their allotted task. Whatever goes beyond this can at most be probable conjecture. It is a very probable inference that a Senior Wrangler is a man either of generally robust constitution or of exceptional nervous energy. Before drawing any further inferences, as, for example, whether he is likely to be a good man of business, or to succeed in any profession he takes up (even in a special application of mathematical knowledge, say practical astronomy or electrical engineering), one must know which of these types prevails in his person, and other things besides. I do not say that the style of his examination work would not, in many cases, give indications to a careful examiner. In practice, when people want to find out these things, they use more obvious and [illegible] means. Now to denounce the Mathematical Tripos because it

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does not tell us that this one of the Wranglers will make discoveries in geometry, another will be a mechanical engineer, and a third will be a Queen's Counsel with a large practice, is like denouncing the barometer because it does not always enable us to predict the weather. The work of a barometer is to tell us the condition of atmospheric pressure, and if it tells that truly there is no other virtue to be expected of it. We must not blame the barometer if we catch a wetting by trusting its rise unconditionally when the wind is in the north-east.

Again, the knowledge and intelligence displayed in an examination are necessarily relative to the prescribed scope of the test, not only in general but in details. And when the terms of competition are once fixed, examiners can and may concern themselves but little, if at all—candidates must and do concern themselves not at all—with any ulterior purpose. While the winner in an Isthmian pancratium went off to bespeak an ode from Pindar, the loser might have argued with the judges that the best man in that form of contest was not necessarily or probably the best man to make a forced march all night and fight the Persians in the morning; but the judges would clearly have been bound not to listen to him. Nowadays the volunteers who compete for the Queen's Prize regulate their practice according to the conditions laid down by the National Rifle Association. In their quality of competitors they are not free to consider whether those conditions do or do not give adequate weight, or the most that is practicable, to the powers which a marksman would most need in actual warfare, and by which his fire would be most effective. But it is certain that the Queen's Prize is won by the best marksman in the only applicable sense—that is to say, the shooter who makes the highest score by firing the appointed number of shots at the proper ranges, in his appointed turn, and with an arm of the regulation pattern. In short, competitive examination, like any other instrument, has its inherent limits of operation. Within those limits it can be set to do whatever we think fit. If we set it to do something which does not answer our further purposes when it is done, that is not the fault of the instrument. We examine John Stiles in political economy, and find that he is competently acquainted with the theory of rent, and more competently so than Thomas Nokes. If on the strength of this we conclude that John Stiles is fitter than Thomas Nokes to keep the peace between Hindu and Mahometan fanatics in an Indian village, we may be right or not; but what we set the examiner to ascertain and report was not whether Nokes or Stiles could govern Asiatics better, but which of them knew the more political economy. For the present we leave aside the further reflections which arise; for it seems to be our first business to have an opinion how far our instrument, within the limits of its own nature, is to be trusted.

On this point I have no hesitation in saying that, if any one

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objects to examinations as being capricious or unfair in their immediate results, I must differ with him. Without entering on detailed reasons which would be uninteresting to most readers (and which moreover have been set forth once for all in Mr. Latham's book),[1] it may be said that the art of conducting examinations has been carried to great perfection by the experience of our universities, and of other bodies which have adopted their methods, during the present century, and the element of mere accident is, in the ordinary university subjects, probably reduced to a quantity less than any assignable value. No doubt personal accidents may affect the candidates. A man may be below his proper condition or 'form' in the Senate House as well as on the river or in the cricket field. But then it is his business to be in proper condition at the appointed time; and the power of being fit to do one's best at times not of one's own choosing is perhaps at least as much worth cultivating and encouraging as many kinds of specific knowledge and information. In fact, if candidates for a Tripos or a Fellowship do not train like the crew of a college eight, they know at all events that they also have, at their peril, to be capable of their best performance; and the cases in which they fail to do themselves justice are, to the best of my belief, by no means common. As for the 'personal equation' of examiners, it counts, in my experience, for singularly little, certainly for less than is commonly supposed, or than I should myself, without actual experience, have guessed. The general coincidence and mutual confirmation of results independently obtained by a set of examiners testing the work of the same candidates in different portions of the same subject are far more striking than the occasional inequalities of performance and differences of impression.

Somehow the law of averages (I am not sure that the expression is here strictly correct, but it will be understood) neutralises many sources of error which beforehand seem grave. I almost doubt whether it would be possible to devise a scheme of examination bad enough to prevent the best candidates from coming out at the head; and only those who have repeatedly examined can know how hopelessly below the most merciful standard of competence the worst class of candidates, even in honour examinations, are. The man who loses his class, or who is plucked, upon one unlucky paper is but a figment of the disappointed ones, or of their sisters and their cousins and their aunts; at times also, it is said, of their private tutors. What I am now saying, however, must be understood with a necessary caution. I am speaking of examinations competently conducted by examiners who really work together, who exercise real authority and discretion, and among whom an experienced majority is secured by introducing

[1] *The Action of Examinations considered as a means of Selection.* By Henry Latham, M.A. Cambridge, 1877.

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new members of the board in some form of rotation. Such is the settled usage of our ancient universities. The examinations of the University of London, and of other bodies which have sought a model there, proceed on a different footing; the examiners are not the final judges, but report their separate results (arrived at, I believe, without opportunity of conference and comparison, or even with precautions against it) to an extraneous body. This appears to me a thoroughly perverse and mischievous plan. Maybe the law of averages is too much for it even so; but it shall have from me no word of defence or excuse. It is machinery-worship run mad; useful after a sort, nevertheless, as a patent *reductio ad absurdum* of the wrong side of examinations.

For this is the main body of the grievance against the examination system, that a useful servant has been set up as a master, and makes (as was likely) a very bad master. In our eagerness to develop the resources of the instrument we have forgotten that it is only an instrument. This is a besetting fault of our national character as constructors and reformers, and has displayed itself in wider fields than those of the universities and the Civil Service. British public opinion is a weighty mass, and takes much pushing to get started in a given direction; but when it is once fairly going, the same inertia that was on the side of rest will be on the side of motion, and no less effort will be required to arrest the motion than was used to impart it. Thus in 1832 the first reform of the Parliamentary franchise was carried with a great struggle. Since that time our one method of constitutional reform has been more and more extension of the franchise, and proposals for improving the representation of the people by any further or other method than the mechanical lowering of the voter's qualification and equalising of constituencies, whether proceeding from political leaders, from disinterested students of politics, or from practical men of the world who were also politicians, have been received at best with respectful indifference. I say nothing of their intrinsic merits, but I say that the fixed idea of extension of the franchise as a sole and sufficient method of reform has prevented them from ever being adequately considered. We are more superstitious than the men of Athens; we have no room for altars of unknown gods. After we have found an idol and worshipped it for one or two generations, it already seems 'un-English' to dispute the complete efficacy of the ritual. In the case of examinations we have found a useful test of abilities of a certain kind, and a useful guide to selection of persons with regard to such abilities. But we have come to believe, or act as if we had come to believe, that this particular test is necessarily adequate for every and any kind of knowledge and ability, and that the systematic and impartial use of it enables us to dispense with all other methods of encouraging sound learning or discovering exceptional merit. We trust our machine as if

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it were little less than automatic, and nothing less than infallible. Things have gone so far that whenever it is proposed to recognise a fresh department of human knowledge at either university, the promoters have always to expect the objection that it is not a convenient subject for examination. A mediæval scholar not having the benefit of our modern lights would have supposed that the first question was whether, in the general interest of education and sound learning, young men ought to be encouraged to pursue such and such a branch of scholarship or science; that it was a secondary, though important question, by what means that study could, if judged deserving, be best encouraged; and that, if the means already in common use were not sufficient or applicable in any particular case, it was the duty of those in authority to devise others. Again, examination is a test of producible knowledge, and to that extent it is also a measure, as between candidates on the same level of personal capacity and industry, of the instruction which the candidates have received. More than this, there are ways in which examinations may be and are of real service in setting and keeping up a standard of efficient instruction. But we find it supposed, on the strength of this, that the examiner's function is in some way a higher and more important one than the teacher's, which is a mischievous and dangerous delusion. It is like believing that literature exists for the sake of grammar; but perhaps there are some who do believe this also. Not that a teacher may not profit by his experience as an examiner; but it is far more important that examination should not be in the hands of persons ignorant of teaching.

The sufficiency of examination as the controlling method in education is maintained in some quarters on a sort of mechanical hypothesis. Create, by means of prizes and examinations, a demand for a certain kind of information; the information, and whatever teaching is needed to produce it, will come of themselves; and you will have an educated nation. The 'useful knowledge' movement of fifty years ago, with which the spread of examinations has been closely connected, was largely based on assumptions of this kind. It is needless to refute them at large. Education cannot be dealt with like an ordinary commodity purchaseable on demand, as J. S. Mill, a witness against the school in which he was trained, showed many years ago; and moreover the demand created is not for knowledge as such, but for whatever plausible evidence of knowledge will satisfy examiners, or, more accurately, can get the reputation of being likely to satisfy them. The result is that much work is expended, and many respectable incomes are earned, in supplying this demand; I do not doubt that it is very well and faithfully supplied; but the process, whatever else it may be, is not a liberal education. An incidental result is that a considerable number of active-minded and vigorous persons have a strong interest

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in the maintenance of the system which furnishes them with pupils, and in the excellence of which they naturally believe. If any further results in the shape of work of permanent value can be shown as the direct product of the system, or connected with it by any reasonably probable consequence, I have not heard of them. For several years the Inns of Court have spent money with a free hand in awarding studentships and prizes upon examinations in Roman law. Two books on that subject have been produced in these kingdoms within the last five or six years which may fairly take rank with the best German manuals. One of these came from Oxford, and the other from Edinburgh.

Having made competitive examinations a kind of end in themselves as being the sole recognised means of obtaining the reputation of competence at an early age, we have indirectly, but most effectually, discouraged at our seats of learning every kind of intellectual activity which has not an obvious bearing on them. 'Will this pay in the schools?' is the inevitable check on both learners and teachers. Freedom of learning and research can be secured, under such conditions, only by a constant struggle, and hardly so save by those who are in some specially favoured position. Worst of all is the general lowering of tone in matters of intellect, the enthronement of Banausia in the seat of Philosophy herself. At Oxford, even in the last retreat of the Humanities, in the school where the tradition of learning for its own sake ought to be strongest, it is matter of common fame that tutors adjust their lectures on philosophy to the philosophical predilections, real or imagined, of individual examiners. And Oxford, for technical reasons too long to explain here, should offer, in the whole of this matter, by no means an extreme type of the mischief complained of. Even in so practical a study as that of the law we find men bent rather on 'getting up' what will serve the immediate purpose of their impending examination than on acquiring knowledge which will be of abiding use to them in their profession. It is generally useless to tell them that real knowledge is the surest way to success even in examinations. They will not believe it—and the whole tribe of purveyors of second or third-hand substitutes for knowledge, who by this time are many, are interested in their not believing it. I shall not attempt to consider the evils produced among younger learners, from the promising scholars of Eton or Rugby or the Charterhouse down to Board School children, by setting up an ideal of examination results instead of the ideal of knowledge. These are, I conceive, somewhat different in kind from what we see at the universities, and not less grave in degree. But I prefer to leave them to those who can bear witness of their own observation. I will only say that the routine of examination and competitions, assuming it to be, sooner or later, a necessity for the English public school boy, begins much too soon.

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Madvig, who knew Latin and had some experience of teaching, has recorded his opinion that boys would learn Latin all the better if it were put off to the age of twelve.

There is another aspect of the examination system which can hardly be realised unless by actual contact with university work, but which ought to be mentioned. I mean the frittering away of valuable time and energy on the mere machinery of examinations. This has been going on for twenty years or more, and recent reforms have only aggravated it. By means of examinations we have imposed a monotonous routine on university studies; and the only approach to a remedy, so far, has been to offer our students the choice of a bewildering number and variety of examinations. There is always a plan afoot for inventing some new examination or tinkering some old one. I do not deny that there have been real improvements in principle, improvements which, so far as they go, are valuable checks and safeguards. But we are oppressed throughout by the burden of overmuch belief in machinery which the last generation of reformers has laid upon us, and I am disposed to think that ingenuity has often been wasted on making the machine too fine for the work it has to do.[2] Between those who are about to be examined, those who are being examined, those who are examining, and those who are reforming the examinations, a poor scholar of Cambridge or Oxford who has a mind to be a *vir doctus* just for learning's sake, and to leave his own chosen Faculty, according to his power, in some way richer than he found it, is like to have but scant opportunities as things now go.

The selection of public servants has to be considered on its own ground. It may be urged that the State is not bound to regard, in the first instance at any rate, the effect of its process of selection on the general standard of education; and yet, as Mr. Latham has well said, 'unless it can be so carried out as to do more good than harm to education, we only get one kind of mischief instead of another.' Probably the State is better served on the whole than it was in the old days of patronage. I leave it to those who know more of this matter than I do to judge whether the State might not be served better still, and whether the securing of a certain level of ordinary competence could not be combined with a larger discretion in the discovery and encouragement of specially serviceable excellence. It is surely a significant fact that the Education Department itself is recruited, in its higher branches, not by examination, not even by any limited or modified form of it, but by unfettered personal selection. It is easy to see what kind of men are selected, and I have never heard of any complaint that the selection works ill. They are certainly, most or all of them, men of distinguished uni-

[2] See on one aspect of this point Mr. F. Y. Edgeworth's remarks in the *Journal of Education* for October 1888.

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versity standing, and thus in a manner may be said to owe their posts in the public service to success in the university examinations. But here the fellowship or the place in the first class is used as an indication, not as a compulsory direction. In other words, the Department profits by the selecting process of the universities and colleges, and profits by it with discretion, instead of repeating the process not so well and being tied beforehand to a mechanical following of the result. This is a peculiar example, and perhaps could not be largely followed; but it is a good one. To go back to an analogy I have already made use of, the Education Department reads its barometer like a meteorologist; other departments are too much in the case of the householder who knows nothing of the nature of the instrument, and reads only the conventional marks of 'Set Fair' or 'Change.'

It will hardly be practicable in our time to abolish competitive examination, either as a scholastic or as an official instrument of selection. I do not know that it would be desirable. Education is a difficult art; not the least of the difficulties is to make boys and young men do things which they would not do of themselves, and of which they cannot at the time understand the value. To throw away one of the strongest incentives to human action, an incentive running through the whole life of all living creatures, would be a heroic if not a desperate remedy for its abuses. We do not forbid the use of fire-arms because there are a certain number of gun accidents every year, nor banish powerful drugs from the pharmacopœia because there are a certain number of cases of poisoning by misadventure. This world is a world of competition, and we cannot make it otherwise. But powerful motives are to be used by legislators and governors with no less care and caution than powerful drugs or explosives are to be handled by the chemist.

This is not, in my opinion, the time or place for any detailed proposals; but some general principles of caution in the use of examinations may be shortly stated. In some cases the application of them would involve extensive change in existing arrangements, but I think the necessary change ought to be made.

In all organisation of studies, whether in the way of introducing new subjects or grouping those already recognised, examinations should not be multiplied without necessity.

More generally, examination by written papers should not be assumed to be the normal method of selection, but it should in every case be considered whether some more appropriate and effectual method may not be found.

In the case of offices of trust, a qualifying examination admitting to service on probation, subject to discretionary powers of confirmation and promotion, should be preferred to a merely competitive scheme.

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Examination ought to be a judicial and not a mechanical process, and any system of marking is only a guide for the judgment of the examiners: the number of marks obtained by candidates should therefore in no case be published. Examiners capable of acting unfairly without the supposed check of publishing the marks would be no less capable of falsifying the marks themselves. For like reasons a fixed numerical standard of marks is objectionable; an approximate standard based on continuous experience, and capable of adjustment to exigencies, is far better.

Classification in categories should be preferred, wherever possible, to a numerical order of merit.

Viva voce questioning and discussion, practical work and manipulation, and whatever may bring the order of examination into contact with real life, and make it less of a routine apart, should, so far as possible, be introduced and encouraged.

I make no claim to novelty for any of these suggestions, and nothing would please me better than that they should be regarded as commonplace.

III.

By Sir JOSEPH FAYRER.

I WILL endeavour to reply as briefly as I can to your request that I should state the opinion I have formed in respect of the system of competitive examination which now exists in this country, whether as regards its relation to and effects on education generally, or in the selection of candidates for various offices and appointments in the public services.

As regards the education of children and young persons, in elementary schools of all grades, in more advanced schools, colleges and Universities, I can claim no right, beyond such as appertains to all who are interested in education in its true sense, to offer any opinion, though I may at once say that having carefully considered the subject, I have long been impressed with the belief that examinations are too frequent and too severe, that they have a tendency to divert attention from the true aim of education by developing an artificial memory, rather than by gradually strengthening the

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rational faculties and moulding the intellectual powers into the form which will render them most fitted for the duties and emergencies of life; that moreover they tend to interfere with sound teaching, by imposing on the teacher the necessity of following some method other than that he might have deemed most appropriate, because he is aware that he could not thus ensure the best chance, not of advancing the intellectual growth of his pupil, but of successfully passing him through a certain examination.

Further, I believe that the continual mental strain to which children and young persons are exposed has an injurious effect on health; for it is impossible to overwork the nervous system whilst the frame is still growing, without prejudice to one or the other, if not both, and there is good reason for believing that mental overstrain and cerebral irritation are not unfrequent results of the system of pressure which now obtains in some schools: my own experience, indeed, furnishes me with evidence that it is so. That the education and training of childhood and youth in these days is in advance of, and an improvement on, that of the past, in many and perhaps most, respects, cannot be doubted; but that it is defective in the direction above referred to I believe is equally certain; and I am glad to think that the time may be at hand when some healthful modification of it will take place.

As regards the education and examination of young men, experience of more than a quarter of a century, during the greater part of which time I have been teacher or examiner, and for the last eight years have taken part in the competitive examinations for the Navy, Army, and Indian Medical Services, has given me an opportunity of forming an opinion on the question as it relates to these departments of the public service, and has also enabled me to arrive at the conclusion that, though examination carefully conducted is indispensable, the inordinate practice and imposition of it is deleterious, demanding, as it does, incessant mental labour, and so preoccupying the attention and burdening the memory as to leave little time for real thought, digestion, or assimilation of the subject-matter on which real culture and knowledge of the work to be accomplished depend, whilst practical work is, as a matter of course, narrowed to the most contracted limits, and the vast jumble of information, which has been arranged in a certain form, sufficient to satisfy the examiner, is thankfully laid aside or forgotten as soon as the ordeal is past.

I think too much is expected. It is impossible that in four, five, or even six years the enormous amount of knowledge required by the medical graduate of the present day can be assimilated, or that he can really work up to that which it is supposed to represent. I venture to think that longer study of certain subjects, less cramming, and fewer examinations might advantageously be substituted for the system which now prevails. As for the examinations which are

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meant to test fitness for the degree or qualification, whatever it may be, I think they also might be less severe, and directed to ascertain, *not* the candidate's ignorance of recondite or obscure points in science, but whether he be possessed of sufficient knowledge of the fundamental facts and theories upon which the science is based, to justify the examiners in pronouncing him to have the amount of information which is really sufficient to entitle him to receive the certificate.

Let any one read some of the papers now set in almost any qualifying examination, whether it be in medicine or other faculty or branch of science, and ask himself how many passed masters in the subject, nay, even how many examiners themselves, could answer the questions?

Whilst examinations to test progress, conducted by the teachers themselves, for the purpose of marking certain stages of the curriculum accomplished, or of finally attesting the fitness for a degree or certificate—such being well ordered and directed to ascertain what the candidate does, rather than what he does not, know—are useful and should be preserved, others of a more exacting character might cease, or be greatly modified.

It would seem that these rigid examinations, whilst they test the temporary possession by the candidate of a vast accumulation of facts or figures, give no assurance of gradual and progressive training and development of the senses and the higher faculties, and but very little of practical knowledge or aptitude for the application of some small part of that which he has acquired by rote.

I do not gather from what I have read in this Review that it is desired to abolish competition, but rather to remodel it, to make it what it sets itself forth to be—a mode of procuring the best. Could competition do this, then, with all its disadvantages, whatever they may be, I see neither how it could, nor why it should be, set aside.

Did the present method of education, with its attendant cramming, its overburdening of the memory, its overstraining of the brain-power, and its frequent and severe examinations, certainly supply the public services which depend on it with the best, then it must continue, despite the evils attributed to it; but it is just here that the question arises. Is it fair to assume that the relative general excellence of young men may be ascertained by testing them only in certain subjects? Does it follow that, because a man knows or remembers more Greek, Sanscrit, mathematics, anatomy, physiology, or chemistry than others—all alike be it observed, possessing more than qualifying knowledge in each subject—he is better than those who may perhaps excel him in numerous qualities which are untested but are quite as essential in forming an efficient public servant? Such, however, is the view implied in the present competitive system of examination,

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and so it happens that men are stamped as the best who certainly would not justify such a conclusion were they submitted to a more general ordeal.

Competitive examination, no doubt, secures the man who knows most of some subjects; but until it test mental, moral, social, and physical, as well as intellectual qualities—even if it can do that—it cannot be admitted that it is what it professes to be, a provider of the best.

It is said that no better mode of providing public servants exists, and that it is better than the old system of patronage with all its abuses. It may be so, but there are many who think otherwise, and who believe that selection, after a *thoroughly qualifying test* has been passed, would be better, and who also think that some method of selection might be found which should obviate the possibility of jobbery or abuse of patronage. In any case there is room for improvement in the present system, and if the movement which has been initiated by this Review effect this, it will be of national service.

IV.

By FRANCIS GALTON.

THE question has been often put to me by persons engaged in education, whether feasible measurements could be applied to test the physical capacities of candidates. It is allowed very generally that the present system of examining into the intellectual capacity is one-sided, and that if it could be supplemented by a trustworthy examination of the bodily powers, the inferences it can afford would be increased in value. My own experience of varied forms of measurement has been large, and justifies me in speaking with assurance as to the time they take and their cost.

The problem is to give marks for physical qualifications just as they are now given for intellectual ones, in order to pass those candidates who, being a little under par intellectually, are far above par bodily: conversely, to weed out those other candidates who, not being particularly fit in respect to their brains, are at the same time of decidedly inferior physique. The relative weight to be assigned

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for intellectual and bodily excellence is a question of detail, most important no doubt, but one that need not be discussed here.

We must not expect too much from physical tests, while we should be very cautious not to underrate their real value. They are open to obvious objections, but the chief of these are equally applicable to all examinations, and if disregarded in those already in use, may claim an equal right to be disregarded in those about to be proposed. The first is, that they test no more than the proficiency of the examinee at the time they are applied. He may be ill-prepared, or else he may have been so well trained for the special occasion as to give a fallacious idea of his average working capacity. The second is, that all systems of examination are inadequate in breadth. The present examinations do not test all the useful faculties of the mind, neither would any others that might be suggested test all the useful faculties of the body. This is perfectly true, but we may learn a great deal of both of them, and must be contented with what we can get. The list of bodily measurements that will be suggested is brief but useful, and would perfectly serve as a commencement. We may feel assured that any newly-established system will become improved by experience, and that tests not thought of at first will be afterwards devised. The examination of any faculty is a difficult art, not be perfected offhand.

The measurements I now propose would determine these facts: (1) stature; (2) weight; (3) strength; (4) breathing capacity; (5) reaction time; (6) swiftness of movements; (7) hearing power of right and left ear separately; (8) keenness of sight of right and left eye separately; (9) colour sense. All these tests, except one of which I shall speak in which a gymnastic bar is employed, are, or were, in use by me at my Anthropometric Laboratory at the International Health Exhibition in 1884—at which nearly ten thousand persons were measured—or in my present laboratory at South Kensington.[3] Other tests could, I think, be added, viz. for the power of resisting both physical and mental fatigue, but the experiments I have made are not sufficiently advanced to justify speaking with confidence. Before considering these tests separately, it may be mentioned that the use of knowing the stature is to give a correct estimate of the value to be assigned to breathing capacity. A tall man is likely to have larger lungs than a small man, and he would want larger lungs. A table of figures has therefore to be consulted in which statures are written along the top, and breathing capacities are written down the sides. The measure of weight is to serve in an exactly similar way for correcting the observed determination of strength. Two of the most

[3] It is attached to the so-called Western Gallery which runs parallel to Queen's Gate and contains the Science Collections of the South Kensington Museum. The gallery is entered either from Queen's Gate or from the new Imperial Institute Road, and the admission is free.

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important tests in the list are those of keenness of eyesight and of the colour sense. It is impossible to perform them satisfactorily in the variable light of a London day, which ranges between murkiness and brilliancy. The tests should be made in a uniform, and therefore with an artificial light, and not be applied until the eye has had time to accommodate itself. For this reason the whole examination ought to be conducted in a room whose general illumination is not brighter than that under which the tests of sight are made, and these should be the last of the whole series. Electric lighting would be especially convenient, as it shows off all the colours. We will now consider the tests separately in their order.

HEIGHT AND WEIGHT.—These simple measures need no remark, except that it takes an easy ¾ minute to make and to record each of them.

STRENGTH.—A method much used in the gymnasia attached to American colleges is to record the number of times that a man can successively pull himself up to the level of his chin on a gymnastic bar. This measures his strength relatively to his weight, therefore no correction for weight is needed. I myself have only used two instruments for testing strength: one was Salter's dial that registers the strength of pull, like an archer with his bow; the other was another of Salter's dials to measure the strength of squeeze. Experience showed that these two measures ran so closely together that I have now discarded the former. An improved design by the Cambridge Scientific Instrument Company enables the grip of the instrument to be adjusted to suit the hand of the examinee, and appears to afford a much fairer test than the older form. Allow ¾ minute for making and recording the squeeze test, and 1½ minute for the gymnastic bar—total, 2¼ minutes.

BREATHING CAPACITY.—This is a most important datum, because it determines the maximum amount of continued exertion that can be made on an emergency. The instrument I have used is of a well-known design; it works on the same principle as the immense gasometers that are attached to gasworks. Three successive trials can be made and recorded in 1¼ minute, and these are sufficient.

REACTION TIME TO SIGHT gives in a numerical form the same sort of information about the quickness of eye and hand that would be derived from an exact knowledge of a man's quickness in shooting snipe or rabbits, or as a fencer. There are numerous instruments for measuring it. That which I am now using is not minutely accurate, but is quick and easy to work, and might be made to work still more easily. There are two falling rods, set free by the same act. During their course downwards, when they are falling fast, the shorter of them suddenly uncovers a window slit; thereupon the examinee, as quickly as he can, presses upon a key that arrests the other rod. The excess of distance travelled over by the second rod is marked on an appro-

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priate scale that gives the elapsed time in hundredths of a second, between seeing the light and making the response. The same apparatus gives the reaction time *to Sound* by merely pushing a bolt. This arrests the fall of the first rod at the instant before its top reaches the level of the window, and the examinee presses the key as quickly as he can after hearing the blow of the rod upon the bolt. It is possible to make three successive trials with the eye and three with the ear in less than three minutes. Other instruments of extreme accuracy, and familiar to physiologists, are available; but I know of none of these that can be easily set and read off both quickly and surely by a not very skilled examiner. I am now constructing an entirely different instrument which promises to act the best of any.

SWIFTNESS OF MOVEMENT was tested by means of a rather coarse apparatus, in which the sinuous trace left on the bar that was moved, by means of a pencil attached to the end of a vibrating rod, gave a measure of the velocity of the bar; and 1½ minute sufficed for the test. I have thought of simpler plans but have not yet tried them. There are numerous methods dependent on the use of electricity, by which the time occupied in moving through a small space can be measured with extreme accuracy, but they are costly and tedious in use. My test was applied to find the swiftness with which a straightforward blow could be given with the fist. The precise form and application of this test should, however, be reconsidered.

HEARING POWER.—It is not difficult to determine this relatively, but most difficult to do so in terms of absolute measurement. The source of sound that I should propose would be three tiny hammers, with axles running through their handles, and severally lifted and let fall by electro-magnets worked from a distance. In order to avoid uncertain echoes and reverberations, I would enclose them in a strong stoneware jar, with a small opening turned towards the examinee. This entirely checks the transmission of sound in any other direction, while a wooden box, however thickly covered with felt, is curiously ineffective. The hammers should strike on anvils of different materials, in order to produce different qualities of sound, because a man may hear one kind of sound with facility, though not another. The examinee would not know beforehand which of the sounds to listen for, or when it would be made. He would have to state what he heard when standing at each of two, or perhaps three, specified distances indicated by marks on the floor. Allow three minutes for this test.

KEENNESS OF SIGHT.—This is easily and well tested in young persons under a uniform light, by an instrument that I have long used, in which little blocks carrying numerals printed in diamond type are set at various indicated distances from the eye-hole. When the persons tested are past middle age, the indications are affected by

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the gradual loss of power to adjust the focus of the eye to various distances. The optical apparatus of the eye may in other respects be perfect, but acuteness of vision will fail for precisely the same reason that the image in a camera will be blurred, however good the the object-glass may be, if the mechanical arrangements for setting it at the proper focus act imperfectly. Otherwise, the test is exactly parallel to that of noting the degree of clearness with which a camera can throw the image of a page of a book, printed in small type, upon its screen. In addition to this, Snellen's well-known Test-types would be used at the ordinary distance of twenty feet. It is advisable in all tests of eyesight to duplicate the apparatus, that the examinee may have time to puzzle over it and satisfy himself as to what he can do without keeping the examiner waiting, who will then leave him for a while, and go on with another. Under these circumstances, 1½ minute is quite sufficient for the examiner.

COLOUR SENSE.—A full and rigorous examination of this requires costly apparatus and much time, but the rough way of testing it by means of coloured wools is easy enough, especially with the instrument I have long used. The examinee is left to himself, to take as much time as he likes, and finally he puts four pegs into holes opposite to four blocks of wood out of a long row of them lying side by side in a frame, on each of which a differently coloured wool is wound. He is set to match certain colours, and he puts the pegs into the holes opposite to the colours that he selects as matches. Then the attendant raises a hinged flap which exposes the numbers inscribed in large type on the feet of the blocks, from which it is seen at once whether the right selection has been made. The order of the blocks in the frame can be changed at pleasure. Using duplicated or triplicated instruments, this test does not occupy more than half a minute of the tester's time. He has merely to raise the flap and to record the result. I have some new instruments on trial of a more delicate kind. One contains strips of variously tinted glass laid on white paper, which could be used if thought preferable.

Adding together all the estimated times, the total does not exceed a quarter of an hour. I feel sure that, with proper management, that would be sufficient. Many more measures, and in part quite as troublesome ones, are now made at my laboratory in that time, and the experience at the Health Exhibition was the same. An examiner working eight hours a day could easily test many more than twenty-five persons. He need not be highly skilled, though he must be accurate, methodical, cool, and painstaking. My present superintendent was a sergeant in the army, who had held positions of considerable trust and was strongly and deservedly recommended. At the Health Exhibition I also employed a sergeant; I had besides a boy to help with the papers, and to give prefatory explanations. Moreover, I had the advantage of frequent and vigorous help from

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the optician who made the instruments. At M. Bertillon's laboratory in the *Bureau des Signalements* in Paris, where about one hundred suspected criminals are measured during each forenoon in a variety of ways, there are two measurers and two recorders. I found the charge of threepence per person sufficient to cover all the costs of measuring at the Health Exhibition. The same just suffices to cover that in the laboratory at Cambridge, but I supplied the instruments in both cases.

In my present laboratory no charge is now made, but I could certainly defray its maintenance by a charge of a few pence for each person if it were uniformly well attended. Therefore, neither in cost nor in administration need the establishment of a laboratory to test the physical qualifications of candidates, present any difficulty.

V.

By Dr. PRIESTLEY.

One of the evils arising from the present examination system, in its many ramifications, is that it induces men to read and work merely for examination, instead of the attainment of knowledge in its true sense. Students, if industrious, pore over their vade-mecums, or summaries of the subjects for the pass, and evince a strange unwillingness to attend the instruction of eminent professors, to whom probably they have paid fees, in accordance with regulations which prescribe attendance as part of the usual curriculum. In thus withdrawing from the lecture-room they lose all the advantages arising from personal contact with the professor—an influence which must count for something as a factor in education, when, as is commonly the case, the professor is a man of eminence, and is possessed of a distinct personality of his own. Such a teacher, it is evident, is able not only to infuse vitality into the subject he teaches, but he must be competent to give students a broader and more comprehensive view of their studies than can be gathered from any epitome which professes to be sufficient for the purposes of examination.

This indifference to the advantages of higher education is especially exemplified among medical students, a large proportion of whom are more bent on picking up points and details which may best serve

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their purpose as future examinees, than in seeking that wider and sounder knowledge which will enable them successfully to cope with injuries and disease in future practice. A remarkable example of this was given in evidence before the Commission concerning a new university for London, which has not yet presented its reports. A celebrated professor—whose researches have created a revolution in surgical practice, and whose renown brings professors and practitioners from every part of the world to hear his prelections—confessed, with reluctance, that his class did not consist largely of the ordinary students, who, in accordance with regulations, had entered for his course, but of strangers and others collected from various quarters, who were interested in the higher branches of surgery and in the practical demonstration of the most recent developments of surgical practice. The reasons given for this were, that the ordinary student found his teaching less available for impending examinations, and that he therefore preferred to go to a teacher or 'coach' who would give him in small compass what would best serve for this purpose. He preferred, in fact, 'tips,' and cut and dried axioms which might be successfully used as answers to questions, to knowledge based on broader principles, and giving larger expansion to his intellectual faculties. This same professor attributed his failure to attract ordinary students to the fact that, while he was a teacher, he was not also an examiner. Had he been looked forward to by the students as their future examiner, as well as their present teacher, they would have felt bound to make themselves familiar with his doctrines and practice, with a view to the possession of a future diploma or degree. That the fault here indicated was not to be attributed to the want of attractiveness in the method of teaching, was abundantly proved by the crowded audiences of ordinary students attending the clinical lectures of the same professor, at two separate universities, where in former years he had exercised the double function of teacher and examiner to the same students. One of the remedies suggested was, that in London, as in Edinburgh and elsewhere, professors and teachers should in some form take part in the examination of those they had taught, and so while restoring the prestige of the teacher, give an inducement to the student to cut himself free from 'crammers' and 'tips.' The idea that students should always be examined by others rather than by their own teachers, so as to ensure entire impartiality has in recent years been worshipped as a sort of fetish. Some conscientious examiners have gone so far as to decline to examine any candidate they knew personally, even if not a pupil. But the question at least deserves ventilating, whether by this system the candidate gets all the credit he deserves, or, in all cases, fair play. It is notorious that some of the hardest working and most meritorious men are plucked. In science as in literature, views are often so divergent, that a student who has mastered the doctrines of one pro-

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fessor, or the practice of another, may find himself utterly at fault in endeavouring to satisfy the demands of an examiner who looks on some questions in a different light, or who regards some matter of vital importance which has been but slightly touched upon, or neglected, by another authority. In medicine, as in other studies, it is not to be expected that candidates for degrees or diplomas shall be familiar with the views of all authorities on any given topic, nor so thoroughly conversant with all points of practice, as older and more experienced practitioners. But if they had proved themselves to have mastered the teachings of their own accredited professors, it would at least be a guarantee of sufficient mental training, and of capacity for future work.

The practical difficulties in the way of permitting teachers to examine their own pupils in a place like London are no doubt very great, on account of the large number and diversity of institutions engaged in teaching. But if its desirability be acknowledged, some solution may doubtless be found, or some compromise effected in that direction. The plan works admirably in Edinburgh and other universities. Assessors act with the professors in conducting the examinations, and no imputations of undue laxity or unfairness have ever been made. Edinburgh, as a school of medicine, is not only one of the largest and most efficient, but its degrees are everywhere highly esteemed.

As matters stand at present, there is, in London at least, no proper unison between teaching and examination in medicine. The result is that teachers as well as students often complain that examiners are unfair, while examiners allege that candidates are imperfectly taught. Whether the failure to bring teaching and examination into accordance lies with the professors or with the examiners may not be very clear, but the lamentable fact remains, that if teachers wish to be popular and successful, they must submit themselves to the requirements of examinations, and thus be restricted in their ideas—dwarfed in their aspirations and energies. The establishment of a teaching university may, it is hoped, rectify this anomaly. Examinations in these days have become such bugbears to people in every sphere of life, that they begin to haunt mothers as soon as their sons are born,[4] and they threaten to engulf their daughters also.

We may not be able now to do without them, but we may at least rob them of some of their terrors, and increase the probability of deserving men getting through.

Much necessarily depends on the examiner.

[4] The mother of a large family, who had taken chloroform at the birth of another child, inquired, as soon as she became conscious, whether the new-comer was a boy or a girl. On being informed it was a boy, she burst into tears, exclaiming, 'Oh, ar ! those dreadful competitive examinations !'

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Properly to fulfil the duties of an examiner is no easy task. As an examiner of much experience, and one who has acted in that capacity in three universities as well as the Royal colleges of physicians and surgeons, I have long formed the opinion, which time has only strengthened, that the office of an examiner, in any subject, is a very difficult and a very delicate one to exercise rightly. Some men seem to have a natural and intuitive faculty for exercising it wisely, but the larger number of men require study and training for it. The mere possession of knowledge is not enough. If this were only acknowledged and provided for, examinations would at least be less formidable than they are at present. The object of an examiner should always be to find out how much a man knows; not the few things he may not know. A non-observance of this rule, constantly leads the puzzled student to believe that his examiner has been looking up abstruse questions from obscure corners expressly for his confusion, and engenders a feeling of injustice. An examiner, besides courtesy and the power of putting a candidate at his ease, must have the gift, possessed by few, of stating his questions in such plain terms that there is no mistaking their import. Any ambiguity in their form only starts a confusion in the candidate which deepens as he tries to free himself from it, and utterly baffles him. When it is recollected, besides, that many candidates become so demoralised, in presenting themselves for examination, that they not only forget what they have learned, but may even lose the evidence of their special senses, it will be understood how painful the situation becomes. Sir George Paget, of Cambridge, has remarked that some men, under examination, cannot distinguish odours, nor discriminate by taste substances which would be perfectly obvious if the mind were less confused. Thus sweet things are said to be sour, and sour things sweet. Some men, again, require twice the time to grasp the purport of a question as compared with other men. It must be acknowledged therefore that infinite patience, and indeed a sort of intuition, is required, to appreciate the difference between ignorance and inability to answer rightly and quickly on the spur of the moment. Time must be given, so that the slower mind, which perhaps is well informed, may have a chance of pulling itself right. In these cases no rapid or brusque questions can possibly evoke the information required.

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VI.

By the BISHOP of CARLISLE.

Almost coincident with the first stirring-up of the question of Examinations in the pages of this Review was an event which occurred in Cambridge, and which may be regarded as indirectly connected with the controversy—I refer to the demonstration made in honour of Dr. Routh, by a number of his distinguished pupils and friends, on occasion of his retirement from the work to which he has devoted his time and his energies with such marvellous success. On occasion of that demonstration the *Times*, in a leading article, truly remarked that Dr. Routh could, if he pleased, tell us, in all probability, more about examinations than any one else; and, if I remember rightly, encouraged him to take up his pen for the purpose. I wish he had done so; perhaps he will; but, whether he does or not, there is, I am convinced, much to be said about examinations which has not yet been said, and which a man of Dr. Routh's unique experience could probably say better than any one else.

While Dr. Routh is mending his pen, I would venture to submit a few thoughts and reminiscences, which may perhaps be not entirely beside the mark with reference to the important subject to which this Review has opened its pages.

First, however, let me remark that I received an invitation to sign the protest with which the discussion commenced, and that I declined to do so. My decision was reached, not in virtue of the persuasion that nothing was amiss with the examination system as it at present exists, for I think that it is easy to point out great defects and that great defects have been pointed out; but rather because I thought the statement of the case one-sided and imperfect. I do not intend, however, in this paper to criticise the views of those who signed the protest; my purpose is rather to set down a few thoughts of a positive character, which reflection upon the general subject of examinations in the light of my Cambridge experience of other days suggests to my mind.

I regard the subject in two different characters—(1) as an examinee, (2) as an examiner. It is more than fifty years since I had my first experience of being examined at Cambridge; it is somewhat less since I first discharged the duty of examining others. Lapse of time has by no means destroyed the feelings appropriate to these two very different characters. I may add that these feelings are of a

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bright and pleasurable kind. I have spent as happy hours under the process of examination as any that I ever spent. For that matter, examining is, under suitable conditions, pleasant work too: sad enough, no doubt, if the examinees are idle dolts, but full of interest when they are youths of brightest intellect, honestly competing for the *spolia opima* of the University, and submitting to the test of examination the results of their honest work.

1. I write, then, in the first instance in the character of one who has been examined—as what Cambridge man has not? Examination used to be (I suppose it is now) the very atmosphere in which undergraduates live. I speak chiefly of that side of education which in former days was most distinctive of the Cambridge system, namely, the mathematical. A distinguished teacher of elementary knowledge once gave as a general recipe for good teaching: 'First catechise knowledge into boys' heads, then catechise it out of them.' This was, I think, to a great extent the method which successful tutors, whether public or private, adopted, and, I presume, still adopt. The exposition of the subject given by the tutor, and intended to assist the pupil in understanding the textbook, had for its necessary complement an examination paper, which would give both tutor and pupil the opportunity of seeing how far the subject had been understood. Teaching without examination would have seemed an absurdity. No doubt mathematical subjects have an advantage over most others in this respect, that they lend themselves thoroughly to this test of their having been learned and inwardly digested. In some subjects a man may deceive himself or his tutor. Mere memory may enable the examinee to acquit himself respectably—cram may pass for knowledge; but the examples and problems, which constitute the most important part of a mathematical paper, are sure to make it evident whether the subject has been really taken up by the brain and assimilated by the intellect.

My brightest recollections of Cambridge undergraduate days are connected with the pupil-rooms of the late William Hopkins. He was the first great senior-wrangler maker: he began with the present Bishop of Worcester in the year 1829, and continued the process year after year with certain exceptions, until Dr. Routh reigned in his stead. It was a great pleasure as well as privilege to sit at Hopkins's feet: his mode of expounding a new subject to his class was a model of clearness; one always felt sure that if one only sat still and listened with all attention, one would understand the whole thing when he had finished; when this time arrived the difficulties had so been cleared away, that men felt tempted sometimes to imagine that they understood the subject as well as he did himself. His great effort was always to exhibit, and help his pupils to lay hold upon, principles; in examining the solution of a problem sent up to him, he might possibly run over some error in algebraical working,

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but any slip in principle he was down upon like a hawk. His maxim with regard to the final Senate House test, and the place to be gained in the tripos, was ever something of this kind: 'Get to understand your subjects thoroughly; and then, if you do not get a proper place in the tripos, it will be the fault of the examiners and not yours.' No thought was more carefully banished from the pupil-rooms than that of 'getting up things which will pay.' I never but once remember hearing a man ask Hopkins's opinion as to whether it would pay to get up a certain subject; and I feel well convinced that the answer received would prevent the question being ever asked again. The notion of 'cram' was never permitted to enter that happy inclosure; it was honest work, and was felt to be so. Under the influence of that admirable tutor, to whom I feel that I owe more than I can express, I should have worked with the same enthusiasm and delight if there had been no such place as the Senate House, and if moderators and examiners had not been invented.

But of course examination played a great part in our studies. I think that every Saturday was given entirely to this kind of work—catechising *in* during five days, and then catechising *out* on the sixth. There was no recognised competition in this. We were not classed; we did not know what and how much our fellows had done—which I mention because there is such a tendency to put the word *examination* and the word *competitive* together. Some persons seem to think that the two are inseparable; but in reality there are occasions when the separation is very desirable. Examination is a help to study as well as a test of superiority and inferiority; and much, or rather all, of the evil connected with examinations, arises from the fact, that the result of the examination is too often and too conspicuously capable of being measured by the weight of solid plum pudding allotted to the boy or to the man who gets most marks.

There is much mischief connected with the notion of 'preparing for examination.' An examination should never be prepared for: or rather each day should be so completely and so truly a day of preparation, that it would be impossible to describe one day more than another by that name. One great element of success in an examination is to have the head clear, and the whole physical system in prime working order; such results can be obtained rather by a long walk, or a good pull, or a twenty-mile ride, than by 'sapping' till the last. I have a keen recollection of preparing for the Senate House by a gallop with five or six friends over the Gogmagogs.

With regard to the general question of competition in educational and intellectual matters, I think that the peculiar bent and tendencies of the English race should be taken into account. It is sometimes argued that the dignity of science and literature suffers by the competitive system; that the first class of mind does not willingly submit itself to, and does not require, the artificial stimulus of examination;

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that men who have the true instinct of knowledge pursue it for its own sake and had better be let alone, and so forth. All which is perfectly true as concerns exceptional men; but the large percentage of men are not exceptional: in saying which I do not refer merely to the dunces and incapables; the large percentage of intelligent men can be encouraged to do their best by the sense of rivalry—at least, this is true of Englishmen, and it is with Englishmen that we are concerned. Years ago, when I was residing in Cambridge, a clever and well-read young German brought letters of introduction to me, and we became great friends. He wanted to study England and the English, and Cambridge as one of England's notable centres. On one occasion he said to me, 'I now begin to understand what was said to me in Germany, and which I did not understand then; it was this—*The English do everything by way of racing.*' What seemed to strike him was that the principle of competition which he observed in the Senate House was identical with that which was exhibited on the banks of the Cam. Some men raced to be senior wrangler, and some to get the college boat to the head of the river. He recognised this as 'the intelligent foreigner,' and the observation has always seemed to me to be true and worthy of attention. Boating, cricketing, football, have their very life in the principle of competition, and when English blood settles itself at the Antipodes or on the other side of the Atlantic there springs up as from a seed full of life the spirit of rivalry in sports. Are we ashamed of this? Is it not a generous rivalry? And may there not be as generous a rivalry in matters of brain as in those of muscle and pluck and manual skill? For my own part I confess that I felt as keen a pleasure in the struggle of the examination room as some of my contemporaries felt in that of the boats. Nor do I ever remember to have been led to suppose that this struggling for the mastery was alloyed by any baser feeling. I believe that we had no other feeling concerning honours than that which is expressed by the motto, *Detur dignissimo*. The only occasion on which I can remember experiencing any great anxiety concerning results, was when there was a possibility of him whom we all knew to be the best man of the year not gaining the first place. Robert Leslie Ellis, the senior wrangler of my year, now best known as the editor of Bacon's philosophical works, possessed one of the very finest intellects with which I have ever come in contact; but he was delicate physically, as his early death painfully proved; and there was a chance that the fatigue of the examination might break him down and prevent him from showing his real strength. When the examination was finished, and we found that he had not been broken down, we knew what the result must be; and I believe we all rejoiced; certainly I myself rejoiced most heartily.

Of course it may be said that the excitement of examinations is unwholesome, and it may be urged that those who work under

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such influences not unfrequently do nothing worth doing afterwards. It is easier, however, to make such criticisms than to indicate what should be done in substitution. That the system as it exists now needs amendment I do not doubt. It has, I think, in a certain sense run mad. The fact that the English do everything by way of racing has become much more true during the last twenty years than it ever was before; and now the racing is extended to such very childish subjects that there is danger of little brains being addled and of the whole system being made ridiculous. But looking upon university competition as the training ground for all the professions, not so much for the definite manufacture of scientific and literary men, but for the bringing out of the intelligence of men in the manner which seems best to suit the genius of the English race, there is much to be said for the wisdom and institutions of our forefathers in connection with this matter. In fact, the very name of *wranglers* indicates what our Cambridge forefathers had in view: it was not science, and learning, and philosophy as such which they chiefly intended to cultivate and to crown; it was the power of using the brains which God had given young men upon any subject-matter proposed to them, which was the main point to be considered; so that the subsequent non-cultivation of science by senior wranglers would not have seemed to the men of old time any argument against their system. Such names as Airy, Stokes, Adams, Cayley, Tait, Rayleigh—to mention a few living men—may be sufficient to show that senior wranglers are not always lost to science; but even if it were otherwise, it would not necessarily follow that a system of competition for university honours was unwholesome and therefore to be deprecated.

What we seem to need in a university, and what, I suppose, we have to a great extent, is that the system of competition should be supplemented by other agencies. Some subjects do not lend themselves conveniently to *wrangling*; and men may gain much valuable knowledge in the quiet, and perhaps scantily attended, lecture-room of an eminent professor, without the necessity of preparing for any competitive examination. There are some subjects in which competition would be most undesirable. The fitness of things should be considered in competitive examinations as in other matters. Education may be sacrificed to examination; at the same time it is possible that education may be advanced by the same process if judiciously applied.

The real difficulty with regard to examinations seems to manifest itself when the machinery of examination is applied, not as an educational test at all, but as a means of selection for appointments and of apportioning prizes. A boy at school, or a young man at college, or as a member of a university, passes an examination which is intended primarily to test the manner in which he has spent his time

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upon his studies; the result may be that he gains a prize—a book, a scholarship, or what not. But this is only a secondary result: the gaining of the prize may be pleasant, but not to gain the prize implies no failure; wranglers may be happy, but senior optimes are not necessarily miserable. The purpose of the examination is to enable a man to estimate his own doings; the gaining a high honour or a prize is merely a pleasing accident. But in examinations for appointments, which have been introduced of late years, wisely and justly in principle as I believe, the condition of things is reversed. The prize is the end and aim of the whole proceeding—at least, so it is quite certain to be regarded. There are twenty appointments to be made, and seventy candidates; so by the laws of arithmetic there will be twenty successes and fifty failures: and the failures will be absolute, with no extenuating circumstances. The result is that the whole tone and estimate of the examination is likely to be demoralised; a system of cramming almost necessarily grows up. Parents are not ashamed, as I know from experience, to talk of sending their sons to 'crammers,' as though that name implied no disgrace, but a legitimate and honourable profession. It is obviously impossible for a gentleman who accepts pupils on such terms to warn them against cram—to tell them not to trouble themselves about the examination, but to get up their subjects conscientiously, and let the examination take care of itself; the lads would laugh in their tutor's face if he said anything of this kind; they would say naturally and truly, 'We were sent here to be crammed, and it is your business to get us into the first twenty by hook or by crook.' This, no doubt, is a very bad result; but I would urge that it is something which needs to be regarded not from the point of view of education, so much as from the point of view of the interests of the public service. So far as education is concerned, these victims of cram were educated—or uneducated—before they came into the crammer's hands, and what they were before, that they will chiefly be afterwards. The question is whether the process is one by which the best men are selected for the public service. On this point opinions may differ; my own is of no special importance. But I may mention that I once had a conversation with (the late) Sir James Stephen on the subject, and what he said was this: He would have had a paper examination of candidates for appointments as a first sifting, and then would have inquired of those who had passed with credit what else they could do: one could ride across country, another could row, another had travelled, and so forth. Sir James Stephen imagined that by a judicious combination of the paper and the practical, good results might be obtained for the public service. This, however, is a point which lies chiefly beyond my present purpose; what I was intending to insist upon was the distinction which ought to be made between examinations as means for awarding appointments or prizes, and

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examinations as means of testing work and as an educational appliance. In the former case they may be a necessary piece of public machinery, but they have no more to do with education than has the examination of a soldier by the surgeon before he enters the army, or of the policeman before he joins the force. The danger is lest there should be a practical confusion of two things which are immensely different, and lest the demon of cramming, which can scarcely be exorcised from the preparation of men more or less idle for an examination upon which their future very much depends, should cast his dark shadow over those other examinations which are truly and honestly educational.

2. I said in the earlier part of this paper that I regarded the subject from the two points of view of examinee and examiner. I now pass to the second of these points of view.

Having held the office of moderator or examiner (between which two offices the difference is not so great as the difference of title might seem to imply) six times, I can speak with some confidence of the manner in which things used to be done in Cambridge: probably they are done still more perfectly now. It may be useful to describe the preparation for the Senate House.

The two moderators and two examiners used to meet evening after evening at the rooms of the senior moderator for the purpose of settling the questions. It is agreed with regard to one particular paper, which we will take as an example, that it shall contain (say) twenty questions; those questions to be produced at the next meeting by the two members of the examining body to whom the particular paper is allotted by the university scheme. The whole body of four meet in solemn conclave. Each question is read out by the person who has prepared it; and then it is the business of the other three to find fault. The question has to run the gauntlet of the three who have not set it, and who criticise it with respect to difficulty, appropriateness, and clearness of expression. There is no abstention from criticism on the ground of politeness; if a hole can be found, it is mercilessly exposed; in fact there was frequently much sense of fun in proving to a brother examiner that his statement of a question was capable of being taken in some wrong sense, or in establishing any objection which could reasonably be raised. But the setting of bookwork questions, that is, questions which men might be expected to answer if they had properly digested the ordinary textbooks, was as nothing compared with the setting of riders upon those questions. It used to be thought that a bookwork question was a poor imperfect thing without some ingenious little problem, or *rider* as it was technically called, the solution of which would show clearly whether the man who had answered the question knew thoroughly what he was doing. An examiner proposed a bookwork question to his colleagues, and it fell flat: there was nothing to be said against it, not much for it, so it passed

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without criticism. But then came some ingenious application of the principle which the bookwork involved, and the countenances of the three critics brightened: 'That's very pretty—and of course a man can do it, if he understands what he has been writing, &c. &c.' With such admiring remarks the neat rider is put into its place, and the party proceeds to the next question.

I lay stress upon this method of constructing mathematical papers because it brings to notice two points—one, that mathematical subjects lend themselves well to the exposure and checkmating of 'cram;' and the other, that the prime purpose of good examiners is to expose and checkmate the same. A good deal of the ridicule which is thrown by the outside world upon examination papers would be spared, if it were recognised that even in examining schoolboys in arithmetic, questions are far more conducive to the end to which hey are constructed if they assume the form of problems having some kind of historical or imaginative basis. I have heard the gravity of the House of Lords thoroughly upset by a witty criticism of examination papers. I once had the same experience in the chamber of the French Senate. In both cases I came to the conclusion that the examiners knew their business, and that those who derided them did not.

Anyhow, I have no doubt that it is possible so to frame examination papers as to draw a line between those who have crammed their subjects without digesting them, and those who have digested them without cramming or being crammed.

There is one other process in the setting of examination papers, which deserves a few words. It is that of marking. I have a strong suspicion that in these days of examination run wild, some people talk about marks without understanding exactly what marks mean. You may sometimes hear a person speaking exultingly of a son or a friend who obtained 2,475 marks!—as though a mark had some distinct money value as in Germany. Or another will speak compassionately of a candidate who failed by only 120 marks. Perhaps, therefore, it may be well to say, that marks are merely an ingenious contrivance for enabling an examiner to form a just opinion of the manner in which an entire paper has been treated by an examinee. Some convenient number is fixed upon as the value of the entire paper. This gives an average of so many marks per question; but all the questions are not of equal difficulty, or requiring answers of equal length; consequently it is necessary to apportion to some of the questions more than the average, to others less. The practice in my examining days was this. After the papers had been set and printed, we used to meet for the marking of them. Having settled the maximum number of marks, and found what was the average, the senior moderator would put up the questions successively. When a question was thus put up, each examiner determined in his own mind what the value of it should be. When all had made up their

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minds, each mentioned his number. If the numbers all agreed, or nearly so, a result was soon arrived at. If otherwise, the cause of discrepancy was sought; the nature of the answer to be given was discussed, sometimes with important results; and in the end it would be agreed that the question was worth so many marks, or sometimes that it might be possible that a well-read man would introduce additional matter, which should be entitled to certain additional marks.

It will be seen that a prearranged valuation of questions by four independent and presumably competent examiners, made in the manner described, leaves little room for practical mistake and scarcely any for individual caprice. But I should wish to add also, that it is by a system of careful marking that the benefit of riders, as the enemies and destroyers of cram, principally manifests itself. The question in chief may possibly, and probably does, produce fewer marks than the cunning little rider which it carries. The question is in fact then only regarded as completely answered when the value of the answer has been tested by the solution of the appended rider or example, in such manner as to make it manifest that the subject to which the question refers has been carefully read, fairly understood, and honestly digested, and not merely crammed, still less speculated upon by the immoral and mischievous process of getting up two or three propositions on the chance of one of them being 'set.'

Regarding university examinations as tests of general ability, and looking upon scientific and other subjects as introduced into examinations for the indirect purpose of supplying questions and problems, rather than for the direct purpose of producing proficients or professors in those subjects, there is much to be said in favour of the disputations in the schools, from the duty of presiding over which the Cambridge title of moderator was derived. When I went up to the university the 'schools' were dying, and in the year in which I graduated they became definitely dead: they had for some time become little better than a form, and at last a moderator who had the courage of his opinions refused to take any part in a sham, and so Acts and Opponencies in the Arts schools became things of the past. The only persons who manifested dissatisfaction at the change were the proctors' men, whose business it was to attend on such occasions. To them the reform was pure loss. I remember sitting in my rooms one evening when my college course was coming to a close, and being waited upon by these functionaries, bull-dogs as they were profanely called: they stated their wish to receive a certain sum in consideration of my keeping an Act. 'But,' said I, 'I understand that the schools are to be closed this year, and that we are to have no Acts and Opponencies.' 'That is quite true,' replied the chief of the party;

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'the schools are to be closed, but we draws our fees.' The conclusion did not seem to me to be clear; and, refusing to accept it, I heard no more of the matter. The schools died, if I am not mistaken, owing to two causes: first, the retention of the old custom of disputing in Latin when men had ceased to talk Latin with sufficient freedom to permit of its being an effective vehicle of thought and controversy; and secondly, the great and overwhelming influx of analytical methods, which do not lend themselves to *vivâ voce* treatment, and therefore gave an ever-increasing preponderance to the paper examination. Nevertheless it is open to argument, and I once wrote a pamphlet which was intended to prove, that it would have been a wiser course to attempt an adaptation of the old disputation or wrangling between picked men to the conditions of modern days, than simply to shut up the schools. If a student were appointed to expound some particular point in pure or applied mathematics, and two others were appointed to question him and try to puzzle him, the moderator performing his ancient duty of moderating between the two parties, seeing to fair play, and then at the termination allotting commendation to those who deserved to be commended, it seems conceivable that an admirable form of mental exercise might be brought into operation; and certainly such a system would tend to defeat all attempts to cram.[5]

Such a test as that now sketched out would probably be impracticable in England in these days. In the nature of things it does not lend itself to such strict methods of marking as the purely paper examination. It leaves more to general impression, and so opens a door for possible errors, which the paper system avoids. Nevertheless, for some purposes general impression is better than marks; and if the public disputation and the paper questions and answers could be joined, as our fathers joined them, I am not sure that we should not attain the best form of examination, regarded as an educational test.

But I do not write for the purpose of making any distinct recommendation. The difficulty of doing so with effect is manifest from the small amount of agreement hitherto elicited as to the question, What is to be done? That in many directions we are over-examining, that genuine education is likely to suffer from the process, and that therefore some change or changes may be with advantage introduced—upon all these points there is much agreement. The difficulty begins when these and the like points have been conceded. Meanwhile nothing but good can come from such discussions as have taken place in the pages of this Review. Though I could not sign the Protest, I am very glad that it has been made.

I will add a few words with reference to the recommendations made

[5] I was informed at the time of writing the pamphlet above referred to, that this method had been tried with success in certain German universities.

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by the great majority of the signatories to the Protest. A Royal Commission, 'to consider the whole subject of official appointments by examination, and to collect information bearing on the matter from other countries,' could not in my opinion do harm, and possibly might do much good. But it would, I think, be essential that the limitation suggested by the signatories should be strictly observed; that is to say, the subject referred to the Commissioners should be confined to the question of official appointments, and the general educational question should not be in any degree included. Examinations as giving a claim to an appointment, and examinations as a part of educational machinery, are (as have endeavoured to point out) two different things, and they should not be confounded. For this reason I should venture to doubt the wisdom of the other principal recommendations. The governing bodies of Oxford and Cambridge, and the head masters of schools, probably know as much about the matter as any one can tell them; their constant attention is given to the subject of education in all its bearings; there is no sign of torpor or neglect or indifference; and upon the whole I am disposed to believe that they might very well be left to do their own work in their own way, and that any well-meant interference would tend rather to hinder than to help.

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TO A FRIEND.

One autumn morning, as the sun had just lifted its golden orb above the horizon, without, however, its rays having as yet warmed the cold air, I beheld standing by the roadside some birch-trees, already covered with yellow leaves. Their day was drawing to a close; their life of bloom, though brief, had been a lovely one: a life passed in the glorious Nature of the north.

When the rays of the vernal sun had melted snow and ice, when unchained rivulets prattled pleasantly, and the lark struck its notes in the azure sky, tender buds had come forth from the cold branches and twigs, the buds became leaves; they throve in the balmy spring breezes. The young trees clad themselves in the green colour of hope. So long as Summer, the golden-tressed goddess, ruled in the north, they enjoyed their own blooming loveliness. In innocence and simplicity they caressed each other, and offered a delicious shade to the wanderer fatigued by the fierce sun. Now, when summer—the too brief one of the north—has fled, behold! with what humility they bear their fate and shed the treasures of their crown. In their decadence, in their misfortune, they stand yonder as if none the less admiring the silent morning hour. They seem as if speaking to the traveller, who hastens by to his daily calling after his Sunday rest. And they awaken in him wonder, and call forth thoughts that are less of this world.

Brother! Man has also his spring, his summer, and his autumn. Spring is his youth, summer his manhood, and autumn his old age. But in the heyday of man's springtide there may be autumn; in his autumn-tide a gleam of dawning spring. Sorrow may change morn into eve, spring into autumn. The tree of life struck by the storm raises itself again with difficulty, or requires, at all events, time to do so. It might, indeed, be an impossibility but for Samaritans ready to give a helping hand. Even the solitary desert palm may be shaken by the sirocco till it falls, be it ever so tall and strong.

But in the depth of autumn there may, God be praised! also be spring. Behold the charming birch-trees in the grove yonder! They are going to rest through the long winter night, contented with their summer life, for they hope that when winter has

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exhausted its fury, a still more balmy air, and a still more glorious sun, and a more enchanting song than the howling autumn storms, shall summon them to a new life, to fresh joys! And such is their existence, an unbroken chain of births and deaths.

And we? We, who are often ungrateful when the world goes against us—we, who grumble and rebel against the wise dictates of Providence, and in self-conceit wish to build up a world ourselves which we imagine would be a better one—what ought *we* to remember?

Is not the promise sown in our hearts of resurrection and spring, after the autumn of life and the grave of winter? Is it not surer and more blessed than that of any other creature in the realm of nature? Have we not been endowed with the gift of living in sympathy here below, and of walking together along the road of life in love and friendship? And is not *this* gift a greater treasure than all those which the man of pleasure deems priceless? Why do we, then, despair? The spring following upon our winter's grave will not depart from us, for it is *eternal.* Far more glorious is it than any earthly spring. The sun is God, and we are angels therein.

Should we believe that friendship formed here below shall also follow us thither? Why should we not believe that it shall become even stronger than here? Ay, friendship, which has united mankind through all ages, in which they have lived, laboured, and struggled to reach the same goal, although by different roads—that friendship will certainly remain with us when the haven is reached, and it shall, on a brighter spring morn, and to a more glorious spring chant, follow us into the Eternal Spring, and be the most cherished and joyful recollection of our past life on earth—of a chilly autumn tide!

OSCAR FREDRIK.

The Editor of THE NINETEENTH CENTURY *cannot undertake to return unaccepted MSS.*

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THE

NINETEENTH CENTURY.

No. CXLV.—March 1889.

TWELVE MILLIONS PER ANNUM WASTED IN THE SEA.

In my first appeal on behalf of our seamen, no reference, not even the slightest, was made to the pecuniary aspect of our losses at sea; I was anxious that the appeal should be only to the best and noblest feelings of our nature—love for our neighbour.

If I now confine myself to the consideration of the loss of property involved, it is not because the first appeal failed to secure attention or valuable remedial measures and results, but it is because the money aspect of the subject is also important (though not so much so of course as the saving of human life), and its consideration may enlist fresh support in obtaining such further reform as may be shown to be needed and free from objection.

I will first, however, briefly review the remedial measures already secured. Under the short Act passed in 1875, confirmed and extended in 1876, nearly five hundred vessels, every one of them as rotten as a pear, were broken up, and a vigilant supervision was exercised for a time over vessels leaving our ports, as to draught of water and amount of freeboard or surplus buoyancy. And from June in 1876 to June 1883 no less than 832 ships were stopped, when about to sail, and repaired, or had their loads greatly reduced.

Little more was done than to keep alive this vigilance for some time—the amount of legislation a private member can carry through the House being small indeed, and in cases where it is strongly opposed *nil*.

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When, therefore, Sir William Harcourt was defeated at Oxford in 1880, it seemed to me that by giving him (he was Mr. Gladstone's Home Secretary) the seat to which I had been elected by a majority of over 5,000 votes, I should secure a friend to the seamen much more powerful than I was myself, and the transfer was made after an understanding that certain legislation should at least be recommended to the House.

The passing of the Grain Cargoes Act, mainly by the exertions of Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Chamberlain, was the firstfruits of that arrangement, and although those gentlemen have been prevented by the Irish question from doing more since, and although that only amounted to a fourth of the legislation stipulated for, still, the good effected by that single measure was, and is, worth many seats in Parliament, supposing it obtainable by no other means.

I was looking over Earle's shipbuilding yard at Hull some time after the Grain Cargoes Act was passed, and saw (the decks not being yet fully laid) an iron diaphragm, in the plane of the keel, extending from the engine space and coal-bunkers forward and from the keel to the deck, to which it was being riveted; this bulkhead, as sailors call it, had similar bulkheads at right angles extending to the sides of the ship. A similar arrangement was made aft from the engine space, reaching from the top of the screw-tunnel to the deck, and also with lateral bulkheads—all these dividing the ship into so many totally distinct and separate holds.

On being told that it was in consequence of the Grain Cargoes Act, and when my guide added, 'You see it will be impossible for the cargo to shift now,' I could scarcely speak, so great was my joy.

Subsequently at Lloyd's I described this arrangement to Mr. Cornish, one of the surveyors, and his reply—which was, 'Oh, that is common now'—increased my pleasure. Not even linseed or canary seed, which flows almost like water, could render such a ship unsafe.

Quite recently I waited upon Mr. Benjamin Martell, the Chief Secretary at Lloyd's, to inquire how the Grain Cargoes Act was operating. He replied, 'Oh, well, we have none of that foundering now, you know; we used to have sometimes two in a week, and seldom or never less than seven or eight in the season: all that's over now.'

The Load-line Committee, too, appointed in 1883, which did so much and such good work, and unanimously made such valuable recommendations (which it is wonderful that the Board of Trade have not yet submitted to Parliament as a Bill), and the Committee now considering the best means (as boats, and how many of them, or rafts and of what kind) of saving lives from sinking ships, are some of the results of that appeal.

The efficiency, however, of such legislation as that of 1876, empowering the seizure and breaking up of rotten ships, is a steadily

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diminishing quantity from the period of its enactment onward, and at present, speaking of losses from all causes, the state of things does not show the amount of improvement which might have been expected. The annual loss of life at sea in vessels carrying the English flag is rather more than two thousand. The shipping lost is still about 260,000 tons per annum.

All this time Sir Thomas Farrar has persistently and consistently held that the only effectual remedy for the great evils which nearly everybody deplores, is to identify the pecuniary interest of the shipowner with the safety of his ship. 'Make it the interest of the owner that his ship shall make its voyage in safety,' said Sir Thomas, 'and we shall soon see a different state of things.'

In 1884 a Bill was brought into Parliament by Mr. Chamberlain, who was then President of the Board of Trade, prohibiting a shipowner from insuring more than the value of his ship.

This Bill met with strong opposition; a certain class of shipowners felt so deep an interest in keeping things as they were, that he was not able to proceed with it, and it was withdrawn.

It was impossible not to feel enamoured of the principle involved in the opinion of Sir Thomas Farrar and also in Mr. Chamberlain's Bill. Its efficacy in the prevention of loss, when it comes into play, is great, and is well illustrated in the businesses of such firms as those of Thomas Wilson & Sons of Hull, of George Thompson junr. & Co., Aberdeen, and in the collier fleet of Sir George Elliott, M.P., and others.

Thomas Wilson & Sons only insure a part of their fleet, and the ships insured are only insured to the extent of one-half of their value. Neither George Thompson jun. & Co., nor I believe Sir George Elliott, insure their ships at all; they elect to save the heavy cost of doing so, and undertake their own risks, or insure amongst themselves and friends. Their pecuniary interest in safe navigation is thus very great, and I am informed, and believe, that their losses are less than one-fourth of the average rate of loss. Mr. Chamberlain, in his exhaustive and most instructive speech, in moving the second reading of his Bill, stated that in the case of 396 steamers uninsured, or only partially insured, the loss was at the rate of less than one-sixth of the loss incurred by the balance of our merchant steamers.

But the great difficulty of securing the co-operation of this pecuniary interest, on the part of shipowners, by legislation has prevented me hitherto from relying much upon it.

It was clearly impossible altogether to prohibit insurance, and short of this, I could not then see any way of doing it effectually. Consider for a moment the inherent difficulties of the only attempt which has been made to do it. Mr. Chamberlain's Bill sought to require the owner to insure only the full value, but who is to value the ship? (It is true that in Holland, where the shipowner is pro-

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hibited from insuring beyond two-thirds of the value of his ship, the Government itself values the ship through its own officers, but such virility as this has long ago departed from our Parliament.) If a valuer for the shipowner and one for the Government are employed, there must also be an umpire; very great expense would have to be incurred, the ship would be detained for a full time survey, involving (sometimes unnecessary) mauling of the vessel for inspection of timbers, or, in the case of iron ships, of covered portions of her, and, in addition to loss of time and expense, much heat and great irritation would arise.

Further, if by any process the correct actual value of a ship to-day was ascertained, in three months her value might be much increased from a rise in the price of iron, inasmuch as no shipbuilder would then undertake to build a similar ship for the same price for which he would do so readily now; or the price of iron might go down, and a shipbuilding firm might then be quite willing to replace the ship at a less price than that for which she was insured.

On the whole, it appeared to me that the difficulties of administering the proposed Act would have proved to be so great that I felt it impossible greatly to regret its loss, although I held Mr. Chamberlain in high honour for making this first honest attempt to strike at the root of the great evils which at present attach to a portion of our mercantile marine.

The principle, however, of Mr. Chamberlain's Bill, and of Sir Thomas Farrar's opinion apart from the difficulty of applying it, had great attractions for me, and was never lost sight of; and long-continued thought, and much patient labour and inquiry, now enable me to submit some facts which I venture to think are, for their suggestiveness, worth submission, at least, to public criticism.

I invite attention in the first place to some points, in which the conditions of insurance of property ashore are different from, and to some others, in which they are distinctly contrary to, those which attach to insurance of property at sea.

To guard against confusion, I will not speak of 'insurers,' as that is a term sometimes used to indicate those who buy indemnity from risk, and sometimes those who sell that indemnity; but, treating the policy as property, I will speak of those who pay for it as 'buyers,' and those persons or companies who grant the policy as 'sellers.'

(1) Examine *the relative strength of the parties* to the two classes of contracts, *i.e.* the 'buyers,' and the 'sellers' of a policy to insure property ashore, and the buyers and sellers of a policy to insure property afloat.

In the case of a policy of insurance of property ashore, the 'buyer' of the policy is a householder insuring his house, or the owner of a mill or of some other class of property insuring that; speaking generally, the 'buyer' of a policy is an individual or a firm

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whose time and energies are, for the most part, devoted to far other concerns than insurance affairs.

The 'seller,' of the policy, is an insurance company; its affairs are managed by a board of directors; they have a solicitor especially conversant with the laws concerning insurance; they have also surveyors accustomed to estimate beforehand the value of risks, and able also to examine and report upon any case of destruction of property originating a claim upon the company.

In a word the 'sellers' are far and away stronger than the 'buyers.'

Now consider how it is, in this respect, with regard to a policy of insurance of property afloat.

The 'buyer' is the 'managing owner' of the whole ship; he represents and acts for all the other owners; he is bound to, and does defend all the owners in any case of dispute; he cannot afford to make special terms with one underwriter, as equal treatment would be demanded by the others. The interest he defends is very great; his personal liability for costs is limited, *pro ratâ*, to his individual share.

He is very strong.

The 'seller' is one of many subscribers or, technically, 'underwriters.' There are seldom less than fifty on a policy, frequently over one hundred (the three policies before me show an average of seventy-two subscribers), not bound together at all, each individual can only act for himself, and accepts just so much of the whole risk as he pleases; he seldom, almost never, accepts for any large amount, always for a very small proportion indeed of the whole amount covered. The way of it is this: a member of Lloyd's (underwriters' room) first gives evidence or security as to his ability to pay losses; then he has a desk allotted to him (they are very numerous—between three hundred and fifty and four hundred in London alone, where however the bulk of underwriting is done); the proposals of insurance are handed round by the insurance brokers' clerks all day long; these proposals, called slips, give the name of the ship, amount to be insured, and rate per cent. offered. Perhaps sixty or seventy of these slips or even more are laid before each underwriter daily. After reference to Lloyd's List of Ships, he either passes it on, or, if he decides to 'take a line' upon it, he subscribes or 'underwrites' his name, together with the amount he is willing to guarantee for, at the rate specified; this varies much and generally goes as low as 200*l.* or 100*l.*, frequently 50*l.* and sometimes even less than that—*never* an amount large enough to warrant his disputing his liability in case of loss. The number of proposals also precludes all possibility of inquiry or of scrutiny beforehand.

The several underwriters are not in any case incorporated; they are thus unable to take joint action. This constitutes the fundamental difference between the position of an individual underwriter and that of a shareholder in a fire office (who is the underwriter ashore).

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There are Marine Insurance Societies, it is true, but as the great bulk of the business is done with the unassociated underwriters who are of older standing than the offices, the practice of the underwriters rules the business; so the companies also divide their risks over many ships, in no case taking a line heavy enough to be worth while contesting their liability afterwards, even if circumstances would warrant their doing so. All alike are indemnified for their losses, or on bad or carelessly managed ships, by the high premiums paid on all ships.

Other causes there are which render the unassociated underwriter impotent in this matter, and impotent to such a degree that it would be more reasonable to expect the first man you may meet in the street to dispute a policy than to expect the underwriter to do so.

In one policy before me the underwriters are forty-five, the highest risk accepted is for 150*l.*, and that transaction was one in nearly seventy considered by my informant that day. Each proposal has to be accepted or declined on the spot.

Another policy gives this result: the highest risk accepted is 100*l.*, and the lowest 40*l.* Still lower amounts are frequently underwritten, 25*l.* for example. An underwriter *never* makes any examination of a ship as a condition precedent to 'taking a line' on her. 1st, because the limits of time prevent him. He takes perhaps twenty or thirty risks per day; it is impossible for him to institute twenty or thirty inquiries per day, still less that number of examinations. 2nd. He is one of sixty, seventy, or a hundred who have subscribed or underwritten a given policy; why should he undertake single-handed a troublesome work equally due (if due at all) from all? 3rd. His interest is too small to bear the expense of inquiry. 4th. He would lose his business immediately if he did. No insurance broker would submit his slip to such a man. Not that they are indifferent to losses, but simply that their business is to get the policy underwritten promptly. He must say 'yes' or 'no' on the spot, and lastly—startling though it is at first sight—his interest is not promoted by a low rate of loss, but is promoted by a high rate of loss.

An underwriter once said to the late Mr. Harvie Farquhar, banker, of St. James's Street, 'You are quite mistaken in supposing that we, as underwriters, are interested in having a low rate of loss at sea—it is quite the other way; individually we are anxious to escape particular losses, but collectively we thrive best upon a high rate of loss. If losses increase, the premium rises; our business is to keep it high enough to get enough to pay for all losses and leave an overplus for expenses and profits. If it were not enough for these purposes, we should soon be bankrupt. It is always enough, or underwriting would soon cease. If you could diminish losses one half, you would simply cut our business in two. We should only have half our usual receipts, and should retain the same expenses. Similarly, you must see that, if losses could be done away with

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altogether, underwriting would be done away with altogether too. So we keep the premium high enough, and then spread our business over as great a number of ships as we can.'

I may here say also that underwriters are interested in over-insurance in all cases of claims other than—that is, short of—total loss, or constructive total loss. Thus, if a ship worth only 15,000*l.* is insured for 36,000*l*, the underwriters collectively get the premium on 36,000*l.* instead of the premium on 15,000*l.*; then in case of a casualty involving loss to the extent of say 7,500*l.*, or half the value of the ship, the loss is spread over 36,000*l.* and he would have to pay a fraction over 4*s.* in the pound of the amount he had underwritten; but if she is lost altogether, which only doubles the actual amount of loss we have considered—that is 15,000*l.* instead of 7,500*l.*—then he has to pay, not 4*s.* but 20*s.* in the pound, or the full amount underwritten.

The shipowner would only be indemnified in the case of partial loss, called a casualty; whereas if the ship was lost altogether he would make 21,000*l.* profit.

The following remarks are by an underwriter of experience:—

> In our business we daily submit to be defrauded, and yet have contented ourselves very often with merely lamenting the fact, instead of combining to cope with so great an evil. But combination and centralisation are incompatible with individuality of action. . . .
>
> To show my meaning, I will assume a case of frequent occurrence. A claim is brought before an underwriter, and on examining it, he finds it incorrect, say in principle. The first few men on the policy may have settled it, either because they have not had time to look into it, or because the account it occurs on (that is, the broker's account) is such a good one they do not like to raise any questions, or perhaps because they do not understand it, therefore cannot check it. In such case it too often happens that the policy is settled over the head of the man who has discovered the error, and perhaps others with him, and then brought back to them in such a way as to place them in a very invidious position; or else, as sometimes happens, the settlement is asked as a favour; and at any rate one feels the uselessness of contesting even a flagrant case, when the majority of settlements on a policy will be brought against one as evidence in court, and a jury would be nearly certain to argue that the others would not have settled had the claim been incorrect, and would, in nine cases out of ten, give their verdict accordingly.

It is clear, then, that whilst, as regards a contract of insurance of property 'ashore,' the 'buyer' is greatly *weaker* than the 'seller,' in the case of a similar contract of insurance for property at sea, the buyer is beyond measure *stronger* than the 'seller.' Also that whilst the seller of a policy for property ashore is immensely *stronger* than the buyer, the seller of a policy for property afloat is entirely *helpless*, both absolutely and also as compared with the buyer.

(2) Equally striking is the difference in the next aspect of this subject, of the case of insurance ashore and insurance of property at sea; namely, the amount of risk undertaken by the two classes of sellers. When a proposal to insure property ashore is made to an

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insurance company, it is always, when not for the whole amount to be covered, then for a large amount. In the case of property at sea the proposal is made to sixty, seventy, or a hundred individuals totally unconnected.

If, in the former case, the amount is too large for one company to retain the whole risk with prudence, the company to which the proposal is made generally divides it with others, the rule being that the company devolving a part of its risk shall itself retain an amount of risk double that devolved upon any other office. The company taking part of the risk pays a small commission to the company devolving it, which has had the cost and trouble of making survey and negotiating with the buyer of the policy.

The rate of premium to be charged for a given risk, though the rates range so widely as from 1*s.* 6*d.* per 100*l.* insured in the case of a dwelling-house, up to as high as 6*l.* 6*s.* in some cases of rice mills, is seldom or never in doubt more than a few minutes. It would surprise many to be told how carefully every possible risk has been classified. The large insurance companies keep what an accountant knows as 'nominal' accounts in ledgers (as distinguished from 'personal' accounts, which show indebtedness, and 'real' accounts, which show cost of buildings, plant, &c.), with every kind of risk. All premiums received are credited to one of these nominal accounts, devoted to that particular class of risk, and all losses are debited to it. In this way, from data extending over many years, a close approximation is arrived at as to the proper rate to be charged for that particular class of risk, and there now exist very many tariffs showing these. Not only tariffs differentiating between different trades, but also sub-tariffs showing the varying rates between different classes of buildings and fittings employed in each trade separately.

I have been favoured with a manuscript list of the former class, enumerating no less than sixty-one general tariffs. It will be sufficient if I mention a few of them—corn mills, rice mills, cotton mills, distilleries, flax and jute mills, floor-cloth factories, Hull timber yards, London Manchester warehouses, Nottingham lace warehouses, oil mills, sugar refineries, tanneries, worsted mills, alpaca mills, angola mills, &c., up to the sixty-one.

Some of these tariffs have a very large number of classes, each with its separate rate of premium.

Insurance of ships and property at sea is unattended with any of this minute observation of conditions favourable and unfavourable. When losses run high generally, the rough and ready remedy is to add to the general rate; the cost gives little concern, it merely adds to the cost of goods imported, and the consumer—that is, the nation—pays for all, in the price at which they reach him.

(3) The next point to be noted, in which this strange contrast

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reveals itself, is this: that the buyer of a policy insuring goods on land can in no case—however many policies he may have bought, or in however large sums he may have insured—he can in no case recover more than the actual value of the property destroyed. 'Bare indemnity for property destroyed,' said Mr. Mannering of the Sun office, 'is the very backbone of our business;' 'it is,' he added, 'our sheet anchor.' Indemnity only, and for amounts which must be proved. There does not exist the manager of a fire insurance office who would not regard with something like horror a proposal to make the office liable for more than indemnity, or to give an insurer a legal right to make a large profit out of a fire. Yet this is freely done as to ships. When a fire occurs and a claim arises, the policy-holder is bound by its terms to declare what other policies (if any) he holds. The managers of the offices concerned then meet, examine the proofs of loss, and divide the amount amongst themselves rateably.

It is not only the settled policy of all the large offices to pay only indemnity, but the law 14 Geo. III. c. 48 limits all claims rigidly to the value of the interest held by the buyer of the policy.

The Sun office covers property amounting to over 80,000,000*l.* sterling in London alone, and about 350,000,000*l.* sterling in its total engagements. How long would it stand if the buyers of its policies were allowed to insure for 50 or 100 per cent. more than the value of the property insured, and were put into the position of being able to enforce payment of these sums? To some, at least, if not many, this would prove an almost irresistible temptation to set fire to their own property; yet, this is the present actual position of many shipowners in their relation to the sellers of their policies.

I will give two or three (out of many) instances of this, and will then pass on to the fourth point of contrast.

A man was detected in an attempt to compass the destruction of his vessel, and he was brought before the Lord Mayor: the vessel was a small one. He confessed that, although he had only given 300*l.* for her, he had insured her for 1,000*l.*

A similar case came before the magistrates of North Shields: the owner in this case admitted that, although he did not think the vessel would sell for more than 400*l.*, he had insured her for 800*l.*

In a third case in which twenty good men were drowned when the ship went down, it was shown that the owners had bought her for 7,500*l.* of which only 2,500*l.* had been paid. The ship was declared by them to be worth 13,000*l.* and was actually insured for 10,000*l.*

The late Lord Iddesleigh, when he was Sir Stafford Northcote, said,[1] 'Some little time ago a case of constructive total loss was tried in respect of a ship insured for 36,000*l.*; the ship had been materially injured, and the owner endeavoured to prove that she was a constructive total loss; with that view he showed that it would cost

[1] See *Hansard*, 227, p. 149.

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15,000*l.* to repair her, and that when she was repaired she would not be worth more than that sum. If he could make out that the ship was not worth more than 15,000*l.* altogether, what is it to be supposed he would receive for her loss? Not 15,000*l.* her true value, but 36,000*l.* her assumed value.'

Sir Stafford added, 'Probably cases of this kind are not numerous.' I am afraid they are very numerous in kind, though probably not in degree. In this case the owner paid 1,680 guineas per annum more than was needed to secure indemnity. When a business man lays out money, he expects to get it again, or value for it; he also expects a profit upon it: in this case he could not get any profit upon this large annual payment; he could not get it back without profit; he could not even get any portion of it back, save in the event of the ship's total loss. The ship was lost.

The law, whilst strictly limiting the liability of the sellers of the policy, no matter for what amount the policy may have been taken out, to bare indemnity for the value of the property destroyed, in the case of property on shore, allows (or does not prevent) a shipowner to insure for any amount he can, by means of misrepresentation or otherwise, induce the sellers of a policy (the underwriters) to sell him a policy for, and enables him to recover that amount.

(4) The holder of a fire policy cannot insure in the same policy for loss of rent or of business profits. He must take out a separate policy to insure against loss of rent, and finds it difficult to do so; loss of profits, I am informed, he either cannot insure at all, or can do so only with the greatest difficulty.

A shipowner can, and constantly does, insure not only the freight outwards, say to Callao, India, or elsewhere, but can insure the hoped-for freight homewards, and if the day after the vessel sails from England she is lost, he recovers both sums, without any deduction being made for wages, &c., saved both out and home, or for the saving of all dock charges and terminals at the port of destination.

(5) If one wants to ascertain the value of the property annually lost at sea one cannot do so with precision; one is left to conjecture. Mr. Mulhall, in his *Dictionary of Statistics*, gives the amount of loss in cargoes and ships belonging to the United Kingdom at 18,900,000*l.* per annum, whilst, as regards losses by fire ashore, the *Insurance Review* gives a particular and a full account of all losses in the preceding year in its January issues, excepting as regards the Westminster Company, the Phœnix, and the Sun.

Surely this might be remedied in the next budget, in March. A duty of one per cent. on all sums paid in respect of losses and damage at sea would give the Chancellor of the Exchequer (if Mr. Mulhall is right) a sum of 189,000*l.*, and the public much-needed and, indeed, vital information at least as to the amount of *insured* property lost in each and every year; or a license to underwriters and marine

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insurance companies with the obligation to make returns quarterly would also secure it.

(6) When there exists an intention to defraud the insurance companies ashore, the buyer or owner of the policy has to do something to bring it about, either through an agent or by himself, and sometimes, as in the case of the fire in the Strand, proofs are found of incendiarism. In the case of the buyer of a policy of marine insurance, the owner need *do* nothing—he has only to postpone needed repairs to his vessel, and the desired disaster inevitably comes of itself.

(7) Where fraud has been accomplished in cases on land, it is often found that proof is discovered in the *débris* of a fire: a charred and partially destroyed book of accounts is found, as in a case where 600*l.* was claimed, and the office produced the claimant's stock account in a charred and blackened book, wherein was an account of the stock taken only three days before the fire occurred, showing in the claimant's own writing that he then valued his stock at 47*l.* only; or, as in a case which came before a court of assize at Leeds, at which I was present. The claimant was a dealer in engravings, &c., and swore that his stock consisted, *inter alia*, of a large number (given by him) of engravings framed and glazed. In cross-examination he gave the sizes; he also gave the quality of the glass, such a thickness or weighing so much per foot; 'how hung?' 'with one or two little rings in the top of the frame?'—with two.

The Insurance Company proved that every brick and part of a brick, every piece of stone and every stick of wood, had been removed by hand, and the rubbish remaining had been carefully sifted, and they produced the glass and the brass rings found, and showed conclusively that the claimant had been lying, and the jury at once found a verdict for the company.

Again, sometimes when an incendiary fire is extinguished, accumulations of shavings, &c., saturated with oil or turpentine have been found.

Cases like this could be multiplied if it were needed.

It need hardly be pointed out that in the case of a ship lost at sea, all these material proofs have gone to the bottom of the sea with the ship herself.

(8) But the most important and vital point of difference between insurance ashore and insurance afloat, is in the proceedings which precede and attend the negotiations between the buyer of the policy and the seller of the policy.

Take first the case of a firm desirous of insuring their manufacturing premises from fire. They state to the insurance company selected by them the situation and nature of the premises, and the amount in which they wish to insure them; and, generally speaking, the company gives them a covering note for fourteen or more days.

The company then sends one of their surveyors to inspect and

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report upon the case to the company. They also furnish the firm with a form of policy for examination, which contains a list of the general requirements of the insurance company.

It is easy to see the influence an impending visit from the surveyor would have upon a firm or individual about to insure. He would go over his premises, and for the time make it his business to make his premises what is called 'a good risk;' with a view to a less premium, if a movable gas-bracket were attached to a wooden partition or bulkhead, he would substitute a rigid one, which could not be turned so as to bring the flame in contact with the matchboarding; if it were too near a wooden ceiling, he would protect that ceiling by sheet iron or otherwise; if a stove were dangerously near woodwork, the stove would be removed to a safer place, or the woodwork would be protected in some way. All this and much more he would do to secure the advantage of a lower rate of premium, for these premiums vary very widely from five shillings per 100*l.* up to no less than six guineas per cent. for the worst kind of risks. I may say here that special surveys are not usual in the case of dwelling-houses. The fact that the buyer of the policy and his family live in them is considered a sufficient guarantee that every possible care will be taken to avoid fire.

The surveyor makes his report, and the person or firm proposing to insure is then communicated with by letter or personally, and asked to do what is deemed to be needful, and in almost all cases complies.

Generally the surveyor merely points out verbally what is objectionable, and what is needful, and if on a second visit he finds that what is needful has been done, there is an end of the matter (these arrangements are of daily and hourly occurrence). When the risk is a continuing one a condition is endorsed upon the policy.

Nor do the fire insurance companies limit themselves in all cases to survey *before* issuing a policy. In the case of the docks and in those districts in the City where the Manchester warehouses are, they employ permanent inspectors, who make intermittent and frequent examination to see that everything is as it should be—a system of inspection which I am told that the owners of the insured property gladly welcome.

From all the inquiries made by me in this matter, and the information received, I have formed a strong conviction that London is more indebted to the precautions taken at the instance of, and also the precautions taken by, the fire insurance companies, for its wonderful immunity from great conflagrations, than it is easy to conceive or define. That the extra care thus taken by the insurance company *plus* the care taken by the owner have a most powerful effect in diminishing the number of fires cannot be doubted.

The state of things thus described calls into active operation *the*

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self-interest of both parties to the contract, and this too in every single transaction.

Now, what is there analogous to all this in the case of the seller of a policy insuring property afloat? Absolutely nothing!

All the underwriter in London has to guide him is *Lloyd's List.* A reference to this will give him much useful information as to the structure of the vessel, but it is necessarily silent on several matters vitally affecting the question of seaworthiness.

He will find the date when the ship was built, where and by whom she was built, her dimensions, how she was classed at the outset, and for how many years. Beyond particulars relating to structure it does not pretend to go. As to stowage, amount of load, number of seamen to handle her, scantling of shifting boards, and many other vital particulars, it is silent. The underwriters *never dream of instituting any inquiry into the state of a ship* as a condition precedent to taking a line upon her, because (1st) they are quite powerless to do it; (2nd) it is not worth their while; and (3rd) their interest is dead against it, as they can always, and always do, recover all losses in the shape of higher premiums.

They are almost equally powerless to resist a claim, however great, however homicidal may have been the neglect which produced the disaster. For all practical uses one may say they never do this either, because it is only done when a clear case of attempting to destroy the ship comes before a criminal court—as in Glasgow last month, *in re* the Gylfe s.s.—cases necessarily of rare occurrence, whilst hundreds of policies are bought and sold daily.

Now let us suppose that the owner of a ship had, like the owner of a mill, to make his proposal to insure his ship to a company; that company would probably, first adopting, with some modification, Lloyd's Register concerning structural condition, have the ship visited specially by its own officer, as to those factors in the consideration of seaworthiness not contained in Lloyd's Register, and this is probably what would happen: the shipowner would himself, in anticipation of such a visit, place his load line in such a position as would not be likely to provoke unfavourable comment—probably that arrived at by the Load Line Committee 1884–1885, which has received the sanction of the Board of Trade and has been voluntarily adopted by the owners of three thousand ships; he would also man his vessel reasonably, would take needful precautions as to dangerous cargo, and would see, in fine, that her condition and equipment were as good as possible, with a view of securing a low premium. The surveyor would then inquire into all these points and others; he would minutely examine the position of the owner's load-line, and calculate the amount of surplus buoyancy afforded by it. He would report as to cargo, nature of voyage, &c.; he would also prohibit

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the loading of deck cargo in winter, and carefully note any other question or matter affecting the seaworthiness of the vessel, as the presence of chemicals; he would make requisitions or stipulations as to the scantling and supports of shifting boards for grain cargoes.

With reference to grain cargoes, I have repeatedly boarded grain-laden vessels in the docks which had arrived with a bad list upon them, showing that a little more of the weather they had just, and only just, pulled through, and they too would have gone to the bottom; and it was dreadful to see what a wretched apology for shifting boards had been provided for them: the scantling was altogether inadequate to withstand the 'send' of the grain towards the side in a rough sea—and this, too, when we are told by Lloyds' surveyor, who specially reported on shifting boards, that, for an outlay of only twopence per quarter, a vessel can be fitted with shifting boards of scantling of such dimensions that would make it impossible for the cargo to shift in any sea. It may be said that grain is shipped in foreign ports—well, the great fire insurance companies have agents all over the world in almost every important town or city. How much easier would it be for marine insurance companies to have agents merely at the ports to see that stipulations agreed upon were adhered to—this would be easy and would be done. We should have the managers of the marine insurance companies meeting as regularly as those of the fire insurance companies do now, to compare notes, discuss topics of common interest, and arrange tariffs; general rules as to various cargoes would be considered, and other matters of the utmost importance as bearing on the seaworthiness or unseaworthiness of a vessel, and he would supply the company with the value of the ship, sufficiently trustworthy for insurance purposes and to prevent over-insurance in valued policies. In short, the surveyor and the managing-owner or his agent being plenipotentiary (and no one else having a right to intervene), could and would speedily come to an understanding on all these points; or if the shipowner found the officer of one company too exacting, he could try another; while if the surveyor found the condition of the ship unfavourable to safety, he would require a heavier premium. The intelligent self-interest of both would be called into active, continuous, and operative exercise. Dangerous overloading would cease, without the adoption of a hard and fast load line except as a standard of loading; a great desideratum, for a little reflection will show that the position of a load line on the same ship should not always be the same. Nature of cargo, season of year, and nature of voyage, all are important factors. Thus an amount of surplus buoyancy, where all these considerations were unfavourable (as, say, a cargo of copper ore from Huelva to Swansea across the bay in winter, or of pig iron across the Atlantic), would be essential which would unduly curtail

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the ship's fair carrying capacity if the season were summer, the cargo coke, and the voyage across the North Sea. The reasonable thing would certainly be arrived at by persons desiring the safe arrival of the ship at the port of destination. An adequate number of hands would be shipped, deck-loading would be prohibited or limited, both as regards nature of deck-load and the season of the year and of the voyage.

And all these most desirable objects would be secured, so far as insured ships are concerned, without the direct and sometimes irritating interference of a Government officer, and without the intervention of parliamentary enactment, either mandatory or prohibitive; it would all be peacefully settled by mutual agreement.

The self-interest of the parties would secure the best attainable condition of affairs without friction or exasperation of any kind. All would come about quietly and automatically.

Mr. Mannering, of the Sun office (to whom, and also to the agents of the Royal, the Phœnix, the General, &c., I tender my grateful thanks for their ungrudging help) remarked to me:—

'You see, when we make the suggestions I have referred to to our customers, we say in effect, "If you will carry out our suggestions based on great and wide experience, we can afford to quote you a much lower rate of premium than we should require for insuring your premises as they are," and they seldom or never fail to adopt our recommendations.'

I think that the conclusion to which the facts I have cited irresistibly tend, is, *that underwriting by individuals should be abolished.* They would take no harm, as they would almost certainly group themselves into new marine insurance companies.

If this thing is done the business will go to responsible companies, and in amounts sufficient to insure that every reasonable care would be taken to avoid loss of the ship.

A large number of the most able men would immediately study with the greatest care the Wreck Registers of the Board of Trade, with the view of arriving at a clear appreciation of the comparative safety of the various kinds of ships: well-decked steamers, spar-decked vessels, the influence or tendency of long steamers and unusually long ones, the rates of loss of various kinds of cargo, of different voyages, water ballast, and many other characteristics—there is much information in these periodical Wreck Registers which is at present of no use to anybody, but under the careful and interested scrutiny of experts would yield their life-saving information just as the waters of the pool of Bethesda gave forth their healing power when they were troubled by the Angel of God. In this event, if vessels were sent to sea only after all reasonable precautions had been taken, there would be saved to the nation an amount of wealth which few have any idea of.

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I say the nation, because it is not the shipowners who lose when a steamer founders with the golden produce of a whole landscape—it is not the underwriters—they both are gainers; it is the consumers of the produce which reaches our ports in safety who pay by the increased price at which it is distributed; for, as underwriters must gain on their whole business, it is evident that the premiums on the cargoes which arrive pay the whole cost of those which are lost, and more too. It is as much and as directly paid by the English tax-payer as if the Chancellor of the Exchequer had levied an import duty all round on every kind of produce imported into the country. The property which is thus needlessly cast away is national property.

It has been shown that, with regard to insurance ashore, every safeguard suggested by long experience and close observation is urged upon the buyers of these policies, and with the best results;—it has been shown that as regards insurance afloat no precautionary measures whatever are recommended by the sellers of these policies. It has been shown, that whereas in regard to a policy of insurance on property ashore the buyer of it can in no case recover more than indemnity for proved loss, the buyer of a policy on a ship can recover double, and even more than double, the value of that ship if she is lost; and it is demonstrable that a very large proportion of cargo-carrying vessels leave our ports as to which no man living has a beneficial pecuniary interest in their reaching port in safety, whilst as to many of them the owner is allowed by the present state of the law to put himself into such a position as to have a heavy pecuniary interest against their reaching port at all.

I do not know of any other pursuit in life where wrong-doing is made at once so easy, so prodigally remunerative, and so safe as this is, and therefore render high honour to the majority of shipowners who have been, and are, proof against these temptations.

I have shown that many unscrupulous men may, and do, send vessels to sea, as to which they have covered themselves against the least loss. That the loss of the ship and cargo, if it occurs, is borne by the nation. That the owner is merely the self-appointed bailee of the public. Now, is it not time that we should take hostages of these men for the safe keeping (as far as reasonable care can secure it) of this national property?

My own conviction is, as I have said, that the time has arrived when underwriting by individuals should cease to exist, for it alone makes this state of things possible.

Once make conditions under which policies of insurance on property afloat are issued coincide with those which characterise the issue of policies on property ashore, and, as to insured ships at least, we at once emerge from the region of Government inspection by Government officers, with hard and fast lines as to freeboard, detention of ship, &c., and over-insurance would simply die out.

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Let us leave all these matters to be settled in amicable bargain between the insurance offices and the shipowner; their self-interest, particularly that of the offices, will be enlisted; and as this is the most powerful, constant, and efficient agent for the purpose, we may feel sure that its work will be done, and well done.

The course suggested is not only similar to that now in daily operation ashore, where it works well and without friction, but the legislation by which it would be enacted itself has precedent—for those who value it. In 14 George III. c. 48, commonly called the Gambling Act, policies, which are therein called wagering policies, were made illegal (these were policies on the lives of public men mostly), and it was enacted that no one might legally take out or grant a policy upon any life or lives, event or events, in which he had not a clear interest; and section 3 enacts (see Bunyon's *Law of Fire Insurance*, p. 7) that when the assured has an interest, no greater sum shall be recovered from the assurers than the amount or value of his interest. Is it possible to assign any good reason why this salutary principle should not be applied to policies for insuring ships? It needs not, however, that it should be applied by enactment; if underwriting by individuals once ceased, the companies who would thenceforward conduct the business would do as the fire offices do—adopt indemnity for proved loss as 'the backbone of their business,' 'as their sheet anchors.'

There would not be much difficulty in inducing other shipowning nations to follow our lead herein; they generally do in shipping legislation; and even if they did not, the temporary loss of underwriting business, if any, would soon right itself; the English insurance companies would be able to quote so much lower terms, and shippers would so greatly prefer ships insured with them, that the others would have to fall into line quickly or lose their business.

Returning to the consideration of the value of the property of the United Kingdom in ships and cargoes now lost at sea *per annum*: with a view to test Mr. Mulhall's accuracy in his estimate of 18,900,000*l.*, I checked the annual loss of life he gives in the same table[2] with the returns given in the Wreck Register of the Board of Trade. Mr. Mulhall gives it as 2,090, but does not say over what series of years he takes his average. Turning to the Wreck Register last issued, on page v. I find that the average of the nine years preceding and including the year 1884–5 is given as 2,140; presumably therefore Mr. Mulhall is correct. Wishing to know how he had arrived at his total of nearly nineteen millions of pounds sterling per annum, I wrote to him and subsequently saw him, when he explained as follows: 'The tonnage of vessels lost is taken as being of the value of 10*l.* per ton all round, sailing and steam, wooden or iron or steel—and the value of the cargoes is taken at 15*l.* per ton, the declared value at the custom-houses giving that

[2] Table C, p. 486.

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sum when divided by the tonnage.' The estimated value of the tonnage of the ships I think is high, as, considering that since 'going to the bottom' has come to be considered the natural end of all ships (shipbreaking has gone out entirely now many years ago), it is probable that a large portion of the ships lost consists of old and nearly worn-out vessels.

Fifteen pounds per ton for the cargoes also seemed to me to be high, when we consider the large quantities of coal, pig iron, and salt exported from British ports, and of wheat imported, none of which are worth 15*l.* per ton, or anything like it. However, I give his figures and his explanation of them as I received them. Since seeing him, however, I have had a long conversation with one of the most able men in the City, an underwriter, and he said he thought 10*l.* per ton all round was not an overestimate for the ships, as many of the steamers lost were very valuable ships, worth greatly more than 10*l.* per ton. Asked if he did not consider 15*l.* per ton an excessive estimate of value, considering the quantities of salt, coal, &c., exported, he replied, 'Well, case goods are valuable—forty-two cubic feet to the ton. I don't know, I'm sure; I should think it was not greatly over the mark.'

I then went to the Library of the Statistical Society, Adelphi Terrace, and the librarian showed me the reports of M. Kiœr, head of the Statistical Department at Christiania, who is stated to have given close attention to this subject for many years.

I wrote and asked M. Kiœr if he could help me in arriving at a trustworthy estimate of the value of the property in ships and cargoes (British flag) lost at sea per annum, and his reply is as follows.

Writing from Christiania, January 14, 1889, he says, *inter alia*:

> . . . As to the *value* in *ships* and *cargoes*, I do not know any official returns given for British vessels, and it is to be regretted that the, in other respects, so detailed and useful returns of sea casualties do not contain statistics in that matter. . . . The method adopted in the German shipping statistics seems to me much better in this respect, and gives really the key to the solution of your question, although that key has not yet been utilised as far as I can see (*i.e.* in England). In the thirty-fifth volume (part i.) of *Statistik des Deutschen Reichs* is to be found, p. 65 and following, a detailed account . . . which amongst other information gives answer to these questions:—If, and for what amount, and where, was the ship insured? and the cargo?

Then follows a page of these returns:—

Name of the ship	Description	Tonnage	Cargo	Ship insured for	Cargo insured for
Hoffnung . .	barque	328	timber	—	22,000 mks.
Wilhelm . .	„	430	„	24,000 mks.	uninsured.
Anna . .	yacht	26	wheat	2,700 mks.	insured, amount not known.
Guaymas . .	barque	306	opium	30,000 mks.	252,000 mks.
&c.	&c.	&c.	&c.	&c.	&c.

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I have taken the liberty to expose my views in such extent, being convinced that it would be useful not only for the British, but also for other seafaring nations, if those indications were inserted in the highly appreciated British returns of sea casualties.

I also consulted Mr. Johnson, the able editor of the *Economist*, who gave me what information he could and referred me to M. J. T. Danson, a retired underwriter of large experience. His reply, dated Grasmere, January 17, 1889, says amongst other things:—

The value of British property lost at sea in any given year can be estimated only approximately. . . . Mr. Mulhall's work evinces great industry and order.

Again, asked particularly for an opinion of Mr. Mulhall's estimate of eighteen millions nine hundred thousand pounds (18,900,000*l.*) he says, under date January 21, 1889:—

To get at *values*, you must go into the books (of commerce) kept by private persons (individuals, firms, or joint stock companies). These are only partially accessible to anybody, and the part is a small part of the whole. . . . Looking at Mr. Mulhall's figures I can only regard them as guesses. I should hesitate to use any of them. There is no proposition of importance that I know of as to which they could safely be deemed *decisive* [italics M. Danson's]; but they are, as guesses, not absurd, I think; and though they decide nothing, they do serve to give a concrete and real aspect to groups of facts not clearly ascertainable, and so used are useful, and *not materially misleading*.[2]

Mr. Chamberlain, in moving the second reading of the Bill prohibiting over-insurance, in May 1884, gave a mean of 15,000,000*l.*

M. Danson's estimate, it should be pointed out, is based upon an account of losses paid by underwriters, and of course excludes all property and ships lost which were not insured. What proportion the last-named bears to the whole I cannot, of course, say.

Lastly, I wrote to the highest authority I know; but, as the reply was marked 'private,' I suppose it is excluded from employment here. There can, however, I think, be no impropriety in saying that it exhorted me to great caution—to ascertain from Mr. Mulhall himself how he arrived at his estimate, which it will be seen had been done, and to verify myself the method and the data. This also had been done as far as it was possible to do it, and two of the most experienced underwriters, one of whom is frequently consulted by the Government, have been consulted, with the results already set down.

It is, of course, impossible that precision can be reached until Government devises the means of obtaining accurate data. In this uncertainty it will be prudent to take something considerably less than Mr. Mulhall's estimate of 18,900,000*l.* I will put the assumption that sixteen millions will be likely to be less rather than more than the actual loss. My readers may take what other sum seems to them more likely to be correct. I have frankly given all the information which patient inquiry enables me to give.

We have now to consider what proportion of this immense sum

[2] Italics mine.—S. P.

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we might reasonably expect to save if ships were managed on the principle of taking all reasonable care to avoid loss at sea. Here we are on safer ground. I have thought a very important side light might be thrown upon this aspect of the subject if we could ascertain the average rate of premium per cent. charged at Lloyd's for insuring a cargo-carrying steamer, and the ascertained rate of loss incurred in the case of those shipowners who themselves insure, in whole or in part, their own ships, thus themselves losing heavily by the loss of those which are lost, notwithstanding the care which they naturally take to navigate their vessels as safely as they can.

With this object in view, I spent much time in finding out who did not insure, or insured only a part of the value of their ships, in calling upon them, in writing asking for interviews, &c., &c., and found, with very few exceptions, much willingness to assist me.

I sought information in reply to two questions—(1) What is the average rate of premium per cent. per annum demanded at Lloyd's on sailing vessels, and also on steamers? and (2) What is the average rate of actual loss per cent. per annum for three years on the vessels owned or managed by you?—including average. Average here means damage of any kind as well as total loss.

It took some time to get out the figures, and when they reached me it was written over nearly all the returns 'private,' or I was told that it was 'confidential,' or 'no names to be mentioned.'

One is at a loss to understand why this should be so, as the information reflects nothing but honour on all concerned. I must, however, comply with the conditions imposed, and will give only the essential parts, and that in such a way as not to indicate the sources of my information.

No. 1 speaks of eleven steamers insured at a cost, for two years, of nearly 40,000*l.*, on which the total claims made for loss and damage amounted to a little over 8,000*l.* The amounts for which these vessels were insured were 830,000*l.* for the two years; the rate per cent. per annum therefore of loss, &c., was an average of less than one per cent. (·965*l.*)

No. 2. A well-known shipowner told me that, against 34,000*l.* paid as premiums of insurance, he had only had to claim a few hundreds of pounds, and this for damage only.

No. 3. In this case the manager of a fleet of well on to a hundred steamers told me that all claims amounted to less than one per cent.

No. 4. The figures in this are an aggregation of several returns, which are lumped to conceal their identity. I should have preferred to give names and particulars, but am not allowed to do so. The figures, however, are strictly accurate, although so surprising, when we consider that from eight guineas to nine guineas are the prices which are charged per cent. per annum for insuring steamers under ordinary management. The aggregate value of the fleets is

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over 1,000,000*l.*, and the total claims made upon inside and private insurance fund and outside underwriters is only equal to 7*s.* 2*d.* (seven shillings and twopence) per cent. per annum.

No. 5. A careful shipowning firm in Belfast have had four ships sailing now for over twenty years, and have had no loss.

No. 6. A firm in Aberdeen owned a fleet of near thirty vessels, and had only lost one, and that by fire, for over twenty years.

My next letter speaks for itself; and as there is express permission in a postscript to make use of it, I give the following extracts:—

13 Hyde Park Place, W.: 9 Feb. 1889.

Dear Mr. Plimsoll,—I have now got the information you wish, and it confirms your statement of how little loss there is in well-appointed ships.

. . . . . .

From 1881 until 1888 the premium upon the risks which the Company took amounted to over 150,000*l.*, and the total claims for the whole period of seven years against this amount of net premiums earned or saved was only 19,000*l.*

In the first five years, from 1881 to 1886, the average annual debit to the insurance account of premiums saved was not more than 1,000*l.* a year. Between 1886 and 1888 there was a breakdown in the machinery of one of the steamers, and a collision in another case.

This brought up the average, but the total of 19,000*l.* represents in seven years an average debit of only about 2,700*l.* a year, against an average of credit of premiums of nearly 22,000*l.*, annually saved in premiums.

In other words, during the whole seven years the fleet ran with such freedom from loss or damage, that if we had taken the whole risk for the Company on the whole fleet, the actual loss and damage chargeable against the fleet would have been somewhere about 8*s.* (eight shillings) per cent. per annum.

. . . . . .

Yours very truly,

DONALD CURRIE.

All this, while the average loss on cargo-carrying steamers was such that underwriters found it necessary to charge from eight to nine guineas per cent. per annum.

But, it will be said, these are passenger steamers, and freights would not bear the expense gone to in these ships to secure safety. Let this be granted for the moment, though I think it may reasonably be contended that it is not economical in the long run to withhold even from cargo-carrying steamers anything *essential* to safety. Still I for one do not contend for the wide margin in horse-power of the engines over usual requirements of, or for the full number of hands usually carried in, passenger steamers. We will, therefore, regard this rather as showing what care can do (for in these latitudes we have no weather, except fog, which is responsible for the loss of a well-found ship properly loaded and manned), rather than as an attainable standard for cargo-carrying steamers.

I have here, however, another letter, the most valuable of all my letters, for it not only is not encumbered with the words 'private' or 'confidential,' but it gives the average of *eight* years with *one*

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added separately, whereas I have only ventured to ask for accounts based on three years' business. This is a distinction of great importance.

It is further of greatly increased importance since it is a record of experience with cargo-carrying steamers, and shows with what blessed life-saving results the adoption of all needful precautions and care by a real owner of ships is attended, as contrasted with the ordinary fate of cargo-carrying steamers, the so-called owners of which contract themselves out of all pecuniary interest in their safe arrival in port.

From Thomas Wilson, Sons, & Co., Steamship Owners.

Insurance Department, Hull: 4th February, 1889.

Our steamers are mostly cargo steamers, sailing to all parts.

For the past eight years, 1881-88, our losses have reached 2*l.* 3*s.* 1*d.* per cent. on the value of our fleet.

We have now seventy-four steamers afloat, and of these we run the entire risk of fifty-nine; the remaining fifteen are of high class and value, and of these fifteen we run at least half the value, in some instances considerably more than half the value; the balance we insure in London.

The following letter accompanied this statement:—

Hull: February 2nd, 1889.

My dear Sir,—Yours of the 30th of January. Will the enclosed information be sufficient for your purpose? We had last year seventy-two steamers at work and no loss.

Yours very truly,

CHARLES H. WILSON.

It is to be observed that the average loss in steamers which are well cared for is about two per cent. per annum, and that the loss in sailing ships which are well cared for is much less. The Indian Government, which sends over 300 sailing ships to India with stores every year, and superintend the loading through their own officer, have only had one or two losses (if my memory is correct) in a period of over thirty years. The average rates of insurance for steamers are 8*l.* 8*s.* to 9*l.* 9*s.* per cent.; sailing ships, 5*l.*

I could safely rest my case upon the experience of Thomas Wilson, Sons, & Co. alone. If it were a case of a firm owning half a dozen steamers only, and for three years, it could be objected that it was simply a run of good luck; but seventy-four steamers and eight years are conclusive. There is no luck in it: it is simply the proof of what care will do.

I mentioned the case of an iron ship being in process of construction at Earle's shipbuilding yard for the grain trade, which was building in such a way that the grain *could not* shift. Neither could the ship be sunk; for, if a hole was made in her as big as a house door, the water could only fill one of several compartments. I did not inquire as to the owners for whom the ship was building, but

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I learnt subsequently that it was for this firm. The firm simply take all needful care, as it is one of those (the majority) who look to freights for profit and not to what they can get out of the underwriters.

It must not be forgotten, too, that they are cargo-carrying, not passenger, vessels.

Were it not that it would unduly prolong this paper, further testimony might be added almost indefinitely; but probably enough has been said to show that, whereas the rate of loss in cases where every care is taken is but little above two guineas per cent., the rate on those not thus cared for has been run up, by overloading, by carelessness, and recklessness, to at the least an average of 8 guineas per cent. I am understating my case.

Now if the total of our losses, 16,000,000*l.*, were reduced in like proportion, by seeing that all vessels were taken as much care of as the good shipowners take of theirs, we should reduce our losses at sea to the extent of twelve millions of money per annum. I believe firmly that this would be the case: if any other person thinks Mr. Mulhall's estimate excessive, and takes a lower one, it remains true that 12,000,000*l.* will bear curtailment without becoming unimportant. Let us by all means be furnished, and soon, with authentic data. We require farmers and others who sell corn to make returns giving quantity and price—surely this is not a less important matter.

What would 12,000,000*l.* do? We have many who strive for a free breakfast-table—well, all the taxes on tea, coffee, cocoa, &c., the abolition of which would give us a free breakfast-table, amount to 4,959,396*l.* To this we can add the total amounts of the votes for education in England, in Ireland, and in Scotland; the vote for the Scotch universities and the vote for the teachers' pension fund (Ireland) thrown in, and yet have a surplus, of nearly two millions of money, all saved by taking reasonable care (the care taken by firms like Thomas Wilson and Sons of Hull, William Porter and Sons of Belfast, James Westoll of Sunderland, George Smith and Sons of Glasgow, George Thompson junr. & Co., Aberdeen, and many others) of the vessels carrying our commerce. And this care would quietly and easily, almost automatically, come into operation, if insurance of property afloat were conducted, as it is on shore, with insurance companies who, for their own protection, would see that needed care was taken. The editor of the *Economist* says: 'The self-interest of the underwriter, if given fair play, will probably be more effectual in enforcing salutary regulations with regard to insurance than any arbitrary restriction imposed by the Legislature.'

Objections! Yes, there will doubtless be objections. One gentleman said to me, 'You must consider the underwriters, you know; you must not be unfair to them.' Well, to me it appears a sure thing that they would be benefited, not injured; they would at

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once group themselves into new marine insurance companies, and, by reason of the greater care taken, their gains would be larger.

Respectable shipowners (the immense majority) would also gain. The new companies would compete for the business of insuring what was found to be the safer kinds of vessels (thus incidentally setting up an influence for good from the outset), and although a small number of shipowners would object, they would be only of that class described by the *Economist* when it says, 'The number of missing ships shows a very large increase, and the question arises, "To what is the growth due?" That it is in some measure attributable to the nefarious practices of a few shipowners, who traffic in human lives by sending coffin-ships to sea, there is, unfortunately, little reason to doubt.'

Nobody, I suppose, is particularly anxious to protect the interests of these men: for my part, I should be glad if they spent the rest of their lives picking oakum.

'You must not drive the insurance business out of the country.' I believe that an abiding effect of the change, if not immediate, would be the attraction to London of a still larger amount of this business than it now has, and that other countries would have to fall into line with us quickly, or lose what business they have.

There is one other objection which is pretty sure to crop up again; it worked dreadfully against all proposals of reform in the person of the late Milner Gibson on the Royal Commission on unseaworthy ships, and also I never shall forget the pain—more, the deep disappointment and the keen distress—I felt when that man who morally was worth a thousand Milner Gibsons—I mean John Bright—used his great influence and cast his vote against me when I was fighting for the sailors in the House. The ground taken by both was the same, viz. that my proposals were contrary to the principles of 'Free Trade.' Were they? Are they? I will take three paragraphs to prick that imposture before I pass on.

First, let us examine this phrase; let us consider thoughtfully what it means, what it meant in the mouths of Cobden and his followers when they coined it. They found that the bread of the people, the crust of the beggar, the only food of the widow and orphan, was heavily taxed to add to the luxuries of the rich; that the rights of all were sacrificed for the pecuniary benefit of the few; that legislation was in force which was expressly designed to augment the wealth of a class at the cost of the whole people, and they lifted up their banners and fought valiantly against these great wrongs.

They wanted a short and pithy description of their purpose—they adopted 'Free trade in corn,' subsequently abbreviated into 'Free Trade' as near enough for their purpose—and forthwith some of

' priests erected the phrase into a fetish and fell down

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and worshipped it, and thereupon the eyes of their minds were darkened, and anything which could plausibly be called Free Trade became sacred to them, and they have since sacrificed the lives of little children in factories and the lives of thousands of good men upon the sea to this hideous creation begotten of muddle-headed ignorance. Well! have I not proved that the millions wasted at sea are paid for by the people? that only a very small class of shipowners benefit by it? that the law allows this small class to enrich themselves by taxing the whole people?

Free-traders, I boldly claim your help. I am fighting on the same lines exactly that Cobden and Villiers, George Wilson, Henry Ashworth, and Perronet Thompson fought on, for the whole people against a small class, and Cobden, had he been living, would have clearly seen this (for a clearer head than his could not be found), and he would have helped me, and have enlightened his less clear-headed friends. Some people seem to think that there are no rogues or oppressors of the poor but landowners. Enough! If I wrote for a month I could not convince narrow and undiscriminating minds, and for those which are not so enough has been said. Free Trade, forsooth! Would they have the slave trade free? do they want Free Trade for such people as Mrs. Jeffries? for the literature and art of Holywell Street? Why, they don't even trust their wretched fetish to settle cab fares. Such is the miserable dilemma into which these Free Traders, so called, are plunged when they adopt a phrase for their guide instead of the clear light of a principle: 'the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life.'

And now my task comes to a close. My purpose at the outset was to limit myself to considering the money aspect only of this subject, and I have adhered to it, have to this line rigidly excluded any other consideration; but I find myself unable to close the matter without at least a few sentences about the good and brave men, the poor helpless women and the poor little bairns at home, who are so deeply, so vitally concerned.

Oh! man, have you ever tried to follow in thought the hidden history of only one of those ships which after a long interval are reported 'missing'? the agonising hopes as, day after day, from the rigging of a water-logged ship, the famishing men search the horizon of the boundless track of pitiless sea for a sail which perchance may bring deliverance?—the frantic joy on making one out—the sickening despair on seeing it melt away again? Do you know the horrible straits, the revolting expedients, to which famine sometimes drives these poor suffering creatures in the last desperate purpose of keeping life in their frames a little longer, in the forlorn—alas! most forlorn—hope of rescue? Or have you thought of the sinking heart of the poor wife at home, when first her hopeful anticipations of her husband's home-coming are broken in upon by the startling, the

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dreadful thought—'what if he's never coming'? How she fights away the fearful spectre; which, however, again comes back, and at ever shortening intervals, until the dull agony of hope deferred is only broken by despair—becomes almost despair; when even to smile seems disloyal and to laugh an outrage? How tales of rescue and unexpected return home become to the worse than widowed heart what the gospel is to a dying sinner? How a year of this changes a young and cheerful wife into an old and joyless woman? Have you reflected how frequently, very frequently, the material miseries of hunger and destitution are added to heart-crushing apprehension or the anguish of ascertained bereavement?—that all this is multiplied by the number of men on board?—that all this happens in the case of *one* missing vessel.

. . . . . .

What, then, about the *ninety*!!! which every year sail from or for our shores—each with its twenty to thirty men, full of life, of purposes, of hope, as yourself—and are never heard of more—never more? Who will help to alter this? Will you who read these lines help? Do this, then, whilst your heart is hot within you, if by God's blessing I have touched you so far. Sit down now—at once—and write a letter to the member who sits in Parliament for your locality, and urge him personally to use all his influence, all his energy, in putting a stop to the present pernicious system of insuring property at sea. Do this, I earnestly entreat you, before you sleep again. It is not much, this, to ask for so sacred an object!

You free-traders, too, who desire a free breakfast-table, do this.

You political economists, who desire the material well-being of all the people, do this; and I venture to say that if every man and woman who sees these lines does this, some means will be speedily found which will make of three-fourths of our loss at sea a thing of the past as completely as the foundering of grain-laden ships has now become.

We cannot, alas! do away with all losses at sea. Caution and skill are nearly useless in foggy weather, so we shall still have collisions and still have strandings; but that three-fourths of our total losses of property and life at sea are easily preventible, the facts and figures I have given abundantly prove.

SAMUEL PLIMSOLL.

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AGNOSTICISM.

A REPLY TO PROFESSOR HUXLEY.

I.

It would hardly be reasonable to complain of Professor Huxley's delay in replying to the Paper on 'Agnosticism' which I read five months ago, when, at the urgent request of an old friend, I reluctantly consented to address the Church Congress at Manchester. I am obliged to him for doing it the honour to bring it to the notice of a wider circle than that to which it was directly addressed; and I fear that, for reasons which have been the occasion of universal regret, he may not have been equal to literary effort. But, at the same time, it is impossible not to notice that a writer is at a great advantage in attacking a fugitive essay a quarter of a year after it was made public. Such a lapse of time ought, indeed, to enable him to apprehend distinctly the argument with which he is dealing; and it might, at least, secure him from any such inaccuracy in quotation as greater haste might excuse. But if either his idiosyncracy, or his sense of assured superiority, should lead him to pay no real attention to the argument he is attacking, or should betray him into material misquotation, he may at least be sure that scarcely any of his readers will care to refer to the original paper, or will have the opportunity of doing so. I can scarcely hope that Professor Huxley's obliging reference to the *Official Report of the Church Congress* will induce many of those who are influenced by his answer to my Paper to purchase that interesting volume, though they would be well-repaid by some of its other contents; and I can hardly rely on their spending even twopence upon the reprint of the Paper, published by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. I have therefore felt obliged to ask the editor of this Review to be kind enough to admit to his pages a brief re-statement of the position which Professor Huxley has assailed, with such notice of his arguments as is practicable within the comparatively brief space which can be afforded me. I could not, indeed, amidst the pressing claims of a College like this in term time, besides the chairmanship of a Hospital, a Preachership, and other duties, attempt any reply which would deal as thoroughly as could be wished with an article of so much skill and finish. But it

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is a matter of justice to my cause and to myself to remove at once the unscientific and prejudiced representation of the case which Professor Huxley has put forward; and fortunately there will be need of no elaborate argument for this purpose. There is no occasion to go beyond Professor Huxley's own Article and the language of my Paper to exhibit his entire misapprehension of the point in dispute; while I am much more than content to rely for the invalidation of his own contentions upon the authorities he himself quotes.

What, then, is the position with which Professor Huxley finds fault? He is good enough to say that what he calls my 'description' of an Agnostic may for the present pass, so that we are so far, at starting, on common ground. The actual description of an Agnostic, which is given in my paper, is indeed distinct from the words he quotes, and is taken from an authoritative source. But what I have said is that, as an escape from such an article of Christian belief as that We have a Father in Heaven, or that Jesus Christ is the Judge of quick and dead, and will hereafter return to judge the world, an Agnostic urges that 'he has no means of a scientific knowledge of the unseen world or of the future;' and I maintain that this plea is irrelevant. Christians do not presume to say that they have a scientific knowledge of such articles of their creed. They say that they believe them, and they believe them mainly on the assurances of Jesus Christ. Consequently their characteristic difference from an Agnostic consists in the fact that they believe those assurances, and that he does not. Professor Huxley's observation, 'are there then any Christians who say that they know nothing about the unseen world and the future? I was ignorant of the fact, but I am ready to accept it on the authority of a professed theologian,' is either a quibble, or one of many indications that he does not recognise the point at issue. I am speaking, as the sentence shows, of scientific knowledge—knowledge which can be obtained by our own reason and observation alone—and no one with Professor Huxley's learning is justified in being ignorant that it is not upon such knowledge, but upon supernatural revelation, that Christian belief rests. However, as he goes on to say, my view of 'the real state of the case is that the Agnostic "does not believe the authority" on which "these things" are stated, which authority is Jesus Christ. He is simply an old-fashioned "infidel" who is afraid to own to his right name.' The argument has nothing to do with his motive, whether it is being afraid or not. It only concerns the fact that that by which he is distinctively separated from the Christian is that he does not believe the assurances of Jesus Christ.

Professor Huxley thinks there is 'an attractive simplicity about this solution of the problem'—he means, of course, this statement of the case—'and it has that advantage of being somewhat offensive to the persons attacked, which is so dear to the less refined sort of

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controversialist.' I think Professor Huxley must have forgotten himself and his own feelings in this observation. There can be no question, of course, of his belonging himself to the more refined sort of controversialists; but he has a characteristic fancy for solutions of problems, or statements of cases, which have the 'advantage of being somewhat offensive to the persons attacked.' Without taking this particular phrase into account, it certainly has 'the advantage of being offensive to the persons attacked' that Professor Huxley should speak in this article of 'the pestilent doctrine on which all the churches have insisted, that honest disbelief'—the word 'honest' is not a misquotation—'honest disbelief in their more or less astonishing creeds is a moral offence, indeed a sin of the deepest dye, deserving and involving the same future retribution as murder or robbery,' or that he should say, 'Trip in morals or in doctrine (especially in doctrine), without due repentance or retractation, or fail to get properly baptized before you die, and a *plébiscite* of the Christians of Europe, if they were true to their creeds, would affirm your everlasting damnation by an immense majority.' We have fortunately nothing to do in this argument with *plébiscites*; and as statements of authoritative Christian teaching, the least that can be said of these allegations is that they are offensive exaggerations. It had 'the advantage' again, of being 'offensive to the persons attacked,' when Professor Huxley, in an article in this Review on 'Science and the Bishops,' in November 1887, said that 'Scientific ethics can and does declare that the profession of belief' in such narratives as that of the devils entering a herd of swine, or of the fig tree that was blasted for bearing no figs, upon the evidence on which multitudes of Christians believe it, 'is immoral;' and the observation which followed, that 'theological apologists would do well to consider the fact that, in the matter of intellectual veracity, science is already a long way ahead of the churches,' has the same 'advantage.' I repeat that I cannot but treat Professor Huxley as an example of the more refined sort of controversialist; it must be supposed, therefore, that when he speaks of observations or insinuations which are somewhat offensive to the 'persons attacked' being dear to the other sort of controversialists, he is unconscious of his own methods of controversy—or, shall I say, his own temptations?

But I desire as far as possible to avoid any rivalry with Professor Huxley in these refinements—more or less—of controversy; and am, in fact, forced by pressure both of space and of time to keep as rigidly as possible to the points directly at issue. He proceeds to restate the case as follows:—'The Agnostic says, "I cannot find good evidence that so and so is true." "Ah," says his adversary, seizing his opportunity, "then you declare that Jesus Christ was untruthful, for he said so and so"—a very telling method of rousing prejudice.' Now that superior scientific veracity to which, as we have seen, Pro-

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fessor Huxley lays claim, should have prevented him putting such vulgar words into my mouth. There is not a word in my paper to charge Agnostics with declaring that Jesus Christ was 'untruthful.' I believe it impossible in these days for any man who claims attention —I might say, for any man—to declare our Lord untruthful. What I said, and what I repeat, is that the position of an Agnostic involves the conclusion that Jesus Christ was under an 'illusion' in respect to the deepest beliefs of His life and teaching. The words of my paper are: 'An Agnosticism which knows nothing of the relation of man to God must not only refuse belief to our Lord's most undoubted teaching, but must deny the reality of the spiritual convictions in which He lived and died.' The point is this—that there can, at least, be no reasonable doubt that Jesus Christ lived, and taught, and died, in the belief of certain great principles respecting the existence of God, our relation to God, and His own relation to us, which an Agnostic says are beyond the possibilities of human knowledge; and of course an Agnostic regards Jesus Christ as a man. If so, he must necessarily regard Jesus Christ as mistaken, since the notion of His being untruthful is a supposition which I could not conceive being suggested. The question I have put is not, as Professor Huxley represents, what is the most unpleasant alternative to belief in the primary truths of the Christian religion, but what is the least unpleasant; and all I have maintained is that the least unpleasant alternative necessarily involved is, that Jesus Christ was under an illusion in His most vital convictions.

I content myself with thus rectifying the state of the case, without making the comments which I think would be justified on such a crude misrepresentation of my argument. But Professor Huxley goes on to observe that 'the value of the evidence as to what Jesus may have said and done, and as to the exact nature and scope of his authority, is just that which the Agnostic finds it most difficult to determine.' Undoubtedly, that is a primary question; but who would suppose from Professor Huxley's statement of the case that the argument of the paper he is attacking proceeded to deal with this very point, and that he has totally ignored the chief consideration it alleged? Almost immediately after the words Professor Huxley has quoted, the following passage occurs, which I must needs transfer to these pages, as containing the central point of the argument. 'It may be asked how far we can rely on the accounts we possess of our Lord's teaching on these subjects. Now it is unnecessary for the general argument before us to enter on those questions respecting the authenticity of the Gospel narratives, which ought to be regarded as settled by M. Renan's practical surrender of the adverse case. *Apart from all disputed points of criticism, no one practically doubts that our Lord lived, and that He died on the Cross, in the most intense sense of filial relation to His Father in Heaven, and that He bore*

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testimony to that Father's providence, love, and grace towards mankind. The Lord's Prayer affords sufficient evidence upon these points. If the Sermon on the Mount alone be added, the whole unseen world, of which the Agnostic refuses to know anything, stands unveiled before us. There you see revealed the Divine Father and Creator of all things, in personal relation to His creatures, hearing their prayers, witnessing their actions, caring for them and rewarding them. There you hear of a future judgment administered by Christ Himself, and of a Heaven to be hereafter revealed, in which those who live as the children of that Father, and who suffer in the cause and for the sake of Christ Himself, will be abundantly rewarded. If Jesus Christ preached that Sermon, made those promises, and taught that prayer, then anyone who says that we know nothing of God, or of a future life, or of an unseen world, says that he does not believe Jesus Christ.'

Professor Huxley has not one word to say upon this argument, though the whole case is involved in it. Let us take as an example the illustration he proceeds to give. 'If,' he says, 'I venture to doubt that the Duke of Wellington gave the command, "Up, Guards, and at 'em!" at Waterloo, I do not think that even Dr. Wace would accuse me of disbelieving the Duke.' Certainly not. But if Professor Huxley were to maintain that the pursuit of glory was the true motive of the soldier, and that it was an illusion to suppose that simple devotion to duty could be the supreme guide of military life, I should certainly charge him with contradicting the Duke's teaching and disregarding his authority and example. A hundred stories like that of 'Up, Guards, and at 'em!' might be doubted, or positively disproved, and it would still remain a fact beyond all reasonable doubt that the Duke of Wellington was essentially characterised by the sternest and most devoted sense of duty, and that he had inculcated duty as the very watchword of a soldier; and even Professor Huxley would not suggest that Lord Tennyson's ode, which has embodied this characteristic in immortal verse, was an unfounded poetical romance.

The main question at issue, in a word, is one which Professor Huxley has chosen to leave entirely on one side—whether, namely, allowing for the utmost uncertainty on other points of the criticism to which he appeals, there is any reasonable doubt that the Lord's Prayer and the Sermon on the Mount afford a true account of our Lord's essential belief and cardinal teaching. If they do—then I am not now contending that they involve the whole of the Christian Creed; I am not arguing, as Professor Huxley would represent, that he ought for that reason alone to be a Christian—I simply represent that, as an Agnostic, he must regard those beliefs and that teaching as mistaken—the result of an illusion, to say the least. I am not going, therefore, to follow Professor Huxley's example, and go down a steep place with the Gadarene swine into a sea of uncertainties and

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possibilities, and stake the whole case of Christian belief as against Agnosticism upon one of the most difficult and mysterious narratives in the New Testament. I will state my position on that question presently. But I am first and chiefly concerned to point out that Professor Huxley has skilfully evaded the very point and edge of the argument he had to meet. Let him raise what difficulties he pleases, with the help of his favourite critics, about the Gadarene swine, or even about all the stories of demoniacs. He will find that his critics—and even critics more rationalistic than they—fail him when it comes to the Lord's Prayer and the Sermon on the Mount, and, I will add, the story of the Passion. He will find, or rather he must have found, that the very critics he relies upon recognise that in the Sermon on the Mount and the Lord's Prayer, allowing for variations in form and order, the substance of our Lord's essential teaching is preserved. On a point which, until Professor Huxley shows cause to the contrary, can hardly want argument, the judgment of the most recent of his witnesses may suffice —Professor Reuss of Strasburg. In Professor Huxley's article on the 'Evolution of Theology' in the number of this Review for March 1886, he says: 'As Reuss appears to me to be one of the most learned, acute, and fair-minded of those whose works I have studied, I have made most use of the commentary and dissertations in his splendid French edition of the Bible.' What then is the opinion of the critic for whom Professor Huxley has this regard? In the volume of his work which treats of the first three Gospels, Reuss says at p. 191–2: 'If anywhere the tradition which has preserved to us the reminiscences of the life of Jesus upon earth carries with it certainty and the evidence of its fidelity, it is here;' and again: 'In short, it must be acknowledged that the redactor, in thus concentrating the substance of the moral teaching of the Lord, has rendered a real service to the religious study of this portion of the tradition, and the reserves which historical criticism has a right to make with respect to the form will in no way diminish this advantage.' It will be observed that Professor Reuss thinks, as many good critics have thought, that the Sermon on the Mount combines various distinct utterances of our Lord, but he none the less recognises that it embodies an unquestionable account of the substance of our Lord's teaching.

But it is surely superfluous to argue either this particular point, or the main conclusion which I have founded on it. Can there be any doubt whatever, in the mind of any reasonable man, that Jesus Christ had beliefs respecting God which an Agnostic alleges there is no sufficient ground for? We know something at all events of what His disciples taught; we have authentic original documents, unquestioned by any of Professor Huxley's authorities, as to what St. Paul taught and believed, and of what he taught and believed respecting his Master's teaching; and the central point of this teaching

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is a direct assertion of knowledge and revelation as against the very Agnosticism from which Professor Huxley manufactured that designation. 'As I passed by,' said St. Paul at Athens, 'I found an altar with this inscription: "To the unknown God." Whom therefore ye ignorantly—or in Agnosticism—worship, Him declare I unto you.' An Agnostic withholds his assent from this primary article of the Christian creed; and though Professor Huxley, in spite of the lack of information he alleges respecting early Christian teaching, knows enough on the subject to have a firm belief 'that the Nazarenes, say of the year 40,' headed by James, would have stoned anyone who propounded the Nicene creed to them, he will hardly contend that they denied that article, or doubted that Jesus Christ believed it. Let us again listen to the authority to whom Professor Huxley himself refers. Reuss says at page 4 of the work already quoted:—

> Historical literature in the primitive Church attaches itself in the most immediate manner to the reminiscences collected by the Apostles and their friends, directly after their separation from their Master. The need of such a return to the past arose naturally from the profound impression which had been made upon them by the teaching, and still more by the individuality itself of Jesus, and on which both their hopes for the future and their convictions were founded. . . . It is in these facts, in this continuity of a tradition which could not but go back to the very morrow of the tragic scene of Golgotha that we have a strong guarantee for its authenticity. . . . We have direct historical proof that the thread of tradition was not interrupted. Not only does one of our Evangelists furnish this proof in formal terms (Luke i. 2); but in many other places besides we perceive the idea, or the point of view, that all which the Apostles know, think, and teach, is at bottom and essentially a reminiscence—a reflection of what they have seen and learnt at another time, a reproduction of lessons and impressions received.

Now let it be allowed for argument's sake that the belief and teaching of the Apostles are distinct from those of subsequent Christianity, yet it is surely a mere paradox to maintain that they did not assert, as taught by their Master, truths which an Agnostic denies. They certainly spoke, as Paul did, of the Love of God; they certainly spoke, as Pau did, of Jesus having been raised from the dead by God the Father (Gal. i. 1); they certainly spoke, as Paul did, of Jesus Christ returning to judge the world; they certainly spoke, as Paul did, of 'The God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ' (2 Cor. xi. 31). That they could have done this without Jesus Christ having taught God's love, or having said that God was His Father, or having declared that He would judge the world, is a supposition which will certainly be regarded by an overwhelming majority of reasonable men as a mere paradox; and I cannot conceive, until he says so, that Professor Huxley would maintain it. But if so, then all Professor Huxley's argumentation about the Gadarene swine is mere irrelevance to the argument he undertakes to answer. The Gospels might be obliterated as evidence to-morrow, and it would remain indisputable that Jesus Christ taught certain truths respecting God,

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and man's relation to God, from which an Agnostic withholds his assent. If so, he does not believe Jesus Christ's teaching; he is so far an unbeliever, and 'unbeliever,' Dr. Johnson says, is an equivalent of 'Infidel.'

This consideration will indicate another irrelevance in Professor Huxley's argument. He asks for a definition of what a Christian is, before he will allow that he can be justly called an infidel. But without being able to give an accurate definition of a crayfish, which perhaps only Professor Huxley could do, I may be very well able to say that some creatures are not crayfish; and it is not necessary to frame a definition of a Christian in order to say confidently that a person who does not believe the broad and unquestionable elements of Christ's teachings and convictions is not a Christian. 'Infidel' or 'unbeliever' is of course, as Professor Huxley says, a relative and not a positive term. He makes a great deal of play out of what he seems to suppose will be a very painful and surprising consideration to myself, that to a Mahommedan I am an infidel. Of course I am; and I should never expect a Mahommedan, if he were called upon, as I was, to argue before an assembly of his own fellow-believers, to call me anything else. Professor Huxley is good enough to imagine me in his company on a visit to the Hazar Mosque at Cairo. When he entered that mosque without due credentials, he suspects that, had he understood Arabic, 'dog of an infidel' would have been by no means the most 'unpleasant' of the epithets showered upon him, before he could explain and apologise for the mistake. If, he says, 'I had had the pleasure of Dr. Wace's company on that occasion, the undiscriminative followers of the Prophet would, I am afraid, have made no difference between us; not even if they had known that he was the head of an orthodox Christian seminary.' Probably not; and I will add that I should have felt very little confidence in any attempts which Professor Huxley might have made, in the style of his present Article, to protect me, by repudiating for himself the unpleasant epithets which he deprecates. It would, I suspect, have been of very little avail to attempt a subtle explanation, to one of the learned Mollahs of whom he speaks, that he really did not mean to deny that there was one God, but only that he did not know anything on the subject, and that he desired to avoid expressing any opinion respecting the claims of Mahomet. It would be plain to the learned Mollah that Professor Huxley did not believe either of the articles of the Mahommedan creed—in other words that, for all his fine distinctions, he was at bottom a downright infidel, such as I confessed myself, and that there was an end of the matter. There is no fair way of avoiding the plain matter of fact in either case. A Mahommedan believes and asserts that there is no God but God, and that Mahomet is the Prophet of God. I don't believe Mahomet. In the plain, blunt, sensible phrase people to use on such subjects I believe he was a false prophet, and I

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am a downright infidel about him. The Christian creed might almost be summed up in the assertion that there is one, and but one God, and that Jesus Christ is His Prophet; and whoever denies that creed says that he does not believe Jesus Christ, by whom it was undoubtedly asserted. It is better to look facts in the face, especially from a scientific point of view. Whether Professor Huxley is justified in his denial of that creed is a further question, which demands separate consideration, but which was not, and is not now, at issue. All I say is that his position involves that disbelief or infidelity, and that this is a responsibility which must be faced by Agnosticism.

But I am forced to conclude that Professor Huxley cannot have taken the pains to understand the point I raised, not only by the irrelevance of his argument on these considerations, but by a misquotation which the superior accuracy of a man of science ought to have rendered impossible. Twice over in the article, he quotes me as saying that 'it is, and it ought to be, an unpleasant thing for a man to have to say plainly that he does not believe in Jesus Christ.' As he winds up his attack upon my paper by bringing against this statement his rather favourite charge of 'immorality'—and even 'most profound immorality'—he was the more bound to accuracy in his quotation of my words. But neither in the official report of the Congress to which he refers, nor in any report that I have seen, is this the statement attributed to me. What I said, and what I meant to say, was that it ought to be an unpleasant thing for a man to have to say plainly 'that he does not believe Jesus Christ.' By inserting the little word 'in,' Professor Huxley has, by an unconscious ingenuity, shifted the import of the statement. He goes on (p. 184) to denounce 'the pestilent doctrine on which all the Churches have insisted, that honest disbelief in their more or less astonishing creeds is a moral offence, indeed a sin of the deepest dye.' His interpretation exhibits, in fact, the idea in his own mind, which he has doubtless conveyed to his readers, that I said it ought to be unpleasant to a man to have to say that he does not believe in the Christian Creed. I certainly think it ought, for reasons I will mention; but that is not what I said. I spoke, deliberately, not of the Christian Creed as a whole, but of Jesus Christ as a person, and regarded as a witness to certain primary truths which an Agnostic will not acknowledge. It was a personal consideration to which I appealed, and not a dogmatic one; and I am sorry, for that reason, that Professor Huxley will not allow me to leave it in the reserve with which I hoped it had been sufficiently indicated. I said that 'no criticism worth mentioning doubts the story of the Passion; and that story involves the most solemn attestation, again and again, of truths of which an Agnostic coolly says he knows nothing. An Agnosticism which knows nothing of the relation of man to God must not only refuse belief to our Lord's

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most undoubted teaching, but must deny the reality of the spiritual convictions in which He lived and died. It must declare that His most intimate, most intense beliefs, and His dying aspirations were an illusion. Is that supposition tolerable?' I do not think this deserves to be called 'a proposition of the most profoundly immoral character.' I think it ought to be unpleasant, and I am sure it always will be unpleasant, for a man to listen to the Saviour on the Cross uttering such words as 'Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit,' and to say that they are not to be trusted as revealing a real relation between the Saviour and God. In spite of all doubts as to the accuracy of the Gospels, Jesus Christ—I trust I may be forgiven, under the stress of controversy, for mentioning His sacred Name in this too familiar manner—is a tender and sacred figure to all thoughtful minds, and it is, it ought to be, and it always will be, a very painful thing, to say that He lived and died under a mistake in respect to the words which were first and last on His lips. I think, as I have admitted, that it should be unpleasant for a man who has as much appreciation of Christianity, and o its work in the world, as Professor Huxley sometimes shows, to have to say that its belief was founded on no objective reality. The unpleasantness, however, of denying one system of thought may be balanced by the pleasantness, as Professor Huxley suggests, of asserting another and a better one. But nothing, to all time, can do away with the unpleasantness, not only of repudiating sympathy with the most sacred figure of humanity in His deepest beliefs and feelings, but of pronouncing Him under an illusion in His last agony. If it be the truth, let it by all means be said; but if we are to talk of 'immorality' in such matters, I think there must be a lack of moral sensibility in any man who could say it without pain.

The plain fact is that this misquotation would have been as impossible as a good deal else of Professor Huxley's argument, had he, in any degree, appreciated the real strength of the hold which Christianity has over men's hearts and minds. The strength of the Christian Church, in spite of its faults, errors, and omissions, is not in its creed, but in its Lord and Master. In spite of all the critics, the Gospels have conveyed to the minds of millions of men living image of Christ. They see Him there; they hear His voice; they listen, and they believe Him. It is not so much that they accept certain doctrines as taught by Him, as that they accept Him, Himself, as their Lord and their God. The sacred fire of trust in Him descended upon the Apostles, and has from them been handed on from generation to generation. It is with that living personal figure that agnosticism has to deal; and as long as the Gospels practically produce the effect of making that figure a reality to human hearts, so long will the Christian Faith, and the Christian Church, in their main characteristics, be vital and permanent forces in the world. Professor

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Huxley tells us, in a melancholy passage, that he cannot define 'the grand figure of Jesus.' Who shall dare to 'define' it? But saints have both written and lived an *imitatio Christi*, and men and women can feel and know what they cannot define. Professor Huxley, it would seem, would have us all wait coolly until we had solved all critical difficulties, before acting on such a belief. 'Because,' he says, 'we are often obliged, by the pressure of events, to act on very bad evidence, it does not follow that it is proper to act on such evidence when the pressure is absent.' Certainly not; but it is strange ignorance of human nature for Professor Huxley to imagine that there is no 'pressure' in this matter. It was a voice which understood the human heart better which said, 'Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest;' and the attraction of that voice outweighs many a critical difficulty under the pressure of the burdens and the sins of life.

Professor Huxley, indeed, admits, in one sentence of his article, the force of this influence on individuals.

> If (he says) a man can find a friend, the hypostasis of all his hopes, the mirror of his ethical ideal, in the pages of any, or of all, of the Gospels, let him live by faith in that ideal. Who shall, or can, forbid him? But let him not delude himself with the notion that his faith is evidence of the objective reality of that in which he trusts. Such evidence is to be obtained only by the use of the methods of science, as applied to history and to literature, and it amounts at present to very little.

Well, a single man's belief in an ideal may be very little evidence of its objective reality. But the conviction of millions of men, generation after generation, of the veracity of the four evangelical witnesses, and of the human and Divine reality of the figure they describe, has at least something of the weight of the verdict of a jury. *Securus judicat orbis terrarum.* Practically the figure of Christ lives. The Gospels have created it; and it subsists as a personal fact in life, alike among believers and unbelievers. Professor Huxley, himself, in spite of all his scepticism, appears to have his own type of this character. The apologue of the woman taken in adultery might, he says, 'if internal evidence were an infallible guide, well be affirmed to be a typical example of the teachings of Jesus.' Internal evidence may not be an infallible guide; but it certainly carries great weight, and no one has relied more upon it in these questions than the critics whom Professor Huxley quotes.

But as I should be sorry to imitate Professor Huxley, on so momentous a subject, by evading the arguments and facts he alleges, I will consider the question of external evidence on which he dwells. I must repeat that the argument of my Paper is independent of this controversy. The fact that our Lord taught and believed what Agnostics ignore is not dependent on the criticism of the four Gospels. In addition to the general evidence to which I have alluded, there is a further consideration which Professor Huxley feels it

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necessary to mention, but which he evades by an extraordinary inconsequence. He alleges that the story of the Gadarene swine involves fabulous matter, and that this discredits the trustworthiness of the whole Gospel record. But he says:—

> At this point a very obvious objection arises and deserves full and candid consideration. It may be said that critical scepticism carried to the length suggested is historical pyrrhonism; that if we are to altogether discredit an ancient or a modern historian because he has assumed fabulous matter to be true, it will be as well to give up paying any attention to history. . . . Of course (he acknowledges) this is perfectly true. I am afraid there is no man alive whose witness could be accepted, if the condition precedent were proof that he had never invented and promulgated a myth.

The question, then, which Professor Huxley himself raises, and which he had to answer, was this: Why is the general evidence of the Gospels, on the main facts of our Lord's life and teaching, to be discredited, even if it be true that they have invented or promulgated a myth about the Gadarene swine? What is his answer to that simple and broad question? Strange to say, absolutely none at all! He leaves this vital question without any answer, and goes back to the Gadarene swine. The question he raises is whether the supposed incredibility of the story of the Gadarene swine involves the general untrustworthiness of the story of the Gospels; and his conclusion is that it involves the incredibility of the story of the Gadarene swine. A more complete evasion of his own question it would be difficult to imagine. As Professor Huxley almost challenges me to state what I think of that story, I have only to say that I fully believe it, and moreover that Professor Huxley, in this very article, has removed the only consideration which would have been a serious obstacle to my belief. If he were prepared to say, on his high scientific authority, that the narrative involves a contradiction of established scientific truth, I could not but defer to such a decision, and I might be driven to consider those possibilities of interpolation in the narrative, which Professor Huxley is good enough to suggest to all who feel the improbability of the story too much for them. But Professor Huxley expressly says:—

> I admit I have no *à priori* objection to offer. . . . For anything I can absolutely prove to the contrary, there may be spiritual things capable of the same transmigration, with like effects . . . . . So I declare, as plainly as I can, that I am unable to show cause why these transferable devils should not exist.

Very well, then, as the highest science of the day is unable to show cause against the possibility of the narrative, and as I regard the Gospels as containing the evidence of trustworthy persons who were contemporary with the events narrated, and as their general veracity carries to my mind the greatest possible weight, I accept their statement in this, as in other instances. Professor Huxley ventures 'to

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doubt whether at this present moment any Protestant theologian, who has a reputation to lose, will say that he believes the Gadarene Story.' He will judge whether I fall under his description; but I repeat that I believe it, and that he has removed the only objection to my believing it.

However, to turn finally to the important fact of external evidence. Professor Huxley reiterates, again and again, that the verdict of scientific criticism is decisive against the supposition that we possess in the four Gospels the authentic and contemporary evidence of known writers. He repeats, 'without the slightest fear of refutation, that the four Gospels, as they have come to us, are the work of unknown writers.' In particular, he challenges my allegation of 'M. Renan's practical surrender of the adverse case;' and he adds the following observations, to which I beg the reader's particular attention:—

> I thought (he says) I knew M. Renan's works pretty well, but I have contrived to miss this 'practical'—(I wish Dr. Wace had defined the scope of that useful adjective)—surrender. However, as Dr. Wace can find no difficulty in pointing out the passage of M. Renan's writings, by which he feels justified in making his statement, I shall wait for further enlightenment, contenting myself, for the present, with remarking that if M. Renan were to retract and do penance in Notre Dame to-morrow for any contributions to Biblical criticism that may be specially his property, the main results of that criticism, as they are set forth in the works of Strauss, Baur, Reuss, and Volkmar, for example, would not be sensibly affected.

Let me begin then by enlightening Professor Huxley about M. Renan's surrender. I have the less difficulty in doing so as the passages he has contrived to miss have been collected by me already in a little tract on the *Authenticity of The Gospels*,[1] and in some lectures on the *Gospel and its Witnesses*;[2] and I shall take the liberty, for convenience' sake, of repeating some of the observations there made.

I beg first to refer to the preface to M. Renan's *Vie de Jésus*.[3] There M. Renan says:—

> As to Luke, doubt is scarcely possible. The Gospel of St. Luke is a regular composition, founded upon earlier documents. It is the work of an author who chooses, curtails, combines. The author of this Gospel is certainly the same as the author of the Acts of the Apostles. Now, the author of the Acts seems to be a companion of St. Paul—a character which accords completely with St. Luke. I know that more than one objection may be opposed to this reasoning; but one thing at all events is beyond doubt, namely, that the author of the third Gospel and of the Acts is a man who belonged to the second apostolic generation; and this suffices for our purpose. The date of this Gospel, moreover, may be determined with sufficient precision by considerations drawn from the book itself. The twenty-first chapter of St. Luke, which is inseparable from the rest of the work, was certainly written after the siege of Jerusalem, but not long after. We are, therefore, here on solid ground, for we are dealing with a work proceeding entirely from the same hand, and possessing the most complete unity.

[1] Religious Tract Society. [2] John Murray, 1883.
[3] 15th edition, p. xlix.

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It may be important to observe that this admission has been supported by M. Renan's further investigations, as expressed in his subsequent volume on *The Apostles*. In the Preface to that volume he discusses fully the nature and value of the narrative contained in the Acts of the Apostles, and he pronounces the following decided opinions as to the authorship of that book, and its connection with the Gospel of St. Luke (p. x *sq.*):—

> One point which is beyond question is that the Acts are by the same author as the third Gospel, and are a continuation of that Gospel. One need not stop to prove this proposition, which has never been seriously contested. The prefaces at the commencement of each work, the dedication of each to Theophilus, the perfect resemblance of style and of ideas, furnish on this point abundant demonstrations.
>
> A second proposition, which has not the same certainty, but which may, however, be regarded as extremely probable, is that the author of the Acts is a disciple of Paul, who accompanied him for a considerable part of his travels.

At a first glance, M. Renan observes, this proposition appears indubitable, from the fact that the author, on so many occasions, uses the pronoun 'we,' indicating that on those occasions he was one of the apostolic band by whom St. Paul was accompanied. 'One may even be astonished that a proposition apparently so evident should have found persons to contest it.' He notices, however, the difficulties which have been raised on the point, and then proceeds as follows (p. xiv):—

> Must we be checked by these objections? I think not; and I persist in believing that the person who finally prepared the Acts is really the disciple of Paul, who says 'we' in the last chapters. All difficulties, however insoluble they may appear, ought to be, if not dismissed, at least held in suspense, by an argument so decisive as that which results from the use of this word 'we.'

He then observes that MSS. and tradition combine in assigning the third Gospel to a certain Luke, and that it is scarcely conceivable that a name in other respects obscure should have been attributed to so important a work for any other reason than that it was the name of the real author. Luke, he says, had no place in tradition, in legend, or in history, when these two treatises were ascribed to him. M. Renan concludes in the following words: 'We think, therefore, that the author of the third Gospel and of the Acts is in all reality Luke, the disciple of Paul.'

Now let the import of these expressions of opinion be duly weighed. Of course M. Renan's judgments are not to be regarded as affording in themselves any adequate basis for our acceptance of the authenticity of the chief books of the New Testament. The Acts of the Apostles and the four Gospels bear on their face certain positive claims, on the faith of which they have been accepted in all ages of the Church; and they do not rest, in the first instance, on the authority of any modern critic. But though M. Renan would be a very unsatisfactory witness to rely upon for the purpose of

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positive testimony to the Gospels, his estimates of the value of modern critical objections to those sacred books have all the weight of the admissions of a hostile witness. No one doubts his familiarity with the whole range of the criticism represented by such names as Strauss and Baur, and no one questions his disposition to give full weight to every objection which that criticism can urge. Even without assuming that he is prejudiced on either one side or the other, it will be admitted on all hands that he is more favourably disposed than otherwise to such criticism as Professor Huxley relies on. When, therefore, with this full knowledge of the literature of the subject, such a writer comes to the conclusion that the criticism in question has entirely failed to make good its case on a point like that of the authorship of St. Luke's Gospel, we are at least justified in concluding that critical objections do not possess the weight which unbelievers or sceptics are wont to assign to them. M. Renan, in a word, is no adequate witness to the Gospels; but he is a very significant witness as to the value of modern critical objections to them.

Let us pass to the two other so-called 'synoptical' Gospels. With respect to St. Matthew, M. Renan says in the same preface (*Vie de Jésus*, p. lxxxi):—

> To sum up, I admit the four canonical Gospels as serious documents. All go back to the age which followed the death of Jesus; but their historical value is very diverse. St. Matthew evidently deserves peculiar confidence for the discourses. Here are 'the oracles,' the very notes taken while the memory of the instruction of Jesus was living and definite. A kind of flashing brightness at once sweet and terrible, a Divine force, if I may so say, underlies these words, detaches them from the context, and renders them easily recognisable by the critic.

In respect again to St. Mark, he says (p. lxxxii):—

> The Gospel of St. Mark is the one of the three Synoptics which has remained the most ancient, the most original, and to which the least of later additions have been made. The details of fact possess in St. Mark a definiteness which we seek in vain in the other Evangelists. He is fond of reporting certain sayings of our Lord in Syro-Chaldaic. He is full of minute observations, proceeding, beyond doubt, from an eye-witness. There is nothing to conflict with the supposition that this eye-witness, who had evidently followed Jesus, who had loved Him and watched Him in close intimacy, and who had preserved a vivid image of him, was the Apostle Peter himself, as Papias has it.

I call these admissions a 'practical surrender' of the adverse case, as stated by critics like Strauss and Baur, who denied that we had in the Gospels contemporary evidence, and I do not think it necessary to define the adjective, in order to please Professor Huxley's appetite for definitions. At the very least it is a direct contradiction of Professor Huxley's statement (p. 175) that we know 'absolutely nothing' of 'the originator or originators' of the narratives in the first three Gospels; and it is an equally direct contradiction of the case, on which his

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main reply to my paper is based, that we have no trustworthy evidence of what our Lord taught and believed.

But Professor Huxley seems to have been apprehensive that M. Renan would fail him, for he proceeds, in the passage I have quoted, to throw him over and to take refuge behind 'the main results of Biblical criticism, as they are set forth in the works of Strauss, Baur, Reuss, and Volkmar, for example.' It is scarcely comprehensible how a writer, who has acquaintance enough with this subject to venture on Professor Huxley's sweeping assertions, can have ventured to couple together those four names for such a purpose. 'Strauss, Baur, Reuss, and Volkmar!' Why, they are absolutely destructive of one another! Baur rejected Strauss's theory and set up one of his own; while Reuss and Volkmar in their turn have each dealt fatal blows at Baur's. As to Strauss, I need not spend more time on him than to quote the sentence in which Baur himself puts him out of court on this particular controversy. He says,[4] 'The chief peculiarity of Strauss's work is, that it is a criticism of the Gospel history without a criticism o the Gospels.' Strauss, in fact, explained the miraculous stories in the Gospels by resolving them into myths, and it was of no importance to his theory how the documents originated. But Baur endeavoured, by a minute criticism of the Gospels themselves, to investigate the historical circumstances of their origin; and he maintained that they were *Tendenz-Schriften*, compiled in the second century, with polemical purposes. Volkmar, however, is in direct conflict with Baur on this point, and in the very work to which Professor Huxley refers,[5] he enumerates (p. 18) among 'the written testimonies of the first century'—besides St. Paul's Epistles to the Galatians, Corinthians, and Romans, and the Apocalypse of St. John—'the Gospel of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, according to John Mark of Jerusalem, written a few years after the destruction of Jerusalem, between the years 70 and 80 of our reckoning—about 75, probably; to be precise, about 73,' and he proceeds to give a detailed account of it, 'according to the oldest text, and particularly the Vatican text,' as indispensable to his account of Jesus of Nazareth. He treats it as written (p. 172) either by John Mark of Jerusalem himself, or by a younger friend of his. Baur, therefore, having upset Strauss, Volkmar proceeds to upset Baur; and what does Reuss do? I quote again from that splendid French edition of the Bible, on which Professor Huxley so much relies. On page 88 of Reuss's Introduction to the Synoptic Gospels, he sums up 'the results he believes to have been obtained by critical analysis,' under thirteen heads; and the following are some of them:—

2. Of the three synoptic Gospels one only, that which ecclesiastical tradition agrees in attributing to Luke, has reached us in its primitive form.

[4] *Kritische Untersuchungen über ie kanonischen Evangelien*, 1847, p. 41.

[5] *Jesus Nazarenus und die erste christliche Zeit*, 1882.

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3. Luke could draw his knowledge of the Gospel history partly from oral information; he was able, in Palestine itself, to receive direct communications from immediate witnesses. . . . We may think especially here of the history of the passion and the resurrection, and perhaps also of some other passages of which he is the sole narrator.

4. A book, which an ancient and respectable testimony attributes to Mark, the disciple of Peter, was certainly used by St. Luke as the principal source of the portion of his Gospel between chap. iv. 31 and ix. 50, and between xviii. 15 and xxi. 38.

5. According to all probability, the book of Mark, consulted by Luke, comprised in its primitive form what we read in the present day from Mark i. 21 to xiii. 37.

It seems unnecessary, for the purpose of estimating the value of Professor Huxley's appeal to these critics, to quote any more. It appears from these statements of Reuss that if 'the results of Biblical criticism,' as represented by him, are to be trusted, we have the whole third Gospel in its primitive form, as it was written by St. Luke; and in this, as we have seen, Reuss is in entire agreement with Renan. But besides this, a previous book written by Mark, St. Peter's disciple, was certainly in existence before Luke's Gospel, and was used by Luke; and in all probability this book was, in its primitive form, the greater part of our present Gospel of St. Mark.

Such are those 'results of Biblical criticism' to which Professor Huxley has appealed; and we may fairly judge by these not only of the value of his special contention in reply to my paper, but of the worth of the sweeping assertions he, and writers like him, are given to making about modern critical science. Professor Huxley says that we know 'absolutely nothing' about the originators of the Gospel narratives, and he appeals to criticism in the persons of Volkmar and Reuss. Volkmar says that the second Gospel is really either by St. Mark or by one of his friends, and was written about the year 75. Reuss says that the third Gospel, as we now have it, was really by St. Luke. Now Professor Huxley is, of course, entitled to his own opinion: but he is not entitled to quote authorities in support of his opinion when they are in direct opposition to it. He asserts without the slightest fear of refutation that 'the four Gospels, as they have come to us, are the work of unknown writers.' His arguments in defence of such a position will be listened to with respect: but let it be borne in mind that the opposite arguments he has got to meet are not only those of orthodox critics like myself, but those of Renan, of Volkmar, and of Reuss—I may add of Pfleiderer, well known in this country by his Hibbert Lectures, who in his recent work on original Christianity attributes most positively the second Gospel in its present form to St. Mark, and declares that there is no ground whatever for that supposition of an *Ur-Marcus*—that is an original groundwork—from which Professor Huxley alleges that 'at the present time there is no visible escape.' If I were such an authority on morality as Professor Huxley, I might perhaps use

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some unpleasant language respecting this vague assumption of criticism being all on his side, when it, in fact, directly contradicts him; and his case is not the only one to which such strictures might be applied. In *Robert Elsmere*, for example, there is some vapouring about the 'great critical operation of the present century' having destroyed the historical basis of the Gospel narrative. As a matter of fact, as we have seen, the great critical operation has resulted, according to the testimony of the critics whom Professor Huxley himself selects, in establishing the fact that we possess contemporary records of our Lord's life from persons who were either eyewitnesses, or who were in direct communication with eyewitnesses, on the very scene in which it was passed. Either Professor Huxley's own witnesses are not to be trusted, or Professor Huxley's allegations are rash and unfounded. Conclusions which are denied by Volkmar, denied by Renan, denied by Reuss, are not to be thrown at our heads with a superior air, as if they could not be reasonably doubted. The great result of the critical operation of this century has, in fact, been to prove that the contention with which it started in the persons of Strauss and Baur, that we have no contemporary records of Christ's life, is wholly untenable. It has not convinced any of the living critics to whom Professor Huxley appeals; and if he, or any similar writer, still maintains such an assertion, let it be understood that he stands alone against the leading critics of Europe in the present day.

Perhaps I need say no more for the present in reply to Professor Huxley. I have, I think, shown that he has evaded my point; he has evaded his own points; he has misquoted my words; he has misrepresented the results of the very criticism to which he appeals; and he rests his case on assumptions which his own authorities repudiate. The questions he touches are very grave ones, not to be adequately treated in a Review article. But I should have supposed it a point of scientific morality to treat them, if they are to be treated, with accuracy of reference and strictness of argument.

HENRY WACE.

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II.

I SHOULD be wanting in the respect which I sincerely entertain for Professor Huxley if I were not to answer his 'appeal' to me in the last number of this Review for my opinion on a point in controversy between him and Dr. Wace. Professor Huxley asks me, 'in the name of all that is Hibernian, why a man should be expected to call himself a miscreant or an infidel?' I might reply to this after the alleged fashion of my countrymen by asking him another question, namely—when or where did I ever say that I expected him to call himself by either of these names? I cannot remember having said anything that even remotely implied this, and I do not therefore exactly see why he should appeal to my confused 'Hibernian' judgment to decide such a question.

As he has done so, however, I reply that I think it unreasonable to expect a man to call himself anything unless and until good and sufficient reason has been given him why he should do so. We are all of us bad judges as to what we are and as to what we should therefore be called. Other persons classify us according to what they know, or think they know, of our characters or opinions, sometimes correctly, sometimes incorrectly. And were I to find myself apparently incorrectly classified, as I very often do, I should be quite content with asking the person who had so classified me, first to define his terms, and next to show that these, as defined, were correctly applied to me. If he succeeded in doing this, I should accept his designation of me without hesitation, inasmuch as I should be sorry to call myself by a false name.

In this case, accordingly, if I might venture a suggestion to Professor Huxley, it would be that the term 'infidel' is capable of definition, and that when Dr. Wace has defined it, if the Professor accept his definition, it would remain for them to decide between them whether Professor Huxley's utterances do or do not bring him under the category of infidels, as so defined. Then, if it could be clearly proved that they do, from what I know of Professor Huxley's love of scientific accuracy and his courage and candour, I certainly should expect that he would call himself an infidel—and a miscreant too, in the original and etymological sense of that unfortunate term, and that he would even glory in those titles. If they should not be

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so proved to be applicable, then I should hold it be as unreasonable to expect him to call himself by such names as he, I suppose, would hold it to be to expect us Christians to admit, without better reason than he has yet given us, that Christianity is 'the sorry stuff' which, with his 'profoundly' moral readiness to say 'unpleasant' things, he is pleased to say that it is.

There is another reference to myself, however, in the Professor's article as to which I feel that he has a better right to appeal to me —or, rather, against me, to the readers of this Review—and that is, as to my use, in my speech at the Manchester Congress, of the expression 'cowardly agnosticism.' I have not the report of my speech before me, and am writing, therefore, from memory; but my memory or the report must have played me sadly false if I am made to describe all agnostics as cowardly. A much slighter knowledge than I possess of Professor Huxley's writings would have certainly prevented my applying to all agnosticism or agnostics such an epithet.

What I intended to express and what I think I did express by this phrase was that there is an agnosticism which is cowardly. And this I am convinced that there is, and that there is a great deal of it too, just now. There is an agnosticism which is simply the cowardly escaping from the pain and difficulty of contemplating and trying to solve the terrible problems of life by the help of the convenient phrase, 'I don't know,' which very often means 'I don't care.' 'We don't know anything, don't you know, about these things. Professor Huxley, don't you know, says that we do not, and I agree with him. Let us split a B. and S.'

There is, I fear, a very large amount of this kind of agnosticism amongst the more youthful professors of that philosophy, and indeed amongst a large number of easy-going, comfortable men of the world, as they call themselves, who find agnosticism a pleasant shelter from the trouble of thought and the pain of effort and self-denial. And if I remember rightly it was of such agnostics I was speaking when I described them as 'chatterers in our clubs and drawing-rooms,' and as 'free-thinkers who had yet to learn to think.'

There is therefore in my opinion *a* cowardly agnosticism just as there is also *a* cowardly Christianity. A Christian who spends his whole life in the selfish aim of saving his own soul, and never troubles himself with trying to help to save other men either from destruction in the next world or from pain and suffering here, is a cowardly Christian. The eremites of the early days of Christianity, who fled away from their place in the world where God had put them, to spend solitary and, as they thought, safer lives in the wilderness, were typical examples of such cowardice. But in saying that there is such a thing as *a* cowardly Christianity, I do not thereby allege that there is no Christianity which is not cowardly. Similarly, when I speak of *a* cowardly agnosticism, I do not thereby allege that there

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is no agnosticism which is not cowardly, or which may not be as fearless as Professor Huxley has always shown himself to be.

I hope that I have now satisfied the Professor on the two points on which he has appealed to me. There is much in the other parts of his article which tempts me to reply. But I have a dislike to thrusting myself into other men's disputes, more especially when a combatant like Dr. Wace, so much more competent than myself, is in the field. I leave the Professor in his hands, with the anticipation that he will succeed in showing him that a scientist dealing with questions of theology or Biblical criticism may go quite as far astray as theologians often do in dealing with questions of science.

My reply to Professor Huxley is accordingly confined to the strictly personal questions raised by his references to myself. I hope that, after making due allowance for Hibernicisms and for imperfect acquaintance with English modes of thought and expression, he will accept my explanation as sufficient.

W. C. PETERBOROUGH.

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THE NEW RULES AND THE OLD COMPLAINT.

THE twelfth Parliament of Queen Victoria, which now stands on the threshold of its fourth session, is confronted by an appalling amount of arrears. Last session, not less than 334 Bills were brought in, read a first time, and ordered to be printed. Of these, 72 were introduced by Ministers, 262 by private members. The Government carried 43 of their measures, the majority being of second or third-rate importance. Private members, struggling from February to Christmas Eve, managed to carry 23 Bills through all their stages, 239 being left among the wreck of the session. Of the total number of Bills brought in, 66 received the Royal Assent, 268 being either thrown out or dropped.

The Bills carried by private members were of the customary character, whilst in the popular mind the Local Government Act solely represents the accomplished labours of the Ministry. That is, of course, not the fact. The Conversion of Debt Bill, the Irish Land Purchase Bill, the Bill establishing the Metropolitan Board of Works Commission, the Patents Bill, and—not least important in its influence—the Act creating the Parnell Commission, also received the Royal Assent. But the number of Bills passed is ludicrously disproportionate to the essays at legislation. It is clear that either too much was attempted, or that the machinery boldly amended last February is still faulty. We started with a fresh batch of Rules of Procedure, but the close of the session was marked by the old complaint of wasted opportunity.

The circumstances under which the session proceeded were calculated to achieve great things. Never since, in the Parliament of 1874, obstruction began to assume the status of an organisation, has a Ministry been so highly favoured as was that of Lord Salisbury. The absence of anything like deliberate and determined obstruction has been acknowledged upon the unimpeachable authority of Mr. W. H. Smith, Mr. Ritchie, and other members of the Government. Charges of obstruction have, certainly, been raised from less responsible quarters; but no one with a knowledge of Parliamentary affairs during the last fourteen years would seriously

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allege that the failure to show a better record of work in the House of Commons was due to obstruction. Mr. Gladstone, with a benevolence that did not always meet with the enthusiastic approval of his supporters below the gangway, frequently lent his personal assistance to the Government in expediting business, more especially in connection with the Local Government Bill—and it was the Local Government Bill that had appropriated to it the lion's share of the session. One or two of the Irish members upon occasion attempted to revive the traditions of the hey-day of obstruction. But they were discountenanced by their leaders, and their puny efforts seemed ludicrous beside the exploits of the giants of the sessions from 1876 to 1885.

Apart from this more tranquil manner on the Opposition benches, and indeed largely accounting for it, were the new Procedure Rules which in the early weeks of the session the Government, after remarkably brief debate, succeeded in adding to the Standing Orders. A comparison of the process of passing the Closure Rule in the autumn session of 1882 and that by which the amended Rule was agreed to last session brings into strong light the different spirit in which the matter was dealt with. It was only after nineteen sittings, many prolonged far into the night, that, under Mr. Gladstone's administration, the Closure Resolution, in a hopelessly emasculated form, was agreed to in the autumn session of 1882. The more drastic form of Closure submitted in February last year was passed at a single sitting, between five o'clock and the dinner hour. According to the Rule as it now stands the Closure may be moved by any member, and the debate shall be peremptorily closed if when a division is taken it appears by the numbers declared from the Chair that not less than one hundred voted in the majority in support of the motion.

None of the terrible things predicted in the autumn session of 1882 as certain to follow upon the adoption of the Closure have come to pass. As a matter of fact the complaint now made is that the effect of the Closure is seriously minimised by the indisposition of the Speaker and the Chairman of Committees to give the necessary permission for its being moved. Instead of being a ready tool in the hands of an autocratic Minister, it was shown on many occasions during last session that the controlling power of the Speaker or the Chairman is a very real thing; their collusion with an important Minister not to be counted upon as a matter of course. A Minister might propose, but in the matter of the Closure the Speaker or Chairman disposed, and it came to pass before the end of the session that it was only in extreme cases, when the concurrence of the Chair was morally assured beforehand, that a Minister ventured to move the Closure. The House sat for fully eight months, and through all that time permission to move the Closure was granted

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only twenty-two times, and not always to a Minister. Nevertheless the knowledge that the Closure existed, and would certainly be enforced to combat obstruction, held predominating influence throughout the sittings.

There were other aids to order created by the new Rules of Procedure passed at the commencement of the session. The Speaker was armed with the power to direct members whose conduct was grossly disorderly to withdraw from the House during the remainder of the day's sitting. By another Rule he was endowed with authority to command a member indulging in irrelevancy or repetition to resume his seat. He was also vested with the power to refuse to put a motion for adjournment if he had reason to regard the action as an abuse of the rules of the House—powers of which Mr. Peel more than once availed himself with great benefit to the public service.

There were other innovations introduced in procedure, every one being of a practical character, and used with excellent effect through the session. But the new Procedure that was really revolutionary in its character, and which has surpassed all others in its beneficent effect, related to the sittings of the House. Previous to last year, the Speaker, on Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, took the chair at four o'clock, public business commenced half an hour later, and the House remained at work till an indefinite hour. As all the world knows, in the session of 1881 the House sat for forty-one hours, remaining in session without break from four o'clock on Monday afternoon till after nine had struck on the following Wednesday morning. Under the new order of things, established last year, it was resolved that in the ordinary way the House shall meet every Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday at three o'clock, and unless previously adjourned, shall sit till one o'clock in the morning, when adjournment takes place by automatic process. That is the ultimate possible hour of the sitting; but practically business comes to an end at midnight on these days, no opposed business being taken thereafter, and a quarter of an hour often sufficing for disposing of formal business. Provision was made to meet exigencies by permitting a Minister of the Crown to submit a motion at the commencement of public business suspending the Standing Order, and allowing specified business to be carried on till it was concluded.

This privilege was claimed with unwelcome frequency towards the close of the autumn session, but it was noteworthy that, though still young to the new order of things, the House of Commons displayed a strong indisposition to indulge in the unwonted luxury of a late sitting. More than once when the Standing Order was suspended to secure a division on a particular stage of a Bill, all was over before one o'clock had struck. It was feared at the outset that the early hour of meeting would prohibit general attendance. It was all very well to close business at midnight, but very hard to commence

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it at three o'clock in the afternoon. Gentlemen engaged in the Law Courts or in the City could hardly leave the scene of their labours so soon, and how were the Ministers, who always found it difficult to be in their places by half-past four, to dispose of their routine business, so as to be ready to answer questions when called upon at half-past three? But within a fortnight the new system was smoothly working, and has since so firmly established itself, that apprehension, at one time felt, that it would be necessary to recur to the old conditions, no longer exists. Members of the present Parliament who sat through the Parliaments of 1874 and 1880 marvel how they could have lived through its ordeals. The necessity for being in attendance an hour earlier is more than compensated for by the surety of getting home before one o'clock in the morning on five out of six working nights of the week.

Insensibly the Rule is working to alter the old course of debate, which used to reserve crack speakers for after-dinner hours. Now, with the Speaker taking the Chair at three o'clock, public business commencing at half-past (at a quarter past three when private business falls off), and the old abuse of reading out questions on the paper ruthlessly stamped out, it frequently happens that an important debate may be opened at half-past four, which gives opportunity for three, or even four, first-class speakers to take part in debate before the dinner hour. The many advantages of this course are recognised in all parts of the House, and there is now no counterpart of the custom, familiar a dozen years ago, of Mr. Gladstone's rising at midnight in a crowded House to close a debate on one side, with Mr. Disraeli to follow at half-past one in the morning. Proceedings are less dramatic and interesting than they were; but they are more conducive to the orderly and effective despatch of business.

Admission of the enormous improvement which has taken place in Parliamentary Procedure within the last twelve months only brings into stronger light the fact that the machinery of Parliamentary Procedure is a failure, and that arrears accumulate as the session decays. It is obvious that further reforms will have to be introduced if the House of Commons is even to approach the average of reasonable expectation of its capacity as a business organisation. I would venture to suggest two further amendments, one upon a matter of detail, the other going to the root of the whole business, and calculated, I believe, to crown the edifice of bold and well-considered reform of Procedure happily continued last year.

On the very threshold of a session public business is impeded by an inadequate, useless, and vexatious procedure, for which it is difficult to find a recommendation. The Queen's Speech having been read in the House of Lords, in the hearing of as many members of the Commons as choose to struggle for places at the Bar, the Speaker, returning to the chair, 'for greater accuracy' reads over again the

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document, which by this time is in print in every halfpenny newspaper in the metropolis. Thereupon rises a gentleman from the ministerial benches arrayed in unwonted uniform, borrowed from the Army and Navy or the Reserve Forces, and moves an address in reply to the gracious speech. This is seconded by another gentleman whose appearance suggests the old question, 'Who has tied Dolabella to the sword?' Both speeches are necessarily as artificial and uninteresting as the Address itself, a document the public, as a rule, are spared from perusing, but which is simply an obsequious echo of the platitudes of the Speech. This ceremonial usually occupies at least an hour of the freshest time of the young session. The mover and seconder of the Address are followed and complimented by the Leader of the Opposition, who makes a discursive speech, is usually succeeded by the Leader of the House, and thereafter, the floodgates being opened, what is called the debate on the Address goes on day after day. Last session it commenced on the 9th of February and concluded on the 23rd. In the previous year the Address was moved on the 27th of January and was agreed to on the 17th of February. In 1881 the Address was moved on the 6th of January and agreed to on the 20th. In 1883 the motion was made on the 15th of February and agreed to on the 1st of March. In 1884 Parliament met for the despatch of business on the 5th of February, and got about it on the 22nd.

Taking last year's proceedings it will be interesting and instructive to see how the House occupied itself during the dreary fortnight through which the debate on the Address dragged its sinuous coils. The Address was moved, as stated, on the 9th of February. On the 17th the first division took place, on an amendment submitted by Mr. Parnell attacking the policy of the Government in Ireland. On the 20th Mr. Chaplin varied the flow of conversation by calling attention to the depressed condition of agriculture, and after this had died from inanition Indian finance was discussed upon an amendment not pressed to a division. On the next day Dr. Cameron moved an amendment raising the question of the Scotch Crofters, which occupied the whole of the sitting, and led to a division. On the following day Scotch discontent broke out in a fresh place, Mr. Anderson submitting an amendment urging the necessity of a reduction in agricultural rents in Scotland. There was another division, and, the attack being temporarily exhausted, the motion for the Address was agreed to. The confiding stranger in the gallery may now have thought the business was over. But the committee to consider the Address having been named, left the House for a few minutes make-believe to write out the wordy nonsense, and having brought in the document, Mr. Labouchere appeared on the scene, and on the report stage moved an amendment raising a question of foreign policy. On the next day, as if nothing yet had been spoken about

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Ireland, Mr. Shaw Lefevre rose, in a nearly empty House, and opened a debate on the Irish land question, which lasted through the night and led to another division. After this, it being early in the morning of February 24, the report on the Address was agreed to, and the House got to work with the consciousness that, for all practical purposes, it might just as well have met for the first time that day instead of fifteen days earlier.

The debate on the Address is a time-honoured parliamentary institution which at one time had its real significance. So recently as twenty years ago there was not, except at periods of unusual political excitement, such a phenomenon as that now grown familiar under the name of 'extra-parliamentary utterances.' The House of Commons generally adjourned about the 9th or 10th of August, invariably before the 12th, and met again in the first or second week in February, the interval having been free from anything like a continuous campaign of political controversy. When Parliament reassembled it was a natural and useful thing for the accredited exponent of the feelings and sentiments of the Opposition to review the political situation, and for the Leader of the House to reply to his animadversions. If necessity arose and opportunity was ripe, a struggle for supremacy took place on the Address. A motion of want of confidence was submitted from the front Opposition bench, and, if defeated, the Government went out. If they triumphed in the division lobby they went on with business, the political atmosphere having been wholesomely cooled by the thunderstorm. But, in whatever circumstances, debate on the Address was limited to some specified range of question or questions, and except in time of political crisis, when the existence of the Government was challenged, the Address was voted on the night Parliament met, and the next day legislative business was commenced.

That condition of affairs, as we have seen, has passed away. The debate on the Address has now come to be a sort of dress rehearsal of the whole political play of the session. It will be noted that with respect to every one of the questions formally raised on the Address at the beginning of last session, full opportunity for discussion would have been supplied in the ordinary course of business had it been permitted that that course should have gone forward. As a matter of fact each one of the questions thus discussed in circumstances that have no practical issue came up again at subsequent periods of the session, and was debated at large as if it were entirely a new topic. Had the opportunity of debate on the Address been withdrawn, no one would have been one penny the worse, whilst a full fortnight of the time of the House would have been saved. It will be understood that opportunity of debating any one of the questions enumerated could have been found, supposing even forty members of the House agreed in regarding

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it as urgent. On any night leave to move the adjournment in order to discuss it might have been obtained.

As for the primary utility of the process of moving the Address, namely, to give the Opposition an opportunity of challenging the existence of the Government, that is a privilege independently possessed. The Leader of the House is bound by constitutional usage to set aside all business, however urgent, and name the earliest day in order to discuss a Vote of Censure, notice of which has been given by the Leader of the Opposition. Thus it will be seen that the advantage of dispensing with the debate on the Address is absolutely unbalanced by drawbacks. The abolition of this useless procedure would be pure gain, alike to the reputation of the House and to the progress of public business. In dealing with procedure last year the Conservative Ministry dared to place their hand on this effete Ark of the Constitution, by abolishing the stage of Committee and Report as far as the Address is concerned. That is a step in the right direction, which might well this session be followed up, making a clean sweep of the inconvenient, useless, and grossly abused antiquity.

This reform, when accomplished, will save many precious days at the beginning of the session. But it lies upon the surface and leaves the root of the matter untouched. The business of the country in the House of Commons will be effectually done only when the Legislature overcomes the influence of the fetish which prevents its taking up in the current session work advanced to a particular stage in the preceding session, and there left for lack of time. It would be incredible, if it were not a matter of every-year fact, that an assembly of business men, having devoted months of labour to a particular work, and having almost perfected it, should at a certain period of the autumn deliberately destroy their achievement, and begin it all over again at a fixed period of the new year. If a man building a house designed to be three storeys high should have got only as far as the second storey when interrupted by a spell of frosty weather, and should thereupon raze the building to the ground, beginning again when more genial weather returned, he would very justly be regarded as a lunatic. Yet such a procedure forms the closest analogy to the course adopted by the British Parliament year after year.

Take, for example, the Employers' Liability Bill, a measure of prime importance, the urgency of which is admitted on all hands. This Bill was brought in early last session by the Home Secretary. It was read a second time after lengthy and serious debate. It was referred to a Grand Committee composed of authorities on the question drawn from all quarters of the House. The Grand Committee laboured at its work with trained intelligence and patient assiduity. The question was thoroughly thrashed out. Whole batches of

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amendments were carefully considered, some adopted, and the Bill came back to the House of Commons in a shape as perfect as human skill could make it. It reached the House at a time when the holidays were close at hand, and there was a general anxiety to wind up the business and get off. A minority defeated in the Grand Committee desired to renew battle upon particular points in the House itself. They were quite within their right in taking that course, but it involved the appropriation of at least one night's sitting, and it was considered that that would be more easily obtained in the autumn session. The Bill accordingly stood over till the autumn session, drifted on till the end, and, for lack of opportunity to provide a single night for its discussion on the report stage, it was dropped. That in ordinary business circumstances would be a matter involving nothing worse than a few months' delay. The Act, which might have come into operation in October 1888, would be postponed till May 1889. The night that could not be filched from the limited store available on the eve of Christmas, could be freely given out of the abundance of time at the opening of the session. One of the days now wasted in debate on the Address might be devoted to the discussion Mr. Broadhurst and his friends desired to raise on the report stage, the third reading taken with or without amendment, and the thing would be done. But Parliament, in its wisdom, has ordered matters otherwise. The house laboriously and carefully built up to within a few lines of its third storey, has been ruthlessly pulled down. The Bill upon which so much labour was lavished last session is as absolutely dead as if it had never been introduced, and the whole work will have to be recommenced from the beginning, with first reading, second reading, reference to Committee, consideration in Committee, report stage, and third reading.

Year after year this sort of thing goes on in the House of Commons, and year after year complaint is made of over-work and inability to cope with growing engagements. Yet here at hand, invitingly available, is a simple and effective reform which would not only multiply the time at the disposal of the legislature, but would improve the quality of the legislation. It too often happens under the existing system that, appalled by the prospect of wantonly sacrificing the labours of the session, a Bill is hurried through its last stages at a reckless speed that overlooks errors which become painfully obvious when judges take action under it. For a long time the fate of another great measure of the session, upon which a Grand Committee had lavished infinite labour, trembled in the balance. Within a week of Christmas Day the Patents Bill, which had come down from the Lords, stood on the paper awaiting the third reading. The Government, hampered with the accumulated legacy of deferred Supply, could not spare an hour before midnight

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to carry the measure. After midnight it was at the mercy of any cantankerous person who pleased to cry, 'I object.' At three o'clock one morning, just before the prorogation, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, lying in wait on the Treasury Bench, succeeded in slipping the Bill through this final and really formal stage, and it is now in operation. But it was in the power of Dr. Tanner, by the simple uplifting of his voice, to have prevented this consummation and made it necessary that the whole process should be gone through once more in a subsequent session.

The mere statement of this incontrovertible fact condemns a system in support of which earnest and impartial research fails to find a single logical argument. It is reasonable and natural that Bills under consideration in one Parliament should be dealt with *de novo* by a newly elected one. But there is nothing peculiar to the months of February or March that renders an identical legislative body incapable of taking up at a given point work they were engaged in in the months of July or August. To carry the present system to a logical conclusion, Bills the progress of which has been interrupted by the Easter or Whitsun recess should be dropped and brought in afresh when the House reassembles. There is no difference in the recesses, except that the winter holiday is longer than that which breaks in upon the labours of Parliament at Easter or Whitsuntide.

HENRY W. LUCY.

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TENNYSON AS PROPHET.

> And we, the poor earth's dying race, and yet
> No phantoms, watching from a phantom shore,
> Await the last and largest sense to make
> The phantom walls of this illusion fade,
> And show us that the world is wholly fair.
>
> *The Ancient Sage.*

THE aspect, the countenance of Lord Tennyson—best rendered in Sir J. Millais's portrait, but faithfully given also in many a photograph—must often have struck his admirers with a sense of surprise. It does not fit the popular conception of him—a conception founded mainly on his earlier work, and which presents him as a refined, an idyllic poet, the chanter of love and friendship, the adorner of half-barbarous legends with a garb of tender grace. The faces of other poets—of the ethereal Shelley, the sensuous Keats, the passionate Byron, the benignant Wordsworth—correspond well enough to our notion of what they ought to be. But Tennyson's face expresses not delicacy but power; it is grave even to sternness; it is formidable in the sense which it gives of strength and wisdom won through pain.

For indeed, both in aspect and in mood of mind there has arisen between the poet of the *Dream of Fair Women* and the poet of *Vastness* a change like the change between the poet of *Comus* and the poet of *Samson Agonistes*. In each case the potent nature, which in youth felt keenlier than any contemporary the world's beauty and charm, has come with age to feel with like keenness its awful majesty, the clash of unknown energies, and 'the doubtful doom of humankind.' And the persistence of Lord Tennyson's poetic gift in all its glory—a persistence scarcely rivalled since Sophocles—has afforded a channel for the emergence of forces which must always have lain deep in his nature, but which were hidden from us by the very luxuriance of the fancy and the emotion of youth.

I would speak, then, of Tennyson as a *prophet*, meaning by that term much more than a self-inspired mystic, an eloquent visionary. I know not how else to describe a service which humanity will always need. Besides the *savant*, occupied in discovering objective truth—besides the artist occupied in representing and idealising that truth—we need some voice to speak to us of those greatest, those undiscover-

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able things which can never be wholly known but must still less be wholly ignored or forgotten. For such a service we need something more than orator or priest; we need a sage, but a sage whose wisdom is kindled with emotion, and whose message comes to us with the authority of a great personality, winged at once and weighted by words of power.

Yet Tennyson's prophetic message has been so delicately interwoven with his metrical and literary charm, and has found, moreover, its most potent expression in poems so recent in date, that it has not often, I think, been adequately recognised, or traced with due care from its early to its later form. There need, therefore, I trust, be no presumption in an attempt—for which the writer, of course, is alone responsible—to arrange in clearer connection those weighty utterances which the exigencies of art have scattered irregularly over many pages, but which those who seek the guidance of great minds must often desire to reunite.

We have not here, indeed, a developed system whose dogmas can be arranged in logical order. Rather may the reader be disposed to say that there is no sure message; that the net result consists in hopes and possibilities which the poet himself regards as transcending proof. Alas! like the haul of living things from the deep sea, the group of dogmas which any mind brings up from the gulf of things is apt to dwindle as the plummet sinks deeper down; and we have rather to ask, 'Is there at the bottom life at all?' than to expect to find our highly organised creeds still flourishing when we have plunged far into the dark abyss.

This may sound but a cheerless saying, and the Christian reader may perhaps complain of a lack of explicit adhesion to Christian doctrine in our representative poet. But I would beg him to consider that the cause of any creed, however definite, can hardly at present be better subserved than by indirect and preliminary defences. I would remind him that the Gospel story is not now supported, in Paley's fashion, by insistence on its miracles alone, but rather and mainly by subjective arguments, by appeals to its intrinsic beauty and probability, its adaptation to the instincts and needs of men. Christianity assumes an unseen world, and then urges that the life of Christ is the fittest way in which such a world could come into contact with the world we know. The essential spirituality of the universe, in short, is the basis of religion, and it is precisely this basis which is now assailed. In former times the leading opponents of Christianity were mainly 'Deists,' and admitted in some form or other a spiritual substratum for visible things. Rousseau's irreducible minimum of religion included a God and a future life. But now the position is changed. The most effective assailants of Christianity no longer take the trouble to attack, as Voltaire did, the Bible miracles in detail. They strike at the root, and begin by denying—outright or virtually—

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that a spiritual world, a world beyond the conceivable reach of mathematical formulæ, exists for us at all. They say with Clifford that 'no intelligences except those of men and animals have been at work in the solar system;' or, implying that the physical Cosmos is all, and massing together all possible spiritual entities under the name which most suggests superstition, they affirm that the world 'is made of ether and atoms, and there is no room for ghosts.'

Now it is evident that unless this needful preamble of any and every religion can be proved—say rather unless the existence of an unseen profounder world can be so presented as to commend itself to our best minds as the more likely hypothesis—it will be useless to insist now-a-days on the adaptation of any given religion to the needs of the soul. The better adapted it is to man, the stronger the presumption that it is a system created by man—'the guess of a worm in the dust, and the shadow of its desire.' It does not, of course, follow that even were the existence of a spiritual world demonstrated, any specific revelation of that world would be manifestly true. But at any rate *unless* such a world be in some sense believed in by the leading minds of the race, no specific revelation whatever can permanently hold its ground. If, therefore, certain readers feel that Tennyson's championship is confined mainly to what they may regard as mere elements of Natural Religion, they need not on that account value him the less as a leader of the spiritual side of human thought. The work which he does may not be that which they most desire. But at least it is work indispensably necessary, if what they most desire is ever to be done. And they may reflect also that the Laureate's great predecessor did more for a spiritual view of the universe by his *Tintern Abbey* or his Platonic Ode than by his *Ecclesiastical Sonnets* or his pious hymn to St. Bees.

And first let us briefly consider the successive steps which mark Tennyson's gradual movement to his present position. They show, I think, an inward development coinciding with, or sometimes anticipating, the spiritual movement of the age. We may start with the *Supposed Confessions of a Second-rate Sensitive Mind*—a juvenile work, from whose title, for present purposes, we may perhaps omit the adjectives 'supposed' and 'second-rate.' In this, the most agitated of all his poems, we find the soul urging onward

> Thro' utter dark a full-sail'd skiff,
> Unpiloted i' the echoing dance
> Of reboant whirlwinds;—

and to the question 'Why not believe, then?' we have as answer a simile of the sea which cannot slumber like a mountain tarn, or

> Draw down into his vexèd pools
> All that blue heaven which hues and paves

the tranquil inland mere. Thus far there is little that is distinctive,

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little beyond the common experience of widening minds. But in *The Two Voices* we have much that will continue characteristic of Tennyson, and a range of speculation not limited by Christian tradition. Here we first encounter what may be termed his most definite conjecture, to which he returns in *De Profundis*, and in the *Epilogue* which forms almost his latest work—namely, the old Platonic hypothesis of the multiform pre-existence of the soul. His analogy from 'trances' has received, I need not say, much reinforcement from the experimental psychology of recent years.

> It may be that no life is found,
> Which only to one engine bound
> Falls off, but cycles always round.
>
> As old mythologies relate,
> Some draught of Lethe may await
> The slipping through from state to state.
>
> As here we find in trances, men
> Forget the dream that happen'd then,
> Until they fall in trance again.

There can be no doubt that any hypothesis of our survival of death must logically suggest our existence before earthly birth. Since, however, this latter hypothesis is not insisted on (though neither is it denied) by Christian orthodoxy, and has no quite obvious bearing on man's hopes and fears, it has dropped out of common thought, and its occurrence in individual speculation marks a certain disengagement and earnestness of inquiry.

The next main step is represented by *In Memoriam*; and in reading *In Memoriam* it is difficult to realise that the book was written by a young man, some half-century ago; so little is there, in all its range of thought and emotion, which the newest Science can condemn or the truest Religion find lacking. So sound an instinct has led the poet to dwell on the core of religion—namely, the survival of human love and human virtue—so genuine a candour has withheld him from insisting too positively on his own hopeful belief. In spite of its sparse allusion to Christianity, *In Memoriam* has been widely accepted as a helpful companion to Christian devotion. Is not this because the Christian feels that the survival of human love and virtue—however phrased or supported—is the essence of his Gospel too? that his good news is of the survival of a consummate love and virtue, manifested with the express object of proving that love and virtue *could* survive?

It is hardly too much to say that *In Memoriam* is the only speculative book of that epoch—epoch of the 'Tractarian movement,' and much similar 'up-in-the-air balloon-work'—which retains a serious interest now. Its brief cantos contain the germs of many a subsequent treatise, the indication of channels along which many a

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wave of opinion has flowed, down to that last 'Philosophie der Erlösung,' or Gospel of a sad Redemption—

> To drop head foremost in the jaws
> Of vacant darkness, and to cease—

which tacitly or openly is possessing itself of so many a modern mind.

Yet *In Memoriam*, in spite of all its pregnancy, hardly forms a part of what I have called the prophetic message of Tennyson. He still is feeling for Wisdom; he has not reached the point from whence he can speak with confidence and power.

The first words, as I hold them, of the message are presented, with characteristic delicacy, in the form of a vision merely, and in one of the least conspicuous poems. The wife's dream in *Sea Dreams* is an utterance of deep import—the expression of a conviction that the truth of things is good; and that the resistless force of truth, destroying one after another all ancient creeds, and reaching at last to the fair images of Virgin Mother and sinless Babe, is nevertheless an impulse in harmony with the best that those creeds contained; and sheds a mystic light on the ruined minsters, and mixes its eternal music with the blind appeals of men.

> But round the North, a light,
> A belt, it seem'd, of luminous vapour, lay,
> And ever in it a low musical note
> Swell'd up and died; and, as it swell'd, a ridge
> Of breaker issued from the belt, and still
> Grew with the growing note, and when the note
> Had reach'd a thunderous fullness, on those cliffs
> Broke, mixed with awful light (the same as that
> Living within the belt) whereby she saw
> That all those lines of cliffs were cliffs no more,
> But huge cathedral-fronts of every age,
> Grave, florid, stern, as far as eye could see,
> One after one; and then the great ridge drew
> Lessening to the lessening music, back,
> And past into the belt and swell'd again
> Slowly to music; ever when it broke
> The statues, king or saint, or founder fell.

But here the subtlest point is that the very lamentations of those who regret this ruin are themselves part and parcel of the same harmonious impulse—

> Their wildest wailings never out of tune
> With that sweet note

to which the ancient images are crumbling down, and the resistless wave advancing from a luminous horizon of the sea.

Where, then, are we to look for a revelation of the secret which, broadening from its far belt of light, is to overwhelm the limited and evanescent phases of human faith?

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The nearest approach to a statement of creed in Tennyson's poems is to be found in a few stanzas which he read at the first meeting of the Metaphysical Society, the group of thinkers mentioned in his sonnet on the inception of the Review in which these pages appear:—

> The sun, the moon, the stars, the seas, the hills and the plains,
> Are not these, O Soul, the Vision of Him who reigns?
>
> Is not the Vision He? tho' He be not that which He seems?
> Dreams are true while they last, and do we not live in dreams?
>
> Earth, these solid stars, this weight of body and limb,
> Are they not sign and symbol of thy division from Him? . . .
>
> Speak to Him thou for He hears, and Spirit with Spirit can meet—
> Closer is He than breathing, and nearer than hands and feet. . . .
>
> And the ear of man cannot hear, and the eye of man cannot see;
> But if we could see and hear, this Vision—were it not He?

In the 'Higher Pantheism' of these familiar lines, the reader accustomed to the study of religions will seem to recognise that we have come to the end of the story. We have reached the end of Oriental religion, the end of Greek; we stand where stood Plotinus, fusing into a single ecstasy every spiritual emotion of that ancient world.

> But to see and to have seen that Vision is reason no longer, but more than reason, and before reason, and after reason; as also is that Vision which is seen. And perchance we should not speak of *sight*. For that which is seen—if we must needs speak of the Seer and the Seen as twain and not as one—that which is seen is not discerned by the seer nor conceived by him as a second thing; but, becoming as it were other than himself, he of himself contributeth nought, but as when one layeth centre upon centre he becometh God's and one with God. Wherefore this vision is hard to tell of. For how can a man tell of that as other than himself, which when he discerned it seemed not other, but one with himself indeed? [1]

Or take again the words of Arthur at the end of the *Holy Grail*—the spiritually central passage, so to say, in all the Idylls of the King—when that king describes the visions of the night or of the day which come when earthly work is done—

> In moments when he feels he cannot die,
> And knows himself no vision to himself,
> Nor the high God a vision;—

and compare this with any one of the passages where Plotinus endeavours in halting speech to reproduce those moments of unison whose memory brightens his arid argument with oases of a lucid joy.

> And it may be that this was not vision, but some other manner of sight, ay, an ecstasy and a simplicity and a self-surrender, and a still passion of contact and of unison, when that which is within the Holy Place is discerned. . . . And falling from that sight if he arouse again the virtue in him, and perceive himself wholly

[1] Plotinus, *Enn.* vi. 10.

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adorned, he shall be lifted up once more; through Virtue looking upon Mind and through Wisdom upon very God. Thus is the life of blessed gods and of godlike men a renunciation of earthly joy, a deliverance from earthly sorrow, a flight of the One to the One.

To some such point as this, as I have said, the instinct of reverence, the emotion of holiness, must tend to lead souls to such emotions born. And in former times this mystical standpoint seemed in some sense independent of controversy. Historical criticism on the Gospels, geological disproof of the Mosaic cosmogony, scarcely rose into that thinner air. But the assault now made is more paralysing, more fundamental. For it is based on formulæ which are in a certain sense demonstrable, and which seem to embrace the whole extent of things. The Cosmos, we now say, is a system of ether and atoms, in which the sum of matter and the sum of energy are constant quantities. And the Cosmos is the scene of universal evolution, according to unchangeable law. Hence it seems to follow that no human soul or will can add a fresh energy of its own; that there can be nothing but a ceaseless transformation of force, which would proceed in just the same way were all consciousness to be removed from the automata who fancy that they direct the currents along which they inevitably flow. It seems to follow, too, that even the highest of these automata have been brought into a momentary existence by no Heavenly Father, no providential scheme; but in the course of a larger and unconscious process, which in itself bears no relation to human happiness or virtue.

As all this begins to be dimly realised, men may be seen, like ants in a trodden ant-hill, striving restlessly to readjust their shattered conceptions. It is borne in upon them that the traditional optimism of Western races may be wholly illusory; that human life may indeed, as the East has held, be on the whole an evil, and man's choice lie between a dumb resignation and that one act of rebellion which makes at least an end. And thus, in an age little given to metaphysic, we find pessimistic systems more vigorous than any other, and the intellect of France, Russia, Germany deeply honeycombed with a tacit despair.

But though pessimism may spread among the thoughtful, it cannot possibly be the practical creed of progressive peoples. They must maintain their energy by some kind of compromise between old views and new; and the compromises which we see around us, though at war among themselves, are yet the offspring of the same need, and serve to break, at different points, the terrible transition. There is the movement which began with Broad-Churchism, and which seems now to broaden further into a devotion to Christ which altogether repudiates the Resurrection on which His first followers based His claim to be the bringer of a true Gospel rather than the most mistaken of all enthusiasts. And a few steps further from old beliefs

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stands that other compromise known as Positivism—a religion consisting simply in the resolute maintenance of the traditional optimistic view when the supposed facts that made for optimism have all been abandoned. Never have we come nearer to 'the grin without the cat' of the popular fairy tale than in the brilliant paradoxes with which some kindly rhetorician—himself steeped in deserved prosperity—would fain persuade us that all in this sad world is well, since Auguste Comte has demonstrated that the effect of our deeds lives after us, so that what we used to call eternal death—the cessation, in point of fact, of our own existence—may just as well be considered as eternal life of a very superior description.

But although these and similar compromises are only too open to the pessimist's attack, one may well hesitate as to whether it is right or desirable to assail them. Should we not encourage any illusion which will break the fall, and repeat in favour of these fragile substitutes the same reticence which it so long seemed well to use in criticising Christianity itself?

Such, at any rate, is not Lord Tennyson's attitude in the matter. In his view, it seems, these blanched survivals of optimism may be brushed aside without scruple. He is not afraid to set forth a naked despair as the inevitable outcome of a view of the world which omits a moral government or a human survival. A grave responsibility, which the clear-seeing poet would scarcely have undertaken, had not his own confidence in the happier interpretation been strong and assured.

His presentation of absolute hopelessness is put in the mouth of a man undergoing one of those seasons of unmerited anguish which are the real, the intimate problem with which any religion or any philosophy has to deal.

'A man and his wife, having lost faith in a God, and hope of a life to come'—so run the prefatory words to *Despair*—'and being utterly miserable in this, resolve to end themselves by drowning. The woman is drowned, but the man rescued by a minister of the sect he had abandoned;'—and to this minister he describes the reflections of that which had so nearly been his own last hour.

And first of all, and prompting to the suicidal act, was the passion of pity for himself and all mankind—the feeling that there was no hope or remedy except that last plunge into the dark.

> But pity—the Pagan held it a vice—was in her and in me,
> Helpless, taking the place of the pitying God that should be!
> Pity for all that aches in the grasp of an idiot power,
> And pity for our own selves on an earth that bore not a flower;
> Pity for all that suffers on land or in air or the deep,
> And pity for our own selves till we long'd for eternal sleep.

'It seemed to me,' says the character in which one of the ablest of our younger writers has expressed her own inward battle, 'it seemed

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to me as if I saw, mysteriously, a new Satan, a rebel angel of good, raising his banners against the Jehovah of Evil; a creature like Frankenstein's image, a terrible new kind of monster, more noble than its base maker.'[2] How shall a man avoid such indignant compassion as this? Let him face his own doom bravely as he may, how shall he look complacently on the anguish of others, knowing that for their forlornness there is no pity anywhere save such thin stream as he and his like can give? that there lives, perhaps, no creature wiser or more helpful than himself in the star-sown fields of heaven?

> And the stars of the limitless Universe sparkled and shone in the sky,
> Flashing with fires as of God, but we knew that their light was a lie—
> Bright as with deathless hope—but, however they sparkled and shone,
> The dark little worlds running round them were worlds of woe like our own.
> No soul in the heaven above, no soul on the earth below,
> A fiery scroll written over with lamentation and woe.

'The starry heavens without; the moral law within:' with what an irony must that old formula of august hope strike on a mind like this! 'The moral law within:' the inherited instincts which have made my tribe successful among its neighbour tribes, but which simply fail and have no further meaning in this my solitary extremest hour! 'The starry heavens without:' appalling spectacle of aimless immensity! inconceivable possibilities of pain! vastness of a Universe which knows not of our existence and could not comprehend our prayer!

> O we poor orphans of nothing—alone on that lonely shore—
> Born of the brainless Nature who knew not that which she bore!

The man and wife bid farewell to each other as the water rises round them.

> Ah God, should we find Him, perhaps, if we died, if we died;
> We never had found Him on earth, this earth is a fatherless Hell—
> 'Dear Love, for ever and ever, for ever and ever farewell.'
> Never a cry so desolate, not since the world began,
> Never a kiss so sad, no, not since the coming of man!

A comparison of these lines with the lines in the *Palace of Art* where Tennyson, still a young man, has painted the soul's last distress, will show how far more awful the world-problem reflected in the poet's mind has become since that earlier day. In the *Palace of Art* the soul which has lived for her own pleasure alone feels herself 'exilèd from eternal God,' severed like a land-locked pool from the mighty movement of all things 'toward one sure goal.' It is an agony of remorse and terror, but it carries with it a germ of hope. There *is* the goal towards which the universe is striving. There *is* the eternal God. And after repentance and purgation the erring

[2] *Baldwin*, by Vernon Lee, p. 124.

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soul can hope to renew the sacred sympathies, and to rejoin the advancing host.

On the other hand the woe described in *Despair* deepens where that other sorrow found its dawn. There is absolutely nothing to which effort can be directed, or appeal can lie. It is no longer conceivable that any soul, by any action or passion, can alter the immutable destiny which hangs blindly over all.

Yet I must not speak as if those who deem human survival a superfluous consolation had made no effort to meet such crises as that on which Tennyson dwells. I quote a well-known passage in which Clifford has depicted the 'unseen helper' who may be looked for when no other help is nigh.

> He who, wearied or stricken in the fight with the powers of darkness, asks himself in a solitary place, 'Is it all for nothing? shall we indeed be overthrown?' he does find something which may justify that thought [of an unseen helper of men]. In such a moment of utter sincerity, when a man has bared his own soul before the immensities and the eternities, a presence in which his own poor personality is shrivelled into nothingness, arises within him, and says, as plainly as words can say, 'I am with thee, and I am greater than thou.' . . . The dim and shadowy outlines of the superhuman Deity fade slowly away from before us; and as the mist of his presence floats aside, we perceive with greater and greater clearness the shape of a yet grander and nobler figure—of Him who made all Gods and shall unmake them. From the dim dawn of history, and from the inmost depth of every soul, the face of our father Man looks out upon us with the fire of eternal youth in his eyes, and says, 'Before Jehovah was, I am!'

Yet would one not be in danger of observing that the face of this summarised or composite ancestor was of somewhat too simian a type? Might not 'the fire of youth in his eyes' suggest unpleasantly that he had called his descendants into being for reasons quite other than a far-seeing desire that they should suffer and be strong? And if Jehovah and all gods be his fable and his fiction, does that make him a whit more strong to save?

> Why should we bear with an hour of torture, a moment of pain,
> If every man die for ever, if all his griefs are in vain,
> And the homeless planet at length will be wheel'd thro' the silence of space,
> Motherless evermore of an ever-vanishing race,
> When the worm shall have writhed its last, and its last brother-worm will have fled
> From the dead fossil skull that is left in the rocks of an earth that is dead

'What is it to me,' said Marcus Aurelius, 'to live in a world without a Providence?' 'I live,' said Prince Bismarck in 1878, 'a life of great activity, and occupy a lucrative post; but all this could offer me no inducement to live one day longer, did I not believe in God and a better future.' It is well to quote men like these when one sees the words 'morbid' and 'unmanly,' taking in the Positivist Camp the place which the words 'dangerous' and 'unsound' have occupied so long in orthodox polemics. It is not clear why it should be unmanly to face the bitter as well as the sweet; to see life in a

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dry light, tinted neither by the sunset rays of a vanishing Paradise, nor by the silvery moonlight of a philosopher's dream.

In Tennyson's view, at any rate, this deliberate rejection of human life as meaningless without a future is not the mere outcome of such misery as that of the spokesman in *Despair*. It forms the theme of one of his last and most majestic personal utterances, of that poem of *Vastness*, which one may place beside the choruses in the *Œdipus at Colonus*, as illustrations, the one of an old man's wisdom in all its benignity, the other of an old man's wisdom in all its authority and power.

The insignificance of human life, if moral evolution be for ever checked by death, is no new theme; but it is here enforced as though by Plato's 'spectator of all time and of all existence,' with a range of view which sees one man's death recall or prefigure, not, as Dido's, the fall only of Tyre or Carthage, but the desolation of entire planets, and the evanescence of unknown humanities in dispeopled fields of Heaven. Seen with that cosmic gaze, earth's good and evil alike seem the illusions of a day.

> Many a hearth upon our dark globe sighs after many a vanish'd face,
> Many a planet by many a sun may roll with the dust of a vanish'd race.
>
> Raving politics, never at rest—as this poor earth's pale history runs—
> What is it all but a trouble of ants in the gleam of a million million of suns?
>
> Stately purposes, valour in battle, glorious annals of army and fleet,
> Death for the right cause, death for the wrong cause, trumpets of victory, groans of defeat; . . .
>
> Pain that has crawled from the corpse of Pleasure, a worm that writhes all day, and at night
> Stirs up again in the heart of the sleeper and stings him back to the curse of the light; . . .
>
> Love for the maiden crown'd with marriage, no regrets for aught that has been,
> Household happiness, gracious children, debtless competence, golden mean; . . .
>
> What is it all if we all of us end but in being our own corpse-coffins at last,
> Swallow'd in vastness, lost in silence, drown'd in the deeps of a meaningless Past?
>
> What but a murmur of gnats in the gloom, or a moment's anger of bees in their hive?
> Peace, let it be! for I loved him, and love him for ever; the dead are not dead but alive.

How else than thus can we now imagine the cosmic position of man? We have long ceased to think of him as standing on an immutable earth, with sun and stars revolving round his central home. Nor can we any longer fancy him, as Comte used to fancy him, housed in the snug security of his solar system;—an unroofed and fenceless plot, from whence every moment the irrecoverable sun-rays tremble out into the blackness and are squandered in the gulf of heaven. We must regard him with foresight of his end; with such comfort only as we may find in the thought that other races, powerless as he, may have

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been shaped, and may yet be shaped, from the like clash of atoms, for the like history and the like doom. Let these cry aloud if they will into the interstellar spaces, and call it prayer; they hear not each other, and there is none else to hear. For in this infinity love and virtue have no share; they are of all illusions the most fragile, derivative, evanescent; they have no part or lodgment in the fixed reality of things.

And yet this prospect, which is slowly imposing itself as inevitable, is in reality but a conjecture like all the rest. Such, we may admit, must be the universe if it be reducible to ether and atoms alone; if life and consciousness be its efflorescence and not its substratum, and that which was from the beginning be the lowest and not the highest of all. But in truth a reduction of the Cosmos into ether and atoms is scarce more reasonable than its reduction into the four elements, air, water, earth, and fire. The ancients boldly assumed that the world was made of things which our senses can reach. The modern *savant* too often tacitly implies that the world is made of things which our *calculations* can reach. Yet this is still a disguised, a mediate anthropomorphism. There is no reason to assume that our calculations, any more than our senses, have cognisance of any large fraction of the events which are occurring even in our own region of time and space. The notion that we have now attained to a kind of outline sketch of the universe is not really consistent with the very premises on which it is based. For on those premises our view must inevitably have limits depending on nothing wider than the past needs of living organisms on this earth. We have acquired, presumably, a direct perception of such things as it has helped our ancestors most to perceive during their struggle for existence; and an indirect perception of such other things as we have been able to infer from our group of direct perceptions. But we cannot limit the entities or operations which may coexist, even in our part of the Cosmos, with those we know. The universe may be infinite in an infinite number of ways.

Thoughts like these are not formally disputed, but they are constantly ignored. In spite of the continued hints which nature gives us to enlarge our conceptions in all kinds of unlooked-for ways, the instinct of system, of a rounded and completed doctrine, is apt to be too strong for us, and a determined protest against premature synthesis is as much needed now as ever. Such protest may naturelly take one of two forms. It may consist of a careful registration of residual phenomena in all directions, which the current explanations fail to include. Or it may consist—and this is the prophet's task—of imaginative appeal, impressive assertion of the need of a profounder insight and a wider purview before we quit our expectant attitude, and act as though apparent limitations were also real, or the universe fathomed in any of its dimensions by human

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perception and power. It is in this mood that Tennyson draws from the standing mystery of a child's birth the conception of a double, a synchronous evolution; of a past which has slowly shaped the indwelling spirit as well as the fleshly habitation. First comes the physical ancestry:—

> Out of the deep, my child, out of the deep,
> Where all that was to be, in all that was,
> Whirl'd for a million æons thro' the vast
> Waste dawn of multitudinous-eddying light.

For thus does the baby's structure remount to the primordial nebula; the atoms of its hand have been volleyed for inconceivable ages through far-off tracts of gloom, and have passed through a myriad combinations, inanimate and animate, to become the child's for a moment, and to speed once more away.

> Out of the deep, my child, out of the deep,
> From that great deep, before our world begins,
> Whereon the Spirit of God moves as He will—
> Out of the deep, my child, out of the deep,
> From that true world within the world we see,
> Whereof our world is but the bounding shore.

For thus an invisible world may antecede the visible, and an inconceivable world the conceivable; while yet we ourselves, here and now, are living equally in both; though our spirit be beclouded by its 'descent into generation;' which, in Plotinus' words, is 'a fall, a banishment, a moulting of the wings of the soul.'

> O dear Spirit half lost
> In thine own shadow, and this fleshly sign
> That thou art thou, who wailest being born
> And banish'd into mystery, and the pain
> Of this divisible-indivisible world
> Among the numerable-innumerable
> Sun, sun, and sun, thro' finite-infinite space
> In finite-infinite time—our mortal veil
> And shattered phantom of that infinite One
> Who made thee unconceivably thyself
> Out of His whole World-self and all in all.

Is there, then, any hint of a possibility of transcending these contradictory inconceivables? of re-attaining the clearness which is blurred and confused by the very fact of our individuation? of participating in that profounder consciousness which, in Tennyson's view, is not the 'epiphenomenon' but the root and reality of all?

A passage in the *Ancient Sage*, known to be based upon the poet's own experience, describes some such sensation of resumption into the universal, following upon a self-induced ecstasy.

> And more, my son! for more than once when I
> Sat all alone, revolving in myself
> The word that is the symbol of myself,
> The mortal limit of the Self was loosed

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> And past into the Nameless, as a cloud
> Melts into heaven. I touch'd my limbs, the limbs
> Were strange not mine—and yet no shade of doubt,
> But utter clearness, and thro' loss of Self
> The gain of such large life as match'd with ours
> Were sun to spark—unshadowable in words,
> Themselves but shadows of a shadow-world.

This passage raises in the directest form a question which becomes ever more vitally important as external systems of theology crumble away. Can ecstasy ever be a state higher than normal life, or is it always referable to delusion or disease? Now it is undoubted that the great majority of states of true ecstasy which are now observed occur in hysterical patients, as one phase of a complex attack. The temptation to rank ecstasy on much the same level with hysterical spasm or mutism is naturally irresistible. And yet, as I have urged elsewhere, this is by no means a safe conclusion. A hysterical fit indicates a lamentable instability of the nervous system. But it is by no means certain, *à priori*, that every symptom of that instability, without exception, will be of a degenerative kind. The nerve-storm, with its unwonted agitations, may possibly lay bare some deep-lying capacity in us which could scarcely otherwise have come to light. Recent experiments (especially in France) on both sensation and memory in certain abnormal states, have added plausibility to this view, and justify us in holding that, in spite of its frequent association with hysteria, ecstasy is not necessarily in itself a morbid symptom.

And if we can allow ourselves to look at ecstasy apart from its associations with hysteria and fanaticism—as it is presented to us, say, by Plato or Wordsworth, or, in more developed form (as we have seen), by Tennyson or Plotinus—then, assuredly, it is a phenomenon which cannot be neglected in estimating man's actual or nascent powers of arriving at a knowledge of truth. 'Great wit and madness' are both of them divergences from the common standard; but the study of genius may have as much to teach us of the mind's evolution as the study of insanity has to teach us of its decay.

And, moreover, if indeed, as Tennyson has elsewhere suggested, and as many men now believe, there exist some power of communication between human minds without sensory agency—

> Star to star vibrates light; may soul to soul
> Strike thro' some finer element of her own?—

then surely it would be in accordance with analogy that these centres of psychical perception should be immersed in a psychical *continuum*, and that their receptivity should extend to influences of larger than human scope. And if so, then the obscure intuitions which have made the vitality of one religion after another may have discerned confusedly an ultimate fact, a fact deeper than any law which man's mind can formulate, or any creed to which his heart can cling. For

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these things, to whatever purport, were settled long ago; they must be the great structural facts of the Cosmos, determined before our Galaxy shaped itself or souls first entered into man.

Enough, perhaps, has been said to indicate the aspect in which this great poet's teaching—in itself, no doubt, many-sided, and transcending the grasp of any single disciple—has presented itself to at least one student, who has spared no pains to follow it. As here conceived, it is a teaching which may well outlast our present confusion and struggle. For Tennyson is the prophet simply of a Spiritual Universe: the proclaimer of man's spirit as part and parcel of that Universe, and indestructible as the very root of things. And in these beliefs, though science may not prove them, there is nothing which can conflict with science; for they do but assert in the first place that the universe is infinite in more ways than our instruments can measure; in the second place that evolution, which is the law for the material universe, is the law for virtue as well. It is not on interference but on analogy, not on catastrophe but on completion, that they base the foundation of hope. More there may be—truths holier, perhaps, and happier still; but should not *these* truths, if true they be, suffice for man? Is it not enough to give majesty to the universe, purpose and dignity to life, if he can once believe that his upward effort—what he here calls virtue—shall live and persist for ever? 'Give her the glory of going on, and still to be.'

If there are some who will deem this hope insufficient, there are many more among the disciples of science who will smile at it as an unprovable dream. For my own part, too, I believe that the final answer—and this I say in no unhopeful spirit—must depend on the discoveries of Science herself. 'We are ancients of the earth;' and if there be indeed an unseen world we assuredly need not imagine that we have yet exhausted our means of discovering it. But meantime we more than ever need our prophets; and the true poet comes nearer to inspiration than any prophet to whom we can hope to listen now. Let his intuitions come to us dissolved in that fusion of thought and melody which makes the highest art we know; let flashes of a strange delight—'like sparkles in the stone avanturine'—reveal at once the beauty and the darkness of the meditations whence the song has sprung. Give us, if so it may be, the exaltation which lifts into a high community; the words which stir the pulse like passion, and wet the eyes like joy, and with the impalpable breath of an inward murmur can make a sudden glory in the deep of the heart. Give us—but who shall give it? or how in days like these shall not the oracles presently be dumb?

In Tennyson and Browning we have veritable fountain-heads of the spiritual energy of our time. 'Ranging and ringing thro' the minds of men,' their words are linked in many a memory with what life has held of best. But these great poets have passed already the

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common term of man; and when we look to the pair whose genius might have marked them as successors, we see too clearly the effect of this 'dimness of our vexation' upon sensitive and generous souls. The 'singer before sunrise'—capable of so quick a response to all chivalrous ardours—has turned his face from the vaster problems, has given himself to literature as literature, and to poetry as art alone. And he, again, who dwelt with so ravishing a melancholy on Eld and Death, whose touch shall shrivel all human hope and joy,—he has felt that every man may well grasp with hasty eagerness at delights which so soon pass by for all, and has followed how incoherent an ideal along how hazardous a way!

It seems sometimes as though poetry, which has always been half art, half prophecy, must needs abandon her higher mission; must turn only to the bedecking of things that shall wither and the embalming of things that shall decay. She will speak, as in the *Earthly Paradise*, to listeners

> laid upon a flowery slope
> 'Twixt inaccessible cliffs and unsailed sea;

and behind all her utterance there will be an awful reticence, an unforgotten image of the end. How, then, will Tennyson's hopes and visions sound to men, when his living utterance has fallen silent, like the last oracle in the Hellenic world? I can imagine that our descendants may shun the message whose futile confidence will add poignancy to their despair. Or, on the other hand, if indeed the Cosmos make for good, and evolution be a moral as well as a material law, will men in time avail to prove it? For then they will look back on Tennyson as no belated dreamer, but as a leader who in the darkest hour of the world's thought would not despair of the destiny of man. They will look back on him as Romans looked back on that unshaken Roman who purchased at its full price the field of Cannæ, on which at that hour victorious Hannibal lay encamped with his Carthaginian host.

FREDERIC W. H. MYERS.

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CAN WE THINK WITHOUT WORDS?

AN ANSWER TO THE DUKE OF ARGYLL.

THE Duke of Argyll's article on the 'Identity of Thought and Language' in the *Contemporary Review* of December 1888, though meant as an adverse criticism of the theory which I put forward in my *Science of Thought*, strikes me rather as a valuable contribution from a fellow-worker than as the mere onslaught of an opponent. Whatever his own opinion at the present moment may be, the Duke sees at all events that the question of the identity of thought and language has to be settled in one way or other, and that it cannot be waved aside as a mere paradox. To have had the benefit of the Duke's critical remarks is to me a matter of the highest importance. I know now the worst that can be said against my theory, and I know it as coming from a man who wears no philosophical livery and recognises no scientific pope.

It may seem strange that on so simple and fundamental a question of philosophy as the true nature of language and thought there should be any difference of opinion at all. Even those who are not philosophers by profession think and speak, speak and think; and how is it possible that some should deny that they ever think without words, while others assert that they always or almost always think without words? Is not that enough to show that all philosophy is hopeless? We can understand that philosophers should differ about the interpretation of facts and the measuring of probabilities; but that they should disagree on the simplest facts of their own consciousness is enough to unnerve the most sanguine student of psychology. If, for instance, the brain of the gorilla strikes one observer as very like that of a man, it may be said with perfect honesty that such likeness is no real likeness, and that an almost 'inconspicuous structural difference may have been the primary cause of the immeasurable and practically infinite divergence of the human from the simian stirps.' If, on the contrary, the brain of the gorilla strikes another observer as very different from that of a man, it is equally justifiable, for the sake of argument, to point out that such difference is no real difference, and that 'the difference in weight of brain between the highest and the lowest

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man is far greater, both relatively and absolutely, than that between the lowest man and the highest ape.'

Much more, in cases where we have to deal with probabilities only, divergence of opinion and even flat contradiction are perfectly compatible with scientific honesty. Thus the possibility of 'an extinct species (or genus) of ape which did give origin to man' is still held almost as an article of faith by a number of eminent biologists, while it is rejected, as, in the present state of our knowledge, entirely unscientific, by others whose learning and honesty have never been questioned even by their opponents, and who would hail the discovery of the so-called 'missing link' with even greater satisfaction than Darwin himself.

All this is perfectly intelligible. But that there should be difference of opinion—nay, flat contradiction—on such a question as whether any human being can think without words or not, seems almost unintelligible. There can be no new evidence forthcoming on such a subject. We know all that can possibly be known, and who could be a better judge than the speaker and the thinker himself? Can we not all of us perform the only possible experiment by which the truth of such a statement can be tested, and perform it whenever we like, without the aid of any apparatus or chemical laboratory? Can we not simply ask ourselves or our friends to try to speak without thinking, or to think without speaking? And what other crucial test can possibly be required?

Now, if we ask our friends to try to speak without thinking, some of them will no doubt achieve it with great success. They will chatter, prattle, jabber, babble and gabble, but unless they at the same time understand by their chatter something which we also can understand—that is, unless they think—no one would say that they are speaking, in the true sense of that word. No language can be said to be spoken unless every word of it is meant to be understood, otherwise we might say that a parrot speaks, or that even a phonograph speaks.

But, if we ask our friends to try to think without speaking, what will they say? I know that some will say they can do it with the greatest ease; but we have only to ask them whether they really know what exactly they are thinking about, and the illusion will vanish at once. As soon as they become conscious of their thoughts, or even of their images or dreams, as soon as they can tell themselves what they are thinking about, the forgotten or muffled words are there at once, and thought, as soon as it becomes conscious, becomes worded.

'Yes,' I am told, 'it may seem so to you. But that is simply because you are so much absorbed in the study of language that you have forgotten how to think without words.' Now Mr. Galton has shown that it is 'an obsolete error to believe that the minds of every one else are like one's own,' and he tells us that he at all events has no difficulty whatever in thinking without words. Those who cannot

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think without words should therefore try to bear their misfortune as well as they can, without imagining that everybody also is afflicted with the same complaint.

If Mr. Galton tells me that he can think without words, I am not so rude as to contradict him in a matter of his own self-consciousness. But with regard to what he calls the obsolete error of believing that the minds of everyone else are like one's own, I must confess that I cling to it so tenaciously that if I thought I could ever give it up, I should long ago have thrown up the whole study of psychology as a snare and delusion. For we are not speaking here of mere idiosyncrasies or oddities or freaks of nature, but of the fundamental framework of our mind; and to maintain that one mind is built up with words and another with thoughts seems to me much the same as to assert that some vertebrate animals have vertebræ, but that other vertebrates can dispense with them as superfluous.

Nothing, however, can be gained by flat contradiction, particularly when the matter in dispute can be reached by our inner consciousness only. I think I know very well what Mr. Galton means by his thoughts without words, and I do not despair at all that by-and-by we may come to some understanding on the subject, if only we try to express our thoughts in language, and, if possible, in one and the same philosophical dialect.

It was from the same feeling that in matters of self-consciousness it is hardly courteous to contradict anyone, that I did not wish to deny the possibility of what was asserted by other philosophers. While fully admitting that thought, in the proper sense of that term, was impossible without words, they maintain that at all events it was perfectly possible to have images without words. In this case we must try to make it quite clear, first of all, what we mean by images. When we distinguish, according to the ordinary philosophical phraseology, between impressions, sensations, percepts, and concepts, it is clear that images fall under the head of percepts. We may subdivide our perceptual images into ever so many classes, but what they all share in common is that they are the result of a change of purely subjective sensations into objective images.[1] Strictly speaking, imagination would be confined to our dealing with such images, but its meaning has been extended far beyond. Taking image in the sense of percept, I, for my own part, am perfectly convinced that no image is possible without a name. Professor Helmholtz (no mean authority on such matters) has arrived at the same conclusion. But again, I do not wish to contradict my friends when they tell me that they are capable of anonymous imagination, so long as by anonymous they do not mean unnamed or unnameable imaginations, but simply imaginations which for the time being seem to

[1] 'Avec beaucoup d'autres nous appellons *percept* le produit de la perception, c'est-à-dire les *images* de l'objet extérieur définitivement acquises et liées à la sensation excitatrice.'—Binet, *La Psychologie du Raisonnement*, p. 66.

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them without a name. If I hold that an image, in order to be an image of something, must have a name, it is simply because every something is something to us only after it has been named or signed by some *nota* or other.

Let us examine a case in point mentioned by the Duke of Argyll. 'Images,' he says, 'are repetitions of a sensation, endowed with all its mental wealth, and consciously reproduced from the stores of memory. Both in their own nature, and in this very work of reproduction, all true imagery is bathed in the light of concepts. Hence it is that without images we can do nothing in the field of thought, whilst, with images, we can mentally do all things which it is given us to do. The very highest and most abstract concepts are seen and handled by our intellects in the form of voiceless imagery. How many are the concepts roused in us by the forms, and by the remembered images, of the human countenance? Love and goodness, purity and truth, benevolence and devotion, firmness and justice, authority and command—these are a few, and a few only, of the abstract ideas which may be presented and re-presented to us, in every degree and in every combination, by the remembered image of some silent face. . . . And if we can think of these images, and of all they suggest, without the intervention of any word, and without hearing, even in imagination, a single sound, we may be sure that the very highest concepts, the most generalised and the most abstract, are separable from language and independent of it. . . .'

Now let us examine this eloquent passage a little more closely. We all can enter into the Duke's feelings when he speaks of harbouring the image of a face which is the noblest embodiment of the divine virtue of compassion. We also know that this may be done in perfect silence, and without a tremor of the vocal chords. But can we have a concept of compassion without ever having named it? Even the most decided antagonists of the theory of the identity of thought and language admit that we could not have such general concepts as whiteness without first having named them. And does not the same apply to such concepts also as 'divine virtue,' 'embodiment,' 'image,' and 'face'? There are languages which have not even formed a name for face, and people speaking and thinking such languages would find it extremely difficult to imagine a face as distinct from the whole head. Speaking of the Emperor Nicholas of Russia, the Duke of Argyll says that he was the most splendid specimen of the *genus homo*, and that the association of augustness might well be united with his image. 'But,' he continues, 'in none of these cases do the associated concepts require any remembrance of the name of the man. It is not round a word—which may be, and often is, forgotten—but round an image that the glory shines.'

Here again, who would deny that we might well forget the name of Nicholas and yet have an image of the Emperor of Russia? We

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might even forget the name of Russia, and the name of emperor. But how could we recall and fix his image except by some kind of name, even if it were no more definite than that of 'a specimen of the *genus homo*'?

And here the Duke, who, if he is anything in his arguments, is honest to himself, admits really all I want. 'The mere name,' he says, 'is of no other use than of recalling the image.' But that, surely, concedes all I want. 'Yes,' the Duke replies, 'but the name is by no means absolutely required for this end. Because this may be accomplished as well or even better, not only by the higher arts of sculpture and painting, but sometimes even by the more primitive resources of mimicry or of gesture.' Now this also is exactly what I have myself said again and again about language.[2] Instead of phonetic language, we might have had picture-writing and hieroglyphics. Instead of phonetic language, many races even now use pantomime and gestures. All we want is some kind of sign or *nota* or *nomen* by which to know our image or percept. It may be a mere accident that phonetic signs prevailed and survived, but anyhow it is a fact that they did; and if the Duke admits that sculpture, painting, mimicry or gesture, or something like them, might be employed to recall our images, why is he so unwilling to admit that, as things are, no image is ever re-called unless it has first been called by its own name or represented by some sign more or less appropriate?

In spite of many painful experiences hitherto, I cannot bring myself to believe that, on so fundamental a question as the identity of thought and language, it should really be impossible for honest disputants to arrive at any agreement; that we must in fact accept Mr. Galton's teaching, that is to say, bring ourselves to believe that our minds are differently made, or, in plain language, that either we ourselves or our opponents must be slightly demented. Some of my critics seem indeed to imagine that they have found a way out of this dilemma. The remedy which they suggest is one that has proved a panacea for so many evils that they hope it may still turn out to be the true philosopher's stone. If everything else can be settled by majorities, they say, why not philosophical truth? Let us count who is in favour and who is against this or any other theory, and let the minority be taught that they must submit to this verdict.

It would seem as if even the Duke of Argyll was not altogether averse to such a philosophical ordeal. He quotes my own words that nearly all my critics have hitherto treated the theory of the identity of language and thought as a complete novelty or a mere

[2] 'I need hardly say that when I speak of words I include other signs likewise, such as figures, for instance, or hieroglyphics, or Chinese or Accadian symbols. All I maintain is that thought cannot exist without signs, and that our most important signs are words.'—*Three Introductory Lectures on the Science of Thought*, delivered at the Royal Institution, London, by F. M. M., p. 58 (Longmans).

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paradox. It amused me, and it no doubt served some wicked purpose of mine to point out how many critics, professional or unprofessional, had, on the first appearance of my book, shown themselves utterly ignorant of the fact that this question was really one of the best discussed problems of philosophy, and had been threshed out in all ages and in all countries where philosophy had become a scientific study. But if the Duke of Argyll had looked at the numerous reviews of my *Science of Thought* which have since appeared, he would hardly have said that *all* my critics are against me, and that, as I stand in a minority of one, I ought to surrender. The tide began to turn as soon as Sir James Stephen published his two powerful articles in this Review, and at present that tide is running its regular course. At first the theory of the identity of thought and language was greeted by a whole chorus of reviewers as simply absurd. Afterwards the whole book was supposed to be so full of heresy and so outrageous that a well-known representative of the new Oxford school of philosophy is said to have judged it very wittily by the number of its pages (667), *one more than the number of the Beast!* Then came the articles in this Review by Sir James Stephen, showing that this so-called philosophical heresy was the truth and nothing but the truth, and now we have actually reached the point where what was at first called a paradox is called a simple truism by no less an authority than Mr. Romanes. The American papers have a very clever way of advertising. They print not only, as publishers do in England, the best that has been said by the author's friends, but likewise the worst that has been said by his enemies. In these American 'Press Notices' I still see the extract from the *New York Science*, 'the absurdity of the theory is manifest'—coming from an unnamed, though by no means nameless American critic; but the majority of opinions is decidedly in an opposite direction, and whether votes are counted or weighed, I should no longer be afraid of finding myself in a disgraceful minority.

But, whatever others may think, I must confess I much prefer to be in a minority whenever the discovery of a new truth is concerned. There seems to me no excuse for being a philosopher at all if we cannot face being in a minority of one. Every philosopher, if he is worthy of the name, must be at times an *Athanasius contra mundum*, and he who has never been so has really no *raison d'être*.

Instead, therefore, of appealing once more to 'my predecessors,' I shall try whether I cannot make a convert of so illustrious an opponent as the Duke of Argyll. I do not despair of it, for, first of all, I have watched the Duke's literary activity for many years, and I have never detected him as merely wrangling for the sake of victory. He has strong convictions and knows how to defend them, but he never condescends to that miserable forensic eloquence which is the curse of modern fashionable science. Nor is it so conceited on my

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part as it may seem if I express a hope that I may possibly persuade the Duke to see the truth of my theory. From his very first letter in *Nature*, where he simply expressed his dissent, I gathered that he saw the real bearing of my argument far more clearly than most of my opponents. 'Language,' he said, 'seems to me necessary to *the progress of thought*, but not at all necessary to *the mere act of thinking*.' Now this remark, if properly interpreted, contains the whole gist of my argument. I suppose the Duke would not object to my adding that language is necessary to *the origin as well as the progress of thought*, for, if necessary for the progress, it could hardly be dispensed with for the earlier stages of that progress and for what we may call the origin of thought.

But the Duke admits even more than this. 'Thought and language,' he writes, 'are inseparable for all purposes connected with the communion of thought from one mind to another. And these purposes include all conversation and all literature. That is to say, they are inseparable for all purposes of life, including the whole growth of mankind in knowledge.' 'Surely,' he adds, 'this is a concession on a matter of fact which ought to be large enough to satisfy even Professor Max Müller.'

And so it is. There are indeed philosophers who maintain that language would never have arisen but for the purpose of communication with our neighbours, and that it has no other object but conversation. This, however, is so clearly self-contradictory that I cannot avail myself of their support, and maintain with them that if in conversation language is inseparable from thought, it is so altogether. Surely, before we can communicate, we must have something to communicate, and this we must elaborate for ourselves.

But if it is once admitted that every progress in advance, every addition to our conceptual wealth, every step in the conquest of truth, proves the inseparable character of language and thought, I am quite satisfied, and I thought I had myself made this as clear as it could be made. 'It is difficult,' I wrote, 'to guard against misapprehensions which one can hardly realise as possible. How could I hold pronunciation necessary for thought, when I am perfectly silent while I am writing and while I am reading? How could I believe in the necessity of a silent rehearsing of words, when one such word as "therefore" may imply hundreds of words or pages, the rehearsing of which would require hours and days? Only, as we cannot remember or imagine without having first seen or heard something to remember, neither can we inwardly speak without having first named something that we can remember. There is an algebra of language far more wonderful than the algebra of mathematics. . . . Thinking is nothing but speaking *minus* words. We do not begin with thinking and then proceed to speaking, but we begin with naming, and then, by a constant process of addition and subtraction, of widening and abbreviating, we arrive at what we call thought. . . How words

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are framed, the science of language has taught us; how they are reduced to mere shadows, to signs of signs, apparently to mere nothings, the science of thought will have to explain far more fully than I have been able to do.'

I could go on quoting page after page to the same effect, but I admit that, by taking a sentence here and another there, and separating them from the context, I can be made to say that we can never think without words, which is supposed to mean without pronouncing or muttering words. But we are not in a Court of Law, where every unguarded expression may be turned against an adversary. And how could any attentive and unprejudiced reader fail to see what I meant when I defined thought as language *minus* sound? I know quite well that in one passage I remarked that even in this silent language we may sometimes observe involuntary movements of the vocal chords and of the muscles required for the pronunciation of consonants, which we do not mean to pronounce; but this was simply in order to show the power of habit and to confirm by indirect proof the former working of thought by means of real words.

Let me, then, once more try to make it clear by a strictly analogous case what I meant by saying that thought was impossible without language, or that thought and language were inseparable. Suppose I were to say that shorthand was impossible without hieroglyphics, or that shorthand and hieroglyphics were inseparable, should I be right or wrong? I should be wrong, no doubt, in the eyes of every practical shorthand writer; in fact, most reporters would probably exclaim, with the writer in the *New York Science*, 'the absurdity of the theory is manifest.' But for all that, historically, I should be perfectly right, for there is an unbroken chain between our phonetic alphabet and the Egyptian hieroglyphics, and without our phonetic alphabet, shorthand would have been impossible. Our F is the hieroglyphic cerastes, our K the hieroglyphic sieve, our L the hieroglyphic lion, and so on. We may even go a step farther and say that without an original stratum of hieroglyphics or ideographs, followed by strata of determinative and of syllabic signs, no phonetic alphabet whatever, not even Visible Speech, would ever have arisen. There is, no doubt, one very well known exception. A negro who had watched missionaries writing and reading, invented a syllabic alphabet of his own, an alphabet therefore which had apparently no ideographic antecedents. But whence did he get the idea of writing, of picturing sounds, and of sounding pictures? Only from those who handed down the tradition from the earliest pyramids to the latest mission-stations in Africa.[3]

[3] In the same way we have heard lately a great deal about children who have invented a kind of baby-language of their own without any antecedent roots. My learned friend, Mr. Horatio Hale, has given us some most curious information on the whole subject. But to imagine that this invention of a baby-language can in any

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Is it not the same in language? After we have once named and framed a concept, we can forget its sound quite as much as we forget the cerastes in our F, or in the shorthand *f*; but without some kind of cerastes there would never have been a shorthand *f*, and without a name for dog as different from all other quadrupeds, there would never have been a canine concept in our silent mind, to say nothing of the concept of compassion which those who can read may discover even in the features of a colley dog watching his dying master.

But then the Duke of Argyll might say that all this, on the contrary, would prove separability of thought and language, inasmuch as we can no longer discover a lion in our L or a cerastes in our F. Against this misapprehension, however, I thought I had guarded from the first by using the well-known Hegelian phrase of *aufgehoben*. In our trains of thought the words may indeed vanish, but their former presence continues to be felt, nay, it exists even when it has ceased to be felt. They are absorbed, not taken away. If therefore the Duke will only admit that 'thinking is speaking *minus* words,' this *minus* always implying the former presence of words, there remains no real difference between us.

I may sum up the whole of this part of the argument by *Nihil in intellectu quod non antea fuerit in lingua*, though I always add the proviso of Leibniz, *nisi ipse intellectus*. If it has once been admitted that we cannot think without words, or, to put it more clearly, without the former presence of words, the next conclusion also will probably be accepted, namely, that 'we do not begin with thinking or so-called *ideation*, and then proceed to speaking, but that we begin with naming, and then, by a constant process of addition and subtraction, of widening and narrowing, arrive at what we call thought.' It is difficult to free ourselves from the prejudice that thought is something much more sublime than language, and many philosophers would resist even the admission that thought is language sublimed. And yet what else can the elements of thought be, if not words, the embodiments of concepts? And what can we do with them except to combine or to separate them?

But when I quoted the words of Hobbes that all the operations of our mind can be reduced to addition and subtraction, the Duke is again shocked, and tells us that this is a mere attempt to get rid of mystery. Now, to attempt to get rid of mystery is surely something very laudable; it seems to me the very essence of philosophy. But if addition and subtraction sound too homely, let us say instead,

way explain the real historical origin of language is like imagining that the invention of the negro syllabarium can help us to explain the origin of the Egyptian hieroglyphics. A child in our nineteenth century nurseries—which, as soon as it can hear anything, hears language used all around, sees the effects of it, learns words ready made, like a parrot, without at first even understanding them—is about the worst illustration of the origin of language that could well be chosen. We might as well make magnetic observations with steel spectacles on our nose!

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synthesis and analysis, or induction and deduction, and then I ask again, what can we do with words, or the elements of thought, except to treat them synthetically and analytically? how can we reason except either inductively or deductively? Is the simple and intelligible really less sublime than the complicated and the mysterious? To me it has always seemed that nothing is more wonderful than the simplicity with which all our intellectual operations are carried on. So long as language seemed something mysterious and incomprehensible, it might interest the poet and the theologian, but it had no attraction for the philosopher. But when, in the light of comparative philology, language had become transparent, then its very simplicity raised our admiration to real amazement. To the Greeks the invention of letters seemed so surpassingly marvellous that a god only could be conceived to have made it. To us, who have been enabled to watch the historical progress from hieroglyphic pictures to phonetic signs, the invention of the alphabet has become a far greater wonder by its very naturalness. There remains mystery enough in this world of ours without our trying to retain the veil when philosophy has withdrawn it, and has revealed to us greater wonders than were ever painted by ourselves on the outer curtain.

It is quite true that, when the identity of language and thought is once admitted, many fictions will go which formerly seemed to us essential. We shall then have to ask what philosophers mean by the multiplicity of human faculties with which they fill their volumes of psychology. We shall have to ask what they mean by mind as distinct from its operations, what by self-consciousness, and last, not least of all, what they mean by self. This may lead, as has been rightly said, to an evolution and revolution in all philosophy; but, if it does, where is the harm? The science of language can only clear the ground, and it has removed during the last fifty years mountains of rubbish which had accumulated during centuries. It has opened vistas of speculation of which Plato, Descartes, and Kant had no suspicion. I need not say this to the Duke of Argyll, who, more quickly than anybody else, perceived that 'human speech is the sure record of the deepest metaphysical truths.' It is now for the students of philosophy to bring to light 'the profound but unconscious metaphysics of human speech,' and no one could bring to this task a more open mind, a more steady look, and a more judicial temper than the Duke of Argyll.

I wish I could end here and await the Duke's reply. But there is one passage in his article which I cannot allow to pass unnoticed. It seemed to me not only natural, but almost imperative, when I saw the theory of the identity of language and thought treated by so many of my reviewers as an unheard of novelty, that I should show how it had occupied the minds of nearly all the foremost representatives in the evolution of philosophic thought from Plato down

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to Hegel. It was for that reason that I wrote the article 'My Predecessors.' I could not possibly give in it whole pages of extracts from even the small number of philosophers whom I quoted, but I thought I had given in each case enough to show that those whom I quoted had deliberately either accepted or rejected that theory. The Duke of Argyll remarks on this article: 'Professor Max Müller appeals from the living to the dead.' Surely not altogether; for M. Taine, Professor Noiré, Professor Jowett, and Sir James Stephen are still, I am glad to say, among the living. The Duke continues: '"My Predecessors" is the significant title of the interesting paper in which he quotes a whole list of illustrious thinkers—writers whose language, he says, sustains his theory. But does it? There are many senses in which we can speak without substantial inaccuracy of thought and language as at least inseparable. They are inseparable for all purposes connected with the communication of thought from one mind to another. And these purposes include all conversation and all literature.'

I doubt whether the Duke could have read very carefully what I had written on this subject. My very first witness was Plato, and he takes particular care to say that he is not speaking of conversation with others, but of the conversation of the soul with itself. 'What do you mean by thinking?' he says, and he replies, 'I mean by thinking the conversation which the soul holds with herself in thinking of anything. I say, then, that to form an opinion is to speak, and opinion is a word spoken, I mean, to oneself and in silence, not aloud or to another.' How can the Duke say that this refers to conversation with others, or call this straightforward statement 'a merely general and metaphorical expression'? The latest translator of Plato, Mr. Jowett,[4] at all events does not think so, for he actually finds fault with Hegel because 'he speaks as if thought, instead of being identical with language, was wholly independent of it.' Another translator of Plato, Schleiermacher, uses even stronger language, which certainly cannot be called general and metaphorical. 'Thinking and speaking,' he says, 'are so entirely one that we can only distinguish them as internal and external, nay, even as internal, every thought is already a word.' If Schelling said, 'Without language it is impossible to conceive philosophical, nay, even any human consciousness,' can we interpret this as referring to social intercourse only? If Condillac said, *Nous ne pensons qu'avec les mots*, did he really utter this oracular saying in the sense of *Nous ne parlons qu'avec les mots*? Can De Bonald's declaration that 'language is the necessary instrument of every intellectual operation'; can De Maistre's opinion that 'thought and language are two magnificent synonyms, and that our intellect cannot think, or know that it thinks, without speaking'; can Mansel's reiterated statements that

[4] *Plato*, translated by B. Jowett, vol. iv. p. 420.

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'language is inseparable from thought, that man must think by symbols, and, as a matter of fact, thinks by language,'—can all these, I ask, be interpreted away so as to convey no more than, what surely wanted no very elaborate proof, viz., that we cannot speak to others without pronouncing certain words?

So far from claiming the support of doubtful adherents, I really left out several names which, by some little pressure, I could have marshalled as supporters of the theory of the identity of thought and language. I spoke of the late Professor Green as a doubtful adherent only, because in one passage he says no more than that 'it is hard, some say it is impossible, to think without expressing thought in language.' But, to judge from another passage in an essay of his on 'Faith' (p. 9), he seems himself to have belonged to those who thought it impossible, for he says, 'Thought first becomes definite in language.' Even Descartes might have been called as a witness for the defence, for though he has not treated the problem of the identity of language and thought in any special essay, his arguments in support of language being the Rubicon between man and beast, constantly imply that he considered real thought impossible without language.[5] Nothing remains therefore but to wait till the Duke of Argyll will point out those among 'my predecessors' whom I have no right to place in my own philosophical pedigree. I should be sorry to have to part with any one of them, but I may remark that I never appealed to them because I thought that my argument required to be supported by authority. I appealed to them because I was surprised that so many of my critics should have so far forgotten their history of philosophy as to call the identity of language and thought a brand-new heresy, and still more because by showing that this theory was by no means my own child, I felt at greater liberty to speak of it with all the enthusiasm of an apostle. My own argument in support of it, chiefly based on the new discoveries of the Science of Language, must fall or stand by itself, and so far as I am able to judge, it shows no signs of falling yet. I still hope that even the Duke of Argyll will see that what he thought its weak points are stronger than he imagined, and I know that if he honestly can, he will follow the example of others whose former antagonism has been changed into hearty support.

F. Max Müller.

[5] 'Il n'y a aucune de nos actions extérieures qui puisse assurer ceux qui les examinent que notre corps n'est pas seulement une machine qui se remue de soi-même, mais qu'il y a aussi en lui une âme qui a des pensées, *excepté les paroles*, ou autres signes faits à propos de sujets qui se présentent, sans se rapporter à aucune passion.' —*Œuvres de Descartes*, par Victor Cousin, vol. ix. p. 724. These letters of Descartes, though now put aside as mediæval, might be read with great advantage by those who still try to throw lofty, but very unsafe, suspension-bridges across the Rubicon of language.

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WESTMINSTER ABBEY AND ITS MONUMENTS.

I.

Si monumentum quæris, circumspice!

MR. SHAW LEFEVRE'S scheme for a 'memorial chapel' which he has embodied in a Bill to be brought before Parliament is attracting some attention at present. Such a scheme, closely involving as it does the welfare of Westminster Abbey—the Church and its precinct—must necessarily be of extreme interest to the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings; and it is the duty of that Society to criticise it without fear or favour.

Before dealing with the details of the scheme, however, we must say a few words about the relation of the Abbey to those memorials of the dead, the series of which it is proposed to continue in a 'memorial chapel.' For Westminster Abbey stands by itself amongst the noble army of historical buildings in Great Britain: in everybody's mind it is, as a building, the central representative of our history so far as it has been connected with the monarchy; more so indeed than the facts of mediæval history warrant. The last but one of purely English kings is, under St. Peter, the tutelary genius of the place: in his chapel we guard, with at least official reverence, an acknowledged fetish of our hereditary monarchy, nor has any suggestion yet been made for the removal of the Stone of Doom and its Jubilee-renovated chair to Bloomsbury or Brompton.

The associations of the Abbey with our mediæval history, real, imaginary, and sham, are undoubtedly of some importance amidst the hurry of our daily modern life; and perhaps they would be so even if the buildings were in themselves indifferent specimens of mediæval art, or so much falsified within and without by 'restoration' as to have lost the whole of their artistic value. But though the Church, at least, has lost the artistic qualities of its *exterior*, its *interior* has not suffered so much from 'restoration' as many buildings which might have been deemed to have led a life of less peril than this, the most notable structure of the great commercial centre of the world. Moreover, it is so far from being a poor specimen of its class, that we may call it, without fear of contradiction, the most beautiful of all

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English buildings, and unsurpassed in beauty by any building in the world.

So that, while from the historical point of view it stands as the token of the violent contrast between modern and mediæval life in matters social and political; so, from the artistic side, placed in the centre of the shabbiest, ugliest, and most ridiculous capital in the world, with London squalor (the genuine article) on the one hand, and London eclectic fatuity and sham on the other, it upholds for us the standard of art or the pleasure of life, contrasted with dirt and its degradation, beyond all other buildings. Such a building should surely be sacred to us; surely nothing should be touched in it, no work should be undertaken in it without the necessity being made clear by the gravest deliberation of the skilfullest and honestest persons amongst us; while at the same time it ought to be watched by people that love it and know it both in the present and the past, so that no beginnings of preventible decay might be allowed to sap its strength.

Such forethought and watchfulness one would think might be a part of the duties of those gentlemen whom we choose with such care, and who have so much to talk about, on the other side of the road.

It is needless to say that this has not been done; its beauty and its history have been used as a mere convenience for whatever temporary folly might have been lightly passing through men's heads: even that immunity which its interior has enjoyed from sweeping restoration has been the result not of wisdom and consideration but of folly and rashness: the interior of Westminster Abbey Church has been saved from the destruction of restoration by having had its walls, so far as they are within reach, plastered over with monuments which, it is to be supposed, profess to be works of art, but whose artistic qualities, as a matter of fact, vary from absurdity which is a laughing-stock of the world, to a dulness which cannot stir even wrathful laughter.

In fact the monuments of Westminster Abbey, which to our country cousins (poor souls!) and travelled sight-seers almost rival the attractions of Madame Tussaud's, the Fat Cattle, or the Summer Exhibition of the Royal Academy, may be divided broadly into two classes: those in which the original architecture of the building has been considered, and those in which it has been ignored.

The former stretch over a long series of years, and are of many styles, some of which are very inferior to the style of the original building; but, whatever their separate merits or demerits may be, they are all of them in harmony with the architecture, and are subordinated to it, and also they may be said to state facts and to be unboastful; there were various obvious commonplace reasons, of locality, official position, and the like, to account for the burial in the church of those whom they commemorate; and there is an end of it.

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The second class does not range over so long a period, though its works are far more numerous; concerning these, it is stating the position very mildly to say that they do not harmonise with the architecture; to persons unaware of the gross stupidity of the 'art' of their period, they would seem to be placed in the church with the express purpose of insulting that architecture as coarsely as possible; but of course their producers never attained to such a pitch of intelligence as this. Apart also from their qualities as art, these destructive monuments are meaningless and boastful. Which is indeed of the essence of their class as monuments, for they represent not the natural, quiet course of sepulture in a famous church, a great centre of civil and ecclesiastical administration, but a new piece of conventional pedantry, the growth of the period between the Middle Ages and Modern times, much akin to the creation of academies for the living, which was a process of the same period; in short, they are a privileged class of memorials of the privileged dead. From the end of the seventeenth or beginning of the eighteenth century, it has come to be a custom of our nation that anyone who could acquire a certain degree of *respectable* notoriety might put in a claim to burial and commemoration in Westminster Abbey as a final privilege, a last honour accorded by a grateful nation to his energy in self-assertion. Hence the mass of official undertaker's memorial art in our lovely church; which, it might be thought, could have answered no purpose whatever, though it has, as above said, incidentally prevented the 'restorers' (no doubt much to their annoyance) from dealing as they could have wished with the interior. But the English are a very energetic race, and produce a vast amount of 'great men' of the kind just mentioned, and as a consequence (the capacity of the church being limited) the memorials have been crowding each other for some time past, and after recourse has been had to stained glass windows and busts as a last resource for the discovery of space for the further disfigurement of the building, it has been concluded that *there is no more room.* This is not perhaps, strictly speaking, the case; the exercise of a baneful ingenuity would probably discover room for a good many more monuments of some sort or other. Therefore we may hope that here and there a person of insight has come to the conclusion that the busts produced by modern sculpture are not quite congruous with the architecture of people who knew how to carve; and that possibly the time has come to put an end to the strange experiments in ugliness under which the Abbey has so long suffered.

It has not indeed occurred to any responsible person to suggest that we might quietly let the whole thing drop, and cease to carry on this continuous competitive examination in notoriety; but it has occurred to several to suggest the raising of a new hall or chapel which would enable us to indulge in this curious habit without

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immediate misgivings as to the capacity of the building or the possible injury that might be done to it by covering its walls and floor, and perhaps its roof, with memorials incongruous with the structure and with each other. And at last Mr. Shaw Lefevre proposes to bring these various ideas to a point, and if possible to get Parliament to consent to spending certain public money on this new experiment in national commemoration. It does not concern us here to inquire as to where this money is to come from; and indeed we think that no properly-placed, fairly-designed, solidly-constructed building in London can be wholly a waste of public money which, to say the truth, is constantly being spent, and with very little hesitation, on far less innocent matters. Again, as to the scheme itself, we must beg Mr. Lefevre to understand that, though we have sometimes been opposed to his proposals for dealing with public buildings, we have no wish to attack his scheme, but rather to criticise it, and ask him if he cannot see his way to mending his proposals.

And certainly if he manages to get a final embargo put upon memorials in the Abbey he will deserve the gratitude of the public once more, as he did in his successful efforts to save the poor remains of Epping Forest from complete destruction.

He assumes that some place for monuments must be found in connection with the great historical pile at Westminster; and as for us, since we have already hinted views (which it is to be feared will not be popular) about this supposed necessity, let us assume that this *is* necessary and so proceed to our criticism.

Few people will be disposed to question that the Church and its precinct are much too crowded by buildings at once mean and characterless: nay some are so troubled by this crowding that they would pull down St. Margaret's Church—a building good in itself, replete with historical associations, and which groups well with the greater church and gives it scale: a piece of destruction which, to our mind, is not to be thought of. On the south-east side of the Abbey, however, there are a set of mean and ugly modern houses, mere traps to catch rent, encumbering a piece of ground part of which is the site of St. Catherine's Chapel, some of its remains being built up in them. These modern buildings (which, amongst other evils, add to the risk of fire in the Abbey) ought certainly to come down; and we should have thought that, granting this clearance made, it would have been in accordance with Mr. Lefevre's laudable efforts elsewhere for him to do his best to keep this most desirable air-space open: but it is into this very space he proposes to jam his 'chapel,' between the ancient building and the modern ones, in a place where it will not be properly seen itself, and where it will prevent the Abbey from being seen. Furthermore it will swaddle up the Jewel Tower, which is an interesting and valuable building, and so carry on the mutilation of the already grievously used domestic buildings of the Abbey.

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But the chapel thus placed on this objectionable site, Mr. Lefevre finds it necessary to make a passage from the Abbey Church into it, so as to claim for it the quite false position of its being a part of the Church; this said passage of course blocks up the side of the Chapter House and its buttresses, and cuts off a huge cantle of Poet's Corner, and would be altogether an awkward and injurious addition to the Abbey.

Our quarrel with Mr. Lefevre's scheme is altogether as to the site, which necessitates work injurious to the Abbey. In considering any scheme for dealing with the question of monuments at Westminster we consider it essential that these under-stated conditions should be adhered to.

1. That no more monuments of any kind should be placed in the Abbey Church, on any pretext whatever.

2. That no part of the precinct shall be touched upon by the new building.

3. That the new building shall not be connected by any passage with the Church or its adjoining ancient buildings.

4. That no removal of ancient boundary lines should be allowed. We should hope also that the new building would be dignified and impressive, and that its site would do the best for it on this head.

It is clear that the proper site for the memorial building to be raised under such conditions is not far to seek. No better one could possibly be found than that now occupied by the block of houses in Abingdon Street, bounded by Great College Street. A building erected on such a site would have every opportunity for taking the due form for the needed purpose. We may venture to suggest as a body interested in architecture generally (though some of our detractors will not allow this), that the form which such a building should take ought not to be that of a 'chapel,' which implies an altar and ritual—things which might hurt the susceptibilities of some of the successful competitors—but rather of a long hall with a loggia as covered entrance to it. The site we suggest would lend itself admirably to this treatment.

There can by no possibility be any objection to this site but that of expense. But if this public work is worth doing at all, it is worth doing well, otherwise there can be no question that it had better be left alone. We may well quote Mr. Lefevre himself on this point. 'We have no right to encumber the earth with defective buildings, and to prejudice future generations because we cannot afford at the moment a few thousands of pounds,' and again, 'The Government itself should do whatever it undertakes in the best possible manner, and with due regard to a long future.'

Finally we must say that we cannot help noting indications of public opinion pointing to the probability that Mr. Lefevre will not be allowed the use of the money which he is asking for, and that his

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scheme of a 'Victoria Chapel' will fail for the present. In that case let Mr. Lefevre take heart and try to push through the thing which is essential in this matter; let him get a Bill passed forbidding all memorials in Westminster Abbey, and let the business of where else they can be put go its own way. By so doing he will earn our lasting gratitude, and will have done something to be remembered by in the future. And if he has any qualm as to his thereby cutting himself off from that 'honours' crown of honour,' burial in Westminster Abbey, let him console himself by remembering that many and many a man has been so buried with abundant pomp in reward for services far less important than helping to save the most beautiful building in England from further degradation.

WILLIAM MORRIS,

Hon. Sec. of the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings.

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II.

THE CLOISTERS.

THERE is an alternative scheme to Mr. Shaw Lefevre's for erecting future monuments at Westminster, which has not yet been brought sufficiently before the public notice.

A substitute for Westminster Abbey might *grow*, in the course of another thousand years, but it could not be *made*, and until every existing opportunity has been exhausted would evoke no sympathy or enthusiasm.

Beyond the objection of the great expense (estimated at 140,000*l.*) of any new edifice, and the equally great objection that monuments in a new building, quite distinct from the Abbey, and devoid of any sort or kind of association with it, would have small interest or attraction for anybody, comes the capital objection that it is unnecessary; for the Abbey itself, in one of its most exquisite and most ancient portions, can still afford abundant space.

The alternative scheme is to place future statues, tablets, busts, and monuments in the Cloisters of the Abbey, which are an integral part of its own original fabric[1]—absolutely and inextricably interwoven with its own construction and design—sharing fully all its venerable associations—already partly devoted, from the earliest times, to burials and memorials—capable of meeting the claims of centuries to come, and requiring no more than the expenditure of from ten to twenty thousand pounds to preserve them and fit them perfectly for the purpose.

If this most beautiful work of architecture is, apart from any such object, to be saved from ruin, a certain expenditure upon it is imperatively and immediately necessary. A walk round the Cloisters as they now stand is enough to bring a sense of shame to any Englishman. The very fabric of them is crumbling into sooty dust and ashes. A thick crust of rotted stone falls off at a touch from the unrepaired portions of the South and West Walks. Nay, it rots and falls sometimes without a touch, and a common scaffold-pole in one place does duty for a vanished column, while in other places the

[1] 'The part built by Henry the Third occupies, as is so well known, a very singular position, being in fact *within the walls of the Church*.'—Scott's *Gleanings from Westminster Abbey*, p. 29.

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wall-shafts have shrivelled away into shapeless spindles and look like wasting stalactites. In the West Walk the thrust of the vaulting has pushed the walls out far from the upright, and caused great fissures, roughly stopped up with plaster or cement to keep out the rain—has in fact produced a movement which must be arrested and counteracted by increased strength of buttresses or some equivalent precaution if the Cloister is to be safe much longer. These West and South Walks were originally built in great part of a much more friable stone than were the North and East Walks, and need far more extensive and immediate repair; although where a better material was used in them the work remains sharp and true.

Contrast the present condition of the Cloisters with their past, and what might be their future state.

In the past they were the very centre of the life of the great monastic community, teeming with its daily business, work, and recreation, and the resting-place after death of its most venerable members. Here lie the bones of the great abbots and of many humbler men, and here, down to our own time, canons of the Abbey have been laid to rest. The memorials range over six hundred years, and are as much a portion of the great national Pantheon as the memorials in the church which wraps them round.

In the future, why should not the Cloisters resume their proper place and function in the great organic whole? If the main body of the church be over-full, these additional and adjoining aisles to it, built at the same time, and part of the same structure,[2] are yet open to receive the relics and records of many generations. Their area is almost equal to half the total area of the church. With no approach to crowding they would contain at least fifty statues, and twice that number of busts and tablets, besides brasses and recumbent effigies on the floor. Through the two south doors of the Abbey (marked A and B on the accompanying plan) they are accessible as directly as the chapels which surround the apse, and would form a similar historic circuit. At first the North and East Walks only—the parts most closely incorporated in the Abbey—need be filled; but they would give sufficient space for a hundred years. They are fenced off from general traffic, and could so remain, entrance and exit being only from the church.

From the Eastern Walk the magnificent Chapter House opens, and might also receive fit memorials, instead of being left, as now—cold, museum-like and barren. What more appropriate possible place for the figures of our greatest political leaders could be found or imagined than this home and birthplace of the British Parliament? Many such statues could, in the years to come, be ranged around its walls, and

[2] The East Walk is, in fact, the western aisle of the South Transept, and part and parcel of Poets' Corner.

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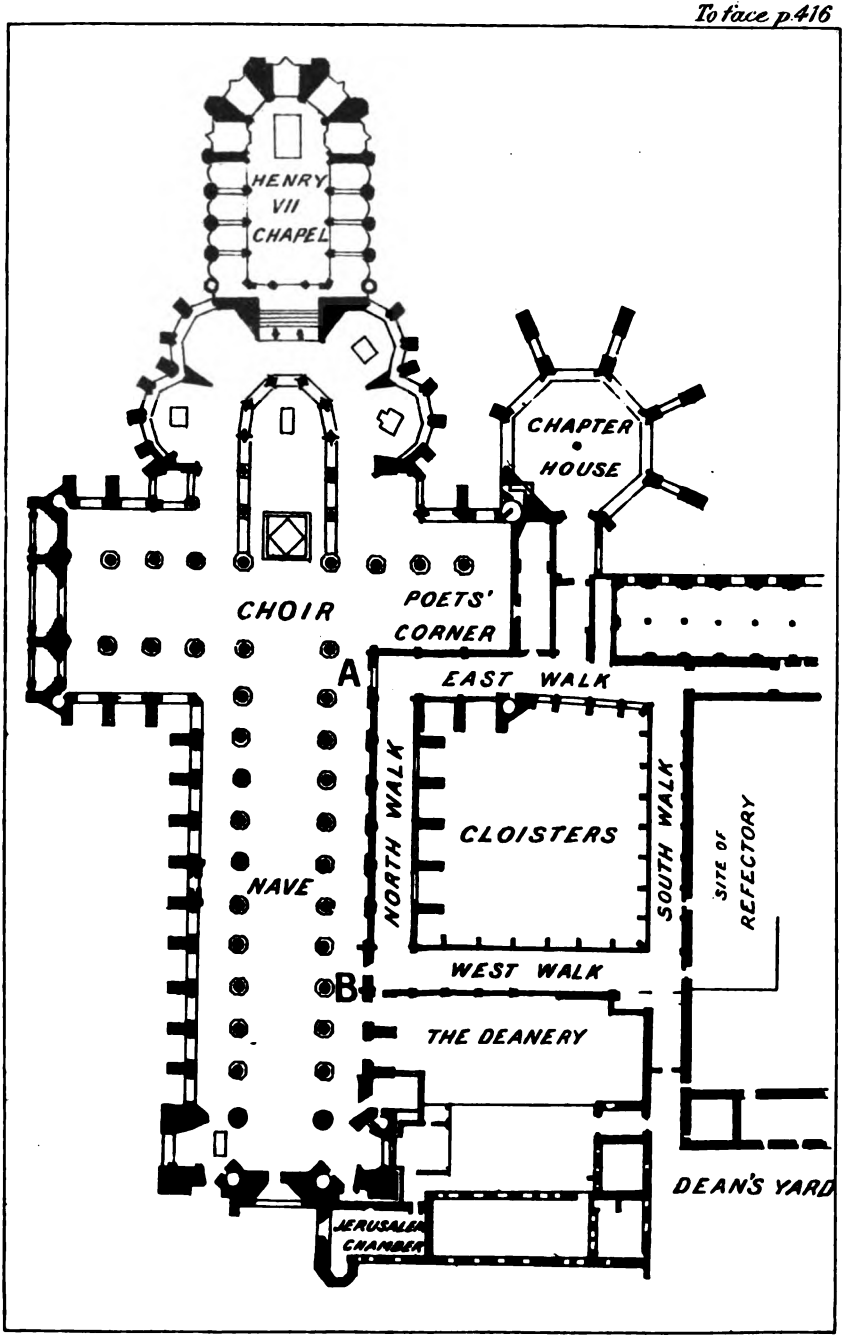
To face p.416



Spottiswoode & Co. Ltd. London.

Plan of Westminster Abbey.

Scale of 50 100 feet.

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would give it a life, a meaning, and an interest now lacking—bringing it back as it were into the full current of the national life.

The Cloisters thus preserved and tenanted would be as interesting and inspiring as any other feature of the Abbey. The statues and monuments would have ample room, for the width of the Walks is as great as that of the adjoining aisle of the church, and they would have ample security from mischief, for they would be protected by iron grilles and gates such as now exist. If worked in stone as hard and good as the still perfect capitals and bases, they could take no injury in their deep shelter from five hundred years of weather: bronze, mosaic, terra cotta and *sgrafito* might also be employed upon them. If desirable the North and East Walks might have their great windows glazed, as was partially done when they were first built, and hot-water pipes from the church would then keep them at the same temperature as the rest of the Abbey.

Finally, in the green-swarded square framed by the Cloisters would be abundant space for all the actual interments of great men which might become necessary. There, in the very heart of London and of the Empire, they would lie under grass as green as in the quiet of a country churchyard, and surrounded on every side by the most majestic memories in the world.

All this may be the future of the Cloisters, and for a sum which, if included in the Estimates for their preservation, would almost certainly be obtained at once from a unanimous House of Commons.

JAMES KNOWLES.

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THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL.

On the 1st of April—*absit omen*—the London County Council will definitely take over the duties for whose performance it is at present engaged in making its preliminary arrangements. Before discussing how these duties may best be performed, let us first consider very briefly and in the merest outline what these duties are. They may be classified—not symmetrically of course, for symmetry is the one thing that the government of London has most successfully avoided, but historically—as those transferred from the Metropolitan Board of Works, and those transferred from the magistrates of the portions of the metropolis that have hitherto been included in the counties of Middlesex, Surrey, and Kent respectively.

The powers of the Board of Works have been conferred upon them by a series of some one hundred and twenty Acts of Parliament, and their execution has implied of late years upwards of four hundred meetings per annum of the Board and its committees and sub-committees. The important work of the Board itself has hitherto been done by the whole body, meeting not publicly as a Board, but with closed doors under the title of the Works and General Purposes Committee. To that Committee, which meets every Monday and sits on an average for four or five hours, all questions of policy and all matters not obviously coming into the department of any of the standing Committees, are referred for consideration. Schemes for metropolitan improvements, questions of the price to be paid for property bought or to be accepted for property sold, or of compensation to be given for disturbance, all come under its consideration. There are nine standing sub-committees of this Committee whose names, most of which sufficiently explain their functions, are as follows:—Artisans' Dwellings Acts; Examination of Accounts; Supplementary Main Drainage; Municipal Government of Metropolis; Officers; Tramways; Coal and Wine Dues; Overhead Wires; Sewer Emanations. Matters of exceptional importance are frequently referred to a special sub-committee appointed *ad hoc*. The Supplementary Main Drainage sub-committee have been much exercised lately on the subject of the deodorisation of sewage.

The principal standing committees of the Board, each of which,

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as a rule, consists of seventeen members and meets once a fortnight to transact the routine business of their several departments, are the following. The Building Act Committee is responsible that the provisions of the different Acts regulating the height of buildings, the materials used in their construction, the thickness of party walls and, in the case of theatres and other places of public entertainment, the facilities afforded for ingress and egress, and so forth, are strictly complied with. The report of this Committee, presented at a recent meeting of the Board, extended over sixteen closely printed folio pages, and dealt with seventy-seven distinct buildings or groups of buildings in different parts of the metropolis. For the purpose of the Building Act, London is divided into seventy-four districts, each under the charge of a district surveyor, who is appointed by the Board, but paid by fees received from the public. The districts are of very various size and importance. One surveyor, in 1887, received a gross amount of 23*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.* in fees; ten received under 300*l.*; eight received over 1,000*l.* The Fire Brigade Committee is responsible for the management of the 700 men who, with their hopelessly inadequate material of about 150 fire-engines, and the same number of fire-escapes and horses, and 28 miles of hose, do their best to cope with the two thousand and odd outbreaks that occur in the metropolis in the course of a twelvemonth.

The Parks, Commons, and Open Spaces Committee has under its charge upwards of four square miles of the metropolitan area, or, say, an estate of about 3,000 acres. The estate, however, is far from being, as the auctioneers would put it, contained in a ring fence, as it is broken up into about forty separate parcels, ranging in size from the tiny garden in Leicester Square to the 260 acres of common at Blackheath. In the management of the estate there are about 300 bailiffs, gardeners, and labourers constantly employed. The work of the Finance Committee explains itself, as does also that of the Bridges Committee. One other committee must be mentioned. The Special Purposes and Sanitary Committee is the maid-of-all-work of the Board. It is responsible for the inspection and control of the different premises, to the number of 15,403, in which animals are slaughtered, or offensive trades are carried on, petroleum or explosives are stored, cows are kept, milk is sold, or finally, babies are boarded out. This Committee has under its orders an inspecting staff of ten persons, who in the course of the year 1887 appear to have made the very satisfactory total of 44,474 reports. It also presides over the testing both of gas and gas-meters, and employs for this purpose a staff of some fifty chemists, examiners, and inspectors. At its rising, after its ordinary meeting every alternate Tuesday, this Committee immediately meets again, under the *alias* of the Contagious Diseases (Animals) Act Committee, to perform the functions which its name implies, for which purposes it employs a staff of eleven veterinary

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inspectors. There is no need to dwell upon the work of the Parliamentary, the Appeal, or the Joint Bridges Committee, but it may be added in conclusion that the headquarters staff at the central office appears to consist of about 250 persons, and that the annual budget to be defrayed by rates—as distinct from sums borrowed for permanent improvement, and whose repayment is spread over a term of years—is now not less than 1,000,000*l.* sterling.

Let us turn next to the work taken over from the magistrates. It will be sufficient to sketch in outline the work of the magistrates for Middlesex only. If we remember that metropolitan Surrey has half, and metropolitan Kent an eighth part of the population of metropolitan Middlesex, it will be easy, in calculating the work that the magistrates will transfer to the County Council, to make the requisite proportional addition to the work that has hitherto been done by the magistrates of Middlesex. It cannot be said that the Board of Works has performed its functions in any too fierce light of publicity; but the work of the magistrates, perhaps because there was small hope of finding there materials for even the most modest of scandals, has hitherto been yet more severely let alone by the London public and the London press. Not that that work has been by any means small or unimportant. Middlesex has had three lunatic asylums, each containing somewhere about 2,000 inmates, not including officers. A fourth asylum on the same scale is now in course of erection at Claybury, near Woodford, in Essex. It is estimated to cost about 400,000*l.* for building alone. Assuming that, in all, the County of London will take over six establishments on this scale, averaging 2,000 inmates and about 300 officers and servants apiece, and remembering the amount of supervision required, when 12,000 human beings, incapable of self-defence, are left at the mercy of 1,800 attendants, all of whom cannot always be expected to possess the patience of angels, remembering too that the mere clothing and provisioning of an army such as this is itself no trifling matter, it will be evident that the single item 'control of lunatic asylums' means a not inconsiderable amount of work and responsibility for somebody.

In their industrial school at Feltham the Middlesex magistrates have 550 boys chargeable to the metropolis. Besides this, they maintain at other schools about 420 other young persons of both sexes. It must depend on the proper management of these establishments whether 1,000 children grow up as useful and respectable members of society, or whether they gravitate back into that criminal class from which they have been temporarily withdrawn, and for whose benefit a metropolitan police will have to be maintained at the expense of the ratepayers of the next generation, whether its control be vested in the Home Secretary or in those ratepayers themselves. There are in Middlesex upwards of 300 premises licensed for music and for dancing, whose licenses have hitherto been granted by the

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magistrates, but will now be held at the pleasure of the County Council. There will be transferred also to the new body a good deal of miscellaneous property; for instance, the Sessions House at Clerkenwell, the Guildhall at Westminster, militia barracks at Dalston and Bethnal Green, three county bridges, and various buildings that are occupied as petty sessional courts. Powers to appoint and to control coroners, public analysts, inspectors of weights and measures, and doubtless other officers, are also transferred.

This, then, is in rough outline the business that the '137 men meeting in a room, some of whom have never seen each other before, and have no common relations' (to borrow Lord Rosebery's admirable phrase), will have to perform as best they may. Lord Rosebery goes on to describe the Council as 'the vastest machine that the world has ever seen.' If it were a machine at all, the work might perhaps be within its capacity. But, indeed, it is anything rather than a machine. It is scarcely even so far advanced towards completion as to deserve to be described as the wheels and the pinions and the gearing, out of which a complete machine can be put together. The Council, as we have seen already, will take over the work and the staff of the Board of Works *in toto*, though its two most important and most trusted officers have already given notice of their intention to resign; but in the case of the magistrates the position is far different. Extra-metropolitan Middlesex is, no doubt, unimportant enough in comparison with the portion that has now been absorbed into the county of London; but extra-metropolitan Surrey is not far from a third of the whole county, while in the case of Kent considerably more than two-thirds still remain outside the metropolis. It is evident, therefore, that the adjustment of the property and financial relations between London, on the one hand, and Middlesex, Surrey, and Kent on the other, will be a problem which, though intricate in each, will be varying in all three cases; and that, instead of taking over a homogeneous staff accustomed to its own specified duties, London will only obtain the services of a number of officials, who, however efficient they may individually be, can have but scant familiarity with their own duties, little knowledge of one another, and no experience of working in harmony as an organised and disciplined staff.

Even assuming the staff to have shaken down into their new places, and to have grown accustomed to working under their new masters, the London County Council will be very far from being in a position to devote its undivided attention to the efficient performance of the administrative work that is laid upon it. At the outset it will probably be confronted with the tremendous problem of the rearrangement of the secondary areas of municipal government. No one, who has not had personal experience of London Local Govern-

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ment, can have any conception what a weltering mass of conflicting jurisdictions and overlapping areas exists at present, and how entirely their existence renders efficiency, economy, and promptitude impossible. Most people, perhaps, remember that the Conservatives of Chelsea failed to seat the member of their choice in the Parliamentary election of 1885, because their opponents called in the votes of Kensal Town, four miles away on the other side of Paddington Station, to redress the balance. Let me give two other instances from my own personal experience. Living within a stone's throw of Dulwich College, in the S.E. postal district, I am privileged, as a parliamentary elector, to vote for a gentleman who is described as Member for Wandsworth, and whose constituency stretches across Putney and Roehampton away to the gates of Richmond Park. The constituency which I have the honour to represent on the County Council is described as the Dulwich Division of the Borough of Camberwell. It includes, however, the hamlet of Penge. For ecclesiastical purposes Penge forms a portion of the parish of St. Mary's, Battersea. For vestry purposes (lighting, scavenging, road-maintenance, and so forth) it is attached to the Lewisham District Board of Works. For Poor Law purposes it is incorporated in the Union of Croydon; and, therefore, is not included in the metropolis at all. Voting for the School Board, it plays a humble part in the election of the four members for the Greenwich division. Finally, for parliamentary and, therefore, for County Council election purposes, it is tied to the tail, as I have said already, of the Dulwich Division of Camberwell, with which it has absolutely no interests in common; in which, moreover, it is once more hopelessly outnumbered, as it can only master three voters out of every thirteen. These are, of course, flagrant—perhaps the most flagrant—instances; but the existence of similar eccentricities of organisation in all parts of the metropolis goes far to explain, if not to excuse, the prevailing apathy in municipal matters, which in its turn must be largely held responsible for their persistent survival.

Such, then, is the task that Parliament, in its wisdom, has already laid upon the shoulders of the new London County Council, and such the framework of the machinery with which it will have to undertake it. Even if the work already described were all, it is evident that the framework would have to be entirely taken to pieces and reconstructed. But in fact it will be impossible for the Council to act as though its present business were all that it is likely to be called upon to discharge. No one can have taken part in the recent elections, can have canvassed voters, or addressed meetings, without becoming conscious of the fact that London ratepayers, whether described as Liberals or Conservatives, were profoundly dissatisfied with London government and looked forward to changes much more far-reaching than those which have as yet been made. The party

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that terms itself 'Progressive' has, as is well known, committed itself unreservedly to the principle that the County Council is to be a local Parliament, absorbing into itself, or at least subjecting to its authority and supervision, all the functions and organs of local government in the metropolis from the School Board down to the corporation in Westminster.

Let us briefly run through the list of the jurisdictions, and see what amount of additional work their absorption might, roughly speaking, be expected to entail upon the present Council. For practical purposes one might perhaps be justified in dividing them into two classes: those that are not likely to be handed over just yet, and those whose absorption is at least a question of practical politics. To the former class, I venture to think, belongs without doubt the burning question of the control of the police. Supposing, for the sake of argument, that the present Government were prepared to hand over to-morrow to a Council that, since its recent election of aldermen, cannot even pretend that it accurately represents the opinions of the ratepayers of London, the control of its own police, the preliminary arrangements for transfer would in any case occupy a considerable period. No one surely will be found to argue that the London ratepayers should be responsible for the protection of the Houses of Parliament, the Government offices, and the palaces and persons of the Queen and royal family. Nor does it seem obvious that a detective force, belonging merely to the local London, is the right body to deal with the national rascaldom that Paris, New York, or Berlin despatches constantly to our shores. An imperial police force and an imperial detective organisation would evidently be required; but there is more than this. The Metropolitan police district at present extends fifteen miles from Charing Cross in all directions. It includes, therefore, not only the whole of Middlesex, but administrative counties such as the boroughs of Croydon and West Ham. Now, whatever right the ratepayers of the metropolis may have to control their own police, at least they have no title to bear rule over their neighbours. It is evident, therefore, that till these various adjustments, all of which must take time, have been made, it is useless to talk of placing the police force of London on the same footing as that of Manchester.

The School Board is also safe from disturbance for the present. In the first place, no corporation has as yet been entrusted with the control of the education of its town. In London, in particular, the very vastness of the work will probably avail to take the edge off the appetite of the most omnivorous councillor. The School Board, with its budget of 1,100,000*l.* a year, with its army of 400,000 children, officered by nearly 7,000 teachers, has hitherto supplied its 55 members with an average of some five days' hard work per fortnight. Last year, Board committees, and sub-committees, had among them

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a total of 830 meetings. Single members are not unfrequently summoned too, and in some cases attend more meetings of committees than there are days in the year. As I write, the agenda paper of a recent meeting of the School Management Committee lies before me. It consists of 99 foolscap pages. The Works and General Purposes Committee Agenda for the same week covers 65 pages. The agenda papers of all the 36 committees and sub-committees for a single week would constitute a portly volume.

With the work, however, of the Asylums Board matters stand quite otherwise. At every point the work of the Asylums Board cuts across the work of the County Council. As already mentioned, the County Council will take charge of many thousands of lunatics. The Asylums Board is at present responsible for the management of 6,000 imbeciles, who are housed in three vast asylums. From a medical point of view, the difference between a lunatic and an imbecile is, no doubt, of importance, and it is quite right and proper that they should be kept in separate establishments. But the machinery of supervision that is adopted for the one can be turned absolutely without alteration to the use of the other, and its duplication means therefore both unnecessary complexity and unjustifiable expense. The County Council has already considerable sanitary powers. When the vestries are reorganised as district councils, it will doubtless have more. But a sanitary authority without infectious hospitals and without an ambulance service is an absurdity, and the only infectious hospitals and ambulances at present in London are in the possession of the Asylums Board. Still, the management of the ambulance service of the Board, with its fleet of five steamers and its land-staff as well, that before now have removed 17,000 patients in a single twelvemonth, and of the seven different hospitals (each of them on the average about as large and as important as St. Thomas's), is by no means child's play. On the whole, however, the Asylums Board work is light compared with that of the School Board. Perhaps we might reckon it at five days in the month for each of the 70 members.

The third branch of the work of the Asylums Board is the management of the training-ship 'Exmouth' for pauper boys. In this matter, at least, the Board still occupies the position which it was originally intended to undertake; that, namely, of a central Poor Law authority for London. No one, however, who knows anything of the working of the Poor Law in the metropolis, is likely to question the necessity of a central authority for many other Poor Law purposes besides this. It may be right that the City should have 1,661 indoor paupers and 1,488 outdoor, while the adjoining Union of St. George's-in-the-East has 1,675 indoor but only 46 outdoor paupers; but it will hardly be argued that both can be right, or that it is desirable that the two systems should exist within half a mile of one another. Or again, the Rotherhithe guardians

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may be justified in expecting a single man, employed in the stone yard, to subsist for a week on 2*s.* 4*d.*; but if so, it is hard to see why in Battersea he should be allowed 5*s.* 6*d.* Take one more instance that touches the pockets of the ratepayers yet more nearly. If St. Olave's can purchase their candles at 1¼*d.* per lb., why does Paddington find it necessary to pay 1*s.*? Mutton in Kensington costs 9*s.* 9*d.* a stone; the adjoining parish of Chelsea pays 4*s.* 8*d.*

The County Council has already been brought at one point into connection with the Poor Law. By the Act of last session it is required to pay over to the several boards of guardians 4*d.* per diem, or say 6*l.* per annum, for each of the 50,000 to 60,000 indoor paupers that they maintain. This will mean a rate of about 2½*d.* in the pound to be raised by the Council. It can hardly be expected that the Council will refrain from claiming a voice in its expenditure. But there is more than this. The Metropolitan Common Poor Fund amounts to another 1,000,000*l.* a year. Hitherto, in default of a representative metropolitan authority, it has been administered by the clerks of the Local Government Board. The County Council may be trusted to claim this function ere long, nor is it easy to see on what ground their claim can be resisted. But out of the Common Poor Fund is defrayed nearly the whole of the expense of the London Poor Law establishments, the workhouses, the infirmaries, the schools, in all about eighty or ninety separate institutions, with a resident population of about 40,000 souls.

So far, in describing the work that may hereafter fall upon the County Council, we have dealt with subjects that are perhaps in the more or less distant future. We come now, however, to matters that must apparently be added almost immediately to its business. A Districts Council Bill is promised for next session, and it can hardly be that the London vestries in their present shape will survive much longer; nor, if a fresh division of the work between local and central authorities is made in the metropolis, is it, I think, possible that the local authorities will continue to exercise powers as extensive as have belonged to them hitherto. As was pointed out long ago by Mr. Firth, in his book on 'Municipal London,' the maintaining, scavenging, and watering of a road in Wandsworth differs in no respect from the watering, scavenging, and maintaining of a road in Westminster or Woolwich. There is no reason therefore why the whole thing should not be managed from one central office. The same may be said of lighting and of the removal of dust—the two other chief functions of the vestries. As for their sanitary powers, the vestries have for the most part either neglected or misused them. The two or three vestries that have conscientiously endeavoured to carry out their duties, have seen their best efforts frustrated by the apathy or opposition of their neighbours.

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Without labouring the matter further, enough has probably been said to show that the London County Council will not be tempted to join the ranks of the Unemployed. But we have not yet come to the end of its functions. Nothing has yet been said of questions such as the control of the supply of gas and water; the position of the City corporation, and the charitable funds of the City companies; nor of the taxation (by which I presume is meant the rating) of ground rents. There is, however, not the slightest doubt that these are all matters in which the London ratepayer is (at least for a London ratepayer) keenly interested; nor can it be denied that the Council will devote a good deal of time to their discussion. For my own part, while I am entirely aware that the Council has no power whatever to deal with them, I yet cannot but think that the superior persons, who tell that a policy of sewage is the only thing that concerns us, are even more foolish than the candidates who promised to disestablish and disendow the City one day, to take over the control of the police the next, and to introduce the millennium before the close of the year. It is, as it seems to me, not only inevitable but eminently desirable that Londoners should in a constitutional manner express their opinions on all matters concerning the government of London. They have been over-long in obtaining the means of articulate expression. Now that they have got it, they can be hardly blamed if they wish to use it.

But when people speak of the County Council as a parliament for London, they are apt to forget the radical difference between the two assemblies. Parliament is, as its name implies, a mere talking body. It reigns, but it does not govern. Once it has voted the annual supplies, it may either talk till Christmas or adjourn forthwith. The business of the country goes on uninterruptedly. The executive officers, from the First Lord of the Treasury to the humblest doorkeeper, are appointed and paid by the Crown itself. In the case of the Metropolitan Board of Works, as of an ordinary municipal corporation, the conditions are the very reverse. Not a servant can be appointed or dismissed, not a cheque—whether for wages, work, or materials—can be signed, in fact no business whatever can be transacted, except by the direct action of the Board itself. The Board, either as a whole, or through committees of its own body, to whom it has delegated some portion of its powers, is its own executive. Its officers merely carry out its orders as issued to them week by week, and have no independent authority whatever. It is evident, therefore, that it will be no easy matter to reconcile the claims that will be made upon the time of the Council, on the one hand by the details of administrative business, on the other hand by the consideration of questions of general policy.

The Metroplitan Board of Works has had, as we have seen, some fifteen or sixteen standing committees and sub-committees. The work of the magistrates has implied nearly as many more. It is, I

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think, perfectly evident, that if all these committees are placed on an equality and report direct to the Council, one of two things will happen, either the Council will accept the recommendation of each committee *en bloc*, thereby making itself responsible for decisions of whose merits it must be entirely unable to judge, or, on the other hand, in attempting to criticise and revise these recommendations when they are made, it will sit once a week till midnight, and even then fail to get through its work at all. As it seems to me, it will be most necessary that the Council shall avail itself of the large powers given to it by the Local Government Act—powers much larger than those contained in the Municipal Corporations Act—and delegate to what might be termed Grand Committees independent executive functions. Without attempting an exhaustive classification, let one or two instances suffice. The six or seven committees responsible for the management of the separate lunatic asylums should be formed into one Grand Committee, which would accept contracts, appoint and dismiss superior officers, and control the general management of the whole group. Minor matters would be left to the individual committees. Take again what might be called the Public Works group of business. The control of buildings, their protection from fire, the maintenance of bridges, parks, and open spaces, would be a second grand division. The sanitary work, the maintenance of sewers, inspection of slaughter-houses, dairies, and so forth, the enforcement of the Contagious Diseases (Animals) Act, and other kindred matters, would furnish the subjects for a third Grand Committee. At the present time undoubtedly this committee would have the lightest work of the three: on the other hand the work with which it has to deal is precisely that which is most likely to be increased in the immediate future. Supposing each of these Grand Committees to consist of, say, sixty members—supposing, that is, all the 137 members of Council to serve on one of them, and a few of the more energetic and experienced members to serve on two, a body would be formed sufficiently large and sufficiently various in its composition to be fairly representative of the Council as a whole. On the other hand, each member would to some extent at least be able to devote himself more particularly to the work for which he had a natural aptitude. A man may be a great authority on systems of sanitation and yet not thereby qualified to control the policy of an industrial school; or conversely, a Middlesex magistrate, whose experience in the management of lunatic asylums may be of the utmost value, need not necessarily know any more than his neighbours of the comparative merits of carbolic acid and permanganate of soda as disinfectants.

One point more in this connection. 'Five-and-twenty sub-committees of, say, sixteen members apiece would imply that each of the 137 members of the Council was appointed to serve on three.

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This would occupy, let us say, two days of his time each fortnight (averaging against one another the easy and heavy committees). The meeting of the Council and of the Grand Committee to which he would be attached, each of them being summoned weekly, would supply every member with at least one other full day's work per week. The four days' work a fortnight, which according to this rough calculation will be permanently imposed upon each member of the Council, will of course be much increased at the first outset, as long as the framing of the machinery itself is under discussion. This calculation, however, assumes that every member of the Council takes his fair share of the work. But in fact in every large body of this kind there must be a considerable minority who, whether owing to weak health or the pressure of their own private business, do much less than their share. In proportion as this is the case here the work of their colleagues must be increased. It is, I think, evident that no working member of the Council can expect to have more than four days of his time per week at his own disposal for his private affairs. Even then, of course, we have ignored altogether the work of the Finance Committee and similar committees of control, which will be manned chiefly, no doubt, by the chairmen of the different departments. If these latter gentlemen can rescue two days of their time for themselves they may be counted lucky.

Until such time, however, as the internal boundaries of the metropolis have been subjected to a process of radical re-arrangement, it is impossible to consider the present number of councillors as in any way finally settled. It may well be questioned whether the present primary areas of local government, in the outskirts of the metropolis at any rate, are not far too large. In the centre of London, districts such as St. Giles's, Westminster, or St. George's-in-the-East, have considerably less than half a square mile apiece. But on the outskirts, Wandsworth and Clapham have some twelve square miles, while the Lewisham district has not far short of twenty. In widely scattered districts such as these the only tie that the inhabitants possess is their common citizenship, not in Lewisham or Wandsworth, but as Londoners. It may well be that a re-arrangement of the whole of the metropolitan area in districts of some 20,000 inhabitants apiece, each returning a single member, would be the best way to promote that active interest in local affairs which, after all, is the only foundation on which to rear a stable and symmetrical edifice of local government. This, however, would make the numbers of the Central Council half as large again—an increase that could hardly be expected to add to the efficiency of the Council as an administrative body, though it might increase its value as a representative organisation for purposes of debate.

Even this increase, however, large as it is, would be, as I think

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has already been shown, entirely inadequate to enable the Council to cope by its own unaided strength with the work that is now performed by the Guardians and the School Board. But the practice of this latter Board offers one example that should be well worthy of the Council's imitation. The detail management of the 400 schools under the Board's control is largely performed by local managers, who are nominated by the Board on account of their personal fitness for the work, and not elected by the ratepayers at all. In Berlin, too, a very large proportion of the work of the Town Council is performed by citizens co-optated in a similar manner. It would, I think, be of the utmost advantage that Parliament should confer on the Council powers of appointing local managers similar to those conferred upon School Boards by section 15 of the Elementary Education Act of 1870. No one surely would argue that the great principle of popular control would be weakened or impaired, if one third, say, of the Committee charged with the management of Hanwell Lunatic Asylum was composed of members who were non-elective and not councillors at all.

Unless this principle can be adopted, it is, as it seems to me, utterly impossible to dream of the Council superseding the work of thirty boards of guardians. The pauperism returns of the metropolis show on the average about 100,000 persons in receipt of relief; but the number passing through the relieving officers' books in the course of the twelve months is immeasurably larger. Not only does the same pauper apply, now for one form of relief, and now for another, but the constituent elements of the pauper population vary largely, according to the time of year and the fluctuations of trade. I count that at least half a million cases are submitted to the judgment of the relief committees of the boards of guardians in the course of the year. Allowing one minute (not an extravagant estimate surely) for the decision of each case, and assuming the Council to break itself up into twenty committees for that purpose, each committee would have to sit eight hours every week, from January to December.

There is much more that might have been said. The need for a financial control which shall not merely consider whether money has been spent in due form and in pursuance of legally valid resolutions, but whether the money ought to be spent at all, or, if it has been spent, whether the ratepayers have got due value for it, might well have been discussed. Or again, the necessity for an officer even more imperatively needed than a municipal Chancellor of the Exchequer—I mean a functionary corresponding to the Auditor-General—might have been pointed out. But I must conclude, and in conclusion, as a member of a body that is likely to be before long the most unpopular Board in London, I would humbly throw myself upon my readers' generosity. The County Councils elsewhere, com-

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posed largely of the old men carrying on the old functions within their old boundaries, can scarcely fail of some measure of success. In London, with new men performing new work within a new area, the County Council can scarcely, to put it as mildly as possible, fulfil the sanguine hopes that have been formed for it—at least, at its first outset. The two most populous administrative counties in England —Lancashire, namely, and the West Riding of Yorkshire—will not contain between them (now that the county boroughs have been withdrawn) one-half the population that is massed—a wilderness of disorganised atoms—beneath the control of the County Council of London. If we fail, let it at least be remembered that the task was no light one, that it has grown heavier owing to the long apathy of the people of London themselves, and of the councillors let it in charity be believed that they have done their best.[1]

W. M. Acworth.

[1] A twelvemonth back, I read a paper before the Denison Club, advocating these two points of grand committees and co-optative managers for local work. Since then I have found that Mr. Firth advocated them in *Municipal London*, published as long ago as 1876. I mention this, lest I should seem to have appropriated his ideas without acknowledgment.

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NEWS FROM SOME IRISH EMIGRANTS.

In an article entitled 'With the Emigrants,' which appeared in this Review in July 1882, I gave an account of the departure of some hundreds of Connemara emigrants, who, impelled to leave by the privations which the failure of the potato crops in 1880–81 had inflicted upon them, were starting on their long journey to the New World, with cheerfulness and hope. How far that 'cheerfulness and hope' have been justified it is my present purpose to relate. This, fortunately, I am in a position to do, from information kindly sent to me by the Rev. Martin Mahony, formerly Catholic curate at Preston, Lancashire, who in the year 1883 accompanied and took charge of a large detachment of emigrants, bound for the State of Minnesota. Father Mahony himself remained in St. Paul, and accepted work there under the well-known and excellent Dr. Ireland, Roman Catholic Bishop of St. Paul.

Before quoting Father Mahony's letter, I may point out that during the three years 1882–3–4, nearly 10,000 emigrants from the congested districts of Mayo, Galway, and a few from Donegal were assisted to emigrate by the committee of the 'Tuke Fund,' with supplementary grants from the Treasury. As these emigrants were sent to very numerous localities both in Canada and the United States and Australia, it will be evident that the following account, whilst similar in character to those which have from time to time been received of the condition of the emigrants in other places, only relates to a portion of those families who are residing in and near St. Paul. As I pointed out in an article on 'State-aided Emigration' in this Review, of February 1885, 'very favourable reports have from time to time been received from the gentlemen sent out by the "Tuke Committee" to inquire into the condition of their emigrants, confirmed by official statements on the part of the Canadian Government—and even more strikingly evidenced by the letters of the emigrants themselves and the large sums of money annually sent to their friends and relatives in Ireland.'

The peculiar interest which attaches to Father Mahony's present report is that it gives a detailed account of the progress, actual con-

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dition, and prospects of one group of our emigrants, five years after their establishment in their new homes.

Under date of St. Paul, November 5, 1888, Father Mahony writes:—

I think I am entitled to have an opinion worth hearing as to the condition of the 'Tuke Emigrants' to Minnesota. I had pitied—not barrenly—their condition at home; I travelled with many of them the whole way from Galway to St. Paul; I was with them, trying to help them through their homesickness and the troubles of their start in life at this side. And since then, frequently visiting them in their homes, or meeting them in the streets, or meeting their several pastors, I have been able to inform myself as to their condition and progress, and I can say they have been lifted to quite a new life, benefited every way, and are right along doing better and better. I might mistrust, as being rather too favourable to the change, my own impression if it were not backed on every side by those of pastors with continuous opportunities for observation. But particularly and most notably it is backed by Bishop Ireland, who declares lately that the change in their condition, and in themselves and their prospects, in every way, is positively marvellous, and that 'they have become a most valuable and important addition to the community.' That Minnesota has been a land of fulfilment is very tellingly shown by the numbers who have every year kept coming on from Toronto and other places in Canada and from Ireland, encouraged by the good accounts and often helped by the prepaid passage tickets of their friends in St. Paul.

The continuous growth and improvement of the twin cities, St. Paul and Minneapolis, these late years have been occasioning an unlimited demand for just the sort of labour and service suited to immigrants from Ireland—common labour for men and boys, and housework for girls. With streets in every direction to be opened and graded, or widened, and again and again cut through for sewer-pipes, water-pipes, gas-pipes, there has been every year, from the opening of spring until well into winter, work for every comer who could handle a pick or a shovel, and never at less than a dollar and a half a day, and during part of the time a dollar and three-quarters and even two dollars a day. Even in the winter, when no more grading of the roads could be done, men got a dollar and three-quarters a day for only clearing off the snow and ice from the sidewalks and the street-car tracks. In St. Paul particularly the 'Ice Palace' has served to prolong work and keep up wages all through the winter. And at the same time that there is work for men out of doors there is also a constant demand for females indoors, in private families, hotels, boarding-houses, laundries, at wages ranging from eight to sixteen dollars a month for ordinary housework. In this line the demand is always in excess of the supply. So the Irish emigrants could not but find it well for them to be here. Really, even a little nurse-girl, only able to wheel around a perambulator, *might support all alone a large family*. . . . And as none of the emigrant families are without some wage-earners, and most of them have several, they have been taking and saving such sums of money as no outsider could have a notion of till he calculated them, or some accident revealed them to him. Where the ordinary impression may be to the contrary, it is usually a case of more developed 'acquisitiveness.' As contrasted with an American artisan's neat house, and even with a Scandinavian, or German, or poor Polish immigrant's interiorly home-like shanty, the 'Connemara's' home is deceptive. It is often bare, unpartitioned, unplastered, unpapered—such as his former poverty, or abiding fear of 'a rise' of rent upon any show of 'style,' has trained his soul, without any æsthetic torture, to look at and live in. And sometimes when benevolent people, whether on the part of the city or some private society, go in quest of objects of charity, they can get accommodated, of course. But let not even the priest expect to get to know and note down what, when the occasion arises, can be produced from the red box or the rafters, in rolls of greenbacks or deposit certificates for hundreds of dollars, and beyond. Flour,

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bread, meat, groceries, and the common sort of wearables, are comparatively very cheap; of even the beer this may be said, that it is 'werry fillin'' at the price, a dollar for a ten-gallon keg. So that if the Irish immigrants do not, after a couple of years, like others coming as poor as they are from other countries, own their houses and lots, free of all burden of rent for ever, it is because they do not set their minds on doing so. They are afraid, traditionally, of putting their savings anywhere but into the stocking or the bank. Being so accustomed to rent, they easily fall into renting still, and come in a few years to have paid out in rent for the passing use of a house as much as might have bought it outright or built one, free for ever; and again, seeing limitless ground lying idle around them or growing weeds, they cannot readily see the benefit of paying some hundreds of dollars, it may be, for a few square feet of it. They have on this account missed splendid opportunities. Even now, however, the poorest may begin to own their little places by aid of some safe building society. By the end of 1887 a good number of the assisted emigrants had bought and owned their houses and lots; and, after their example, and favoured by the continuous good wages and the temporary set-back in the price of real estate, doubtless a great many more will have done so by the end of this year.[1]

This *landed-proprietorship*, with all that it involves, is a great means of incorporating them into the social and civic life of the rest of the population. This is being done right along, even with the old. The close balance of the two political parties serves to hurry it up. The meetings for Church services, with the more old-settled and the natives, have strong influence in this direction. The young men or 'the greenhorns' need but a short time to get, in dress and speech and look, into 'the hang' of the country; the young women still less; it is marvellous how they brighten up and improve every way. With hardly an exception the girls of 'the Connemaras' are respected and trusted and treasured as wives or domestics. So with the little girls of the several families, even where their brothers are slovenly, or loafers and bad, they are cleanly and bright, and eager to go to school and church and Sunday-school, and everyway the peers of their best American coevals, or ahead of them, as I thought. In even the most poor-looking shanties there are abundant supplies of the very best kind of food: sacks of wheat-flour, loaves of the whitest bread (home-made and baker's), butter, groceries of the primest brand, meat, even fresh butcher's meat—more meat, and more belief in it, and more of the butcher's labour in it, than is good for the people's pockets and health. Not in the best hotels have I been able to sniff the full 'Oolong' aroma as from the black porcelain teapots in the shanties of the 'Connemaras.' That these want the 'best' is well known to the grocers, and it is got for them. I have no doubt they spend for groceries three or four times as much as others. The vast improvement in their condition is often heartily adverted to by the emigrants. They are not merely satisfied, but 'enthused' with the change. If any wish to see again Old Ireland it is as American tourists.

It would add unspeakably to the comfort and the start in life as well as the constant earning-power and the social standing of emigrants if, before leaving Ireland, they were posted on how to do and live and work here. Surely it would be possible, easy even, at fairs and pattens and church-service gatherings, by plain speech and object illustrations, to instruct the vast numbers destined to emigrate on how to do at this side, the males and the females in their several lines; how to get about building and fixing up a shanty, to manage the American stove, to cook and keep house economically. The pork gone for, and fetched from the butcher's at eight or ten cents the pound, could be bought in a dressed hog for three cents, or alive for two. And so of other things. The actual exhibition of the extra handful of heavy dollar-pieces to be secured in one month by handiness in cooking, baking, laundry-

[1] 'P.S.—Nov. 8, 1888. They have done so, one of them assured me yesterday: "There's hardly one now but what has got a lot in some shape."'

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work, &c., would wake up many an otherwise heedless girl to become in no time a proficient in all these, and able at this side to get anything she chose to ask in wages and general treatment. And so for other kinds of crafts. The genius of this country and the dearness of labour call for 'all-round' handiness. Dull German and Scandinavian boys will in a week or less qualify themselves to run a steam-heating engine, and thereby have open to them chances of forty-five dollars a month when, without this bit of knowledge, they would have to take only ten or fifteen dollars, or even be idle. Last spring, on a building in front of my house, Scandinavians and others were getting in the several lines of work from two dollars fifty cents up to seven dollars the day, the last for plain brick-setting; two Irishmen were at the painful, dangerous hod-carrying for only one dollar fifty cents. Women sometimes fall into the habit of daily beer-parties, for want of something to do, whilst they might have—only they have never contemplated the thing—regular rounds of little jobs at scrubbing and housework, and earn even more than their husbands. It is only some time after reaching America that they learn how other women do, and how they might do, but meantime they have settled down into doing nothing, and they stay there. And the drink, in view of the immense numbers always coming to America, and the all-in-all-ness here of sobriety, of total abstinence even—all the drink of the old country ought to be made bitter and nauseous, as with aloes, so as to utterly disgust and wean people from all desire or taste for it; or, better yet, the grain wasted to make it should be saved to stop hunger and the chronic wail of distress; and the manufacture of the worthless, mischievous thing should entirely cease.

In addition to the foregoing very interesting summary, Father Mahony gives a detailed report of visits recently paid to over fifty of our Connemara families in or near St. Paul. It would occupy far too much space to give his report of the whole, but the following cases, selected from among them, are fairly representative, and cannot, I think, be read without surprise, nay, even amazement at the extraordinarily rapid progress and wellbeing of these poor people.

No. 1.—T. F., notwithstanding that he brought with him from the old country a good deal of sickness in his family and a rather feeble constitution in himself, has already reached a quite independent position. His three girls, aged 21, 15, and 14, had places in the Ryan Hotel, one at fourteen dollars and the other two at twelve dollars each per month, with their board. One of his boys was what would be called down east and in the old country 'on service,' but is not called so here; he was 'hired out' with some gentleman in the city for fourteen dollars a month and board. And the boy worked by the day, at one dollar twenty-five cents per day. T. F. himself had constant work, summer and winter, at one dollar fifty cents per day. With his own and the young people's earnings he had bought, for 650 dollars, a lot and house. This house is thirty feet by twenty feet, has four or five separate apartments, snugly plastered, and comfortably and even neatly furnished; the front parlour an esquire need not be ashamed of. The house and furniture were insured for a thousand dollars.

No. 2.—A. O'D., with his three or four sons and one daughter, lives in the same block as T. F., in the north-western side of St. Paul. They have been doing very well. The girl helps the mother to keep house, and the boys and father work out. For about four months of the year they had been getting each two dollars a day, and the day, it should be understood, is from 7 A.M. to 6 P.M., with an hour off for dinner. In the shorter days of winter, work ceases at 5 or 4.30, and the pay drops to one dollar fifty cents or one dollar twenty-five cents. The O'D.'s had bought two lots, costing one 600 and the other 500 dollars, and had built and furnished a good storey-and-a-half house, twenty-four feet by sixteen feet, besides the

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kitchen. The young people's rather surprising backwardness in English at the start has been disappearing before the influence of the night-schools and other means of education. They are remarkably temperate and even 'teetotal.' And this is everything.

No. 3.—M. O'D. and his family have done bravely from the start; own—and in a good part of the city too—a lot and house, and have saved considerable money. They paid, a short time ago, the passage to St. Paul of a cousin, T. F. He, after his arrival, met a bad accident on the railroad, and had not yet got damages.

No. 4.—T. S. was still renting the house he occupied. Two of his daughters had married. The wages of himself and his unmarried children amounted altogether to 116 dollars the month, and were constant. Two of the boys worked in a shoe factory. This family is a solid acquisition to the Republic.

No. 5.—M. M'D, with a family of only young children, shows how rapidly a poor man, even only a labouring man, can attain independence. At the cost of seventy dollars he got himself a roomy house, with good yard and shed for his cows. From the milk of these—and their grass costs him nothing—his wife, besides keeping the family in milk and butter, sells eight quarts a day. The combined earnings of man and wife are sometimes over sixty dollars the month. They have bought a lot for 500 dollars, and are on the high road to wealth. They educate their children too.

No. 6.—T. L., wife, and six children first went to Pembroke, Canada, where he got work on the railroad at one dollar fifty cents the day, and his wife at washing at from seventy-five cents to a dollar the day, besides, on many a day, two dollars' worth in kind. But, with kindness on every hand and all sorts of prosperity, she was lonesome, and they came to St. Paul, where the eldest boy makes fifty cents a day, and the father, labouring for the city, nine or ten dollars the week, not missing four days in the twelvemonth. He is already 'independent.'

With him went to Pembroke: T. C. gone to Pittsburg, T. D. gone to Pittsburg, T. M. gone to Pittsburg and back to Ireland—though in Pembroke they had all found the utmost kindness.

No. 7.—T. O'T., wife, and six children, the younger ones going to school, the eldest son and the father making together from eighteen to twenty dollars a week throughout the year, and saving a good deal of money.

No. 8.—P. T. H. is a 'section boss' on railroad, with forty-five dollars a month and house free. He has bought a lot, and has quite a deal of money.

No. 9.—M. M., constant work at one dollar and fifty cents the day; has bought his lot and a house.

No. 10.—S. A. originally sent to Waseca, went to St. Paul, and from there, through the influence of Father K., went and settled on a corner of the latter's father's farm in Goodhue County, where he has had steady work, a comfortable home, and excellent educational opportunities for his children. He has been very lucky.

No. 11.—J. D. owns his lot and house in Waseca, and, with his boys M. and T., has constant work on the railroad at one dollar twenty-five cents, making, the three of them, one hundred dollars a month. His nephew C., who has married one of the Connemara girls, has the same kind of work and pay. The two youngest children go to school and are very bright. The whole family are 'doing very nicely,' Father C. says.

No. 12.—M. D. went with his family to a place about four miles from Waseca; there he now owns forty acres (freehold), and a house; his girls B. and M. have been very steady and helped him right along, whether at home or working out at eight or ten dollars a week. The boys get constant employment as hired helps to farmers around or at home, and have become bright dashing young men, peers of their best American coevals, and are going to be owners of fine homes, every one.

M. M.

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As I have carefully followed the words of this report of house-to-house visits my thoughts have naturally gone back to the wretched homes in which a few short years ago these emigrants lived—the cabins from whence issued this long procession of men and barefooted women and children who, clad in the coarse red and white flannel of the country, crowded around us begging for 'God's sake' to be helped to a country where they could earn the means of living. When, further, I recall that the garments in which they were clothed were often almost too poor and ragged to admit of their appearing before us decently; and that some even had to borrow from a more fortunate friend or neighbour the shawl or petticoat with which they were clothed; and that for all the emigrants it was necessary to provide, for the journey, clothing from head to foot; and when, in addition to this, I remember that their only food consisted of one or two poor meals per day of potatoes or 'yellow meal,' the contrast afforded by these accounts of happy, well-housed, well-clad, well-fed families—in many cases the owners of the house and land on which they are living—is indeed most striking. Truly the words of the Irish priest in Minnesota in 1888, quoted above, are a wonderful contrast to the words of the Irish priest of Connemara in 1880 who wrote: 'I say with all the energy of my existence, let the people leave in any and every way that may take them out of the slough of poverty and misery into which they are at present sunk.' Whatever drawbacks there may be in the present condition of these people—and doubtless these exist—the benefits conferred upon them morally, socially, and physically must, I think, have exceeded the most sanguine expectation of those who have assisted to bring about this marvellous transformation.

It may be that these pages will meet the eye of some of those who so generously came forward to assist in carrying out this very responsible undertaking, and if so I trust that the success here recorded will be a full recompense for the labour, thought, and pecuniary aid which they devoted to it. Among these my thoughts naturally revert to my late friend the Right Hon. W. E. Forster, than whom no one would have more heartily rejoiced in the success and wellbeing of these emigrants, for he it was who in the initial stages of the work gave it the prestige of his great position, and to whose influence it was very largely due that the effort was so willingly accepted and joined in by others. Nor was this interest on his part confined to the commencement of the work, for during each stage of its progress Mr. Forster devoted no small amount of both time and money to ensure its success.

The question may not unnaturally be asked, why assisted family emigration from the congested districts of Ireland, crowned as it has been with so large a measure of success, should suddenly have ceased, as it did in 1885? The answer to this is, alas! to be found in the fact that a political party has, for its own ends, barred the way to any fur-

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ther advances in this direction. It has not arisen from want of funds; for, since 1885, there has remained in the treasury as 'a talent hid in a napkin' a balance not far short of 20,000*l.*, voted by Parliament for assisting emigration from the congested districts of Ireland, every penny of which might have been most advantageously expended in sending out would-be emigrants.

Neither has it arisen from unwillingness on the part of the Irish people to emigrate; for notwithstanding the repeated assurances of those who claim to represent Irish opinion both in and out of Parliament, that 'emigration is opposed to the wishes and genius of the Irish people,' the very numerous applications which I have received each year since 1885 assure me that thousands might by this time have been added to those who, like the 'Connemaras' of St. Paul, have become 'most important additions to the community.'

The strongest proof, however, of the earnest determination of the people to emigrate is perhaps that which has been shown during the past few weeks by the exodus to South America of many hundreds of families, attracted thither by the offer of free passages from the government of the Argentine Republic. In this case the people are willing to leave for a country where the language, customs, and government are wholly foreign, and without any previous acquaintance through their friends with the land of their adoption.

For, spite of the large emigration which has during late years taken place from Ireland, as a whole, the number leaving the congested districts has been—as it must ever be without aid—very small; and as a consequence, the population in certain parishes is actually increasing. It must never be forgotten, in connection with these congested districts of Ireland, that if for the moment a good crop of potatoes prevents any serious outcry of want, still even one wet or stormy season (as in 1880 and 1885) may again place thousands of tenants on these small holdings of land in the west on the very verge of starvation. This fact ought ever to be kept in view by those responsible for the government of the country, viz. that it is impossible for these small tenants, as they are at present circumstanced, to improve their permanent condition, and that the failure of the potato crop will to-day, as in the past, bring with it starvation, misery, and outcry.

J. H. Tuke.

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THE VALUE OF WITNESS TO THE MIRACULOUS.

CHARLES, or, more properly, Karl, King of the Franks, consecrated Roman Emperor in St. Peter's, on Christmas Day, A.D. 800, and known to posterity as the Great (chiefly by his agglutinative Gallicised denomination of Charlemagne), was a man great in all ways, physically and mentally. Within a couple of centuries after his death Charlemagne became the centre of innumerable legends; and the myth-making process does not seem to have been sensibly interfered with by the existence of sober and truthful histories of the Emperor and of the times which immediately preceded and followed his reign, by a contemporary writer who occupied a high and confidential position in his court, and in that of his successor. This was one Eginhard, or Einhard, who appears to have been born about A.D. 770, and spent his youth at the court, being educated along with Charles's sons. There is excellent contemporary testimony not only to Eginhard's existence, but to his abilities, and to the place which he occupied in the circle of the intimate friends of the great ruler whose life he subsequently wrote. In fact, there is as good evidence of Eginhard's existence, of his official position, and of his being the author of the chief works attributed to him, as can reasonably be expected in the case of a man who lived more than a thousand years ago, and was neither a great king nor a great warrior. These works are —1. *The Life of the Emperor Karl.* 2. *The Annals of the Franks.* 3. *Letters.* 4. *The History of the Translation of the Blessed Martyrs of Christ, SS. Marcellinus and Petrus.*

It is to the last, as one of the most singular and interesting records of the period during which the Roman world passed into that of the Middle Ages, that I wish to direct attention.[1] It was written in the ninth century, somewhere, apparently, about the year 830, when Eginhard, ailing in health and weary of political life, had withdrawn to the monastery of Seligenstadt, of which he was the founder. A manuscript copy of the work, made in the tenth century, and once

[1] My citations are made from Teulet's *Einhardi omnia quæ extant opera*, Paris, 1840–1843, which contains a biography of the author, a history of the text, with translations into French, and many valuable annotations.

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the property of the Monastery of St. Bavon on the Scheldt, of which Eginhard was Abbot, is still extant, and there is no reason to believe that, in this copy, the original has been in any way interpolated or otherwise tampered with. The main features of the strange story contained in the *Historia Translationis* are set forth in the following pages, in which, in regard to all matters of importance, I shall adhere as closely as possible to Eginhard's own words:—

While I was still at court, busied with secular affairs, I often thought of the leisure which I hoped one day to enjoy in a solitary place, far away from the crowd, with which the liberality of Prince Louis, whom I then served, had provided me. This place is situated in that part of Germany which lies between the Neckar and the Maine,[2] and is nowadays called the Odenwald by those who live in and about it. And here having built, according to my capacity and resources, not only houses and permanent dwellings, but also a basilica fitted for the performance of divine service and of no mean style of construction, I began to think to what saint or martyr I could best dedicate it. A good deal of time had passed while my thoughts fluctuated about this matter, when it happened that a certain deacon of the Roman Church, named Deusdona, arrived at the court for the purpose of seeking the favour of the King in some affairs in which he was interested. He remained some time; and then, having transacted his business, he was about to return to Rome, when one day, moved by courtesy to a stranger, we invited him to a modest refection; and while talking of many things at table, mention was made of the translation of the body of the blessed Sebastian,[3] and of the neglected tombs of the martyrs, of which there is such a prodigious number at Rome; and the conversation having turned towards the dedication of our new basilica, I began to inquire how it might be possible for me to obtain some of the true relics of the saints which rest at Rome. He at first hesitated, and declared that he did not know how that could be done. But observing that I was both anxious and curious about the subject, he promised to give me an answer some other day.

When I returned to the question, some time afterwards, he immediately drew from his bosom a paper, which he begged me to read when I was alone, and to tell him what I was disposed to think of that which was therein stated. I took the paper and, as he desired, read it alone and in secret. (Cap. i. 2, 3.)

I shall have occasion to return to Deacon Deusdona's conditions and to what happened after Eginhard's acceptance of them. Suffice it, for the present, to say that Eginhard's notary, Ratleicus (Ratleig), was despatched to Rome and succeeded in securing two bodies, supposed to be those of the holy martyrs Marcellinus and Petrus; and when he had got as far on his homeward journey as the Burgundian town of Solothurn or Soleure,[4] notary Ratleig despatched to his master, at S. Bavon, a letter announcing the success of his mission.

As soon as by reading it I was assured of the arrival of the saints, I despatched a confidential messenger to Maestricht, to gather together priests, other clerics, and also laymen, to go out to meet the coming saints as speedily as possible. And he

[2] At present included in the Duchies of Hesse-Darmstadt and Baden.

[3] This took place in the year 826 A.D. The relics were brought from Rome and deposited in the Church of St. Medardus at Soissons.

[4] Now included in Western Switzerland.

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and his companions, having lost no time, after a few days met those who had charge of the saints at Solothurn. Joined with them, and with a vast crowd of people who gathered from all parts, singing hymns, and amidst great and universal rejoicings, they travelled quickly to the city of Argentoratum which is now called Strasburg. Thence embarking on the Rhine they came to the place called Portus,[5] and landing on the east bank of the river, at the fifth station thence they arrived at Michilinstadt,[6] accompanied by an immense multitude, praising God. This place is in that forest of Germany which in modern times is called the Odenwald, and about six leagues from the Main. And here, having found a basilica recently built by me, but not yet consecrated, they carried the sacred remains into it and deposited them therein, as if it were to be their final resting-place. As soon as all this was reported to me I travelled thither as quickly as I could. (Cap. ii. 14.)

Three days after Eginhard's arrival began the series of wonderful events which he narrates, and for which we have his personal guarantee. The first thing that he notices is the dream of a servant of Ratleig the notary, who, being set to watch the holy relics in the church after vespers, went to sleep, and during his slumbers had a vision of two pigeons, one white and one grey and white, which came and sat upon the bier over the relics; while, at the same time, a voice ordered the man to tell his master that the holy martyrs had chosen another resting-place and desired to be transported thither without delay.

Unfortunately, the saints seem to have forgotten to mention where they wished to go, and, with the most anxious desire to gratify their smallest wishes, Eginhard was naturally greatly perplexed what to do. While in this state of mind, he was one day contemplating his 'great and wonderful treasure, more precious than all the gold in the world,' when it struck him that the chest in which the relics were contained was quite unworthy of its contents; and after vespers he gave orders to one of the sacristans to take the measure of the chest in order that a more fitting shrine might be constructed. The man, having lighted a wax candle and raised the pall which covered the relics, in order to carry out his master's orders, was astonished and terrified to observe that the chest was covered with a blood-like exudation (*loculum mirum in modum humore sanguineo undique distillantem*), and at once sent a message to Eginhard.

Then I and those priests who accompanied me beheld this stupendous miracle, worthy of all admiration. For just as when it is going to rain, pillars and slabs and marble images exude moisture and, as it were, sweat, so the chest which contained the most sacred relics was found moist with the blood exuding on all sides. (Cap. ii. 16.)

Three days' fast was ordained in order that the meaning of the portent might be ascertained. All that happened, however, was that at the end of that time the 'blood,' which had been exuding in drops

[5] Probably, according to Teulet, the present Sandhofer-fahrt, a little below the embouchure of the Neckar.

[6] The present Michilstadt, thirty miles N.E. of Heidelberg.

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all the while, dried up. Eginhard is careful to say that the liquid 'had a saline taste, something like that of tears, and was thin as water, though of the colour of true blood,' and he clearly thinks this satisfactory evidence that it was blood.

The same night another servant had a vision, in which still more imperative orders for the removal of the relics were given; and, from that time forth, 'not a single night passed without one, two, or even three of our companions receiving revelations in dreams that the bodies of the saints were to be transferred from that place to another.' At last a priest, Hildfrid, saw, in a dream, a venerable white-haired man in a priest's vestments, who bitterly reproached Eginhard for not obeying the repeated orders of the saints, and upon this the journey was commenced. Why Eginhard delayed obedience to these repeated visions so long does not appear. He does not say so in so many words, but the general tenor of the narrative leads one to suppose that Mulinheim (afterwards Seligenstadt) is the 'solitary place' in which he had built the church which awaited dedication. In that case all the people about him would know that he desired that the saints should go there. If a glimmering of secular sense led him to be a little suspicious about the real cause of the unanimity of the visionary beings who manifested themselves to his *entourage* in favour of moving on, he does not say so.

At the end of the first day's journey the precious relics were deposited in the church of St. Martin, in the village of Ostheim. Hither a paralytic nun (*sanctimonialis quædam paralytica*) of the name of Ruodlang was brought in a car by her friends and relatives from a monastery a league off. She spent the night watching and praying by the bier of the saints; 'and health returning to all her members, on the morrow she went back to her place whence she came, on her feet, nobody supporting her, or in any way giving her assistance.' (Cap. ii. 19.)

On the second day the relics were carried to Upper Mulinheim, and finally, in accordance with the orders of the martyrs, deposited in the church of that place, which was therefore renamed Seligenstadt. Here, Daniel, a beggar boy of fifteen, and so bent that 'he could not look at the sky without lying on his back,' collapsed and fell down during the celebration of the Mass. 'Thus he lay a long time, as if asleep, and all his limbs straightening and his flesh strengthening (*recepta firmitate nervorum*), he arose before our eyes, quite well.' (Cap. ii. 20.)

Some time afterwards an old man entered the church on his hands and knees, being unable to use his limbs properly:—

> He, in the presence of all of us, by the power of God and the merits of the blessed martyrs, in the same hour in which he entered was so perfectly cured that he walked without so much as a stick. And he said that, though he had been deaf for five years, his deafness had ceased along with the palsy. (Cap. iii. 33.)

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Eginhard was now obliged to return to the court at Aix-la-Chapelle, where his duties kept him through the winter; and he is careful to point out that the later miracles which he proceeds to speak of are known to him only at second hand. But, as he naturally observes, having seen such wonderful events with his own eyes, why should he doubt similar narrations when they are received from trustworthy sources?

Wonderful stories these are indeed, but as they are, for the most part, of the same general character as those already recounted, they may be passed over. There is, however, an account of a possessed maiden which is worth attention.

This is set forth in a memoir, the principal contents of which are the speeches of a demon who declared that he possessed the singular appellation of 'Wiggo,' and revealed himself in the presence of many witnesses, before the altar, close to the relics of the blessed martyrs. It is noteworthy that the revelations appear to have been made in the shape of replies to the questions of the exorcising priest, and there is no means of judging how far the answers are really only the questions to which the patient replied yes or no.

The possessed girl, about sixteen years of age, was brought by her parents to the basilica of the martyrs.

When she approached the tomb containing the sacred bodies, the priest, according to custom, read the formula of exorcism over her head. When he began to ask how and when the demon had entered her, she answered, not in the tongue of the barbarians, which alone the girl knew, but in the Roman tongue. And when the priest was astonished and asked how she came to know Latin, when her parents, who stood by, were wholly ignorant of it, 'Thou hast never seen my parents,' was the reply. To this the priest, 'Whence art thou, then, if these are not thy parents?' And the demon, by the mouth of the girl, 'I am a follower and disciple of Satan, and for a long time I was gatekeeper (janitor) in hell; but, for some years, along with eleven companions, I have ravaged the kingdom of the Franks.' (Cap. v. 49.)

He then goes on to tell how they blasted the crops and scattered pestilence among beasts and men, because of the prevalent wickedness of the people.[7]

The enumeration of all these iniquities, in oratorical style, takes up a whole octavo page; and at the end it is stated, 'All these things the demon spoke in Latin by the mouth of the girl.'

And when the priest imperatively ordered him to come out, 'I shall go,' said he, 'not in obedience to you, but on account of the power of the saints, who do not allow me to remain any longer.' And, having said this, he threw the girl down on the floor and there compelled her to lie prostrate for a time, as though she slumbered. After a little while, however, he going away, the girl, by the power of Christ and the merits of the blessed martyrs, as it were awakening from sleep, rose up quite well, to the astonishment of all present; nor after the demon had gone out was she able to speak Latin: so that it was plain enough that it was not she who had spoken in that tongue, but the demon by her mouth. (Cap. v. 51.)

[7] In the Middle Ages one of the most favourite accusations against witches was that they committed just these enormities.

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If the *Historia Translationis* contained nothing more than has been, at present, laid before the reader, disbelief in the miracles of which it gives so precise and full a record might well be regarded as hyper-scepticism. It might fairly be said, Here you have a man, whose high character, acute intelligence, and large instruction are certified by eminent contemporaries; a man who stood high in the confidence of one of the greatest rulers of any age, and whose other works prove him to be an accurate and judicious narrator of ordinary events. This man tells you, in language which bears the stamp of sincerity, of things which happened within his own knowledge, or within that of persons in whose veracity he has entire confidence, while he appeals to his sovereign and the court as witnesses of others; what possible ground can there be for disbelieving him?

Well, it is hard upon Eginhard to say so, but it is exactly the honesty and sincerity of the man which are his undoing as a witness to the miraculous. He himself makes it quite obvious that when his profound piety comes on the stage, his good sense and even his perception of right and wrong make their exit. Let us go back to the point at which we left him, secretly perusing the letter of Deacon Deusdona. As he tells us, its contents were

> that he [the deacon] had many relics of saints at home, and that he would give them to me if I would furnish him with the means of returning to Rome; he had observed that I had two mules, and if I would let him have one of them and would despatch with him a confidential servant to take charge of the relics, he would at once send them to me. This plausibly expressed proposition pleased me, and I made up my mind to test the value of the somewhat ambiguous promise at once;[8] so giving him the mule and money for his journey I ordered my notary Ratleig (who already desired to go to Rome to offer his devotions there) to go with him. Therefore, having left Aix-la-Chapelle (where the Emperor and his court resided at the time) they came to Soissons. Here they spoke with Hildoin, abbot of the monastery of St. Medardus, because the said deacon had assured him that he had the means of placing in his possession the body of the blessed Tiburtius the Martyr. Attracted by which promises he (Hildoin) sent with them a certain priest, Hunus by name, a sharp man (*hominem callidum*), whom he ordered to receive and bring back the body of the martyr in question. And so, resuming their journey, they proceeded to Rome as fast as they could. (Cap. i. 3.)

Unfortunately, a servant of the notary, one Reginbald, fell ill of a tertian fever, and impeded the progress of the party. However, this piece of adversity had its sweet uses; for three days before they reached Rome, Reginbald had a vision. Somebody habited as a deacon appeared to him and asked why his master was in such a hurry to get to Rome; and when Reginbald explained their business, this visionary deacon, who seems to have taken the measure of his brother in the flesh with some accuracy, told him not by any means to expect that Deusdona would fulfil his promises. More-

[8] It is pretty clear that Eginhard had his doubts about the deacon, whose pledge he qualifies as *sponsiones incertæ*. But, to be sure, he wrote after events which fully justified scepticism.

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over, taking the servant by the hand, he led him to the top of a high mountain and, showing him Rome (where the man had never been), pointed out a church, adding, 'Tell Ratleig the thing he wants is hidden there; let him get it as quickly as he can and go back to his master;' and, by way of a sign that the order was authoritative, the servant was promised that from that time forth his fever should disappear. And as the fever did vanish to return no more, the faith of Eginhard's people in Deacon Deusdona naturally vanished with it (*et fidem diaconi promissis non haberent*). Nevertheless, they put up at the deacon's house near St. Peter ad Vincula. But time went on and no relics made their appearance, while the notary and the priest were put off with all sorts of excuses—the brother to whom the relics had been confided was gone to Beneventum and not expected back for some time, and so on—until Ratleig and Hunus began to despair, and were minded to return, *infecto negotio.*

But my notary, calling to mind his servant's dream, proposed to his companion that they should go to the cemetery which their host had talked about without him. So, having found and hired a guide, they went in the first place to the basilica of the blessed Tiburtius in the Via Labicana, about three thousand paces from the town, and cautiously and carefully inspected the tomb of that martyr, in order to discover whether it could be opened without any one being the wiser. Then they descended into the adjoining crypt, in which the bodies of the blessed martyrs of Christ, Marcellinus and Petrus, were buried; and, having made out the nature of their tomb, they went away thinking their host would not know what they had been about. But things fell out differently from what they had imagined. (Cap. i. 7.)

In fact, Deacon Deusdona, who doubtless kept an eye on his guests, knew all about their manœuvres and made haste to offer his services, in order that, 'with the help of God' (*si Deus votis eorum favere dignaretur*), they should all work together. The deacon was evidently alarmed lest they should succeed without *his* help.

So, by way of preparation for the contemplated *vol avec effraction*, they fasted three days; and then, at night, without being seen, they betook themselves to the basilica of St. Tiburtius, and tried to break open the altar erected over his remains. But the marble proving too solid, they descended to the crypt, and 'having invoked our Lord Jesus Christ and adored the holy martyrs,' they proceeded to prise off the stone which covered the tomb, and thereby exposed the body of the most sacred martyr Marcellinus, 'whose head rested on a marble tablet on which his name was inscribed.' The body was taken up with the greatest veneration, wrapped in a rich covering, and given over to the keeping of the deacon and his brother, Lunison, while the stone was replaced with such care that no sign of the theft remained.

As sacrilegious proceedings of this kind were punishable with death by the Roman law, it seems not unnatural that Deacon Deus-

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dona should have become uneasy, and have urged Ratleig to be satisfied with what he had got and be off with his spoils. But the notary having thus cleverly captured the blessed Marcellinus, thought it a pity he should be parted from the blessed Petrus, side by side with whom he had rested for five hundred years and more in the same sepulchre (as Eginhard pathetically observes); and the pious man could neither eat, drink, nor sleep, until he had compassed his desire to re-unite the saintly colleagues. This time, apparently in consequence of Deusdona's opposition to any further resurrectionist doings, he took counsel with a Greek monk, one Basil, and, accompanied by Hunus, but saying nothing to Deusdona, they committed another sacrilegious burglary, securing this time, not only the body of the blessed Petrus, but a quantity of dust, which they agreed the priest should take, and tell his employer that it was the remains of the blessed Tiburtius.

How Deusdona was 'squared,' and what he got for his not very valuable complicity in these transactions, does not appear. But at last the relics were sent off in charge of Lunison, the brother of Deusdona, and the priest Hunus, as far as Pavia, while Ratleig stopped behind for a week to see if the robbery was discovered, and, presumably, to act as a blind if any hue and cry were raised. But, as everything remained quiet, the notary betook himself to Pavia, where he found Lunison and Hunus awaiting his arrival. The notary's opinion of the character of his worthy colleagues, however, may be gathered from the fact that, having persuaded them to set out in advance along a road which he told them he was about to take, he immediately adopted another route, and, travelling by way of St. Maurice and the Lake of Geneva, eventually reached Soleure.

Eginhard tells all this story with the most naïve air of unconsciousness that there is anything remarkable about an abbot, and a high officer of state to boot, being an accessory both before and after the fact to a most gross and scandalous act of sacrilegious and burglarious robbery. And an amusing sequel to the story proves that, where relics were concerned, his friend Hildoin, another high ecclesiastical dignitary, was even less scrupulous than himself.

On going to the palace early one morning, after the saints were safely bestowed at Seligenstadt, he found Hildoin waiting for an audience in the Emperor's antechamber, and began to talk to him about the miracle of the bloody exudation. In the course of conversation, Eginhard happened to allude to the remarkable fineness of the garment of the blessed Marcellinus. Whereupon Abbot Hildoin replied (to Eginhard's stupefaction) that his observation was quite correct. Much astonished at this remark from a person who was supposed not to have seen the relics, Eginhard asked him how he knew that? Upon this, Hildoin saw that he had better make a clean breast of it, and he told the following story, which he had

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received from his priestly agent, Hunus. While Hunus and Lunison were at Pavia, waiting for Eginhard's notary, Hunus (according to his own account) had robbed the robbers. The relics were placed in a church and a number of laymen and clerics, of whom Hunus was one, undertook to keep watch over them. One night, however, all the watchers, save the wide-awake Hunus, went to sleep; and then, according to the story which this 'sharp' ecclesiastic foisted upon his patron,

it was borne in upon his mind that there must be some great reason why all the people, except himself, had suddenly become somnolent; and, determining to avail himself of the opportunity thus offered (*oblata occasione utendum*), he rose and, having lighted a candle, silently approached the chests. Then, having burnt through the threads of the seals with the flame of the candle, he quickly opened the chests, which had no locks;[9] and, taking out portions of each of the bodies which were thus exposed, he closed the chests and connected the burnt ends of the threads with the seals again, so that they appeared not to have been touched; and, no one having seen him, he returned to his place. (Cap. iii. 23.)

Hildoin went on to tell Eginhard that Hunus at first declared to him that these purloined relics belonged to St. Tiburtius; but afterwards confessed, as a great secret, how he had come by them, and he wound up his discourse thus:

They have a place of honour beside St. Medardus, where they are worshipped with great veneration by all the people; but whether we may keep them or not is for your judgment. (Cap. iii. 23.)

Poor Eginhard was thrown into a state of great perturbation of mind by this revelation. An acquaintance of his had recently told him of a rumour that was spread about, that Hunus had contrived to abstract *all* the remains of SS. Marcellinus and Petrus while Eginhard's agents were in a drunken sleep; and that, while the real relics were in Abbot Hildoin's hands at St. Medardus, the shrine at Seligenstadt contained nothing but a little dust. Though greatly annoyed by this 'execrable rumour, spread everywhere by the subtlety of the devil,' Eginhard had doubtless comforted himself by his supposed knowledge of its falsity, and he only now discovered how considerable a foundation there was for the scandal. There was nothing for it but to insist upon the return of the stolen treasures. One would have thought that the holy man, who had admitted himself to be knowingly a receiver of stolen goods, would have made instant restitution and begged only for absolution. But Eginhard intimates that he had very great difficulty in getting his brother abbot to see that even restitution was necessary.

Hildoin's proceedings were not of such a nature as to lead any one to place implicit trust in anything he might say; still less had his agent, priest Hunus, established much claim to confidence; and it is

[9] The words are *scrinia sine clave*, which seem to mean 'having no key.' But the circumstances forbid the idea of breaking open.

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not surprising that Eginhard should have lost no time in summoning his notary and Lunison to his presence, in order that he might hear what they had to say about the business. They, however, at once protested that priest Hunus' story was a parcel of lies, and that after the relics left Rome no one had any opportunity of meddling with them. Moreover, Lunison, throwing himself at Eginhard's feet, confessed with many tears what actually took place. It will be remembered that after the body of St. Marcellinus was abstracted from its tomb, Ratleig deposited it in the house of Deusdona, in charge of the latter's brother, Lunison. But Hunus, being very much disappointed that he could not get hold of the body of St. Tiburtius, and afraid to go back to his abbot empty-handed, bribed Lunison with four pieces of gold and five of silver to give him access to the chest. This Lunison did, and Hunus helped himself to as much as would fill a gallon measure (*vas sextarii mensuram*) of the sacred remains. Eginhard's indignation at the 'rapine' of this 'nequissimus nebulo' is exquisitely droll. It would appear that the adage about the receiver being as bad as the thief was not current in the ninth century.

Let us now briefly sum up the history of the acquisition of the relics. Eginhard makes a contract with Deusdona for the delivery of certain relics which the latter says he possesses. Eginhard makes no inquiry how he came by them; otherwise, the transaction is innocent enough.

Deusdona turns out to be a swindler, and has no relics. Thereupon Eginhard's agent, after due fasting and prayer, breaks open the tombs and helps himself.

Eginhard discovers by the self-betrayal of his brother abbot, Hildoin, that portions of his relics have been stolen and conveyed to the latter. With much ado he succeeds in getting them back.

Hildoin's agent, Hunus, in delivering these stolen goods to him, at first declared they were the relics of St. Tiburtius, which Hildoin desired him to obtain; but afterwards invented a story of their being the product of a theft, which the providential drowsiness of his companions enabled him to perpetrate from the relics which Hildoin well knew were the property of his friend.

Lunison, on the contrary, swears that all this story is false, and that he himself was bribed by Hunus to allow him to steal what he pleased from the property confided to his own and his brother's care by their guest Ratleig. And the honest notary himself seems to have no hesitation about lying and stealing to any extent, where the acquisition of relics is the object in view.

For a parallel to these transactions one must read a police report of the doings of a 'long firm' or of a set of horse-coupers; yet Eginhard seems to be aware of nothing, but that he has been rather

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badly used by his friend Hildoin, and the 'nequissimus nebulo' Hunus.

It is not easy for a modern Protestant, still less for any one who has the least tincture of scientific culture, whether physical or historical, to picture to himself the state of mind of a man of the ninth century, however cultivated, enlightened, and sincere he may have been. His deepest convictions, his most cherished hopes, were bound up with the belief in the miraculous. Life was a constant battle between saints and demons for the possession of the souls of men. The most superstitious among our modern countrymen turn to supernatural agencies only when natural causes seem insufficient; to Eginhard and his friends the supernatural was the rule, and the sufficiency of natural causes was allowed only when there was nothing to suggest others.

Moreover, it must be recollected that the possession of miracle-working relics was greatly coveted, not only on high, but on very low grounds. To a man like Eginhard, the mere satisfaction of the religious sentiment was obviously a powerful attraction. But, more than this, the possession of such a treasure was an immense practical advantage. If the saints were duly flattered and worshipped, there was no telling what benefits might result from their interposition on your behalf. For physical evils, access to the shrine was like the grant of the use of a universal pill and ointment manufactory; and pilgrimages thereto might suffice to cleanse the performers from any amount of sin. A letter to Lupus, subsequently Abbot of Ferrara, written while Eginhard was smarting under the grief caused by the loss of his much-loved wife Imma, affords a striking insight into the current view of the relation between the glorified saints and their worshippers. The writer shows that he is anything but satisfied with the way in which he has been treated by the blessed martyrs whose remains he has taken such pains to 'convey' to Seligenstadt, and to honour there as they would never have been honoured in their Roman obscurity.

> It is an aggravation of my grief and a reopening of my wound, that our vows have been of no avail, and that the faith which we placed in the merits and intervention of the martyrs has been utterly disappointed.

We may admit, then, without impeachment of Eginhard's sincerity, or of his honour under all ordinary circumstances, that when piety, self-interest, the glory of the Church in general, and that of the Church at Seligenstadt in particular, all pulled one way, even the workaday principles of morality were disregarded; and, *à fortiori*, anything like proper investigation of the reality of alleged miracles was thrown to the winds.

And if this was the condition of mind of such a man as Eginhard, what is it not legitimate to suppose may have been that of Deacon Deusdona, Lunison, Hunus, and Company, thieves and cheats by their own confession; or of the probably hysterical nun; or of the

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professional beggars, for whose incapacity to walk and straighten themselves there is no guarantee but their own? Who is to make sure that the exorcist of the demon Wiggo was not just such another priest as Hunus; and is it not at least possible, when Eginhard's servants dreamed night after night in such a curiously coincident fashion, that a careful inquirer might have found they were very anxious to please their master?

Quite apart from deliberate and conscious fraud (which is a rarer thing than is often supposed), people whose mythopœic faculty is once stirred are capable of saying the thing that is not, and of acting as they should not, to an extent which is hardly imaginable by persons who are not so easily affected by the contagion of blind faith. There is no falsity so gross that honest men and, still more, virtuous women, anxious to promote a good cause, will not lend themselves to it without any clear consciousness of the moral bearings of what they are doing.

The cases of miraculously effected cures of which Eginhard is ocular witness appear to belong to classes of disease in which malingering is possible or hysteria presumable. Without modern means of diagnosis, the names given to them are quite worthless. One 'miracle,' however, in which the patient was cured by the mere sight of the church in which the relics of the blessed martyrs lay, is an unmistakable case of dislocation of the lower jaw in a woman; and it is obvious that, as not unfrequently happens in such accidents to weakly subjects, the jaw slipped suddenly back into place, perhaps in consequence of a jolt, as the woman rode towards the church. (Cap. v. 53).[10]

There is also a good deal said about a very questionable blind man—one Albricus (Alberich?)—who, having been cured, not of his blindness, but of another disease under which he laboured, took up his quarters at Seligenstadt, and came out as a prophet, inspired by the Archangel Gabriel. Eginhard intimates that his prophecies were fulfilled; but as he does not state exactly what they were or how they were accomplished, the statement must be accepted with much caution. It is obvious that he was not the man to hesitate to 'ease' a prophecy until it fitted, if the credit of the shrine of his favourite saints could be increased by such a procedure. There is no impeachment of his honour in the supposition. The logic of the matter is quite simple, if somewhat sophistical. The holiness of the church of the martyrs guarantees the reality of the appearance of the Archangel Gabriel there, and what the archangel says must be true. Therefore, if anything seem to be wrong, that must be the mistake

[10] Eginhard speaks with lofty contempt of the 'vana ac superstitiosa præsumptio' of the poor woman's companions in trying to alleviate her sufferings with 'herbs and frivolous incantations.' Vain enough, no doubt, but the 'mulierculæ' might have returned the epithet 'superstitious' with interest.

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of the transmitter; and, in justice to the archangel, it must be suppressed or set right. This sort of 'reconciliation' is not unknown in quite modern times, and among people who would be very much shocked to be compared with a 'benighted papist' of the ninth century.

The readers of this Review are, I imagine, very largely composed of people who would be shocked to be regarded as anything but enlightened Protestants. It is not unlikely that those of them who have accompanied me thus far may be disposed to say, 'Well, this is all very amusing as a story; but what is the practical interest of it? We are not likely to believe in the miracles worked by the spolia of SS. Marcellinus and Petrus, or by those of any other saints in the Roman Calendar.'

The practical interest is this: if you do not believe in these miracles, recounted by a witness whose character and competency are firmly established, whose sincerity cannot be doubted, and who appeals to his sovereign and other contemporaries as witnesses of the truth of what he says, in a document of which an MS. copy exists, probably dating within a century of the author's death, why do you profess to believe in stories of a like character which are found in documents, of the dates and of the authorship of which nothing is certainly determined, and no known copies of which come within two or three centuries of the events they record? If it be true that the four Gospels and the Acts were written by Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, all that we know of these persons comes to nothing in comparison with our knowledge of Eginhard; and not only is there no proof that the traditional authors of these works wrote them, but very strong reasons to the contrary may be alleged. If, therefore, you refuse to believe that 'Wiggo' was cast out of the possessed girl on Eginhard's authority, with what justice can you profess to believe that the legion of devils were cast out of the man among the tombs of the Gadarenes? And if, on the other hand, you accept Eginhard's evidence, why do you laugh at the supposed efficacy of relics and the saint-worship of the modern Romanists? It cannot be pretended, in the face of all evidence, that the Jews of the year 30, or thereabouts, were less imbued with the belief in the supernatural than were the Franks of the year A.D. 800. The same influences were at work in each case, and it is only reasonable to suppose that the results were the same. If the evidence of Eginhard is insufficient to lead reasonable men to believe in the miracles he relates, *à fortiori* the evidence afforded by the Gospels and the Acts must be so.[11]

But it may be said that no serious critic denies the genuineness

[11] Of course there is nothing new in this argument; but it does not grow weaker by age. And the case of Eginhard is far more instructive than that of Augustine, because the former has so very frankly, though incidentally, revealed to us, not only his own mental and moral habits, but those of the people about him.

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of the four great Pauline Epistles—Galatians, First and Second Corinthians, and Romans—and that, in three out of these four, Paul lays claim to the power of working miracles.[12] Must we suppose therefore that the Apostle to the Gentiles has stated that which is false? But to how much does this so-called claim amount? It may mean much or little. Paul nowhere tells us what he did in this direction, and, in his sore need to justify his assumption of apostleship against the sneers of his enemies, it is hardly likely that, if he had any very striking cases to bring forward, he would have neglected evidence so well calculated to put them to shame.

And, without the slightest impeachment of Paul's veracity, we must further remember that his strongly marked mental characteristics, displayed in unmistakable fashion in these Epistles, are anything but those which would justify us in regarding him as a critical witness respecting matters of fact, or as a trustworthy interpreter of their significance. When a man testifies to a miracle, he not only states a fact, but he adds an interpretation of the fact. We may admit his evidence as to the former, and yet think his opinion as to the latter worthless. If Eginhard's calm and objective narrative of the historical events of his time is no guarantee for the soundness of his judgment where the supernatural is concerned, the fervid rhetoric of the Apostle of the Gentiles, his absolute confidence in the 'inner light,' and the extraordinary conceptions of the nature and requirements of logical proof which he betrays in page after page of his Epistles, afford still less security.

There is a comparatively modern man who shared to the full Paul's trust in the 'inner light,' and who, though widely different from the fiery evangelist of Tarsus in various obvious particulars, yet, if I am not mistaken, shares his deepest characteristics. I speak of George Fox, who separated himself from the current Protestantism of England in the seventeenth century as Paul separated himself from the Judaism of the first century, at the bidding of the 'inner light'—who went through persecutions as serious as those which Paul enumerates, who was beaten, stoned, cast out for dead, imprisoned nine times, sometimes for long periods, in perils on land and perils at sea. George Fox was an even more widely travelled missionary, and his success in founding congregations, and his energy in visiting them, not merely in Great Britain and Ireland and the West India Islands, but on the continent of Europe and that of North America, was no less remarkable. A few years after Fox began to preach there were reckoned to be a thousand Friends in prison in the various gaols of England; at his death, less than fifty years after the foundation of the sect, there were 70,000 of them in the United Kingdom. The cheerfulness with which these people—women as well as men—underwent martyrdom

[12] See 1 Cor. xii. 10–28; 2 Cor. vi. 12; Rom. xv. 19.

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in this country and in the New England States is one of the most remarkable facts in the history of religion.

No one who reads the voluminous autobiography of 'Honest George' can doubt the man's utter truthfulness; and though, in his multitudinous letters, he but rarely rises far above the incoherent commonplaces of a street preacher, there can be no question of his power as a speaker, nor any doubt as to the dignity and attractiveness of his personality, or of his possession of a large amount of practical good sense and governing faculty.

But that George Fox had full faith in his own powers as a miracle-worker, the following passage of his autobiography (to which others might be added) demonstrates:—

> Now after I was set at liberty from Nottingham gaol (where I had been kept prisoner a pretty long time) I travelled as before, in the work of the Lord. And coming to Mansfield Woodhouse, there was a distracted woman under a doctor's hand, with her hair let loose all about her ears; and he was about to let her blood, she being first bound, and many people being about her, holding her by violence; but he could get no blood from her. And I desired them to unbind her and let her alone; for they could not touch the spirit in her by which she was tormented. So they did unbind her, and I was moved to speak to her, and in the name of the Lord to bid her be quiet and still. And she was so. And the Lord's power settled her mind and she mended; and afterwards received the truth and continued in it to her death. And the Lord's name was honoured; to whom the glory of all his works belongs. Many great and wonderful things were wrought by the heavenly power in those days. For the Lord made bare his omnipotent arm and manifested his power to the astonishment of many; by the healing virtue whereof many have been delivered from great infirmities, and the devils were made subject through his name: of which particular instances might be given beyond what this unbelieving age is able to receive or bear.[13]

It needs no long study of Fox's writings, however, to arrive at the conviction that the distinction between subjective and objective verities had not the same place in his mind as it has in that of ordinary mortals. When an ordinary person would say 'I thought so and so,' or 'I made up my mind to do so and so,' George Fox says 'it was opened to me,' or 'at the command of God I did so and so.' 'Then at the command of God on the ninth day of the seventh month 1643 [Fox being just nineteen] I left my relations and brake off all familiarity or friendship with young or old.' 'About the beginning of the year 1647 I was moved of the Lord to go into Darbyshire.' Fox hears voices and he sees visions, some of which he brings before the reader with apocalyptic power in the simple and strong English, alike untutored and undefiled, of which, like John Bunyan, his contemporary, he was a master.

'And one morning, as I was sitting by the fire, a great cloud came over me and a temptation beset me; and I sate still. And it was said, *All things come by Nature.* And the elements and stars

[13] *A Journal or Historical Account of the Life, Travels, Sufferings, and Christian Experiences &c. of George Fox.* Ed. i. 1694, pp. 27, 28.

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came over me; so that I was in a manner quite clouded with it. . . . And, as I sate still under it, and let it alone, a living hope arose in me, and a true voice arose in me which said, *There is a living God who made all things.* And immediately the cloud and the temptation vanished away, and life rose over it all, and my heart was glad and I praised the Living God' (p. 13).

If George Fox could speak as he proves in this and some other passages he could write, his astounding influence on the contemporaries of Milton and of Cromwell is no mystery. But this modern reproduction of the ancient prophet, with his 'Thus saith the Lord,' 'This is the work of the Lord,' steeped in supernaturalism and glorying in blind faith, is the mental antipodes of the philosopher, founded in naturalism and a fanatic for evidence, to whom these affirmations inevitably suggest the previous question: 'How do you know that the Lord saith it:' 'How do you know that the Lord doeth it?' and who is compelled to demand that rational ground for belief without which, to the man of science, assent is merely an immoral pretence.

And it is this rational ground of belief which the writers of the Gospels, no less than Paul, and Eginhard, and Fox, so little dream of offering that they would regard the demand for it as a kind of blasphemy.

T. H. HUXLEY.

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THE NEW REFORMATION.

A DIALOGUE.

In a sitting-room belonging to a corner house in one of the streets running from the Strand towards the Embankment, a young man sat reading on a recent winter afternoon. Behind him was an old-fashioned semicircular window, through which the broad grey line of the river, the shipping on its stream, and the dark masses of building on the opposite shore could be as plainly seen as the fading light permitted. But a foggy evening was stealing rapidly on, and presently the young man dropped his book, and betook himself to his pipe, supplemented by a dreamy study of the fire. A sound was heard in the little hall downstairs; the reader started up, went to the door, and listened; but all was quiet again, and he returned to his chair. As he moved he showed a figure, tall, and possessed of a certain slouching, broad-shouldered power. The hair was noticeably black, and curled closely over the head. The features were strongly cut, dashed in, a little by accident, as it seemed, so that only the mouth had fallen finely into drawing. But through the defects of the face, as through the student's stoop of the powerful frame, there breathed an attractive and vigorous individuality. You saw a man all alive, marked already by the intensity with which he had plied his trade, and curiously combining in his outward aspect the suggestions of a patient tenacity with those of a quick and irritable susceptibility.

'I must wait for him, I suppose,' he said to himself, as he resumed his seat. 'I wish it were over. Come here, Tony, and support me.'

The Aberdeen terrier on the rug got up slowly, sleepily blinked at his master, and climbed into the chair beside him, where he had hardly established himself, after a long process of leisurely fidgeting, when the hall-door bell rang in good earnest, and Tony, hastily driven down, was left to meditate on the caprices of power.

His master threw open the door.

'Well, how are you, my dear old fellow?' said the new-comer. 'I thought I never should get here. The lunch at Lambeth was interminable, and one saw so many people there whom one knew a little, and was glad to talk to, that even after lunch it was impossible to cut it short. But how are you? How glad I am to see you!'

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And the speaker advanced into the room, still holding the other's hand affectionately. He was a slightly-built man, in a clerical coat, with a long narrow face and piercing eyes. The whole aspect was singularly refined; all the lines were thin and prematurely worn; but the expression was sparkling and full of charm, and the strong priestly element in dress and manner clearly implied no lack of pliancy of mind, of sensitiveness and elasticity of feeling.

'Sit down there,' said the owner of the rooms, putting the newcomer into the chair he himself had just vacated. 'Tony—you impudence!—out of that! Really, that dog and I have been living so long by ourselves that *his* manners, at any rate, are past praying for—and I should be sorry to answer for my own.'

'Well, and where have you been all this time, Merriman?' said the man in the chair, looking up at his companion with an expression in which a very strong and evident pleasure seemed to be crossed by something else. 'Two years, isn't it, since we parted at Oxford, and since I went off to my first curacy? And not a line from you since—not one—not even an address on a postcard, till I heard from you that you would be in town to-day. Do you call that decent behaviour, sir, to an old friend?'

'It is explainable, I think,' said the other awkwardly, and paused. 'But, however—— So you, Ronalds, are still at Mickledown, and it is your vicar Raynham who has been consecrated to-day to this new South African see?'

'Yes,' said Ronalds, with a sigh. 'Yes, it is a heavy loss to us all. If ever there was a true and effective Churchman, it is Raynham. It is hard to spare a man like that from the work here. However, he is absolutely guileless and self-sacrificing, and I like to believe that he knows best. But yourself, Merriman; you seem to forget that it is *you* who are the riddle and the mystery! It is nearly two years ago, isn't it, since you wrote to tell me you had postponed your ordination for the purpose of spending some time in Germany, and going through further theological training? But as to your whereabouts in Germany I have been quite in the dark. Explain, old fellow.'

And the speaker put up his hand and touched his companion's arm. Look and action were equally winning, and expressed the native inborn loveableness of the man.

Merriman named a small but famous German university. 'I have been eighteen months there,' he added briefly, his quick eye taking note of the shade which had fallen across his companion's expression. 'I have had a splendid time.'

'And have come back—what for?'

'To eat dinners and go to the Bar.'

Ronalds started.

'So the old dream is given up?' he said slowly. 'How we used

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to cherish it together! When did you make up your mind to relinquish the Church?'

'Some eight or nine months ago.'

The speaker paused a moment, then went on: 'That is why I did not write to you, Ronalds. At first I was too undecided, too overwhelmed by new ideas; and then, afterwards, I knew you would be distressed, so I let it alone till we should meet.'

Ronalds lay back in his chair, sheltering his eyes from the blaze of the fire with one hand. He did not speak for a minute or two; then he said, in a somewhat constrained voice,—

'Is G—— one of their—what shall I call it?—liberal—advanced—universities?'

'Not particularly. The mass of students in the theological faculty there are on the road to being Lutheran pastors of a highly orthodox kind, and find plenty of professors to suit them. I was attracted by the reputation of a group of men, whose books are widely read, indeed, but whose lecture-rooms are very scantily filled. It seemed to me that in their teaching I should find that *historical* temper which I was above all in search of. You remember'—and the speaker threw back his head with a smile which pleasantly illumined the massive irregular features—'how you used to laugh at me for a Teutophile—how that history prize of mine on Teutonic Arianism plunged me into quagmires of German you used to make merry over, and wherein, according to you, I had dropped for ever all chances of a decent English style. Well, it was nothing but that experience of German methods, working together with all the religious ideas of which my mind and yours had been full for so long, that made me put off orders and go abroad. I think,' he added slowly, 'I was athirst to see what Germans, like those whose work on the fifth and sixth centuries had struck me with admiration, could make of the first and second centuries. I was full of problems and questionings. The historical work which I had begun so casually seemed to have roused a host of new forces and powers. I was unhappy. The old and the new wouldn't blend—wouldn't fuse. I was especially worried with that problem of *historical translaotion*, if I may call it so, which had risen up before me like a ghost out of all those interminable German books about the Goths, in which I had buried myself. My ghost walked. It touched matters I tried in vain to keep sacred from it. Finally it drove me out of England.'

A new flame of fire had wakened in the black, half-shut eyes. With such a growth of animation might Richard Rothe have described the tumults of heart and mind which drove him from Germany southwards into the land of art, from Würtemberg to Rome, from the narrow thought-world of Lutheran Pietism into the wide horizons of a humaner faith.

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'Historical *translation*!' said the other, looking up. 'What do you mean by that?'

'Simply the transmutation of past witness into the language of the present. That was the point, the problem, which seized me from the beginning. Here, for instance, in my work among the Goths, I had before me a mass of original material—chronicles, ecclesiastical biographies, acts of councils, lives of saints, papal letters, religious polemics, and so forth. And I had also before me two different kinds of modern treatment of it, an older and a newer; the older represented by books written—what shall we say?—broadly speaking, before 1840; the newer by a series of works produced, of course, in the light of Niebuhr and Ranke, and differing altogether in tone from the earlier series. What *was* this difference in tone? Of course, we all know—in spite of Gibbon—that history has been reborn since the Revolution. Yes; but why? how? Put the development into words. Well, it seemed to me like nothing in the world so much as the difference between good and bad translation. The older books had had certain statements and products of the past to render into the language of the present. And they had rendered them inadequately with that vagueness and generality and convention which belong to bad translation. And the result was either merely flat and perfunctory, something totally without the breath of life and reality, or else the ideas and speech of the past were hidden away under what was in truth a disguise—often a magnificent disguise—woven out of the ideas and speech of the present. But the books since Niebuhr, since Ranke, since Mommsen! *There* you found a difference. At last you found out that these men and women, these kings and bishops and saints, these chroniclers and officials, were flesh and blood; that they had ideas, passions, politics; that they lived, as we do, under governing prepossessions; that they had theories of life and the universe; and till you understood these and could throw yourself back into them, you had no chance of understanding the men or their doings. The past woke up, lived and moved, and what it said came to you with a new accent, the accent of truth. And all this was brought about by nothing in the world fundamentally but *improved translation*, by the use of that same faculty, half scientific, half imaginative, which, in the rendering of a foreign language, enables a man to get into the very heart and mind of his author, to speak with his tones and feel with his feeling.'

The speaker paused a moment as though to rein himself up. Ronalds looked at him, smiling at the strenuous attitude—hands on sides, head thrown back—which seemed to recall many bygone moments to the spectator.

'If you mean by all this,' he said, 'that the modern historian throws less of himself into his work, shows more real detachment of mind than his predecessors, I can bring half a dozen instances against

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you. When is Carlyle anybody but Carlyle, fitting the whole of history to the clothes- and force-philosophy?'

'Oh, the subjective element, of course, is inevitable to some degree or other. But, in truth, paradox as it may sound, it is just this heightened individuality in the modern historian which makes him in many ways a better interpreter of the past. He is more sympathetic, more eager, more curious, more *romantic*, if you will; and, at the same time, the scientific temper, which is the twin sister of the romantic—and both the peculiar children of to-day—is always there to guide his eagerness, to instruct his curiosity, to discipline his sympathy. He understands the past better, because he carries more of the present into it than those who went before, because the culture of *this* present provides him with sharper and more ingenious tools wherewith to reconstruct the building of the past, and because, by virtue of a trained and developed imagination, he is able nowadays to live in the life, physical and moral, of the bygone streets and temples, the long dead men and women, brought to light again by his knowledge and his skill, to a degree and in a manner unknown to any century but ours.'

'Well said!' exclaimed Ronalds, smiling again. 'Modern history has earned its pæan—far be it from me to grudge it.'

'Ah! I run on,' said the other penitently, the arms falling and the attitude relaxing. 'But to return to myself, if you really want the explanation——'

And he looked inquiringly at his friend.

'I want it,' said Ronalds in a low voice. 'But I dread it.'

Merriman paused a moment, his keen black eyes resting on his friend. Then he said gently,—

'I will say no more if it would be painful to you. And yet I should like to explain myself. You influenced me a great deal at Oxford. I doubt if I should ever have thought of taking orders but for you. Constantly in Germany my mind turned to you with a sense of responsibility. I could not write, but I always looked forward to talking it out.'

'Go on, go on,' said Ronalds, looking up at him. 'I wish to understand—if I can.'

'Well, then, you remember that, during the time I was hunting up Goths, I had to break off divinity lectures. But the day after the prize was sent in I remember gathering together the old books again, and I took up specially Edersheim's *Jesus the Messiah*, which Haigh of Trinity had lent me some weeks before. I read it for hours, and at the end I laid it down with an inward judgment, the strength of which I shall never forget. "Learning up to a certain point, feeling up to a certain point, but all through bad history—*bad translation!*" Six months before, I should have been incapable of any such verdict. But my Germans, with their vile type and their abominable

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style, had taught me a good deal in between. If Edersheim's ways of using documents and conceiving history were right, then theirs were all wrong. But I knew them, on the contrary, to be abundantly right—at any rate within their own sphere. *Must* the Christian documents be treated differently—*could* they be treated differently, in principle—from the documents of the declining empire, or of any other historical period? That evening was a kind of crisis. I was never at peace afterwards. I remember turning to books on Inspiration and on the Canon, and resuming attendance on old S——'s lectures on Apologetics, which had been interrupted for me by reading for the Essay. Many times I recollect going to see X—— at Christchurch. He saw I was in difficulties, and talked to me a great deal and very kindly about the impossibility of mere *reason* supplying a solution for any of the prevalent doubts as to Christianity. One must *wish* to believe, or belief was impossible. He quoted Mansel's words to me: "Affection is part of insight; it is wanted for gaining due acquaintance with the facts of the case." All this fitted in very well with the Neo-Kantian ideas I believed myself to have adopted during my reading for Greats; and when he sent me to Mozley, and Newman's *Grammar of Assent*, I followed his advice gladly enough. But the only result was that I found my whole conception of truth fissured and broken up. It came to this, that there were *two* truths—not only a truth of matter and a truth of spirit, but two truths of history, two truths of literary criticism, to which answered corresponding moods of mind on the part of the Christian. It was imperatively right to endeavour to disentangle miracle from history, the marvellous from the real, in a document of the fourth, or third, or second century; to see delusions in the Montanist visions, the growth of myth in Apocryphal gospels, or the Acts of Pilate, a natural credulity in Justin's demonology, careless reporting in the ascription by Papias to Jesus of a gross millenarian prophecy, and so on. But the contents of the New Testament, however marvellous, and however apparently akin to what surrounds them on either side, were to be treated from a totally different point of view. In the one case there must be a desire on the part of the historian to discover the historical under the miraculous, or he would be failing in his duty as a sane and competent observer; in the other case there must be a desire, a strong "affection," on the part of the theologian, towards proving the miraculous to be historical, or he would be failing in his duty as a Christian. Yet in both cases—the reflection was inevitable—the evidence was historical and literary, and the witnesses were human!—At this point I came across the first volume of Baur's *Church History*. Now, Baur's main theories, you will remember, had been described to us in one or two of S——'s lectures. He had been held up to us as the head and front of the German system-making; the extravagance of his Simon Magus theory, the arbitrariness of his perpetual antitheses between "Petrinismus" and "Paulinismus,"

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"Particularismus" and "Universalismus," had been brought out with a good deal of the dry old Oxford humour, and, naturally, not many of us had kept any thought of Baur in our minds. But now I began to read one of his chief books, and I can only describe what I felt in the words lately attributed by his biographer to Professor Green: "He thought the *Church History* the most *illuminating* book he had ever read." Clearly it was overstrained and arbitrary in parts; the theory was forced, and the arrangement too symmetrical for historical or literary reality. But it seemed to me you might say the same of Niebuhr and Wolff. Yet they had been, and were still, the pioneers and masters of an age. Why not Baur in his line? At any rate it was clear to me that his book was *history*; it fell into line with all other first-rate work in the historical department, whereas, whatever else they might be, Farrar's and Edersheim's were *not* history. That was my first acquaintance with German theology, except some translations of Weiss and Dorner. I had shrunk from it till then, and X—— had warned me from it. But after reading Baur's *Church History* and the *Paul*, I suddenly made up my mind to go abroad, and to give a year at least to the German critical school. Well, so far, Ronalds, do you blame me?'

And the speaker broke off abruptly, his almost excessive calm of manner wavering a little, his eye seeking his friend's.

Ronalds had sat till now shrunken together in the big armchair, which, standing out against the uncurtained window, through which came a winter twilight, seemed lost again among the confused lines of the houses on the opposite bank of the river, or of the barges going slowly up stream. He roused himself at this, and bent forward.

'Blame?'—the word had an odd ring—'that depends. How much did it *cost* you, all this, Merriman?'

'What do you mean?'

'What I say. It gives me a shiver as I listen to you. I foresee the end—a dismal end, all through—and I keep wondering whether you had ever anything to lose, whether you were ever *inside*? If you were, could this process you describe have gone on with so little check, so little reaction?'

The firelight showed a flush on the fine ascetic cheek. He had roused himself to speak strongly, but the effort excited him.

Merriman left his post by the fire and began to pace up and down.

'I had meant only to describe to you,' he said at last, 'an episode of intellectual history. The rest is between me—and God. It cannot really be put into words. But, as you know, I was brought up strictly and religiously. You and I shared the same thoughts, the same influences, the same religious services at Oxford. These months I have been describing to you were months of great misery on the

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side of feeling and practice. I remember coming back one morning from an early service, and thinking with a kind of despair what would happen to me if I were ever forced to give up the Sacrament. Yet the process went on all the same. I believe it is very much a matter of temperament. I could not master the passionate desire to think the matter through, to harmonise knowledge and faith, to get to the bottom. You might have done it, I think.' And he stood still, looking at his friend with a smile which had no satire in it.

'Of course, every Christian knows that there are doubts and difficulties in the path of the faith, and that he may succumb to them if he pleases,' said Ronalds, after a pause; 'but if he is true he keeps close to his Lord, and gives the answer of faith. He asks himself which solves most problems—Christianity or Agnosticism. He looks round on the state of the world, on the history of his own life, and on the work of Christ in both. Is he going to give up the witness of the faith, of the "holy men of old," of the saints of the present, of his own inmost life, because men of science, in a world which is all inexplicable, tell him that miracle is impossible, or because a generation or two of German professors—who seem to him to spend most of their time, Penelope-like, in unravelling their own webs—persist, in the face of a living and divine reality, which attests itself to him every day of his life, in telling him that the Church is a mere human contrivance based upon a delusion and a lie? Above all, he will not venture himself deliberately, in a state of immaturity and disarmament, into the enemy's camp; for "he is not his own," and what he bears in his bosom, the treasure of the faith, is but confided to him to be guarded with his life.'

The musical vibrating voice sank with the closing words. Merriman returned to his old position by the fire, and was silent a minute.

'But even you,' he said presently with a smile, 'cannot deny reason some place in your scheme.'

'Naturally,' said the other, his tone of emotion changing for one of sarcasm. 'To the freethinker of to-day we Christians are all sentimentalists—strong in emotion, weak in brains. A religion which boasts in England a Newton, a Hooker, a Butler, and a Newman among its sons, is conceived of as having nothing rational to say for itself. The charge is absurd on the face of it. We say, indeed, that finally—in the last resort—a certain disposition of soul is required for the due apprehension of Christian truth; that the process of apprehension contains an act of faith which cannot be evaded, and that the rationalist who will accept nothing but what his reason can endorse is merely refusing the divine condition on which God's gift is offered to him. But that a religion which is not justified and ordered by reason is a religion full of danger—is not a religion, indeed, but a mysticism—we know as well as you do, and

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the English Church needs no one to teach her an elementary lesson. English theology wants no apologist, and the man who has not already gone over to the restlessness of unbelief need not leave his own Church in quest of guides. Will you find more learning in all Germany than you can get in Westcott and Lightfoot? a better historian than Bishop Stubbs? a more omniscient knowledge of the history of criticism and the canon than Dr. Salmon will give you, if you take the trouble to read his books? In all that you have been saying I see—forgive me!—a ludicrous want of perspective and proportion. Why this craze for German books and German professors? Are there no thinkers in the world but German ones? And what is the whole history of German criticism but a history of brilliant failures, from Strauss downward? One theorist follows another—now Mark is uppermost as the *Ur-Evangelist*, now Matthew—now the Synoptics are sacrificed to St. John, now St. John to the Synoptics. Baur relegates one after another of the Epistles to the second century because his theory cannot do with them in the first. Harnack tells you that Baur's theory is all wrong, and that Thessalonians and Philippians must go back again. Volkmar sweeps together Gospels and Epistles in a heap towards the middle of the second century as the earliest date for almost all of them; and Dr. Abbot, who, as we are told, has absorbed all the learning of all the Germans, puts Mark before 70 A.D., Matthew just about 70 A.D., and Luke about 80 A.D.! Strauss's mythical theory is dead and buried by common consent; Baur's tendency theory is much the same; Renan will have none of the Tübingen school; Volkmar is already antiquated; and Pfleiderer's fancies are now in the order of the day. Meanwhile, we who believe in a risen Lord look quietly on, while the "higher criticism" swallows its own offspring. When you have settled your own case, we say to your friends and teachers, then ask us to listen to you. Meanwhile we are practical men: the poor and wretched are at our gates, and sin, sorrow, death, stand aside for no one!'

Merriman had been watching his companion during this outburst with a curious expression, half combative, half indulgent. When Ronalds stopped, he took a long breath.

'I don't know whether you have read many of the books?' he asked shortly.

'No, I don't read German; and I am a busy parish clergyman with little time to spare for superfluities. But, as you remind me, S——'s lectures taught one a good deal, and I follow the matter in the press and the magazines, or in conversation, as I come across it.'

Merriman smiled.

'I suppose your answer would be the answer of four-fifths of English clergymen, if the question were put to them. Well, then, I am to take it for granted, Ronalds, that to you the whole of German New Testament *Wissenschaft*, or, at any rate, what calls itself "the

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German critical school," is practically indifferent. You regard it, in the words of a recent *Quarterly* article, as "an attack" which has "failed." Very well, let us leave the matter there for the present. Suppose we go to the Old Testament. Were you at the Manchester Church Congress last year, and, if so, what was your impression?'

Ronalds leant forward, looked steadily into the fire, and did not answer for a moment or two. An expression of pain and perplexity gradually rose in the delicate face, in strong contrast with the inspiration, the confidence of his previous manner.

'You mean as to the Historical Criticism debate?'

Merriman nodded.

'It was extraordinarily interesting—very painful in some ways. I doubt the wisdom of it. It raised more questions than it solved. Since then I have had it much in my mind; but my life gives me no time to work at the subjects in detail.'

'Did it, or did it not, prove to your mind, as it did to mine, that there is a vital change going on, not only in the lay, but in the clerical conceptions of the Old Testament? Did your memory, like mine, travel back to Pusey, to the condemnation of Colenso by all the Bishops and five-sixths of Convocation, to the writers in the *Speaker's Commentary* who refuted him?'

'There is a change, certainly,' said Ronalds slowly; 'but'—and he raised his head with a light gesture, as of one shaking off a weight—'my faith is not bound up with the religious books of the Jews—"God spake through the prophets," through Israel's training, through the Psalms—leave me that faith, which, indeed, in its broad essential elements, you have never yet been able to touch; give me the Gospels and St. Paul, and I at least am content.'

'"My faith is not bound up with the religious books of the Jews,"' repeated Merriman. 'I noticed almost a similar sentence in an article by the Bishop of Carlisle rather more than a year ago. What it means is that you and he have adopted, so far as the Old Testament is concerned, the standpoint of *Essays and Reviews*. He is a Bishop, you a High Churchman. Yet thirty years ago the Bishops and the High Churchmen prosecuted *Essays and Reviews* in two Ecclesiastical Courts; and Jowett's essay, in which the thoughts you have just expressed were practically embodied, cost him at Oxford his salary as professor. But to return to the Church Congress. The distinctive note of its most distinctive debate, as it seems to me, was the glorification of "criticism," especially, no doubt, in relation to the Old Testament. Turn to the passages. I have the report here'—and he drew the volume towards him and turned up some marked pages. 'First, "I hold it to be established beyond all controversy that the Pentateuch in its present form was not written by Moses." That comes from the Dean of Peterborough. The same speaker says, further, "Of the composite character of the Hexateuch there can be

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no question. 'The proofs have been often set forth,' says Dr. Robertson Smith, 'and never answered.' To say that they have any connection with rationalistic principles is simply to say that scholarship and rationalism are identical, for on this point Hebraists of all schools are agreed."—But if the Hexateuch be composite, a redaction of different documents from unknown hands, by an unknown editor, what becomes of its scriptural authority—what especially becomes of the doctrine of the Fall?—Poor Pusey! with his "amazement" that any mind could be shaken by such arguments as those contained in the first book of Colenso; or poor Wilberforce, with his contempt for the "old and often refuted cavils" brought forward by the assailants of the Pentateuch!

'But there is another passage a little further on in the Congress debate, which would have touched Pusey still more nearly. "The certainties already attained by criticism," cries Professor Cheyne triumphantly, "are neither few nor unimportant. Think of the Pentateuch, Isaiah, Daniel, and Ecclesiastes!" "*Think of Daniel!*" One can still hear Pusey thundering away: "Others who wrote in defence of the faith engaged in large subjects. I took for my province one more confined but definite issue. I selected the Book of Daniel. What I have proposed to myself in this course of lectures is to meet a boastful criticism upon its own grounds, and to show its failure where it claims to be most triumphant." "I have answered the objections raised," he declares; but he cannot "affect to believe that they have any special plausibility." What loftiness of tone all through! what a sternness of moral indignation towards the miserable sceptics, whose theories as to Daniel and the rest have been let loose, through *Essays and Reviews*, "on the young and uninstructed"! Well, five-and-twenty years go by, and the Church of England practically gives its verdict as between Pusey and the German or English infidels whom he trampled on, and, in spite of that tone of Apostolic certainty, judgment goes finally, even within the Church, not for the Anglican leader, but for the "infidels"! The Book of Daniel, despite a hesitating protest here and there, like that of Dr. Stanley Leathes, or some bewildered country clergyman writing to the *Guardian*, comes quietly and irrevocably down to 165 B.C., and the Hexateuch, dissolved more or less into its original sources, announces itself as the peculiar product of that Jewish religious movement which, beginning under Josiah, strengthens with the Exile, and yields its final fruits long after the Exile! . . .

'But this whole debate is remarkable to a degree—*as a debate of a Church Congress.* It is penetrated and preoccupied with the claims of "criticism." Its subject is whether "critical *results*" (especially in connection with the Old Testament) are to be taught from the pulpits of the Church of England, and these results, as described by almost all the speakers, involve a complete reconstruction of an English

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Churchman's ideas on the subject of the early history, laws, and religion of the Jews—matters which he has always regarded, and which, indeed, he logically must regard as intimately bound up with his Christian faith. Now all this, especially as one looks back twenty-five years, to the Synodical condemnation of Colenso, and of *Essays and Reviews*, strikes one as a sufficiently remarkable phenomenon. The question is, *what forces have brought it about?* Well, there can be very little debate as to that. No doubt science and Professor Huxley have had their way with the Mosaic cosmogony, and the methods and spirit of science provide an atmosphere which insensibly affects all our modes of thought. But we are passing out of the scientific phase of Old Testament criticism. That has, so to speak, done its work. It is the *literary and historical* phase which is now uppermost. And in the matter of the literary history of the Old Testament the present collapse of English orthodoxy is due to one cause, as far as I can see, and one cause only—*the invasion of English by German thought.* Instead of marching side by side with Germany and Holland during the last thirty years, as we might have done, had our theological faculties been other than what they are, we have been attacked and conquered by them; we have been skirmishing or protesting, feeding ourselves with the *Record* and the *Church Times*, reading the *Speaker's Commentary*, or the productions of the Christian Evidence Society, till the process of penetration from without has slowly completed itself, and we find ourselves suddenly face to face with such a fact as this Church Congress debate, and the rise and marked success of a younger school of critics—Cheyne, Driver, Robertson Smith—whom the Germans may fairly regard as the captives of their bow and spear.

'For look at the names of scholars quoted in this very debate—all of them German, with the great exception of Kuenen! And look back over the history of the Pentateuchal controversy itself! It begins in Holland with Spinoza, or in France with the oratorian Richard Simon, two hundred years ago. Simon starts the literary criticism of the Mosaic books, from the Catholic side. Jean le Clerc, a Dutch Protestant theologian in Amsterdam, about 1685, starts the historical method, inquires as to the time and circumstances of composition, and so on—first conceives it, in fact, as an historical problem. Seventy years later comes the Montpellier physician, Jean Astruc. He first notices the key to the whole enigma, the distinctive use made of the words "Elohim" and "Jahveh." This leads him to the supposition of different strata in the Pentateuch, and from him descend in direct line Kuenen and Wellhausen.—It is instructive, by the way, to notice that all the time Astruc will have nothing to say to arguments against the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch. "That," he says scornfully, "was the disease of the last century"—an "attack," in fact, which had "failed"!—Well, then Astruc's *Conjectures* pass into Germany, and

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meet there at first with very much the same reception from German orthodoxy that English orthodoxy gave Colenso. Till Eichhorn's *Einleitung* appears. From that point the patient, industrious mind of Germany throws itself seriously on the problem, and a whole new and vast development begins. Thenceforward not a name of any importance that is not German, except that of Kuenen, who is altogether German in method and science, down to our own day, when at last amongst ourselves a school of English scholars trained in the German results, and enthusiastically eager to diffuse them, has risen to take away our reproach, and has hardly begun to work before the effects on English popular religion are everywhere conspicuous.

'Well, I don't know what you feel, Ronalds, but all these things to me, at any rate, are immensely significant. I say to myself, it has taken some thirty years for German critical science to conquer English opinion in the matter of the Old Testament. But, except in the regions of an either illiterate or mystical prejudice, that conquest is now complete. How much longer will it take before we feel the victory of the same science, carried on by the same methods and with the same ends, in a field of knowledge infinitely more precious and vital to English popular religion than the field of the Old Testament—before Germany imposes upon us not only her conceptions with regard to the history and literature of the Jews, but also those which she has been elaborating for half a century with regard to that history which is the natural heir and successor of the Jewish—the history of Christian origins?'

'In your opinion, no doubt, a very few years indeed,' returned Ronalds, recovering that attractive cheerfulness of look which was characteristic of him. 'As for me, I see no necessary connection between the two subjects. The period covered by the New Testament is much narrower, the material of a different quality, the evidence infinitely more accessible, the possibility of mistakes on the part of the Church infinitely less. And whatever may be said of our Old Testament scholarship, not even the most self-satisfied German can speak disrespectfully of us in the matter of the New. As I said before, with men like Lightfoot, Westcott, Hort, and Salmon as the leaders and champions of our faith on the intellectual side, we have very little, as it seems to me, to fear from any sceptical foreign *Wissenschaft*. Besides, what can be more unfair, Merriman, than to speak as if the whole of this *Wissenschaft* were on one side? Neander, Weiss, Dorner, Tischendorf, Luthardt; these are names as famous in the world as any of the so-called "critical" names, and they are the names, not of assailants, but of defenders of our faith. And as to the assault on the Christian documents, we can appeal not only to Christian writers but to a sceptic like Renan, in whose opinion the assault has been repulsed and discredited. No! here at least we are stronger, not

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weaker, than we were thirty years ago. Every weapon that a hostile science could suggest has been brought to bear against the tower of our faith, and it stands more victoriously than ever, foursquare to all the winds that blow.'

'And meanwhile every diocesan conference rings with the wail over "infidel opinions,"' said Merriman quietly. 'It grows notoriously more and more difficult to get educated men to take any interest in the services or doctrines of the Church, though they will join eagerly in its philanthropy; literature and the periodical press are becoming either more indifferent or more hostile to the accepted Christianity year by year; the upper strata of the working class, upon whom the future of that class depends, either stand coldly aloof from all the Christian sects, or throw themselves into secularism; and Archdeacon Farrar, preaching on the prosecution of the Bishop of Lincoln, passionately appeals to all sections of Christians to close their ranks, not against each other, but against the "scepticism rampant" among the cultivated class, and the religious indifference of the democracy.—But let me take your points in order. No doubt there is a large and flourishing school of orthodox theology in Germany. So, seventy years ago, there was a large and flourishing school in Germany of defenders of the Mosaic authorship and date of the Pentateuch. One can run over the names—Fritzsche, Scheibel, Jahn, Dahler, Rosenmüller, Herz, Hug, Sack, Pustkuchen, Kanne, Meyer, Stäudlin—who now remembers one of them? Of all their books, says a French Protestant, sketching the controversy, *il n'est resté que le souvenir d'un héroïque et impuissant effort.* It is not *their* work, but that of their opponents, which has lived and penetrated, has transformed opinion and is moulding the future. They represented the exceptional, the traditional, the miraculous, and they have had to give way to the school representing the normal, the historical, the rational. And yet not one of them but did not believe that he had crushed De Wette and all his works! Is not all probability, all analogy, all the past, so to speak, on our side when we prophesy a like fate for those schools of the present which, in the field of Christian origins, represent the exceptional, the traditional, the miraculous? For what we have been witnessing so far is the triumph of a principle, of *an order of ideas*, and this principle, this order, belongs to us, not to you, and is as applicable to Christian history as it is to Jewish.

'Then as to our own theology. Let me be disrespectful to no one. But I should like to ask you what possibility is there in this country of a scientific, that is to say an unprejudiced, an unbiassed study of theology, under present conditions? All our theological faculties are subordinate to the Church; the professors are clergymen, the examiners in the theological schools must be in priest's orders. They are, in fact, in that position to which the reactionary

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orthodoxy of Germany tried—unsuccessfully—to reduce the German universities after '48. Read the protest of the theological faculty of Göttingen against an attempt of the sort. It is given, if I remember right, in Hausrath's *Life of Strauss*, and you will realise the opinion of learned Germany as to the effect of such a relation between the Church and the universities as obtains here, on the progress of knowledge. The results of our English system are precisely what you might expect—great industry, and great success in textual criticism, in all the branches of what the Germans call the *niedere Kritik*, complete sterility, as far as the higher criticism—that is to say the effort to reconceive Christianity in the light of the accumulations of modern knowledge—is concerned.[1] When Pattison made his proposals as to the reorganisation of studies at Oxford, he did not trouble himself to include therein any proposals as to the theological faculty. Until the whole conditions under which that faculty exists could be altered, he knew that to meddle with it would be useless. All that could be expected from it was a certain amount of exegetical work and a more or less respectable crop of apologetic, and that it produced. But he did not leave the subject without drawing up a comparison between the opportunities of the theological student at Oxford and those of the same student at any German university—a comparison which set one thinking. His complaints of the quality and range of English theological research have been often repeated; they were echoed at last year's Church Congress by Professor Cheyne—but, in fact, the matter is notorious. You have only to glance from the English field to the German, from our own cramped conditions and meagre product to the German abundance and variety, to appreciate Pattison's remark in the *Westminster*, in 1857. I forget the exact words—"it is a misnomer to speak of *German* theology. It is more properly the theology of the age"—the only scientific treatment of the materials which exists. Like other great movements, it rises in this country or that, but it ends by penetrating into all. For my own part, I believe that we in England, with regard to this German study of Christianity, are now at the beginning of an epoch of *popularisation*. The books which record it have been studied in England, Scotland, and America with increasing eagerness during the last fifteen years by a small class; in the next

[1] It is clear that Merriman has here overlooked certain names he might have mentioned—those of Dr. Hatch and Dr. Sanday for instance—and outside the Church of England and the theological faculties, those of R. W. Macan, the author of one of the most comprehensive and scholarly monographs that exist in English, of the veteran Dr. Davidson, of Mr. R. F. Horton, whose illogical and interesting book on *The Inspiration of Scripture* breathes change and transition in every page, of Dr. Drummond, whose admirable *Philo* is full of the best spirit of modern learning. But three or four swallows do not make a summer, and Merriman's mind is evidently possessed with the thought of that atmosphere, that vast surrounding literature which in Germany supports and generates the individual effort.

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fifteen years we shall probably see their contents reproduced in English form and penetrating public opinion in a new and surprising way. A minimum of readers among us read German, and translations only affect a small and mostly professional stratum of opinion. But when we get our own English lives of Christ and histories of the primitive Church, written on German principles in the tone and speech familiar to the English world, then will come the struggle. With regard to the Old Testament, this is precisely what has happened—the struggle has come—and already we see much of the result.

'Finally as to Renan'—Merriman lay back in his chair, and a smile broadened over the whole face—'I am always puzzled by the readiness with which the Englishman uses Renan as a stick to beat the Germans. Forgive me, Ronalds—but doesn't it sometimes occur to you that the Germans may have something to say about Renan? Isn't their whole contention about him that he is a great artist, a brilliant historian, but an uncertain critic? Amiel, who, though a Genevese, was brought up at Berlin, exactly expresses German opinion when he lays stress on the contradiction in Renan "between the literary taste of the artist, which is delicate, individual, and true, and the opinions of the critic, which are borrowed, old-fashioned, and wavering." In the course of time this judgment becomes patent to Renan, and the result appears in certain uncivil passages about young German professors in the preface to *Les Évangiles* and elsewhere. What matter? The face of knowledge remains the same. Renan is still, as Taine long ago remarked, the main expounder of German theological *Wissenschaft* for the world in general; in spite of his own great learning the *Origines du Christianisme* could not have been written without the thirty years of German labour lying behind it. And, as a principle—whether it is a great Frenchman determined to combine the artist with the savant, or an Englishman struggling to fuse Anglicanism with learning, as soon as it comes to serious differences between them and the German critical schools, I can only say that the impartial historical spectator will be all for the chances of the Germans, simply from his knowledge of the general lie of the field! Oh, these Germans!' and the speaker shook his head with an expression half humorous, half protesting. 'Yes, we arraign them, and justly, for their type and their style, their manners or no-manners, their dulness and their length. And all the time, what Taine said long ago in his study of Carlyle remains as true as ever. Let me turn to the passage, I have pondered it often,' and he drew a little note-book to him, which was lying beside his hand.

Thus at the end of the last century there rose into being the philosophic genius of Germany, which, after engendering a new metaphysic, a new theology, a new poetry, a new literature, a new philology, a new exegesis, a new learning, is now descending into all the sciences, and there carrying on its evolution. No spirit

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more original, more universal, more fruitful in consequences of all sorts, more capable of transforming everything and remaking everything, has shown itself in the world for three hundred years. It is of the same significance, the same rank as that of the Renaissance and that of the Classical Period. Like those earlier forces, it draws to itself all the best endeavour of contemporary intelligence, it appears as they did in every civilised country, it represents as they did 'un des moments de l'histoire du monde.'

The enthusiast dropped the book, with a smile at his own warmth. Ronalds smiled too, but more sadly, and the two friends sat silent awhile. Merriman filled a new pipe, his keen look showing the rise within him of thoughts as quick and numerous as the spirals of blue smoke which presently came and went between him and his friend.

After a minute or two he said, bending forward:

'But all that, Ronalds, was by the way. Let me go back to myself and this change of view I am trying to explain to you. You have given me your opinion, which I suppose is a very common one among English Churchmen, that the whole movement of German critical theology is an "attack" which has "failed," that the orthodox position is really stronger than before it began, and so on. Well, let me put side by side with that conviction of yours, my own, which has been gained during eighteen months' intense effort, spent all of it on German soil, in the struggle to understand something of the past history and the present situation of German critical theology. Take it from 1835, fifty-four years.—Practically the movement which matters to us begins with the shock and scandal of Strauss's *Leben Jesu*, which appeared in that year. Strauss, who like Renan was an artist and a writer, derived, as we all know, his philosophical impulse from Hegel, his critical impulse from Schleiermacher. Philosophically he appealed from Hegel the orthodox conservative to Hegel the thinker. "You taught us," he says in effect to his great teacher, "that there are two elements in all religion, the passing and the eternal, the relative and the absolute, the *Vorstellung* and the *Begriff*. The particular system of dogmas put forward by any religion is the *Vorstellung* or presentation, the *Begriff* or idea is the underlying spiritual reality common to it and presumably other systems besides. Why in Christianity have you gone so far towards identifying the two? Why this exception? for what reasons have you allowed to the *Vorstellung* in Christianity a value which belongs only to the *Begriff*? Your reasons must rest upon the Christian evidence. But the evidence cannot bear the weight. Examine it carefully and you will see that the particular statements which it makes are really only *Vorstellung* as in other religions, the imaginative mythical elements which hide from us the Idea or *Begriff*. The idea which is expressed in Christian theology is the idea of God in man. The incarnation, death, and resurrection of Jesus are shadows of the eternal generation, the endless self-repetition of the Divine life. The single facts are mere sensuous symbols. 'To the idea in the fact, to the race in the individual, our age wishes to be led.'" Naturally to achieve this end

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the Gospels as history had to be swept away. And they were remorselessly swept away. Something indeed remained. There was a Jewish teacher, Jesus of Nazareth, in whom contemporary truth saw first the Messiah, then the Son of God, then the Logos. But his life and character were comparatively unimportant—so it stood, at least, in the earliest and latest *Leben Jesu*; what was important was the idealising mythopœic faculty which from the Jesus of the Galilean Lake evolved the Christ of Bethlehem, of the miracles, of the Resurrection, of theology. Thus the whole method was speculative and *à priori*. There was in it a minimum of history, a minimum indeed of literary criticism. Strauss criticised the *contents* of the Christian literature without understanding the literary and historical conditions which had produced it. Of the real life and culture of the men who wrote it, of the real historical conditions surrounding the person of Jesus, he had almost as little notion as the dogmatic historians who undertook to answer him.

'Luckily, however, not only orthodoxy, but the spirit of history, took alarm, and from the revolt of history against hypothesis began the Tübingen school. Baur, that veteran of knowledge, was struck, in the first place, with the fact which Strauss's book revealed, that a scientific knowledge of Christian sources was as yet wanting to theology; in the next he was imbued with the conception that the Gospels had been till then placed in a false perspective both by Strauss and New Testament criticism generally—that not they, but the Pauline Epistles, represent the earliest and directest testimony we have to Christian belief. From this standpoint he began a complete re-examination of early Christian literature, conceiving it as a chapter in the history of thought. How did the circle of disciples surrounding Jesus of Nazareth broaden into the Catholic Church? Can the steps of that development be traced in the books of the New Testament? If so, how are the separate books to be classed and interpreted with relation to the general movement? We all know the famous answer, how the Catholic Church of the second century is but the product of a great compromise come to under the pressure of heresy by the two primitive opposing parties, the Petrine and the Pauline, which for about a hundred years had divided Christian literature between them, so that all its products, Gospels, Epistles, and Apocalypse, are, in a sense, pamphlets, controversial documents written in the interests of one or the other body of opinion. Well, here at last was history—as compared either with Strauss's philosophising, or with the idyllic but unintelligible picture presented by the Early Church as it was drawn, say, by Neander. But it was not yet *pure history*. It was marred by a too great love of system-making, of arbitrary antithesis and formulæ, learnt, of course, from Hegel, which took far too little account of the variety, the *nuances*, the complexity and many-sidedness which belonged to the early

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Christian life, as to all life, but especially the rich and fermenting life of a nascent religion. The clue was found, but in spite of the genius of Baur—and to my mind we owe to him all that we really *know* at the present moment about the New Testament—it had been too arbitrarily and confidently followed up.

'Again history protested, and again critical theology fell patiently to work.

'It was conscious of two wants—a deeper and more comprehensive understanding of the personality and work of Jesus, which Baur, who had thrown a flood of light on Paul, had notoriously left unattempted; and in the second place, it was striving towards a more lifelike and convincing picture of the early Christian society. From a study of Christian ideas, it passed to a closer study of the conditions under which they arose, of that whole culture, social and intellectual, Jewish or Hellenic, of which they were presumably the product. Collateral knowledge poured in on all sides—of the history of religions, of Roman institutions, of the developments and ramifications of Hellenic and Hellenistic thought. The workers following Baur fell into different groups: Hilgenfeld on the right, softening and moderating Baur's more negative conclusions; Volkmar on the left, developing them extravagantly, yet evolving in the process an amount of learning, ingenuity, and suggestiveness which will leave its mark when his specific conclusions as to the dates of the New Testament books are no longer remembered. Meanwhile two oppositions to the Tübingen school had shown themselves—the dogmatic and the scientific. Of the first not much need be said. Its most honoured name is that of Bernhard Weiss, but the great majority of its books, written to meet the orthodox needs of the moment, are already forgotten. On the other hand, the scientific opposition represented by Reuss, Rothe, Ewald, and Ritschl did admirable work. It brought Baur's ideas to the test in every possible way, and it supplied fresh ideas, fresh solutions of its own. Reuss's cautious and exhaustive method led the student to think out the whole problem for himself anew; Rothe drew out the debt of Christianity to Greek and Latin institutions; while Ritschl tracked out shades and *nuances* in early Christianity which Baur's over-logical method had missed.

'The years went on. With each the spirit of the time became more historical, more concrete. The forces generated by the great German historical school, by Ranke, and Mommsen, and Waitz, and by the offshoots of this school in France and England, made themselves felt more and more on theological ground. A new series of biographies of Jesus began. Strauss, after an abstinence of twenty years from theology, issued a new edition of the *Leben Jesu*, largely modified by concessions to a more historical and positive spirit. Schenkel published his *Charakterbild Jesu*, by which, in spite of what we should call its Broad Church orthodoxy, German clerical opinion was almost as violently exercised as it had been by Strauss

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thirty years before. Keim began his most interesting, most important, and most imperfect book, *Jesus von Nazara*, and beyond the frontier Renan brought the results of two generations' labour within the reach of the whole educated world by the historical brilliance and acumen thrown into the successive volumes of the *Origines*. In all this a generation has passed away since Baur died, and we are brought again to a point where we can provisionally strike a balance of results. Do you remember Harnack's article on the present state of critical theology in the *Contemporary* two years or more ago? Harnack is a man of great ability and extraordinary industry, largely read in Germany and beginning to be largely read here. Well—as compared with the state of knowledge thirty years ago, when the Tübingen school was at its height, his verdict on the knowledge of to-day is simply this—"*richer in historical points of view*." Harnack himself has carried opposition to some of the most characteristic Tübingen conclusions almost to extravagance; but here in this careful and fair-minded summary is not a word of disrespect to a famous school and "a great master," not a word of an "attack" which has "failed." Because the person who is speaking knows better! Yet he draws with a firm hand the positive advances, the altered aspects of knowledge. Why have we come to know more of that problem of the rise of Catholicism, to which Baur devoted his life, than Baur could ever know? Simply because "we have grown more realistic, more elastic, the historical temper has developed, we have acquired the power of transplanting ourselves into other times. Great historians —men like Ranke—have taught us this. Then we have realised that all history is one, that religion and church history is a mere section of the whole history of a period, and cannot be understood except in relation to that whole." And so on. My whole experience in Germany was an illustration of these words. As compared with my Oxford divinity training, it was like passing from a world of shadows to a world of living and breathing humanity. Each of my three professors on his own ground was grappling with the secret of the past, drawing it out with the spells of learning, sympathy, and imagination, working all the while perfectly freely, unhampered by subscription or articles, or the requirements of examinations. Our own theology can show nothing like it; the most elementary conditions of such work are lacking among us; it will take the effort of a generation to provide them.

'Two books in particular occur to me—if you are not weary of my disquisition!—as representing this most recent phase of development; Schürer's *Geschichte des jüdischen Volkes im Zeitalter Jesu Christi*, and Hausrath's *Neutestamentliche Zeitgeschichte*. In the first you have a minute study of all the social and intellectual elements in the life of Judæa and Judaism generally, at the time of the appearance of Christianity. In the second you have the same

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materials, only handled in a more consecutive and artistic way, and as a setting first for the life of Jesus, and afterwards for the history of the Apostles. If you compare them with Strauss, you see with startling clearness how far we have travelled in half a century. There, an empty background, an effaced personality, and in its stead the play of philosophical abstraction. Here, a landscape of extraordinary detail and realism, peopled with the town and country populations which belong to it; Pharisee and Essene, Sadducee and Hellenist, standing out with the dress and utterance and gesture native to each; and in their midst the figure which is at last becoming real, intelligible, human, as it has never yet been, and which in these latter days we are beginning again to see with something of the vision of those who first loved and obeyed!—The contrast sets us looking back with wonder over the long, long road. But there is no break in it, no serious deviation. From the beginning till now the driving impulse has been the same—the impulse to *understand*, the yearning towards a unified and rationalised knowledge. Each step has been necessary, and each step a development. A diluted and falsified history was first driven out by thought, which was then, as it were, left alone for a time on ground cleared by violence; now a juster thought has replaced the old losses by a truer history, a fuller and exacter range of conceptions.—An "*attack*" which has "*failed.*"—Could any description be more ludicrous than this common English label applied to a great and so far triumphant movement of thought? Looking back over the controversy, whether as to the Old Testament or the New, I see a similar orthodox judgment asserting itself again and again—generally as an immediate prelude to some fresh and imposing development of the critical process—and again and again routed by events. At the present moment it could only arise, like your quotation of Renan, if you will let me say so—and I mean no offence—in a country and amid minds for the most part willingly ignorant of the whole actual situation. Just as much as the criticism of Roman institutions and primitive Roman history has failed, just as much as the scientific investigation of Buddhism during the present century has failed, in the same degree has the critical investigation of Christianity failed—no more! In all three fields there has been the same alternation of hypothesis and verification, of speculative thought modified by controlling fact. But because some of Niebuhr's views as to the trustworthiness of Livy have been corrected here and there in a more conservative sense by his successors—because Sénart's speculations as to the mythical elements of Buddhism have been checked in certain directions by the conviction of a later school, that from the Pâli texts now being brought to light a greater substratum of fact may be recovered for the life of Buddha and the primitive history of his order than was at one time suspected—because of these fluctuations of scholarship you do not point a hasty finger of scorn at the modern studies of Roman history or of

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Buddhism! Still less, I imagine, are you prepared to go back to an implicit belief in Rhea Sylvia, or to find the miracles of early Buddhism more historically convincing!'

Ronalds looked up quickly. 'We do not admit your parallel for a moment! In the first place, the Christian phenomena are unique in the history of the world, and cannot be profitably compared on equal terms with any other series of phenomena. In the second, the variations which do not substantially affect the credit of scholarship in matters stretching so far over time and place as Roman history or Buddhism are of vital consequence when it comes to Christianity. The period is so much narrower, the possibilities so much more limited. To throw back the Gospels from the second century, where Baur and Volkmar placed them, to the last thirty years of the first is practically to surrender the bases of the rationalist theory. You give yourself no time for the play of legend, and instead of idealising followers writing mythical and hearsay accounts, the critic himself brings us back into the presence of either eye-witnesses, or at any rate the reporters of eye-witnesses. He has treated the testimony as he pleased, has subjected it to every harsh irreverent test his ingenuity could suggest, and instead of either getting rid of it wholesale, or forcing it into the mould of his own arbitrary conceptions, he is obliged to put up with it, to acknowledge in it a power he cannot over-pass—the witness of truth to the living truth!'

'"Obliged to put up with it"!' said Merriman with a smile, in which, however, there was a touch of deep melancholy. 'How oddly such a phrase describes that patient loving investigation of every vestige and fragment of Christian antiquity which has been the work of the critical school, and to which the orthodox Church, little as she will acknowledge it, owes all the greater reasonableness and livingness of her own modern Christianity! On the contrary, Ronalds, men like Harnack and Hausrath have no quarrel with Christian testimony, no antipathy whatever to what it has to say. They have simply by long labour come to *understand* it, to be able to *translate* it. They, and a vast section of the thinking Christian world with them, have merely learnt not to ask of that testimony more than it can give. They have come to recognise that it was conditioned by certain necessities of culture, certain laws of thought; that in a time which had no conception of history, or of accurate historical reporting in our sense—a time which produced the allegorical interpretations of Alexandria, the Rabbinical interpretations of St. Paul and the Gospels, the historical method of Josephus, the superstitions of Justin and Papias, the childish criticism and information of Irenæus, and the mass of pseudepigraphical literature which meets us at every turn before, and in, and after the New Testament—it is useless to expect to find a history which is not largely legend, a tradition which is not largely delusion. Led by experience gathered not only from Christian history, but from all history, they expect

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beforehand what the Christian documents reveal. They see a sense of history so weak that, in preserving the tradition of the Lord, it cannot keep clear and free from manifest contradiction even the most essential facts, not even the native place of his parents, the duration of his ministry, the date of his death, the place and time and order of the Resurrection appearances, the length of the mysterious period intervening between the Resurrection and the Ascension; and in preserving the tradition of the Apostles, it cannot record with certainty for their disciples even the most essential facts as to their later lives, the scenes of their labours, the manner of their deaths. On all these points the documents show naïvely—as all early traditions do—the most irreconcilable discrepancies. The critical historian could have foretold them, finds them the most natural thing in the world. On the other hand, he grows familiar, as the inquiry goes deeper, with that fund of fancy and speculation, of superstitious belief, or nationalist hope, in the mind of the first Christian period, the bulk of which he knows to be much older than the appearance of Jesus of Nazareth, and wherein he can trace the elements which conditioned the activity of the Master, and coloured all the thoughts of his primitive followers about him. He measures the strength of these fantastic or poetical conceptions of nature and history by the absence or weakness, in the society producing them, of that controlling logical and scientific instinct which it has been the work of succeeding centuries, of the toil of later generations, to develop in mankind; and when he sees the passion of the Messianic hope, or the Persian and Parsee conceptions of an unseen world which the course of history had grafted on Judaism, or the Hellenistic speculation with which the Jewish Dispersion was everywhere penetrated, or the mere natural love of marvel which every populace possesses, and more especially an Eastern populace—when he watches these forces either shaping the consciousness of Jesus, or dictating the forms of belief and legend and dogma in which his followers cast the love and loyalty roused by a great personality—this also he could have foretold, this also is the most natural thing in the world. For to realise the necessity, the inevitableness, of these three features in the story of Christianity, he has only to look out on the general history of religions, of miracle, of sacred biography, of inspired books, to see the same forces and the same processes repeating themselves all over the religious field.

'So in the same way with the penetration and success of Christianity—the "moral miracle," which is to convince us of Christian dogma, when the appeal to physical miracle fails. To the historian there is no miracle, moral or physical, in the matter, any more than there is in the rise of Buddhism or of any other of those vast religious systems with which the soil of history is strewn. He sees the fuel of a great ethical and spiritual movement, long in preparation from many sides, kindled into flame by that spark of a great personality—a life

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of genius, a tragic death. He sees the movement shaping itself to the poetry, myth, and philosophy already existing when it began, he sees it producing a new literature, instinct with a new passion, simplicity and feeling. He watches it, as time goes on, appropriating the strength of Roman institutions, the subtleties of Greek thought, and although in every religious history, nay in every individual history, there remain puzzles and complexities which belong to the mysteries of the human organisation, and which no critical process however sympathetic can ever completely fathom, still at the end the Christian problem is nearer a detailed solution for him than some others of the great religious problems of the world. How much harder for a European really to understand the vast spread and empire of Buddhism, its first rise, its tenacious hold on human life!

'But this relatively full understanding of the Christian problem is only reached *by a vigilant maintenance of that look-out over the whole religious field* of which I spoke just now. Only so can the historian keep his instinct sharp, his judgment clear. It is this constant use indeed of the comparative method which distinguishes him from the orthodox critic, which divides, say a German like Harnack or Hausrath from an Englishman like Westcott. The German is perpetually bringing into connexion and relation; the Englishman, like Westcott, on the contrary, under the influence of Mansel's doctrine of "affection," works throughout from an isolation, from the perpetual assumption of a special case. The first method is throughout scientific. The second has nothing to do with science. It has its own justification, no doubt, but it must not assume a name that does not belong to it.'

'Now I see, Merriman, how little you really understand the literature you profess to judge!' cried Ronalds; 'as if Westcott, who knows everything, and is for ever bringing Christianity into relation with the forces about it, can be accused of isolating it! A passage from the *Gospel of the Resurrection* comes into my mind at the moment which is conclusive: "Christianity is not an isolated system, but the result of a long preparation—Christianity cannot be regarded alone and isolated from its antecedents. To attempt to separate Christianity from Judaism and Hellenism is not to interpret Christianity, but to construct a new religion"—and so on. What can be more clear?'

'I speak from a knowledge of Westcott's books,' said Merriman quietly. 'The passages you quote concern the moral and philosophical phenomena of Christianity—I was speaking of the miraculous phenomena. No scholar of any eminence, whatever might have been the case fifty years ago, could at the present moment discuss the speculation and ethics of early Christendom without reference to surrounding conditions. So much the progress of knowledge has made impossible. But the procedure which the Christian apologist cannot maintain in the field of ideas he still maintains in the field of miracle and event. Do you find Westcott seriously sifting

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and comparing the narratives of healing, of rising from the dead, of visions, and so on, which meet us in the New Testament, by the help of narratives of a similar kind to be found either in contemporary or later documents, of the materials offered by the history of other religions or of other periods of Christianity? And if the attempt is anywhere made, do you not feel all through that it is unreal, that the speaker's mind is made up, to begin with, under the influence of "that affection which is part of insight" and that he starts his history from an assumption which has nothing to do with history? No! Westcott is an eclectic, or a schoolman, of the most delicate, interesting, and attractive type possible; but his great learning is for him not an instrument and means of conviction, it is a mere adornment of it.'

There was a long pause, which Ronalds at last broke, looking at his friend with emotion in every feature.

'And the result of it all, Merriman, for Germany and for yourself? Is Germany the better or the nobler for all her speculation? Are you the happier?'

Merriman thought a while as he stood leaning over the fire; then he said, 'Germany is in a religious state very difficult to understand, and the future of which is very difficult to forecast. To my mind, the chief evils of it come from that fierce reaction after '48 which prevented the convictions of liberal theology from mingling with the life and institutions of the people. Religion was for years made a question of politics and bureaucracy; and though the freedom of teaching was never seriously interfered with, the Church, which was for a long time the tool of political conservatism, organised itself against the liberal theological faculties, and the result has been a divorce between common life and speculative belief which affects the greater part of the cultivated class. The destructive forces of scientific theology have made them indifferent to dogma and formulæ, and reaction in Church and State has made it impossible for the new spiritual conceptions which belong to that theology to find new forms of religious action and expression.'

'*Religious* action!' said Ronalds bitterly. 'What religion is possible to men who regard Christ as a good man with mistaken notions on many points, and God as an open question?'

'For me at the present moment,' replied Merriman, with a singular gentleness, and showing in the whole expression of eye and feature, as he involuntarily moved nearer to his companion, a wish to soothe pain, a yearning to meet feeling with feeling, 'that is not the point. The point is, What religion is possible to men, for whom God is the only reality, and Jesus that friend of God and man, in whom, through all human and necessary imperfection, they see the natural leader of their inmost life, the symbol of those religious forces in man which are primitive, essential, and universal?'

'What can a mere man, however good and eminent, matter to

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me,' asked Ronalds impatiently, 'eighteen centuries after his death? The idea that Christianity can be reconstructed on any such basis is the merest dream.'

'Then, if so, history is realising a dream! For while you and those who think with you, Ronalds, are discussing whether a certain combination is possible, that combination is slowly and silently establishing itself in human life all about you! You dispute and debate—*solvitur ambulando*. All over the world, in quiet German towns, in Holland, in the circles which represent some of the best life of France, in large sections of Scotch and English life, and in large sections of American life, these ideas which you ridicule as chimerical are being carried day by day into action, tried by all the tests which evil and pain can apply, and proving their power to help, inspire, and console human beings. All round us'—and the speaker drew himself up, an indescribable air of energy and hope pervading look and frame—'all round us I feel the New Reformation preparing, struggling into utterance and being! It is the product, the compromise of two forces, the scientific and the religious. In the English Reformed Church of the future, to which the Church of England and the Church of Scotland, the Presbyterians, the Congregationalists, the Independents, and the Unitarians will all contribute, and wherein the Liberal forces now rising in each body will ultimately coalesce, science will find the religion with which, as it has long since declared, through its wisest mouths, it has no rightful quarrel, and religion will find the science which belongs to it and which it needs. Ah! but when, *when*?'—and the tone changed to one of yearning and passion. 'It is close upon us—it is prepared by all the forces of history and mind—its rise sooner or later is inevitable. But one has but the one life, and the years go by. Meanwhile the men whose hearts and heads are with us, who are our natural leaders, cling to systems which are for others, not for them, in which their faith is gone, and where their power is wasted, preaching a two-fold doctrine—one for the *élite* and one for the multitude—and so ignoring all the teachings of history as to the sources and conditions of the religious life.'

He stopped, a deep momentary depression stealing over the face and attitude, which ten minutes before had expressed such illimitable hope. Again Ronalds put up his hand and laid it lingeringly on the arm beside him.

'And yourself, Merriman?'

Merriman looked down into the anxious friendly eyes, the moved countenance, and his own aspect gradually cleared. He spoke with a grave and mild solemnity as though making a confession of faith.

'I am content, Ronalds—inwardly more at rest than for years. This study of mine, which at first seemed to have swept away all, has given me back much. God—though I can find no names for Him—is more real, more present to me than ever before. And when in the

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intervals of my law-work I go back to my favourite books, it seems to me that I live with Jesus, beside Gennesareth, or in the streets of Jerusalem, as I never lived with him in the old days, when you and I were Anglicans together. I realise his historical limitations, and the more present they are to me, the more my heart turns to him, the more he means to me, and the more ready I am to go out into that world of the poor and helpless he lost his life for, with the thought of him warm within me. I do not put him alone, on any non-natural pinnacle; but history, led by the blind and yet divine instinct of the race, has lifted this life from the mass of lives, and in it we Europeans see certain ethical and spiritual essentials concentrated and embodied, as we see the essentials of poetry and art and knowledge concentrated and embodied in other lives. And because ethical and spiritual things are more vital to us than art and knowledge, this life is more vital to us than those. Many others *may* have possessed the qualities of Jesus, or of Buddha, but circumstance and history have in each case decided as to the relative worth of the particular story, the particular inspiration, for the world in which it arose, in comparison with other stories or other inspirations; and amid the difficulties of existence, the modern European who persists in ignoring the practical value of this exquisite Christian inheritance of ours, or the Buddhist who should as yet look outside his own faith for the materials of a more rational religious development, is to my mind merely wasteful and impatient. We must submit to the education of God—the revolt against miraculous belief is becoming now not so much a revolt of reason as a revolt of conscience and faith—but we must keep firm hold all the while of that vast heritage of feeling which goes back, after all, through all the overgrowths of dream and speculation to that strongest of all the forces of human life—the love of man for man, the trust of the lower soul in the higher, the hope and the faith which the leader and the hero kindles amid the masses!'

The two men remained silent a while. Then Ronalds rose from his chair and grasped his companion's hand.

'We are nearer than we seemed half an hour ago,' he said.

'And we shall come nearer yet,' said Merriman, smiling.

Ronalds shook his head, stayed chatting a while on indifferent subjects, and went.

MARY A. WARD.

The Editor of THE NINETEENTH CENTURY *cannot undertake to return unaccepted MSS.*

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THE

NINETEENTH CENTURY.

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AGNOSTICISM: A REJOINDER.

The concluding paragraph of the Bishop of Peterborough's reply to the appeal which I addressed to him in the penultimate number of this Review, leads me to think that he has seen a personal reference where none was intended. I had ventured to suggest that the demand that a man should call himself an infidel, savoured very much of the flavour of a 'bull;' and, even had the Right Reverend prelate been as stolid an Englishman as I am, I should have entertained the hope, that the oddity of talking of the cowardice of persons who object to call themselves by a nickname, which must, in their eyes, be as inappropriate as, in the intention of the users, it is offensive, would have struck him. But, to my surprise, the Bishop has not even yet got sight of that absurdity. He thinks, that if I accept Dr. Wace's definition of his much-loved epithet, I am logically bound not only to adopt the titles of infidel and miscreant, but that I shall 'even glory in those titles.' As I have shown, 'infidel' merely means somebody who does not believe what you believe yourself, and therefore Dr. Wace has a perfect right to call say, my old Egyptian donkey-driver, Nooleh, and myself, infidels, just as Nooleh and I have a right to call him an infidel. The ludicrous aspect of the thing comes in only when either of us demands that the two others should so label themselves. It is a terrible business to have to explain a mild jest, and I pledge myself not to run the risk of offending in this way again. I see how wrong I was in trusting to the Bishop's sense of the ludicrous, and I beg leave

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unreservedly to withdraw my misplaced confidence. And I take this course the more readily as there is something about which I am obliged again to trouble the Bishop of Peterborough, which is certainly no jesting matter. Referring to my question, the Bishop says that if they (the terms 'infidel' and 'miscreant')

should not be so proved to be applicable, then I should hold it to be as unreasonable to expect him to call himself by such names as he, I suppose, would hold it to be to expect us Christians to admit, without better reason than he has yet given us, that Christianity is 'the sorry stuff' which, with his 'profoundly' moral readiness to say 'unpleasant' things, he is pleased to say that it is' (p. 370).

According to those 'English modes of thought and expression,' of which the Bishop seems to have but a poor opinion, this is a deliberate assertion that I have said that Christianity is 'sorry stuff.' And, according to the same standard of fair dealing, it is, I think, absolutely necessary for the Bishop of Peterborough to produce the evidence on which this positive statement is based. I shall be unfeignedly surprised if he is successful in proving it; but it is proper for me to wait and see.

Those who passed from Dr. Wace's article in the last number of this Review to the anticipatory confutation of it which followed in 'The New Reformation,' must have enjoyed the pleasure of a dramatic surprise—just as when the fifth act of a new play proves unexpectedly bright and interesting. Mrs. Ward will, I hope, pardon the comparison, if I say that, her effective clearing away of antiquated incumbrances from the lists of the controversy, reminds me of nothing so much as of the action of some neat-handed, but strong-wristed, Phyllis, who, gracefully wielding her long-handled 'Turk's head,' sweeps away the accumulated results of the toil of generations of spiders. I am the more indebted to this luminous sketch of the results of critical investigation, as it is carried out among those theologians who are men of science and not mere counsel for creeds, since it has relieved me from the necessity of dealing with the greater part of Dr. Wace's polemic and enables me to devote more space to the really important issues which have been raised.[1]

Perhaps, however, it may be well for me to observe that approbation of the manner in which a great biblical scholar, for instance, Reuss, does his work does not commit me to the adoption of all, or indeed of any of his views; and, further, that the disagreements of a series of investigators do not in any way interfere with the fact, that each of them has made important contributions to the body of truth ultimately established. If I cite Buffon, Linnæus, Lamarck, and

[1] I may perhaps return to the question of the authorship of the Gospels. For the present I must content myself with warning my readers against any reliance upon Dr. Wace's statements as to the results arrived at by modern criticism. They are as gravely as surprisingly erroneous.

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Cuvier, as having each and all taken a leading share in building up modern biology, the statement that every one of these great naturalists disagreed with, and even more or less contradicted, all the rest is quite true; but the supposition that the latter assertion is in any way inconsistent with the former, would betray a strange ignorance of the manner in which all true science advances.

Dr. Wace takes a great deal of trouble to make it appear that I have desired to evade the real questions raised by his attack upon me at the Church Congress. I assure the reverend Principal that in this, as in some other respects, he has entertained a very erroneous conception of my intentions. Things would assume more accurate proportions in Dr. Wace's mind if he would kindly remember that it is just thirty years since ecclesiastical thunderbolts began to fly about my ears. I have had the 'Lion and the Bear' to deal with, and it is long since I got quite used to the threatenings of episcopal Goliaths, whose croziers were like unto a weaver's beam. So that I almost think I might not have noticed Dr. Wace's attack, personal as it was; and although, as he is good enough to tell us, separate copies are to be had for the modest equivalent of twopence, as a matter of fact, it did not come under my notice for a long time after it was made. May I further venture to point out that (reckoning postage) the expenditure of twopence-halfpenny, or, at the most, threepence, would have enabled Dr. Wace so far to comply with ordinary conventions, as to direct my attention to the fact that he had attacked me before a meeting at which I was not present? I really am not responsible for the five months' neglect of which Dr. Wace complains. Singularly enough, the Englishry who swarmed about the Engadine, during the three months that I was being brought back to life by the glorious air and perfect comfort of the Maloja, did not, in my hearing, say anything about the important events which had taken place at the Church Congress; and I think I can venture to affirm that there was not a single copy of Dr. Wace's pamphlet in any of the hotel libraries which I rummaged in search of something more edifying than dull English or questionable French novels.

And now, having, as I hope, set myself right with the public as regards the sins of commission and omission with which I have been charged, I feel free to deal with matters to which time and type may be more profitably devoted.

The Bishop of Peterborough indulges in the anticipation that Dr. Wace will succeed in showing me 'that a scientist dealing with questions of theology or Biblical criticism may go quite as far astray as theologians often do in dealing with questions of science' (p. 371). I have already admitted that vaticination is not in my line; and I cannot so much as hazard a guess whether the spirit of prophecy which has descended on the Bishop comes from the one, or the other, of the two possible sources recognised by the highest authorities. But

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I think it desirable to warn those who may be misled by phraseology of this kind, that the antagonists in the present debate are not quite rightly represented by it. Undoubtedly, Dr. Wace is a theologian; and I should be the last person to question that his whole cast of thought and style of argumentation are pre-eminently and typically theological. And, if I must accept the hideous term 'scientist' (to which I object even more than I do to 'infidel'), I am ready to admit that I am one of the people so denoted.

But I hope and believe that there is not a solitary argument I have used, or that I am about to use, which is original, or has anything to do with the fact that I have been chiefly occupied with natural science. They are all, facts and reasoning alike, either identical with, or consequential upon, propositions which are to be found in the works of scholars and theologians of the highest repute in the only two countries, Holland and Germany,[2] in which, at the present time, professors of theology are to be found, whose tenure of their posts does not depend upon the results to which their inquiries lead them.[3]

It is true that, to the best of my ability, I have satisfied myself of the soundness of the foundations on which my arguments are built, and I desire to be held fully responsible for everything I say. But, nevertheless, my position is really no more than that of an expositor; and my justification for undertaking it is simply that conviction of the supremacy of private judgment (indeed, of the impossibility of escaping it) which is the foundation of the Protestant Reformation, and which was the doctrine accepted by the vast majority of the Anglicans of my youth, before that backsliding towards the 'beggarly rudiments' of an effete and idolatrous sacerdotalism which has, even now, provided us with the saddest spectacle which has been offered to the eyes of Englishmen in this generation. A high court of ecclesiastical jurisdiction, with a host of great lawyers in battle array, is and, for Heaven knows how long, will be, occupied with these very questions of 'washings of cups and pots and brazen vessels,' which the Master, whose professed representatives are rending the Church over these squabbles, had in his mind when, as we are told, he uttered the scathing rebuke:—

> Well did Isaiah prophesy of you hypocrites, as it is written:—
> This people honoureth me with their lips,
> But their heart is far from me:
> But in vain do they worship me,
> Teaching as their doctrines the precepts of men. (Mark vii. 6-7.)

Men who can be absorbed in bickerings over miserable disputes of this kind can have but little sympathy with the old evangelical

[2] The United States ought, perhaps, to be added, but I am not sure.

[3] Imagine that all our chairs of Astronomy had been founded in the fourteenth century, and that their incumbents were bound to sign Ptolemaic articles. In that case, with every respect for the efforts of persons thus hampered to attain and ex-

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doctrine of the 'open Bible,' or anything but a grave misgiving of the results of diligent reading of the Bible, without the help of ecclesiastical spectacles, by the mass of the people. Greatly to the surprise of many of my friends, I have always advocated the reading of the Bible, and the diffusion of the study of that most remarkable collection of books among the people. Its teachings are so infinitely superior to those of the sects, who are just as busy now as the Pharisees were eighteen hundred years ago, in smothering them under 'the precepts of men;' it is so certain, to my mind, that the Bible contains within itself the refutation of nine-tenths of the mixture of sophistical metaphysics and old-world superstition which has been piled round it by the so-called Christians of later times; it is so clear that the only immediate and ready antidote to the poison which has been mixed with Christianity, to the intoxication and delusion of mankind, lies in copious draughts from the undefiled spring, that I exercise the right and duty of free judgment on the part of every man, mainly for the purpose of inducing other laymen to follow my example. If the New Testament is translated into Zulu by Protestant missionaries, it must be assumed that a Zulu convert is competent to draw from its contents all the truths which it is necessary for him to believe. I trust that I may, without immodesty, claim to be put on the same footing as the Zulu.

The most constant reproach which is launched against persons of my way of thinking is, that it is all very well for us to talk about the deductions of scientific thought, but what are the poor and the uneducated to do? Has it ever occurred to those who talk in this fashion that the Creeds and the Articles of their several Confessions; their determination of the exact nature and extent of the teachings of Jesus; their expositions of the real meaning of that which is written in the Epistles (to leave aside all questions concerning the Old Testament) are nothing more than deductions, which, at any rate, profess to be the result of strictly scientific thinking, and which are not worth attending to unless they really possess that character? If it is not historically true that such and such things happened in Palestine eighteen centuries ago, what becomes of Christianity? And what is historical truth but that of which the evidence bears strict scientific investigation? I do not call to mind any problem of natural science which has come under my notice, which is more difficult, or more curiously interesting as a mere problem, than that

pound the truth, I think men of common sense would go elsewhere to learn astronomy. Zeller's *Vorträge und Abhandlungen* were published and came into my hands a quarter of a century ago. The writer's rank, as a theologian to begin with, and subsequently as a historian of Greek philosophy, is of the highest. Among these essays are two—*Das Urchristenthum* and *Die Tübinger historische Schule*—which are likely to be of more use to those who wish to know the real state of the case than all that the official 'apologists,' with their one eye on truth and the other on the tenets of their sect, have written. For the opinion of a scientific theologian about theologians of this stamp see pp. 225 and 227 of the *Vorträge*.

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of the origin of the Synoptic Gospels and that of the historical value of the narratives which they contain. The Christianity of the Churches stands or falls by the results of the purely scientific investigation of these questions. They were first taken up in a purely scientific spirit just about a century ago; they have been studied, over and over again, by men of vast knowledge and critical acumen; but he would be a rash man who should assert that any solution of these problems, as yet formulated, is exhaustive. The most that can be said is that certain prevalent solutions are certainly false, while others are more or less probably true.

If I am doing my best to rouse my countrymen out of their dogmatic slumbers, it is not that they may be amused by seeing who gets the best of it, in a contest between a 'scientist' and a theologian. The serious question is whether theological men of science, or theological special pleaders, are to have the confidence of the general public; it is the question whether a country in which it is possible for a body of excellent clerical and lay gentlemen to discuss, in public meeting assembled, how much it is desirable to let the congregations of the faithful know of the results of biblical criticism, is likely to wake up with anything short of the grasp of a rough lay hand upon its shoulder; it is the question whether the New Testament books, being as I believe they were, written and compiled by people who, according to their lights, were perfectly sincere, will not, when properly studied as ordinary historical documents, afford us the means of self-criticism. And it must be remembered that the New Testament books are not responsible for the doctrine invented by the Churches that they are anything but ordinary historical documents. The author of the third gospel tells us as straightforwardly as a man can that he has no claim to any other character than that of an ordinary compiler and editor, who had before him the works of many and variously qualified predecessors.

In my former papers, according to Dr. Wace, I have evaded giving an answer to his main proposition, which he states as follows:

> Apart from all disputed points of criticism, no one practically doubts that our Lord lived, and that He died on the Cross, in the most intense sense of filial relation to His Father in Heaven, and that He bore testimony to that Father's providence, love, and grace towards mankind. The Lord's Prayer affords a sufficient evidence on these points. If the Sermon on the Mount alone be added, the whole unseen world, of which the Agnostic refuses to know anything, stands unveiled before us. . . . If Jesus Christ preached that Sermon, made those promises, and taught that prayer, then any one who says that we know nothing of God, or of a future life, or of an unseen world, says that he does not believe Jesus Christ (pp. 354–355).

Again—

> The main question at issue, in a word, is one which Professor Huxley has chosen to leave entirely on one side—whether, namely, allowing for the utmost uncertainty on other points of the criticism to which he appeals, there is any reasonable doubt that the Lord's Prayer and the Sermon on the Mount afford a true account of our Lord's essential belief and cardinal teaching (p. 355).

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I certainly was not aware that I had evaded the questions here stated; indeed I should say that I have indicated my reply to them pretty clearly; but, as Dr. Wace wants a plainer answer, he shall certainly be gratified. If, as Dr. Wace declares it is, his 'whole case is involved in' the argument as stated in the latter of these two extracts, so much the worse for his whole case. For I am of opinion that there is the gravest reason for doubting whether the 'Sermon on the Mount' was ever preached, and whether the so-called 'Lord's Prayer' was ever prayed, by Jesus of Nazareth. My reasons for this opinion are, among others, these:—There is now no doubt that the three Synoptic Gospels, so far from being the work of three independent writers, are closely interdependent,[4] and that in one of two ways. Either all three contain, as their foundation, versions, to a large extent verbally identical, of one and the same tradition; or two of them are thus closely dependent on the third; and the opinion of the majority of the best critics has, of late years, more and more converged towards the conviction that our canonical second gospel (the so-called 'Mark's' Gospel) is that which most closely represents the primitive groundwork of the three.[5] That I take to be one of the most valid results of New Testament criticism, of immeasurably greater importance than the discussion about dates and authorship.

But if, as I believe to be the case, beyond any rational doubt or dispute, the second gospel is the nearest extant representative of the oldest tradition, whether written or oral, how comes it that it contains neither the 'Sermon on the Mount' nor the 'Lord's Prayer,' those typical embodiments, according to Dr. Wace, of the 'essential belief and cardinal teaching' of Jesus? Not only does 'Mark's' gospel fail to contain the 'Sermon on the Mount,' or anything but a very few of the sayings contained in that collection; but, at the point of the history of Jesus where the 'Sermon' occurs in 'Matthew,' there is in 'Mark' an apparently unbroken narrative, from the calling of James and John to the healing of Simon's wife's mother. Thus

[4] I suppose this is what Dr. Wace is thinking about, when he says that I allege that there 'is no visible escape' from the supposition of an *Ur-Marcus* (p. 367). That a 'theologian of repute' should confound an indisputable fact with one of the modes of explaining that fact, is not so singular as those who are unaccustomed to the ways of theologians might imagine.

[5] Any examiner whose duty it has been to examine into a case of 'copying' will be particularly well prepared to appreciate the force of the case stated in that most excellent little book, *The Common Tradition of the Synoptic Gospels*, by Dr. Abbott and Mr. Rushbrooke (Macmillan, 1884). To those who have not passed through such painful experiences I may recommend the brief discussion of the genuineness of the 'Casket Letters' in my friend Mr. Skelton's interesting book, *Maitland of Lethington*. The second edition of Holtzmann's *Lehrbuch*, published in 1886, gives a remarkably fair and full account of the present results of criticism. At p. 366, he writes that the present burning question is whether the 'relatively primitive narration and the root of the other synoptic texts is contained in Matthew or in Mark. It is only on this point that properly informed (*sachkundige*) critics differ,' and he decides in favour of Mark.

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the oldest tradition not only ignores the 'Sermon on the Mount,' but, by implication, raises a probability against its being delivered when and where the later 'Matthew' inserts it in his compilation.

And still more weighty is the fact that the third gospel, the author of which tells us that he wrote after 'many' others had 'taken in hand' the same enterprise; who should therefore have known the first gospel (if it existed), and was bound to pay to it the deference due to the work of an apostolic eye-witness (if he had any reason for thinking it was so)—this writer, who exhibits far more literary competence than the other two, ignores any 'Sermon on the Mount,' such as that reported by 'Matthew,' just as much as the oldest authority does. Yet 'Luke' has a great many passages identical, or parallel, with those in 'Matthew's' 'Sermon on the Mount,' which are, for the most part, scattered about in a totally different connection.

Interposed, however, between the nomination of the Apostles and a visit to Capernaum; occupying, therefore, a place which answers to that of the 'Sermon on the Mount' in the first gospel, there is, in the third gospel, a discourse which is as closely similar to the 'Sermon on the Mount' in some particulars, as it is widely unlike it in others.

This discourse is said to have been delivered in a 'plain' or 'level place' (Luke vi. 17), and by way of distinction we may call it the 'Sermon on the Plain.'

I see no reason to doubt that the two Evangelists are dealing, to a considerable extent, with the same traditional material; and a comparison of the two 'Sermons' suggests very strongly that 'Luke's' version is the earlier. The correspondences between the two forbid the notion that they are independent. They both begin with a series of blessings, some of which are almost verbally identical. In the middle of each (Luke vi. 27–38, Matt. v. 43–48) there is a striking exposition of the ethical spirit of the command given in Leviticus xix. 18. And each ends with a passage containing the declaration that a tree is to be known by its fruit, and the parable of the house built on the sand. But while there are only 29 verses in the 'Sermon on the Plain' there are 107 in the 'Sermon on the Mount;' the excess in length of the latter being chiefly due to the long interpolations, one of 30 verses before, and one of 34 verses after, the middlemost parallelism with Luke. Under these circumstances, it is quite impossible to admit that there is more probability that 'Matthew's' version of the Sermon is historically accurate than there is that Luke's version is so; and they cannot both be accurate.

'Luke' either knew the collection of loosely connected and aphoristic utterances which appear under the name of the 'Sermon on the Mount' in 'Matthew;' or he did not. If he did not, he must have been ignorant of the existence of such a document as our canonical 'Matthew,' a fact which does not make for the genuineness,

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or the authority of that book. If he did, he has shown that he does not care for its authority on a matter of fact of no small importance; and that does not permit us to conceive that he believed the first gospel to be the work of an authority to whom he ought to defer, let alone that of an apostolic eye-witness.

The tradition of the Church about the second gospel, which I believe to be quite worthless, but which is all the evidence there is for 'Mark's' authorship, would have us believe that 'Mark' was little more than the mouthpiece of the apostle Peter. Consequently, we are to suppose that Peter either did not know, or did not care very much for, that account of the 'essential belief and cardinal teaching' of Jesus which is contained in the Sermon on the Mount; and, certainly, he could not have shared Dr. Wace's view of its importance.[6]

I thought that all fairly attentive and intelligent students of the gospels, to say nothing of theologians of reputation, knew these things. But how can any one who does know them have the conscience to ask whether there is 'any reasonable doubt' that the Sermon on the Mount was preached by Jesus of Nazareth? If conjecture is permissible, where nothing else is possible, the most probable conjecture seems to be that 'Matthew,' having a *cento* of sayings attributed—rightly or wrongly it is impossible to say—to Jesus, among his materials, thought they were, or might be, records of a continuous discourse, and put them in at the place he thought likeliest. Ancient historians of the highest character saw no harm in composing long speeches which never were spoken, and putting them into the mouths of statesmen and warriors; and I presume that whoever is represented by 'Matthew' would have been grievously astonished to find that any one objected to his following the example of the best models accessible to him.

So with the 'Lord's Prayer.' Absent in our representative of the oldest tradition, it appears in both 'Matthew' and 'Luke.' There is reason to believe that every pious Jew, at the commencement of our era, prayed three times a day, according to a formula which is embodied in the present *Schmone-Esre*[7] of the Jewish prayer-book. Jesus, who was assuredly, in all respects, a pious Jew, whatever else he may have been, doubtless did the same. Whether he modified the current formula, or whether the so-called 'Lord's Prayer' is the prayer substituted for the *Schmone-Esre* in the congregations of the Gentiles,

[6] Holtzmann (*Die synoptischen Evangelien*, 1863, p. 75), following Ewald, argues that the 'Source A' (=the threefold tradition, more or less) contained something that answered to the 'Sermon on the Plain' immediately after the words of our present Mark, 'And he cometh into a house' (iii. 19). But what conceivable motive could 'Mark' have for omitting it? Holtzmann has no doubt, however, that the 'Sermon on the Mount' is a compilation, or, as he calls it in his recently published *Lehrbuch* (p. 372), 'an artificial mosaic work.'

[7] See Schürer, *Geschichte des jüdischen Volkes*, Zweiter Theil, p. 384.

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who knew nothing of the Jewish practice, is a question which can hardly be answered.

In a subsequent passage of Dr. Wace's article (p. 356) he adds to the list of the verities which he imagines to be unassailable, 'The story of the Passion.' I am not quite sure what he means by this—I am not aware that any one (with the exception of certain ancient heretics) has propounded doubts as to the reality of the crucifixion; and certainly I have no inclination to argue about the precise accuracy of every detail of that pathetic story of suffering and wrong. But, if Dr. Wace means, as I suppose he does, that that which, according to the orthodox view, happened after the crucifixion, and which is, in a dogmatic sense, the most important part of the story, is founded on solid historical proofs, I must beg leave to express a diametrically opposite conviction.

What do we find when the accounts of the events in question, contained in the three Synoptic gospels, are compared together? In the oldest, there is a simple, straightforward statement which, for anything that I have to urge to the contrary, may be exactly true. In the other two, there is, round this possible and probable nucleus, a mass of accretions of the most questionable character.

The cruelty of death by crucifixion depended very much upon its lingering character. If there were a support for the weight of the body, as not unfrequently was the case, the pain during the first hours of the infliction was not, necessarily, extreme; nor need any serious physical symptoms at once arise from the wounds made by the nails in the hands and feet, supposing they were nailed, which was not invariably the case. When exhaustion set in, and hunger, thirst, and nervous irritation had done their work, the agony of the sufferer must have been terrible; and the more terrible that, in the absence of any effectual disturbance of the machinery of physical life, it might be prolonged for many hours, or even days. Temperate, strong men, such as the ordinary Galilean peasants were, might live for several days on the cross. It is necessary to bear these facts in mind when we read the account contained in the fifteenth chapter of the second gospel.

Jesus was crucified at the third hour (xv. 25), and the narrative seems to imply that he died immediately after the ninth hour (*v.* 34) In this case, he would have been crucified only six hours; and the time spent on the cross cannot have been much longer, because Joseph of Arimathæa must have gone to Pilate, made his preparations, and deposited the body in the rock-cut tomb before sunset, which, at that time of the year, was about the twelfth hour. That any one should die after only six hours' crucifixion could not have been at all in accordance with Pilate's large experience of the effects of that method of punishment. It, therefore, quite agrees with what might be expected if Pilate 'marvelled if he were already dead' and re-

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quired to be satisfied on this point by the testimony of the Roman officer who was in command of the execution party. Those who have paid attention to the extraordinarily difficult question, What are the indisputable signs of death?—will be able to estimate the value of the opinion of a rough soldier on such a subject; even if his report to the Procurator were in no wise affected by the fact that the friend of Jesus, who anxiously awaited his answer, was a man of influence and of wealth.

The inanimate body, wrapped in linen, was deposited in a spacious,* cool, rock chamber, the entrance of which was closed, not by a well-fitting door, but by a stone rolled against the opening, which would of course allow free passage of air. A little more than thirty-six hours afterwards (Friday 6 P.M., to Sunday 6 A.M., or a little after) three women visit the tomb and find it empty. And they are told by a young man 'arrayed in a white robe' that Jesus is gone to his native country of Galilee, and that the disciples and Peter will find him there.

Thus it stands, plainly recorded, in the oldest tradition that, for any evidence to the contrary, the sepulchre may have been vacated at any time during the Friday or Saturday nights. If it is said that no Jew would have violated the Sabbath by taking the former course, it is to be recollected that Joseph of Arimathæa might well be familiar with that wise and liberal interpretation of the fourth commandment, which permitted works of mercy to men—nay even the drawing of an ox or an ass out of a pit—on the Sabbath. At any rate, the Saturday night was free to the most scrupulous of observers of the Law.

These are the facts of the case as stated by the oldest extant narrative of them. I do not see why any one should have a word to say against the inherent probability of that narrative; and, for my part, I am quite ready to accept it as an historical fact, that so much and no more is positively known of the end of Jesus of Nazareth. On what grounds can a reasonable man be asked to believe any more? So far as the narrative in the first gospel, on the one hand, and those in the third gospel and the Acts, on the other, go beyond what is stated in the second gospel, they are hopelessly discrepant with one another. And this is the more significant because the pregnant phrase 'some doubted,' in the first gospel, is ignored in the third.

But it is said that we have the witness Paul speaking to us directly in the Epistles. There is little doubt that we have, and a very singular witness he is. According to his own showing, Paul, in the vigour of his manhood, with every means of becoming acquainted, at first hand, with the evidence of eye-witnesses, not merely refused to credit them, but 'persecuted the church of God and made havock of it.' The reasoning of Stephen fell dead upon the acute intellect of this zealot

* Spacious, because a young man could sit in it 'on the right side' (xv. 5), and therefore with plenty of room to spare.

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for the traditions of his fathers: his eyes were blind to the ecstatic illumination of the martyr's countenance 'as it had been the face of an angel;' and when, at the words 'Behold, I see the heavens opened and the Son of Man standing on the right hand of God,' the murderous mob rushed upon and stoned the rapt disciple of Jesus, Paul ostentatiously made himself their official accomplice.

Yet this strange man, because he has a vision one day, at once, and with equally headlong zeal, flies to the opposite pole of opinion. And he is most careful to tell us that he abstained from any re-examination of the facts.

Immediately I conferred not with flesh and blood; neither went I up to Jerusalem to them which were Apostles before me; but I went away into Arabia. (Galatians i. 16, 17.)

I do not presume to quarrel with Paul's procedure. If it satisfied him, that was his affair; and, if it satisfies any one else, I am not called upon to dispute the right of that person to be satisfied. But I certainly have the right to say that it would not satisfy me, in like case; that I should be very much ashamed to pretend that it could, or ought to, satisfy me; and that I can entertain but a very low estimate of the value of the evidence of people who are to be satisfied in this fashion, when questions of objective fact, in which their faith is interested, are concerned. So that when I am called upon to believe a great deal more than the oldest gospel tells me about the final events of the history of Jesus on the authority of Paul (1 Corinthians xv. 5–8) I must pause. Did he think it, at any subsequent time, worth while 'to confer with flesh and blood,' or, in modern phrase, to re-examine the facts for himself? or was he ready to accept anything that fitted in with his preconceived ideas? Does he mean, when he speaks of all the appearances of Jesus after the crucifixion as if they were of the same kind, that they were all visions, like the manifestation to himself? And, finally, how is this account to be reconciled with those in the first and the third gospels—which, as we have seen, disagree with one another?

Until these questions are satisfactorily answered, I am afraid that, so far as I am concerned, Paul's testimony cannot be seriously regarded, except as it may afford evidence of the state of traditional opinion at the time at which he wrote, say between 55 and 60 A.D.; that is, more than twenty years after the event; a period much more than sufficient for the development of any amount of mythology about matters of which nothing was really known. A few years later, among the contemporaries and neighbours of the Jews, and, if the most probable interpretation of the Apocalypse can be trusted, among the followers of Jesus also, it was fully believed, in spite of all evidence to the contrary, that the Emperor Nero was not really dead, but that he was hidden away somewhere in the East, and would speedily come again at the head of a great army, to be revenged upon his enemies.

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Thus, I conceive that I have shown cause for the opinion that Dr. Wace's challenge touching the Sermon on the Mount, the Lord's Prayer, and the Passion was more valorous than discreet. After all this discussion, I am still at the agnostic point. Tell me, first, what Jesus can be proved to have been, said, and done, and I will tell you whether I believe him, or in him,[9] or not! As Dr. Wace admits that I have dissipated his lingering shade of unbelief about the bedevilment of the Gadarene pigs, he might have done something to help mine. Instead of that, he manifests a total want of conception of the nature of the obstacles which impede the conversion of his 'infidels.'

The truth I believe to be, that the difficulties in the way of arriving at a sure conclusion as to these matters, from the Sermon on the Mount, the Lord's Prayer, or any other data offered by the Synoptic gospels (and *à fortiori* from the fourth gospel) are insuperable. Every one of these records is coloured by the prepossessions of those among whom the primitive traditions arose and of those by whom they were collected and edited; and the difficulty of making allowance for these prepossessions is enhanced by our ignorance of the exact dates at which the documents were first put together; of the extent to which they have been subsequently worked over and interpolated; and of the historical sense, or want of sense, and the dogmatic tendencies, of their compilers and editors. Let us see if there is any other road which will take us into something better than negation.

There is a widespread notion that the 'primitive Church,' while under the guidance of the Apostles and their immediate successors, was a sort of dogmatic dovecote, pervaded by the most loving unity and doctrinal harmony. Protestants, especially, are fond of attributing to themselves the merit of being nearer 'the Church of the Apostles' than their neighbours; and they are the less to be excused for their strange delusion because they are great readers of the documents which prove the exact contrary. The fact is that, in the course ofth e first three centuries of its existence, the Church rapidly underwent a process of evolution of the most remarkable character, the final stage of which is far more different from the first than Anglicanism is from Quakerism. The key to the comprehension of the problem of the origin of that which is now called 'Christianity,' and its relation to Jesus of Nazareth, lies here. Nor can we arrive at any sound conclusion as to what it is probable that Jesus actually said and did without being clear on this head. By far the most important and subsequently influential steps in the evolution of Christianity took place in the course of the century, more or less, which followed upon

[9] I am very sorry for the interpolated 'in,' because citation ought to be accurate in small things as in great. But what difference it makes whether one 'believes Jesus' or 'believes in Jesus' much thought has not enabled me to discover. If you 'believe him' you must believe him to be what he professed to be—that is, 'believe in him;' and if you 'believe in him' you must necessarily 'believe him.'

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the crucifixion. It is almost the darkest period of Church history, but, most fortunately, the beginning and the end of the period are brightly illuminated by the contemporary evidence of two writers of whose historical existence there is no doubt,[10] and against the genuineness of whose most important works there is no widely admitted objection. These are Justin, the philosopher and martyr, and Paul, the Apostle to the Gentiles. I shall call upon these witnesses only to testify to the condition of opinion among those who called themselves disciples of Jesus in their time.

Justin, in his Dialogue with Trypho the Jew, which was written somewhere about the middle of the second century, enumerates certain categories of persons, who in his opinion, will, or will not, be saved.[11] These are:—

1. Orthodox Jews who refuse to believe that Jesus is the Christ. *Not saved.*

2. Jews who observe the Law; believe Jesus to be the Christ; but who insist on the observance of the Law by Gentile converts. *Not saved.*

3. Jews who observe the Law; believe Jesus to be the Christ, and hold that Gentile converts need not observe the Law. *Saved* (in Justin's opinion; but some of his fellow-Christians think the contrary).

4. Gentile converts to the belief in Jesus as the Christ, who observe the Law. *Saved* (possibly).

5. Gentile believers in Jesus as the Christ, who do not observe the Law themselves (except so far as the refusal of idol sacrifices), but do not consider those who do observe it heretics. *Saved* (this is Justin's own view).

6. Gentile believers who do not observe the Law except in refusing idol sacrifices, and hold those who do observe it to be heretics. *Saved.*

7. Gentiles who believe Jesus to be the Christ and call themselves Christians, but who eat meats sacrificed to idols. *Not saved.*

8. Gentiles who disbelieve in Jesus as the Christ. *Not saved.*

Justin does not consider Christians who believe in the natural birth of Jesus, of whom he implies that there is a respectable minority, to be heretics, though he himself strongly holds the preternatural birth of Jesus and his pre-existence as the 'Logos' or 'Word.' He conceives the Logos to be a second God, inferior to the first, unknowable, God, with respect to whom Justin, like Philo, is a complete agnostic. The Holy Spirit is not regarded by Justin as a separate personality, and is often mixed up with the 'Logos.' The doctrine of the natural immortality of the soul is, for Justin, a heresy; and

[10] True for Justin: but there is a school of theological critics, who more or less question the historical reality of Paul and the genuineness of even the four cardinal epistles.

[11] See *Dial. cum Tryphone*, § 47 and § 35. It is to be understood that Justin does not arrange these categories in order as I have done.

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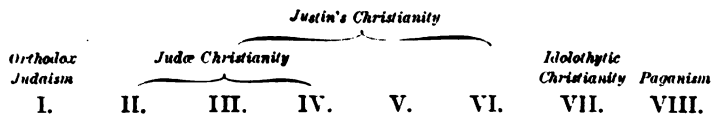
he is as firm a believer in the resurrection of the body, as in the speedy Second Coming and the establishment of the millennium.

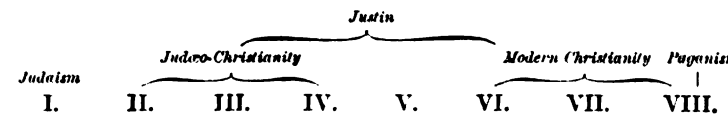
This pillar of the Church in the middle of the second century—a much-travelled native of Samaria—was certainly well acquainted with Rome, probably with Alexandria, and it is likely that he knew the state of opinion throughout the length and breadth of the Christian world as well as any man of his time. If the various categories above enumerated are arranged in a series thus:—



it is obvious that they form a gradational series from orthodox Judaism, on the extreme left, to Paganism, whether philosophic or popular, on the extreme right; and it will further be observed that, while Justin's conception of Christianity is very broad, he rigorously excludes two classes of persons who, in his time, called themselves Christians; namely, those who insist on circumcision and other observances of the Law on the part of Gentile converts; that is to say, the strict Judæo-Christians (II.) and, on the other hand, those who assert the lawfulness of eating meat offered to idols—whether they are Gnostics or not (VII.). These last I have called 'idolothytic' Christians, because I cannot devise a better name, not because it is strictly defensible etymologically.

At the present moment, I do not suppose there is an English missionary in any heathen land who would trouble himself whether the materials of his dinner had been previously offered to idols or not. On the other hand, I suppose there is no Protestant sect within the pale of orthodoxy, to say nothing of the Roman and Greek Churches, which would hesitate to declare the practice of circumcision and the observance of the Jewish Sabbath and dietary rules, shockingly heretical.

Modern Christianity has, in fact, not only shifted far to the right of Justin's position, but it is of much narrower compass.



For, though it includes VII., and even, in saint and relic worship, cuts a 'monstrous cantle' out of paganism, it excludes, not only all Judæo-Christians, but all who doubt that such are heretics. Ever since the thirteenth century, the Inquisition would have cheerfully burned, and in Spain did abundantly burn, all persons who came under the categories II., III., IV., V. And the wolf would play the

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same havoc now, if it could only get its blood-stained jaws free from the muzzle imposed by the secular arm.

Further, there is not a Protestant body except the Unitarian, which would not declare Justin himself a heretic, on account of his doctrine of the inferior godship of the Logos; while I am very much afraid that, in strict logic, Dr. Wace would be under the necessity, so painful to him, of calling him an 'infidel,' on the same and on other grounds.

Now let us turn to our other authority. If there is any result of critical investigations of the sources of Christianity which is certain,[12] it is that Paul of Tarsus wrote the Epistle to the Galatians somewhere between the years 55 and 60 A.D., that is to say, roughly, twenty, or five-and-twenty, years after the crucifixion. If this is so, the Epistle to the Galatians is one of the oldest, if not the very oldest, of extant documentary evidences of the state of the primitive Church. And, be it observed, if it is Paul's writing, it unquestionably furnishes us with the evidence of a participator in the transactions narrated. With the exception of two or three of the other Pauline epistles, there is not one solitary book in the New Testament of the authorship and authority of which we have such good evidence.

And what is the state of things we find disclosed? A bitter quarrel, in his account of which Paul by no means minces matters or hesitates to hurl defiant sarcasms against those who were 'reputed to be pillars:' James, 'the brother of the Lord,' Peter, the rock on whom Jesus is said to have built his Church, and John, 'the beloved disciple.' And no deference towards 'the rock' withholds Paul from charging Peter to his face with 'dissimulation.'

The subject of the hot dispute was simply this. Were Gentile converts bound to obey the Law or not? Paul answered in the negative; and, acting upon his opinion, had created at Antioch (and elsewhere) a specifically 'Christian' community, the sole qualifications for admission into which were the confession of the belief that Jesus was the Messiah, and baptism upon that confession. In the epistle in question, Paul puts this—his 'gospel,' as he calls it—in its most extreme form. Not only does he deny the necessity of conformity with the Law, but he declares such conformity to have a negative value. 'Behold, I, Paul, say unto you, that if ye receive circumcision, Christ will profit you nothing' (Galatians v. 2). He calls the legal observances 'beggarly rudiments,' and anathematises every one who preaches to the Galatians any other gospel than his own—That is to say, by direct consequence, he anathematises the Jerusalem Nazarenes whose zeal for the Law is testified by James in a passage of the Acts cited further on. In the first Epistle to the Corinthians, dealing with the question of eating meat offered to idols, it is clear

[12] I guard myself against being supposed to affirm that even the four cardinal epistles of Paul may not have been seriously tampered with. See note 10 above.

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that Paul himself thinks it a matter of indifference; but he advises that it should not be done, for the sake of the weaker brethren. On the other hand, the Nazarenes of Jerusalem most strenuously opposed Paul's 'gospel,' insisting on every convert becoming a regular Jewish proselyte, and consequently on his observance of the whole Law; and this party was led by James and Peter and John (Galatians ii. 9). Paul does not suggest that the question of principle was settled by the discussion referred to in Galatians. All he says is that it ended in the practical agreement that he and Barnabas should do as they had been doing in respect of the Gentiles; while James and Peter and John should deal in their own fashion with Jewish converts. Afterwards he complains bitterly of Peter, because, when on a visit to Antioch, he at first inclined to Paul's view, and ate with the Gentile converts; but when 'certain came from James,' 'drew back, and separated himself, fearing them that were of the circumcision. And the rest of the Jews dissembled likewise with him; insomuch that even Barnabas was carried away with their dissimulation' (Galatians ii. 12–13).

There is but one conclusion to be drawn from Paul's account of this famous dispute, the settlement of which determined the fortunes of the nascent religion. It is that the disciples at Jerusalem, headed by 'James, the Lord's brother,' and by the leading apostles, Peter and John, were strict Jews, who objected to admit any converts to their body, unless these, either by birth or by becoming proselytes, were also strict Jews. In fact, the sole difference between James and Peter and John, with the body of disciples whom they led, and the Jews by whom they were surrounded, and with whom they for many years shared the religious observances of the Temple, was that they believed that the Messiah, whom the leaders of the nation yet looked for, had already come in the person of Jesus of Nazareth.

The Acts of the Apostles is hardly a very trustworthy history; it is certainly of later date than the Pauline Epistles, supposing them to be genuine. And the writer's version of the conference of which Paul gives so graphic a description, if that is correct, is unmistakably coloured with all the art of a reconciler, anxious to cover up a scandal. But it is none the less instructive on this account. The judgment of the 'council' delivered by James is that the Gentile converts shall merely 'abstain from things sacrificed to idols, and from blood and from things strangled, and from fornication.' But notwithstanding the accommodation in which the writer of the Acts would have us believe, the Jerusalem Church held to its endeavour to retain the observance of the Law. Long after the conference, some time after the writing of the Epistles to the Galatians and Corinthians, and immediately after the despatch of that to the Romans, Paul makes his last visit to Jerusalem, and presents himself to James and all the elders. And this is what the Acts tells us of the interview:—

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> And they said unto him, Thou seest, brother, how many thousands (or myriads) there are among the Jews of them which have believed; and they are all zealous for the law: and they have been informed concerning thee, that thou teachest all the Jews which are among the Gentiles to forsake Moses, telling them not to circumcise their children, neither to walk after the customs. (Acts xxi. 20-21.)

They therefore request that he should perform a certain public religious act in the Temple, in order that

> all shall know that there is no truth in the things whereof they have been informed concerning thee; but that thou thyself walkest orderly, keeping the law (*ibid.* 24).

How far Paul could do what he is here requested to do, and which the writer of the Acts goes on to say he did, with a clear conscience, if he wrote the epistles to the Galatians and Corinthians, I may leave any candid reader of those epistles to decide. The point to which I wish to direct attention is the declaration that the Jerusalem Church, led by the brother of Jesus and by his personal disciples and friends, twenty years and more after his death, consisted of strict and zealous Jews.

Tertullus, the orator, caring very little about the internal dissensions of the followers of Jesus, speaks of Paul as a 'ringleader of the sect of the Nazarenes' (Acts xxiv. 5), which must have affected James much in the same way as it would have moved the Archbishop of Canterbury, in George Fox's day, to hear the latter called a 'ringleader of the sect of Anglicans.' In fact, 'Nazarene' was, as is well known, the distinctive appellation applied to Jesus; his immediate followers were known as Nazarenes, while the congregation of the disciples, and, later, of converts at Jerusalem—the Jerusalem Church—was emphatically the 'sect of the Nazarenes,' no more in itself to be regarded as anything outside Judaism than the sect of the Sadducees or of the Essenes.[13] In fact, the tenets of both the Sadducees and the Essenes diverged much more widely from the Pharisaic standard of orthodoxy than Nazarenism did.

Let us consider the position of affairs now (A.D. 50-60) in relation to that which obtained in Justin's time, a century later. It is plain that the Nazarenes—presided over by James 'the brother of the Lord,' and comprising within their body all the twelve apostles—belonged to Justin's second category of 'Jews who observe the Law, believe Jesus to be the Christ, but who insist on the observance of the Law by Gentile converts,' up till the time at which the controversy reported by Paul arose. They then, according to Paul, simply allowed him to form his congregation of non-legal Gentile converts at Antioch and elsewhere; and it would seem that it was to these converts, who would come under Justin's fifth category, that the title of 'Christian' was first applied. If any of these Christians had acted

[13] All this was quite clearly pointed out by Ritschl nearly forty years ago. See *Die Entstehung der alt-katholischen Kirche* (1850), p. 108.

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upon the more than half-permission given by Paul, and had eaten meats offered to idols, they would have belonged to Justin's seventh category.

Hence, it appears that, if Justin's opinion, which was doubtless that of the Church generally in the middle of the second century, was correct, James and Peter and John and their followers could not be saved; neither could Paul, if he carried into practice his views as to the indifference of eating meats offered to idols. Or, to put the matter another way, the centre of gravity of orthodoxy, which is at the extreme right of the series in the nineteenth century, was at the extreme left, just before the middle of the first century, when the 'sect of the Nazarenes' constituted the whole church founded by Jesus and the apostles; while, in the time of Justin, it lay midway between the two. It is therefore a profound mistake to imagine that the Judæo-Christians (Nazarenes and Ebionites) of later times were heretical outgrowths from a primitive, universalist 'Christianity.' On the contrary, the universalist 'Christianity' is an outgrowth from the primitive, purely Jewish, Nazarenism; which, gradually eliminating all the ceremonial and dietary parts of the Jewish law, has thrust aside its parent, and all the intermediate stages of its development, into the position of damnable heresies.

Such being the case, we are in a position to form a safe judgment of the limits within which the teaching of Jesus of Nazareth must have been confined. Ecclesiastical authority would have us believe that the words which are given at the end of the first gospel, 'Go ye, therefore, and make disciples of all the nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost,' are part of the last commands of Jesus, issued at the moment of his parting with the eleven. If so, Peter and John must have heard these words; they are too plain to be misunderstood; and the occasion is too solemn for them to be ever forgotten. Yet the 'Acts' tells us that Peter needed a vision to enable him so much as to baptize Cornelius; and Paul, in the Galatians, knows nothing of words which would have completely borne him out as against those who, though they heard, must be supposed to have either forgotten or ignored them. On the other hand, Peter and John, who are supposed to have heard the 'Sermon on the Mount,' know nothing of the saying that Jesus had not come to destroy the Law, but that every jot and tittle of the Law must be fulfilled, which surely would have been pretty good evidence for their view of the question.

We are sometimes told that the personal friends and daily companions of Jesus remained zealous Jews and opposed Paul's innovations, because they were hard of heart and dull of comprehension. This hypothesis is hardly in accordance with the concomitant faith of those who adopt it, in the miraculous insight and superhuman sagacity of their Master; nor do I see any way of getting it to

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harmonise with the other orthodox postulate; namely, that Matthew was the author of the first gospel and John of the fourth. If that is so, then, most assuredly, Matthew was no dullard; and as for the fourth gospel—a theosophic romance of the first order—it could have been written by none but a man of remarkable literary capacity, who had drunk deep of Alexandrian philosophy. Moreover, the doctrine of the writer of the fourth gospel is more remote from that of the 'sect of the Nazarenes' than is that of Paul himself. I am quite aware that orthodox critics have been capable of maintaining that John, the Nazarene, who was probably well past fifty years of age when he is supposed to have written the most thoroughly Judaising book in the New Testament—the Apocalypse—in the roughest of Greek, underwent an astounding metamorphosis of both doctrine and style by the time he reached the ripe age of ninety or so, and provided the world with a history in which the acutest critic cannot make out where the speeches of Jesus end and the text of the narrative begins; while that narrative is utterly irreconcilable in regard to matters of fact with that of his fellow-apostle, Matthew.

The end of the whole matter is this:—The 'sect of the Nazarenes,' the brother and the immediate followers of Jesus, commissioned by him as apostles, and those who were taught by them up to the year 50 A.D., were not 'Christians' in the sense in which that term has been understood ever since its asserted origin at Antioch, but Jews —strict orthodox Jews—whose belief in the Messiahship of Jesus never led to their exclusion from the Temple services, nor would have shut them out from the wide embrace of Judaism.[14] The open proclamation of their special view about the Messiah was doubtless offensive to the Pharisees, just as rampant Low Churchism is offensive to bigoted High Churchism in our own country; or as any kind of dissent is offensive to fervid religionists of all creeds. To the Sadducees, no doubt, the political danger of any Messianic movement was serious, and they would have been glad to put down Nazarenism, lest it should end in useless rebellion against their Roman masters, like that other Galilean movement headed by Judas, a generation earlier. Galilee was always a hotbed of seditious enthusiasm against the rule of Rome; and high priest and procurator alike had need to keep a sharp eye upon natives of that district. On the whole, however, the Nazarenes were but little troubled for the first twenty years of their existence; and the undying hatred of the Jews against those later converts whom they regarded as apostates and fautors of a sham Judaism was awakened by Paul. From their point of view, he was a mere renegade Jew, opposed alike

[14] 'If every one was baptized as soon as he acknowledged Jesus to be the Messiah, the first Christians can have been aware of no other essential differences from the Jews.'—Zeller, *Vorträge* (1865), p. 216.

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to orthodox Judaism and to orthodox Nazarenism, and whose teachings threatened Judaism with destruction. And, from their point of view, they were quite right. In the course of a century, Pauline influences had a large share in driving primitive Nazarenism from being the very heart of the new faith into the position of scouted error; and the spirit of Paul's doctrine continued its work of driving Christianity farther and farther away from Judaism, until 'meats offered to idols' might be eaten without scruple, while the Nazarene methods of observing even the Sabbath or the Passover were branded with the mark of Judaising heresy.

But if the primitive Nazarenes of whom the Acts speaks were orthodox Jews, what sort of probability can there be that Jesus was anything else? How can he have founded the universal religion which was not heard of till twenty years after his death? [15] That Jesus possessed in a rare degree the gift of attaching men to his person and to his fortunes; that he was the author of many a striking saying, and the advocate of equity, of love, and of humility; that he may have disregarded the subtleties of the bigots for legal observance, and appealed rather to those noble conceptions of religion which constituted the pith and kernel of the teaching of the great prophets of his nation seven hundred years earlier; and that, in the last scenes of his career, he may have embodied the ideal sufferer of Isaiah, may be, as I think it is, extremely probable. But all this involves not a step beyond the borders of orthodox Judaism. Again, who is to say whether Jesus proclaimed himself the veritable Messiah, expected by his nation since the appearance of the pseudo-prophetic work of Daniel, a century and a half before his time; or whether the enthusiasm of his followers gradually forced him to assume that position?

But one thing is quite certain: if that belief in the speedy second coming of the Messiah which was shared by all parties in the primitive Church, whether Nazarene or Pauline; which Jesus is made to prophesy, over and over again, in the Synoptic gospels; and which dominated the life of Christians during the first century after the crucifixion;—if he believed and taught that, then assuredly he was under an illusion, and he is responsible for that which the mere effluxion of time has demonstrated to be a prodigious error.

When I ventured to doubt 'whether any Protestant theologian who has a reputation to lose will say that he believes the Gadarene story,' it appears that I reckoned without Dr. Wace, who, referring to this passage in my paper, says:—

[15] Dr. Harnack, in the lately published second edition of his *Dogmengeschichte*, says (p. 39), 'Jesus Christ brought forward no new doctrine;' and again (p. 65), 'It is not difficult to set against every portion of the utterances of Jesus an observation which deprives him of originality.' See also Zusatz 4, on the same page.

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He will judge whether I fall under his description; but I repeat that I believe it, and that he has removed the only objection to my believing it (p. 363).

Far be it from me to set myself up as a judge of any such delicate question as that put before me; but I think I may venture to express the conviction that, in the matter of courage, Dr. Wace has raised for himself a monument *ære perennius*. For really, in my poor judgment, a certain splendid intrepidity, such as one admires in the leader of a forlorn hope, is manifested by Dr. Wace when he solemnly affirms that he believes the Gadarene story on the evidence offered. I feel less complimented perhaps than I ought to do, when I am told that I have been an accomplice in extinguishing in Dr. Wace's mind the last glimmer of doubt which common sense may have suggested. In fact, I must disclaim all responsibility for the use to which the information I supplied has been put. I formally decline to admit that the expression of my ignorance whether devils, in the existence of which I do not believe, if they did exist, might or might not be made to go out of men into pigs, can, as a matter of logic, have been of any use whatever to a person who already believed in devils and in the historical accuracy of the gospels.

Of the Gadarene story, Dr. Wace, with all solemnity and twice over, affirms that he 'believes it.' I am sorry to trouble him further, but what does he mean by 'it'? Because there are two stories, one in 'Mark' and 'Luke,' and the other in 'Matthew.' In the former, which I quoted in my previous paper, there is one possessed man; in the latter there are two. The story is told fully, with the vigorous homely diction and the picturesque details of a piece of folklore, in the second gospel. The immediately antecedent event is the storm on the Lake of Gennesareth. The immediately consequent events are the message from the ruler of the synagogue and the healing of the woman with an issue of blood. In the third gospel, the order of events is exactly the same, and there is an extremely close general and verbal correspondence between the narratives of the miracle. Both agree in stating that there was only one possessed man, and that he was the residence of many devils, whose name was 'Legion.'

In the first gospel, the event which immediately precedes the Gadarene affair is, as before, the storm; the message from the ruler and the healing of the issue are separated from it by the accounts of the healing of a paralytic, of the calling of Matthew, and of a discussion with some Pharisees. Again, while the second gospel speaks of the country of the 'Gerasenes' as the locality of the event, the third gospel has 'Gerasenes,' 'Gergesenes,' and 'Gadarenes' in different ancient MSS.; while the first has 'Gadarenes.'

The really important points to be noticed, however, in the narrative of the first gospel, are these—that there are two possessed men instead of one; and that while the story is abbreviated by

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omissions, what there is of it is often verbally identical with the corresponding passages in the other two gospels. The most unabashed of reconcilers cannot well say that one man is the same as two, or two as one; and, though the suggestion really has been made, that two different miracles, agreeing in all essential particulars, except the number of the possessed, were effected immediately after the storm on the lake, I should be sorry to accuse any one of seriously adopting it. Nor will it be pretended that the allegory refuge is accessible in this particular case.

So, when Dr. Wace says that he believes in the synoptic evangelists' account of the miraculous bedevilment of swine, I may fairly ask which of them does he believe? Does he hold by the one evangelist's story, or by that of the two evangelists? And having made his election, what reasons has he to give for his choice? If it is suggested that the witness of two is to be taken against that of one, not only is the testimony dealt with in that common-sense fashion against which theologians of his school protest so warmly; not only is all question of inspiration at an end, but the further inquiry arises, After all, is it the testimony of two against one? Are the authors of the versions in the second and the third gospels really independent witnesses? In order to answer this question, it is only needful to place the English versions of the two side by side, and compare them carefully. It will then be seen that the coincidences between them, not merely in substance, but in arrangement, and in the use of identical words in the same order, are such, that only two alternatives are conceivable: either one evangelist freely copied from the other, or both based themselves upon a common source, which may either have been a written document, or a definite oral tradition learned by heart. Assuredly, these two testimonies are not those of independent witnesses. Further, when the narrative in the first gospel is compared with that in the other two, the same fact comes out.

Supposing, then, that Dr. Wace is right in his assumption that Matthew, Mark, and Luke wrote the works which we find attributed to them by tradition, what is the value of their agreement, even that something more or less like this particular miracle occurred, since it is demonstrable, either that all depend on some antecedent statement, of the authorship of which nothing is known, or that two are dependent upon the third?

Dr. Wace says he believes the Gadarene story; whichever version of it he accepts, therefore, he believes that Jesus said what he is stated in all the versions to have said, and thereby virtually declared that the theory of the nature of the spiritual world involved in the story is true. Now I hold that this theory is false, that it is a monstrous and mischievous fiction; and I unhesitatingly express my disbelief in any assertion that it is true, by whomsoever made.

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So that, if Dr. Wace is right in his belief, he is also quite right in classing me among the people he calls 'infidels;' and although I cannot fulfil the eccentric expectation of the Bishop of Peterborough, that I shall glory in a title which, from my point of view, it would be simply silly to adopt, I certainly shall rejoice not to be reckoned among the Bishop's 'us Christians' so long as the profession of belief in such stories as the Gadarene pig affair, on the strength of a tradition of unknown origin, of which two discrepant reports, also of unknown origin, alone remain, forms any part of the Christian faith. And, although I have, more than once, repudiated the gift of prophecy, yet I think I may venture to express the anticipation, that if 'Christians' generally are going to follow the line taken by the Bishop of Peterborough and Dr. Wace, it will not be long before all men of common-sense qualify for a place among the 'infidels.'

T. H. Huxley.

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WORK FOR THE LONDON COUNCIL.

As before these pages appear in print the London County Council will have come into possession of its own, it is well to consider what are the improvements which it would be both possible and expedient for an enlightened public body to effect in the administration of the metropolis. Opinions will naturally differ upon both these points, especially upon the latter. There are many who think that a municipality should limit itself to the care of the public sewers and streets; there are others, and these are of the more modern school, who consider that it is its duty to regulate all matters appertaining to the physical health and comfort of the citizen outside the walls of his home; and there are some who go so far as to declare that the municipality should provide homes and even work for the poorer classes on terms with which private enterprise could not afford to compete. Between these two extremes lies every variety of opinion. Towards which pole will the majority of the new council incline? Time will show us. In the meanwhile, without committing ourselves to any very extreme opinions, it may be acknowledged that private enterprise has for years enjoyed a fair field in which to exercise its powers for the benefit of men and for the lining of its own pockets, and that whilst it has as a rule been most successful in the last endeavour, it has left life for the average Londoner a somewhat sombre and dismal affair at the best, and for the poorer citizen a very dreary one indeed. We may confess at once that, without any great extravagance, much might be done by a businesslike and progressing council, in the true sense of the term, to make the metropolis more worthy of its high position as the commercial centre of the world and the capital of the British Empire. We are perfectly aware of the debt of gratitude which as citizens we owe to the Metropolitan Board of Works, notwithstanding all the hard things which, either justly or unjustly, have been said of that defunct body, and we fully recognise the great undertakings it inaugurated, and which it carried to a successful issue. We know also that its powers were limited, and we have no desire to lay at its door shortcomings for which it cannot fairly be considered responsible; but the public is not discriminating, and cares very little who is responsible: it only knows that in some matters of municipal concern London was and is behind, not only such capitals as Paris

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and Vienna, but many a provincial English town possessed of not a thousandth portion of its influence, position, and wealth. Who that has recently trod the freshly washed *trottoirs* of Paris has not felt humiliated as he slipped and slithered on the mud-encumbered pavements of London? Why should it be necessary for a householder, who desires to replenish his coal-cellar, to become a nuisance to himself, to all his neighbours, and to the passers-by? The first two are unable to open their windows during the process, under penalty of being smothered in coal-dust, and the last, to avoid the coalheaver and the yawning chasm in the middle of the public path, into which he casts his smutty burden, are forced to take refuge in the gutter, or to run the risk of being run over in the crowded street. Again, who has not watched the dirty scraps of old newspapers, and the straws, which have found their way into the street from some passing cart or neighbouring mews, chase each other backwards and forwards in an interminable race, which, however, never ended in relieving the spectator of their unwelcome presence? But all this is as nothing to the horrors of the dust-cart on a windy day, when, as the dust is allowed freely to waft itself in all directions, the imagination cannot help fancying that that old dirty rag, which lies at the top of the cart, just between you and the wind, is saturated with some terrible infection; and as the dust is blown into your eyes, mouth, and nostrils, you vainly try to cleanse them, and you remember all that you ever heard or read of the germ theory, and of the virulence of infection. Although it is bad enough when the dust-cart makes its appearance in one's street, it is vastly worse when it does not: an overflowing dustbin is a nuisance which will not be trifled with, under penalty of disease and perhaps even of death. Householders will bear me out when I say that, of all independent men, the dustman, in some districts of the metropolis, seems to be perhaps the most independent, for he knows that the householder is forbidden to remove his own dust, and is consequently in his power. It is of no use writing to the vestry, for you will receive the stereotyped reply that your request will be attended to; but the only attention which your letter will receive will be that of being docketed and pigeonholed. Experience shows that there is but one way to insure the periodic attendance of this useful but wayward public servant, and that is the vulgar one of a sixpenny tip given on each occasion when he deigns to make his appearance. If he is assured of this *douceur*, the wheels of his cart become marvellously well greased, and he arrives with regularity, and at fitting hours, and not as, after weeks of neglect, he is otherwise in the habit of doing, just when your smartest and most influential visitor has driven up to your door. So much for the cleansing of our streets and of our dustbins under the direction of the most ancient order of Bumbledom. It may be said that these matters still remain under the control of the local vestries.

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True, but will our modern council, or the district councils, do any better for us in these matters when they obtain the power, as they assuredly shortly will? One can only say *Qui vivra verra.*

How about open spaces? Are the children of the poorer classes to continue to find their playground in the conventional gutter, or shall we see the metropolis in a few years dotted with small grounds ringing with the merry laughter of children, swinging, running, jumping, climbing, skipping, and making full and healthy use of the limbs which God has given them to use equally with the little lambs? We want an Elizabeth Barrett Browning to sing to us a song of the Playground. Perhaps some gifted spirit may yet arise and stir our hearts by such a sequel to the 'Cry of the Children' from the factory, the slum, and the gutter. Now is the time for it, before our brand-new councillors have fettered themselves by rules and regulations, with precedents and red tape. Sing us a song also of the Garden—not of the park, but of the small garden close to the abode of the wearied mother seeking a moment's peace snatched from the flurry and noise of home with its thousand worries; close to the bedroom of the invalid, the convalescent and the aged, where the maid and her lover may withdraw themselves for a time from the hard realities of life and dream sweet dreams of love amidst trees and birds and flowers, where the imagination may have some room for its playful fancies—fancies which, though dreams, may yet have the power to gild the future of life, and to make the prosaic present, for a time at all events, seem to be a veritable Paradise.

If the little 'open-air drawing-rooms,' to employ Miss Octavia Hill's felicitous expression, now maintained by voluntary societies, such as the Kyrle and the Metropolitan Public Gardens Association, were taken off their hands by the London County Council, these organisations would be left free to extend their benevolent labours to other crowded districts of the metropolis; again, with comparatively trifling expense a splendid promenade might be made through the heart of the East End on the property of the County Council, without the expense of purchasing land, by transforming the summit of the railway-like embankment covering the main drainage of London into a pedestrian boulevard planted with shrubs and flowers.

Is it a dream to hope that our wider streets may gradually be transformed into leafy boulevards lined with commodious seats, and our narrow ones into covered glazed arcades bright with light and colour? It has always been a marvel to me why in our wet and gloomy climate, why in the birthplace of the Palace of Crystal, why in London, where for so many days it is impossible for pedestrians to keep the pavement, the arcade covered with glass admitting light and fresh air, but excluding wet and cold, should never have attained to a higher standard of excellence than that of the Burlington. Why should Italy, with its glorious sun and brilliant climate, erect at

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Milan the magnificent Galleria Vittorio Emanuele, and London be content with a Lowther Arcade? One would have thought that the self-interest of traders would have shown them the advantage of attracting purchasers for their wares by providing a sheltered and agreeable promenade, where those who availed themselves of its advantages would be exposed to the continued allurements of the attractive shop fronts, and could only enjoy exercise combined with protection from the weather at the risk of returning home with empty purses.

I have spoken of clean streets, open spaces, boulevards, and arcades as desiderata for London; there are other conveniences more difficult to describe, but which are greatly needed, especially by women, and which it is to be hoped may shortly be found within the metropolis in larger numbers than at present.

Would it be considered derogatory to the dignity of the British capital to suggest that, in such particulars as the establishment of street kiosques and floating baths in the Thames, the example of Paris might with advantage be copied?—though I believe these latter are the result of private enterprise.

Some who with difficulty have followed me thus far will, I fear, part company from me when I remind them that on the Continent many municipalities, poverty-stricken in comparison with London, own or subsidise bands whose duty it is to discourse sweet music in the open air on high days and holidays gratis to the public. I believe money spent during the summer months in subsidy to a first-rate band to play in all our public parks would not only not be grudged by the ratepayers, but would willingly be paid. It is a trite saying that music civilises man, but up to a certain point it is as true as it is trite. Doubtless a good deal of nonsense has been written about the effect of music on moral conduct, but there are few of us who have not felt that sweet sounds have a distinct effect upon the heart and imagination; and both the heart and imagination have an undeniable influence on moral conduct. Music of a high and noble character is apt to produce high and noble thoughts, and music of a low or frivolous order the exact reverse. In music, therefore, resides a certain power of education which can be brought to bear in a very agreeable manner on large masses of people. It possesses the power to raise man for the time above the petty troubles of the world, to cheer the despondent, and to soothe the worried and the distressed. Even to those who live the most varied lives, imagination and romance add brightness to existence. That which is but a luxury to the rich becomes a necessity to the poor. Why is it that whisky and the gin-bottle are, to the working classes, temptations, the potency of which is beyond the understanding of the average citizen of a superior class? I think an answer is partly to be found in the fact that the majority of poor men bred in cities have no knowledge

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of the pleasures of the mind or of the imagination. Their work is so monotonous, their surroundings so squalid and depressing, that the only moments when they are forgetful of their miseries and when they experience a certain lightness of heart are when the spirit which they have imbibed begins to rise to their brains, and for a brief time gives them a sense of physical happiness to which at other times they are complete strangers. It is incontestable that in the mass of mankind good music produces for the time a sense of physical happiness, and that happiness in mankind is conducive to health. I look upon the preservation of the public health as the most important duty of a municipality; and although I am not going to push my argument to unreasonable conclusions, and am far from desiring that such a body should provide *panem et circenses* for the masses, I think that there are many modes in which the ratepayers' money is now expended, far less able to stand the test of argument and of common sense, than would be the annual appropriation by the London County Council of a sum of money to defray the comparatively trifling expense, during the summer months, of providing first-class music in the parks for the benefit of the public.

Whilst we are on the subject of the parks, it would not be out of place to mention a proposal made some years ago by Mr. Ernest Hart, Chairman of the National Health Society, that the parks, instead of being left, as now, in outer darkness, and as the haunts of all that is vile, should be illuminated by the electric light, so that it would be as safe for respectable men and women to traverse these spaces after dark, as it is for them now to pass along the most frequented thoroughfares. He showed that this could be accomplished at the cost of no very extravagant sum of money, and he demonstrated the improvement such a reform would effect in public morals. The lighting of our parks must, however, be considered as of minor importance to that of the proper illumination of our streets; and as the tendency of the day inclines more and more towards the early closing of houses of business, and consequently of the extinction of private lights, it is to be hoped that the district councils when formed will turn their early attention towards improvement in this direction. I think it is very generally acknowledged that there is ample room for some reform in this matter. It might be an interesting study to calculate the exact value of a gas-jet, or of an electric light, as compared with that of a policeman, in the suppression of crime; but it is acknowledged by all who are engaged in this work that darkness is the best friend of the criminal, as it is the worst enemy of the guardian of the peace, and that as light advances so violence and disorder retreat. This being the case, it must be distinctly the duty of those who have been elected for the purpose of administering the affairs of the city and of promoting the interests of its inhabitants to illuminate the streets in such a way as shall materially assist the

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police in their difficult and often dangerous duties. Before these questions can come up for consideration, the much larger one will probably have to be decided, whether the council proposes to obtain powers to manufacture its own gas, or electricity, or to trust to the resources of private companies. There is in this, as in other matters, a great deal to be said on both sides, and it is somewhat doubtful which has the best of the argument. The same may be said in regard to the question of the water supply of London. Whatever decision may be arrived at, it will become imperative on the council, before very long, to consider how London, with its rapidly increasing population, is to be permanently provided with an adequate supply of this necessary of life. It is apparent that the resources of the Thames and of the New River are even now taxed to their utmost capacity, and that before very long, unless some additional source be provided, these two rivers will be sucked dry by thirsty London. Suggestions have been made that the deficiency should be made good from the natural water reservoirs of Wales and of the Lake Country; but unless the metropolis bestirs itself these supplies will become the property of more energetic cities nearer to them than London. Liverpool has already purchased the head waters of the Severn, and Manchester has acquired a northern lake.

It will not be sufficient, however, for the government of London to supply its citizens with pure water; it will be forced very shortly by public opinion to take some effective steps to provide them with fresh air. A great deal might be done to improve the atmosphere if only the Acts at present in existence for the prevention of its pollution were vigorously enforced. It is contrary to law for factories within the Metropolitan District to pour volumes of suffocating smoke into the air, to the annoyance and discomfort of their neighbours, but we all know that the law is being continually broken. We cannot travel from the metropolis by rail in a southern or eastern direction without becoming witnesses to this fact. It is to be hoped that the new council will prove more energetic in this matter than its predecessor. If the powers it possesses are not sufficient for the purpose, Parliament would, we may be sure, willingly enlarge them. Let us, however, not deceive ourselves. Did all the factories in London suddenly cease to pollute the atmosphere, it is not to be supposed that soot and fog would utterly disappear. There would be an improvement, but no radical change can take place as long as millions of private chimneys are permitted night and day to fill the air with dense columns of unconsumed carbon; and as for the fogs, we may feel pretty confident that they hung over the site of London when Cæsar landed in Britain, and received him and his legions with the cold clammy embrace which we of the present generation know so well, which was a familiar experience to our ancestors, and which in all probability will not be unfelt by Macaulay's New

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Zealander when on some November morning, ages hence, he stands shivering on the ruins of London Bridge. The fogs, however, but for the smoke, would not be of a suffocating nature, nor of that colour and density which make men liken them to a soft Dutch cheese which may be cut with a knife; they would not exclude all light at noon, turn day into night, stop traffic and business in the centre of the world's commerce, and cause an annual loss of capital to the nation.

For a complete cure of the smoke nuisance we must look to science, but a partial remedy is certainly within the power of the London County Council to effect, and the citizens expect such at its hands.

As it may be considered that one of the main duties of a municipality is to watch vigilantly over the health of the population it governs, it is to be hoped that the London County Council, when it obtains the full power promised it, will appoint an efficient medical officer and staff to see that all laws appertaining to the health of the people are put into force, such laws, for instance, as apply to overcrowding, insanitary dwellings, defective drainage, factory and workshop labour, &c.

Let us trust also that in future some check will be placed by the council on the hitherto unrestrained energies of the jerry builder; that he will not be allowed before erecting a house to sell the good foundation soil and to replace it with rubbish or insanitary matter; that he will be required to provide his buildings with walls of a certain thickness made of proper material; that he will have to submit to the engineer of the council a plan of the drains; that he will be required to take out a certificate that all these matters have been properly attended to, and to lodge a plan of the building, with its system of drainage, in the office of the engineer, before the house is licensed as fit for habitation. Such plan to be open to the inspection of all whom it may concern on payment of a small fee.

Though for obvious reasons I think it most unadvisable for a municipality to build and to own workmen's dwellings, I trust the London County Council will use all the power the Legislature has given it in order to facilitate the erection of decent working-class dwellings to be let at reasonable rents, and will gradually sweep away the rookeries which disgrace the metropolis and are the haunts of the vicious and the criminal.

Finally, a model municipality will care for the mind as well as for the body of the citizen, and will not neglect to provide public libraries where the poorest, if he be possessed of brains, may have the fullest opportunity to develop them for the benefit of his country and of mankind in general.

In mentioning a few of the works in which I hope shortly to see the London Council engaged I have not (except in the matters of the gas and water supplies) alluded to the larger and more ambitious

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schemes which may, perhaps, some day recommend themselves to the consideration of the council—such large undertakings as a continuation of the Thames Embankment on both sides of the river, and the formation of an outer belt of green, and of an inner boulevard, surrounding the metropolis like those of Paris or like the 'Ring' at Vienna. The Marylebone, the Euston and the City Roads, with their continuations, if preserved from the encroachments with which they are persistently threatened, are admirably suited for easy transformation into such an inner boulevard, and the wisdom of acquiring land for open spaces, whilst yet unbuilt on, is so obvious that we may trust the new council, as soon as it has accomplished more urgent duties, will not neglect, in this important matter, the interest of both the present and the future Londoner.

In jotting down a few of the modes in which the new municipality of the metropolis might, in my humble opinion, make it more worthy of the grand position it occupies commercially, socially, and politically in the face of the world, as well as a more agreeable abode for the five million inhabitants who reside within or adjacent to its borders, I have not attempted to do more than touch upon such matters as appeared to me to have been more or less neglected in the past.

As the few lines I have written in no way profess to be a treatise on the work and duties of the London County Council, I shall not attempt to enter on the great question of finance.

Even if all that I desired were carried out, which is a most unlikely supposition, prudence would require that the work should be done gradually, and in due proportion to the resources at the disposal of the council. Undue haste or reckless extravagance would only result in a reaction on the part of the ratepayers, which would probably retard for years the accomplishment of reforms upon which the majority of thoughtful citizens are agreed.

If I may venture to give advice to my colleagues, it will not be in the well-known words of Talleyrand, '*Surtout point de zèle*,' but rather in those of a more ancient authority, 'Let all things be done decently and in order.'

MEATH.

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ON SEALS AND SAVAGES.

In the old world the charms and beauties of the spring-time have been the theme of poets' songs probably since our simian or other remote ancestor first acquired the power of speech. Should, however, a poet ever arise on the fir-clad island of Newfoundland, he will be compelled, in one respect at any rate, to have the merit of originality, and it will tax his powers to describe the disagreeables of what is there the most forbidding of seasons. Then the thick northern ice comes sweeping down, carried from desolate polar seas by the Arctic current, and sometimes for several hundred miles the island is encased in this chilling armour, which stretches far as the eye can reach, the sea resembling a vast pavement of rough white marble. Here and there an iceberg is jammed amidst the floes, and the deep blue shadows of passing clouds alone afford the eye some little relief in the dreary white monotony. When the southern wind sweeps over this icy desert, it meets with the usual fate attending 'evil communication,' imbibes all the disadvantages of the new association, and reaches Newfoundland laden with the chilling fog which has given such an evil reputation to the climate, and which in parts of the island is distinguished by the expressive sobriquet of 'the barber.' Frequent thaws melt the snow off the warmer portions of rock and field, and these peer out in black and brown misery from amidst the soiled and rotten snow, giving the whole face of the country an indescribable appearance of forlorn wretchedness. Not a flower is to be seen, not a green blade holds out promise of glories to come; a few American 'robins' (*Turdus migratorius*, a kind of thrush—handsome birds with ruddy russet breasts, black heads, and yellow beaks), which arrive about the 10th or 12th of April, alone reassure one that nature is 'not dead but sleepeth.'

As English boys rejoice in the spring amusement of bird-nesting, the youth of Newfoundland look forward to the arrival of the ice for their spring pastime of 'copying.' This diversion consists in jumping from one floating slab of ice to another. These pieces of ice are locally termed 'pans,' and a pan may vary from a piece not more than a few inches in size, to one some thirty feet in diameter. The pans are not always close together, open water or 'sludge' (half-frozen snow) is between them in places, and it is not every pan

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that will bear any weight; a plucky and experienced leader is therefore desirable. The youths follow in single file, jumping from pan to pan in the fashion of the old game of 'follow-my-leader;' hence the term 'copying,' which is now applied to the mere act of progressing from pan to pan of ice where no game is in question, so that one may often hear a man announce that he is going 'to copy out' to such and such a vessel or point. The boys' parents encourage this amusement, for it is thus they learn the chief art necessary to a sealer, and to become a sealer, or 'soiler' as it is usually pronounced, is an object of very general ambition amongst the poorer classes. About a couple of weeks previous to the 1st of March crowds of men begin to arrive in St. John's and other towns in hopes of obtaining a 'berth for the ice' on one of the vessels preparing for the seal fishery. Formerly this 'fishery,' as it is inaccurately called, was prosecuted by fleets of schooners, but of late years steamers have to a great extent taken the place of sailing vessels, and whereas formerly over two hundred schooners have sailed from the harbour of St. John's in search of 'seal meadows,' not more than six or seven steamers now start on the quest. The largest of these steamers belong to Dundee, and reach Newfoundland about the end of February. In St. John's crews of sealers are engaged, and the vessels fitted out for the voyage. No steamer may clear on a sealing voyage before the 10th of March. Should the voyage be a successful one, and the steamer return to port with a full cargo in the course of a couple of weeks, or even less, there is time for her to go on a second sealing cruise, but she must not leave for such a purpose later than the 1st of April.

These regulations have recently been passed by the Newfoundland Legislature, as it was feared that the introduction of steamers into the seal fishery might result in the extinction of the seals. The schooners carried crews of from forty to fifty men, while over two and three hundred can be accommodated on each steamer, which has also the advantage of being able to push its way through the ice (the sealing steamers being all wooden vessels) close to patches of seals, and of being to a great extent independent of wind and weather. Hence of late years the destruction of seals has been enormous; over 500,000 seals have sometimes been killed in a single season, as against 4,900 which was reckoned a fair average fishery in 1795.

As the time for the fishery draws near, numbers of men come tramping into the capital city, while hundreds arrive from the outports by rail or in coasting vessels. The chief resort of the sealers is Water Street, the principal thoroughfare of St. John's. It is a long unpaved and dirty street, that boasts shops and stores built of brick or stone, whereas the remainder of the town is built of wood. These run for a couple of miles along the edge of the harbour, into

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which numerous wooden wharves push their ungainly forms. At this time of the year the street is generally piled high with black and frozen snow, sleighs and catamarans passing backwards and forwards on a kind of causeway in the centre, and passages being cut along in front of the houses as footways. Along these the sealers throng. They are fine-looking men physically, tall and bony, accustomed to brave all weathers in a most inclement climate, trained in a hard school, ignorant of all the refinements of life; the sort of stuff out of which in former days privateer and buccaneer captains would have been eager to man their ships. Their countenances are, as a general rule, heavy, and, as usually in fishing populations, the intellectual faculties are decidedly in abeyance. The men are mostly dressed in short jackets, strong cloth trousers, and long boots reaching nearly to the knee, caps lined with fur having flaps to cover the ears, warm fingerless gloves called mittens, and the greater number carry a minute bundle slung on a stick over their shoulder.

The bundle contains an infinitesimal quantity of spare clothing and a little medicine for fear of accidents on the voyage—generally some sort of a salve in case of a cut, a little friar's balsam in the event of a sprain, and a bottle of sulphate of zinc lest the sealer should be smitten with ice-blindness. The latter is not uncommon amongst the men; it is a species of ophthalmia and results from the up-glare from the vast expanse of ice which produces inflammation of the eyes. When first the eyes are affected prickings are felt as though dust or small particles of some sort had got into them, the lids wink continually, and water streams from the eyes. Unless checked the inflammation gradually increases, till the sufferer loses all sight for a time, intense pain resulting from exposure to any strong light. Persons who have once experienced snow-blindness are liable to a return of the affliction if they again expose themselves to the dazzling glare of the spring snow. To obviate the risk to their eyes the men frequently wear coloured spectacles when on the ice.

Till one has passed a considerable time amidst ice and snow one hardly realises how saddening and depressing alike to eye and mind is the constant sameness of white, and the fact is forcibly brought home to one how much the pleasure of life is bound up in green things and the ever-varying beauties and interests of the animal and vegetable worlds. When unoccupied by seals the ice floes are monotonous wastes showing no sign of life. It is true life is present even in those frozen hummocks and pans. Professor Stuwitz found infusoria existing in lumps of ice, which, when the mass was broken into small pieces, shone with phosphorescent gleam through their crystal prison, and Dr. Kane describes the luminous appearance resulting from the clashing of icebergs and floes as resembling the

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glint of fireflies. But the exhibition of these microscopic forms of life is an exceptional phenomenon; usually the ice seems lifeless and dreary, as must have been the world on the second day of creation.

When sailing ships were in vogue the men often had hard work cutting and sawing a way through the ice for their vessel. When the floes are not heavy or tightly packed a steamer can push and ram her way to open water if the harbour be unencumbered with ice. At daybreak on the 12th of March the steamers get under way, the sealers crowding decks and rigging, and cheering lustily as they depart. Should the ice be thin and clear water in view, the ships butt their way ahead, backing each time a little and then ramming themselves into the ice. Northwards the steamers take their way, each choosing the course considered most likely to lead to the great floes where will be found the seal meadows. At the top of the mast on each steamer is a barrel-like erection called the 'crow's nest.' It is a large cask fastened to the main-royal masthead; on the top is an iron framework on which to rest a telescope. At the bottom of the barrel is a small trapdoor through which entrance is obtained, and in the 'crow's nest' the man on the look-out for seals takes his station and is sheltered from the cutting showers of frozen snow and the icy blasts of the searching wind. As soon as seals are descried the steamer forces her way as far towards them as practicable, and the work of slaughter begins.

Let us now see how the seals have come to meet their doom. As the breeding time approaches the female seals congregate in countless numbers in the northern seas, and herd together in great flocks on what is known as the 'whelping ice.' Each seal scratches and bites for herself a hole through the ice, by which she can crawl on to the floe, and return to the water at pleasure, and, singular to say, the creatures contrive to keep these holes open and unfrozen in the coldest weather. About the middle of February the young are born on the ice, each seal producing only one cub each year. When first born the young seals are clothed in a thick white fur, and are called 'white-coats.' Several varieties of seals are found around Newfoundland—the Harp, the Hood, the Bay Seal, and the Square Flipper; a fifth kind described as having a long upper lip resembling that of a tapir is found in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, but it is rare, and little seems known about it. The Bay Seal (*Phoca vitulina*) is not numerous; it goes up the rivers, and is never found on the ice. This is identical with the seal found on the west coast of Ireland and in Scotland, and which as late as 1703 supplied food to the Hebridean islanders. Adamnan tells us that the monastery of Iona kept a flock of these seals in a neighbouring island. A robber once attempted to steal them, but the monks ransomed their seals by giving him sheep in place of them. The 'Square Flipper' is supposed to be a local name for the great Greenland seal, the

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Phoca barbata. It attains a large size, some having been killed sixteen feet in length; however, it is not taken sufficiently often in Newfoundland to have the only importance generally recognised, namely that of commercial value. The Harp and the Hood are the two kinds, therefore, of moment to the inhabitants, and of these the Harps are much the most highly prized, as they contain the largest amount of fat or blubber from which the oil is extracted.

The Hood, or more properly the Hooded Seal (*Stemmatopus cristatus*), is so called from the male having a singular hood or bladder over the nose, which it inflates at pleasure. It is much larger and fiercer than the Harp, and usually the Hoods go in pairs, the male assisting his mate in the guardianship of their young. When attacked, should the female be killed, the Hooded Seal becomes a formidable antagonist; his inflated hood renders it difficult to despatch him, and with his sharp teeth he will snap off the handles of gaffs like so many cabbage-stalks. It is said that fights between a Hooded Seal and five or six hunters have lasted over an hour, and the hunters sometimes come off second best in the encounter. Even the Esquimaux now and then fall victims to the prowess of the Hooded Seal, when attacking him in their frail kayacks. Old Hoods are generally killed by being shot, a certain number of the men being armed with guns for the purpose. A seal, if shot in the water when fat and in good condition, will float, but when the blubber has been exhausted, and the seal is lean, the body invariably sinks. The young of the Hoods are not white but greyish in colour and are called 'blue-backs.' The meadows or patches of Hoods and Harps are never seen on the same floes, and the fishermen say that the patches of Hoods are always found to the eastward of the Harp meadows, and the young are born two or three weeks later than those of the latter.

At each seal meadow the sealers affirm that a small seal, called by them a 'Jenny,' takes up its position on a block of ice and acts as a sentinel, warning its companions of the approach of danger. Whether this seal is a distinct species, or an unusually small individual like the 'laughaun,' or little pig so often found in a litter, it is impossible to say, as the sealers have a superstitious aversion to killing a 'Jenny,' so no specimen has ever been procured. In Ireland the 'laughaun' is said to be endowed with superior wisdom, and is the pig that takes the lead amongst its brethren—characteristics that seem to be shared amongst seals by the 'Jenny.'

The Harp Seal (*Phoca greenlandica*) is of a silvery grey colour. The back is spotted, and in its fourth year the spots on the back of the male assume a form somewhat resembling a harp. Till they are three years old the males are hardly distinguishable from the females, and are known as 'bedlamers.'

For six weeks the young white-coats lie helpless and whimpering

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on the ice. The thick layer of blubber that envelops them keeps them warm like a blanket and prevents them from being frozen to death in their icy cradle. During the day the mothers swim far and wide to hunt for fish, returning at intervals to suckle their cubs, and it is a marvellous fact that though they swim for miles around in search of prey, the seals return each to its own hole in the great icy monotony, guided by that exquisite and unerring sixth sense that we term instinct. After six weeks of helpless infancy the young seals begin to take to the water; they lose their white coats, and a spotted skin with a dark fur takes its place. They are now called 'hair seals,' or 'ragged jackets.' Though awkward on land, the seal's movements in the water are graceful, and its motion in swimming most beautiful. The young seals are frolicsome and playful; they roll over and over in the water, luxuriating in its invigorating freshness, and sometimes twist round and round trying to catch their hind flippers, just as kittens frisk and play with their tails. It is not till after several attempts and careful training by the mother that the cub learns to swim successfully, the old seals tenderly watching them all the while, guarding them from the dangers of collision with floating ice, and, it is reported, sometimes clasping them in their flippers and bearing them to places of safety.

But fortunate is the mother seal whose offspring survives till old enough to take to the water. It is while lying helpless on the ice that the greater number of seals fall a prey to the sealers. No sooner is the ship jammed amidst a 'patch' than the work of slaughter begins, and would it were always a work merely of slaughter! but, horrible to say, the men in their careless haste often neglect to kill the unhappy cubs, and actually skin them alive! Such a fact would be almost too shocking for credence were it not attested on undoubted evidence. Tocque, who was an eye-witness, writes:—

> It (the seal-fishery) is a constant scene of bloodshed and slaughter. Here you behold a heap of seals which have only received a slight dart from the gaff, writhing and crimsoning the ice with their blood—rolling from side to side in dying agonies. There you see another lot, while the last spark of life is not yet extinguished, being stripped of their skin and fat; their startings and heavings making the unpractised hand shrink with horror to touch them.

Again, Professor Jukes, who was present on a sealing cruise, writes:—

> I saw one poor wretch skinned, or scalped, while yet alive, and the body writhing in blood after being stripped of its pelt. The man told me he had seen them swim away in that state, and that if the first blow did not kill them, they would not stop to give them a second.

Again the same authority says:—

> As this morning I was left alone to take care of the punt while the men were on the ice, the mass of dying carcasses piled in the boat around me, each writhing, gasping, and spouting blood, nearly made me sick. Seeking relief in action, I

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drove the sharp point of the gaff into the brain of every one in which I could see a sign of life. The vision of one poor wretch writhing its snow-white woolly body with its head bathed in blood, through which it was vainly endeavouring to see and breathe, really haunts my dreams.

The men are furnished with poles or gaffs, shod with iron, and having a hook at one end. These serve to assist them in leaping from floe to floe, and are supposed to be also used for killing the seals. However, the 'tender mercies' of the thoughtless are no less cruel than those of the wicked, and when the hope of gain is added there is little chance of a sealer taking into consideration the exquisite agonies inflicted on his victims. The more skins secured the greater the profit, so often the skins are taken without a moment being wasted in ending the life of the unhappy creature, which has perhaps been rendered incapable of motion that would impede the brutal work by a blow on the nose or head. When frightened or hurt the seals sob and cry like children in pain, and large tears roll from their dark and pleading eyes. Professor Jukes thus describes the cries of the seals: 'In passing through a skirt of thin ice a man picked up a young seal with a gaff, and its cries were precisely like those of a child in the extremity of fright, agony, and distress—something between shrieks and convulsive sobbing.'

A gentleman who was present last spring on the sealing ice gave us a similar account of the cruelties that go on, and stated that when stripped of the skin, the animal having been merely stunned by a slight blow to ensure comparative ease for the operator in removing the pelt or 'blanket,' life after a time returns to the torn and bleeding carcass, which writhes in torture till beneficent death sooner or later puts an end to its sufferings.

Could anything be imagined more brutalising and degrading to those engaged in it than such a fishery? For its results we must again turn to Tocque, himself a native of Newfoundland. He says: 'The seal fishery is not only surrounded by physical calamities, but it is a nursery for moral and spiritual evils. It has a tendency to harden the heart and render it insensible to the finer feelings of human nature.' Again: 'The sealing vessels have been described as "floating hells."'

Professor Jukes writes:—

In this way we had 300 seals on board by dark, and the deck was one great shambles. When piled in a heap together they looked just like a flock of slaughtered lambs; and occasionally from out of the mass one poor wretch still alive would heave up its bloody face and flounder about. I employed myself in knocking these on the head with a handspike to put them out of their misery.

It would be impossible that, living for weeks in scenes like this, men could escape extremely brutalising effects. The decencies of life are impossible, cleanliness is forgotten; when seals are plentiful the men fill even their bunks with the reeking skins, and their

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clothes remain unchanged during the whole voyage. Like the Esquimaux they esteem raw meat a delicacy; the sealers frequently string the seal's kidneys in bunches from their belts, and gnaw the gory food as they proceed on their work of slaughter.

The meals on board are thus described:—

> As the men came on board they occasionally snatched a hasty moment to drink a bowl of tea, or eat a piece of biscuit and butter; and as the sweat was dripping from their faces, and their hands and bodies were reeking with blood and fat, and they often spread the butter with their thumbs and wiped their faces with the backs of their hands, they took both the liquids and the solids mingled with blood.

If seals are in sight the butchery is not always relaxed even on Sundays, but all lapses from humanity and civilisation seem lightly regarded. Even their Sabbatical delinquencies are sometimes considered by some of the clergy with a lenient eye, judging from an extract from the sermon of a divine of 'acknowledged ability and popularity,' quoted in one of the local papers. The sealing vessels were about to leave for the ice, and previous to their departure the minister introduced the following prayer on behalf of the men:—'Forbid, O Lord, that any seals should be brought within their each on the Sabbath Day, lest they should be brought into contact with them on that day. Thou knowest the weakness of our poor fallen nature; and also how poor they are, and how many hungry ones there are at home, and should they take seals, mercifully forgive.'

Thousands of seals are found in patches on the floes, but when one patch is exterminated the men often have to wander far from the ship in search of more prey, and it is then that their early training in copying comes in advantageously. Occasionally the sealers go eighteen or twenty miles away from the vessel over the ice, and in all places it may not be equally strong. Sometimes the pans are scattered; then the experienced copyist will use a slab of ice as a raft, guiding it into the desired position with his gaff, and so ferrying himself across the 'leads' or open water. At other times the 'lolly' or 'sludge' is soft, but will bear just one foot at a time, so the hunters spring rapidly over till they find a more secure pan on which to take breath. When they have gone far and have to drag their 'tows' of skins a considerable distance back to the ship, it may happen that where the ice has been all secure on the journey out, the sealers find a gap too wide to jump lying right in their homeward path. But even if no floating pans are within reach, they are at no loss what to do; the 'tows' (each containing five or six sealskins with the blubber attached) are flung into the water, the blubber causes them to float, and the men use them as stepping-stones across the open water. Accidents of course occur from time to time, and men often go through the 'lolly' or miss their footing and come in for a cold bath, which, considering their filthy condition, may not be

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altogether an unmitigated evil; but it is rarely that any of them are drowned, as help is always at hand.

Occasionally the whelping ice approaches so close to the shore that the landsmen come in for their share of the spoil, and then even the women and children eagerly join the scene of carnage. In the spring of 1883, at a place called Bett's Cove, one woman secured five-and-thirty seals in one day, and at Twillingate many women killed heavy loads of seals, the people going twelve miles from land on the ice to reap this harvest. When the ice remains tightly packed for any length of time in the bays, the seals sometimes crawl on to the land, and at Bonavista Bay it has happened that as many as fifteen hundred seals have been killed amongst the bushes on one of the islands.

A few years ago the seal ice came close to the town of St. John's, and the inhabitants sallied out to reap the benefit. As they went seawards in the morning some of the hunters saw a man with his gun beside him sitting on a hummock of ice, not far from the mouth of the harbour. At his feet lay a dead seal. They went on in quest of their prey, and walked so far out that it was late in the afternoon before they returned. Happening to pass by the same spot, they saw the man still sitting on the hummock, and the seal lying as before. They went up to him. The man was dead, sitting upright stark and staring, frozen hard as the ice on which he rested.

On the same occasion one poor man killed a single seal, and dragged the carcass over the ice to the store of the merchant where he hoped to sell it. For any damage to the skin of the seal the seller has to submit to a drawback, the amount being deducted from the sum to be paid for the skin. On this occasion the journey had been long, the ice rough and jagged, and the poor man's seal was considerably the worse for its journey. But the merchant was considerate: he did not refuse to buy it, but on calculating the value of the blubber and then of the skin, the latter was found to be so much torn and spoiled that, instead of receiving any pay, it was proved to the bewildered hunter that, according to the merchant's reckoning, he was indebted to that worthy, for injuries to the skin, in a sum amounting to about half a crown!

The chief danger to which sealers are liable is that of the floe on which they find themselves, when at a considerable distance from the ship, being swept out to sea by a wind springing up suddenly. However, as the men are well versed in signs of approaching storms, they do not often subject themselves to such a risk.

Where there are fissures in the floes, large cod-fish are sometimes found on the ice, having sprung out of the water in their efforts to escape from their amphibious foes. Sharks swarm all round the sealing vessels; many of them are very large, fourteen or fifteen feet in length. They are of a dull and heavy temperament, and seem

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altogether harmless to human beings. The sealers sometimes take them for the sake of the oil contained in their livers, which is considerable, a shark of ten feet long having a liver averaging six feet in length. It is a curious circumstance that sharks killed on the ice are said invariably to be blind, a thick membrane of often an inch in depth having formed over the creature's eyes. So stupid are these sharks that they may be enticed up on to the ice, within reach of the men's gaffs, by dangling a bait tied to a rope before them, and drawing it gradually nearer until the creature is brought within striking distance.

The seal fishery is a lottery. As many as five or six hundred thousand seals are found in some of the patches, and when vessels get amongst meadows like these, they soon return loaded till the deck is barely above the water, no Plimsoll's line existing in Newfoundland. At other times not a single seal is taken. The largest take ever made by any one ship occurred in the season of 1888, when the 'Neptune' belonging to Messrs. Job, of Dundee, brought in 42,224 pelts. Still the fishery on the whole was not an abundant one, and the seal fishery is on the decline. Steamers have driven sailing vessels from the waters to a great extent, and mineral oils are driving seal oil out of the market. At present the principal profit is derived from the skins, which when salted are exported to England, where they are tanned and form a large item in the 'kid leather' of commerce. Although the take of seals by steamers exceeds that of sailing vessels, the expense is, of course, far greater, and unless the catch be a very heavy one, the losses exceed the profits.

The men are entitled to a third of the value of the seals taken, which is divided equally amongst them; the amount gained by each man belonging to the 'Neptune' on the successful cruise of which we have spoken was sixty-six dollars, or 13*l.* 15*s.* For their berth on the ship they pay 1*l.* currency, receiving their rations in return. The captain receives 4 per cent. on the net proceeds, though some captains arrange to be paid 5*d.* on every skin brought in. The lion's share, of course, falls to the merchant who owns the vessel, and who has run the chief monetary risk in the gamble.

The seal is the main support of the Esquimaux, to whom every atom of the creature is of value. The blood, which they drink smoking hot, is their champagne; its flesh either raw or cooked is meat of which they never tire; even the entrails are eaten by them, and the membrane lining the stomach serves instead of glass for the solitary little window in their 'igloos' or snow huts. The skins form an important part of their clothing, and are the chief material for boots, tents, and kayacks; for the latter, indeed, no skins but those of the seal are used, as no others would stand equally well constant immersion in salt water, the walrus hide being too heavy

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for such light craft, though used for the 'oomiak,' or women's boats.

The seal-hunting by the Esquimaux is very different from the wholesale slaughter we have described. When a seal-hole (*i.e.* the opening in the ice where the creatures rise to breathe) is found, which in winter is generally done by a dog specially trained for the purpose, the hunter feels with his spear through the superincumbent snow, till he finds the opening; then he takes up his station and patiently waits, sometimes for two days and nights, till he is rewarded by hearing a seal blow. At the second or third puff the hunter thrusts his spear through the hole, usually penetrating the skull of the unseen animal, which instantly dives, running out several fathoms of the line attached to the spear. Gradually the man drags the struggling seal upwards, and, enlarging the breathing-hole, hauls it out on to the snow. When the seals are basking on the ice in the sunshine, the Esquimaux approach within striking distance, lying flat on the ice and advancing by a sort of wriggling motion, which no doubt the seal mistakes for the movement of one of his own kind. At the same time the hunter chants his 'seal song,' which is described as a 'loud peculiar noise, a mixture of Innuit, singing and bellowing, which seems to work a charm upon the seal.' When the seal is killed, a seal feast takes place, to which all the neighbours are bidden. The first ceremony is to consecrate the animal by sprinkling water on its head. Frequently the feast is simply a gorge on the raw flesh; when the meat is cooked it is boiled in salt water and blood, the broth being eagerly drunk by the guests when the flesh is taken from the pot. The chief or igloo wife then hands portions of the meat to those present, having first politely sucked each morsel to prevent the fluid dripping from it, and at the same time the hostess considerately licks off any hairs or so forth that may have adhered to the meat.

Man is not the only enemy of the seal. They form a large portion of the prey of the polar bear, though unless very hungry he is dainty enough to eat only its blubber. The bears often surprise the seals when asleep on the ice, but they also capture them in the water, sinking their bodies so as only to leave their white heads visible. The seal who peers anxiously around mistakes this for a lump of floating ice, and allows its enemy to come dangerously near; then while the timid seal is scanning the upper world for possible dangers, the crafty bear dives under it and seizes it from below. The seals found in the Arctic regions make an excavation in the snow for their young and leave a hole through the ice by which they obtain access to the water from this lair. The bear is said to jump on the dome of the seal's snow house so as to break it in; it then seizes the baby seal in one of its paws, and holding it by the hind flippers allows the young seal to flounder in the water. When the

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mother arrives to visit her young one, the bear keeps drawing the little creature backwards till the old seal is brought within reach, when he pounces upon her with his other paw. So many facts are narrated of the sagacity shown by the polar bear that it is not surprising that the old Norsemen considered that 'the bear had ten men's strength and eleven men's wit.' On the west coast of Ireland the peasants believe that the souls of old maids go into the bodies of seals. It would be well if a similar superstition extended to Newfoundland, as at present the impression there seems general that 'seals are like fish and have no feeling.' Even a sealer would probably have some hesitation about 'scalping' (as they term skinning) alive a spinster aunt or maiden sister.

When the sealing vessels have returned from their cruises, and their unsavoury cargoes have been landed on the south side of the harbour, so as to be out of reach of the olfactory nerves of the townspeople, the sealers again throng the streets of the metropolis. Groups of filthy and foul-smelling men, their clothes clotted with blubber and gore, loiter about the grogshops, or stand staring and spitting *ab libitum*. But their dirt and other drawbacks only seem to increase the heroic attributes of the 'soilers' in the eyes of the population. The town cadgers gaze on them with undisguised admiration, and they may be seen walking with respectable-looking women evidently proud of the escort of their greasy cavaliers. Many of the poorer members of the community may be seen carrying bunches of black and bloody flippers wherewith to prepare a luxurious family repast, and in the gurgling brooklets these ensanguined morsels are spread out to be cleansed before being cooked. There is proverbially no accounting for tastes; the poorer Newfoundlanders esteem seal's flippers a delicacy. The meat, though dark, is certainly tender, but to my uninitiated palate in taste it resembled the very fishiest of wild duck steeped in train oil. The diversity of verdicts pronounced by travellers on seal's flesh probably arises not alone from difference in tastes, but also from difference in the time when the meat was eaten. When the seal is first killed the oily flavour, so unpleasant to most people, is said to be absent. In some of the out-ports seal oil is used to trim the lamps, and a picturesque substitute for lamp or candle is sometimes resorted to in a large scallop-shell holding a piece of blubber with a wick fastened in it.

When unmolested on the ice, or basking in the sunshine on a smooth wave-worn rock, the seal seems the personification of contented happiness. He rolls and stretches himself, luxuriating in the genial warmth, wriggling and twisting almost like a snake, opening his hind flippers as if they were fans, and now and then lazily scratching his face and neck with a fore flipper, as does a dog with his hind legs. At such a moment probably the only drawback to the seal's enjoyment is the presence of numerous parasites with

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which his fur is infested. These insects resemble the ticks found in sheep, and the skins of the old seals are full of them. When lying asleep on his side, the flippers laid back like fins, and his coat showing a silvery hue as it dries in the sunshine, the seal has a strong likeness to a large salmon; at other times he looks like a huge otter or water-rat, and indeed young seals are termed by the whalers 'floe-rats.' Occasionally for weeks the seals are kept prisoners on the ice, unable to get to the water. This occurs when the ice becomes jammed and the floes piled one over the other, so that the seal-holes are closed by them. When this happens the backs of the unfortunate animals are often scorched and blistered by the sun, and the creatures grow very thin, as all the while they must exist without food.

An old sealing captain, who recently died, used to relate how once for more than six weeks his ship had been fast stuck in the ice, and all the time was surrounded by thousands of seals, who, from the cause already stated, were unable to get to the water. The ship had a full cargo, and there was not an inch of space for any more skins, so for once the men ceased their work of slaughter and used to wander amongst the seals, playing with or teasing them. Sometimes they would jump on the backs of the old seals, letting the animals flounder about in vain attempts to rid themselves of their riders.

The seal is easily tamed, and is of a very affectionate disposition, attaching himself to his master with doglike fidelity. We kept one for several months, and, though timid and shy at first, he was easily reassured by kindness, and soon became quite tame. A gentleman connected with St. John's most kindly gave me the seal, which unfortunately, contrary to his instructions, had been wounded in the capture by a thrust on the head from a gaff. However, it was not long before Neptune's wound was healed, and he became a most interesting pet. It was some time before we could induce him to eat; tempting morsels of fish were dangled before him or thrown into his tank, but he would have none of them. At last we fortunately thought of placing some live fish in the water, which proved too much for his philosophy and were speedily caught and devoured. After that we had no further difficulty in inducing him to eat fish, dead or alive, and when fish were scarce, he did not disdain boiled lobster. He answered to his name, and would sprawl and wriggle up two or three steps and into the house to obtain a proffered herring or piece of cod, and uttered shrill cries of pleasure on catching sight of his master.

Now-a-days trading interests are supposed to override all other considerations, and to the Moloch of Commerce the health, morality, and happiness of millions of human beings are too often ruthlessly sacrificed; therefore efforts to mitigate the cruelties inflicted year after year on numbers of helpless and harmless animals will to many

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people appear quixotic and useless. Morris, in his most interesting *Lectures on Art*, pithily points out the 'law of nature which forbids men to see evils which they are not ready to redress.' May it not be that it is a 'law of nature' which, like a cataract over men's eyes rendering them for a time dim, can ultimately be removed, and is it too much to hope that those who possess superior enlightenment and education will sooner or later awake to the crying sin of cruelty which, if the will were present, would easily be redressed? Surely, setting aside the sufferings of what we are pleased to call 'lower animals,' the wholesale brutalisation of large numbers of ordinary unthinking human beings is no light matter, and some blame has justly attached to a community where the labouring classes were allowed to retrograde from the humanising benefits supposed to be reaped from civilisation. But better days are dawning in Newfoundland. A Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has been established in the colony; the leading men there are awakening to the evils of which we have spoken, and it is to be hoped that their efforts to put down cruelties and unnecessary barbarities may be crowned with success.

EDITH BLAKE.

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CASUAL NOTES ABOUT IRELAND.

I HAVE thought for some time that the observations, I hope dispassionate, of one who resides habitually in Ireland, although not in a disturbed district, might be of use as a sort of sketch of the present position.

I write not only as an owner of property, but as a sort of general practitioner in various spheres in the country, as a member of public boards, and as one of a class somewhat, to put it mildly, unfairly treated by those who are not perhaps so familiar with Irish life as those who spend most of their time in that country.

I may begin by saying, 'Erin, with all thy faults, I love thee still.'

Although the average Englishman imagines that Ireland is 'a splendid country to live out of,' and not fit for any gentleman to live in, my experience is that, in all classes, of any nation among whom I have lived, and they include Germans, French, Russians, Indians, &c., Irishmen, if treated fairly and with consideration, will bear favourable comparison with any.

They have their faults, special faults, and who has not? But let us not dwell upon anything of that kind, but take things as they are, and see what we can make of them.

We have a country which depends almost solely upon agriculture, and that of a particular kind. Ireland is the country specially adapted, by its soil and climate, for breeding, first, horses, and then cattle and sheep, with probably the finest grass land in the north of Europe; a very intelligent, sharp, if somewhat indolent, race of inhabitants, but, from blood and other circumstances, excitable, easily led away by every new idea, good or bad; very parsimonious and at the same time improvident, but, when not heated by party politics, genial beyond almost any race; and a still rather full population in proportion to the means of living.

All this is traded on: 'A melancholy thing to see a country being depleted of its stalwart sons.' So it is, but if the bone and sinew cannot thrive on the land, but must starve, why should they not try and live and prosper somewhere else?

'Oh, no! no other soil but Irish soil could possibly support the scion of the old stock. For a son of Erin to live in any other country is not to be thought of.' But then he has thirteen fine healthy young

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children growing up, on a farm which he holds from a landlord who three hundred years ago came from the land of the Saxon, of nine acres in extent, for which he pays the exorbitant rent of 4*l.* 10*s.*, or ten shillings, the Irish acre. Stop! he pays? no, that is just what he does not do. I beg his pardon, he is supposed to pay; he has had his rent fixed in the Land Court as a judicial 'fair' rent for fifteen years, with the strong presumption in his mind that, at the end of the term, he and his congeners and Mr. Parnell—if he be still alive, and whom God preserve—will, 'plase God,' try and reduce that again if there happens to be a rainy harvest month in September, which is also a consummation devoutly to be hoped, in the year when the judicial term ends. Now this land is not his own property, at least it is only half his, under the Land Act of 1881. But that half, that moiety of the value, he can sell to Tom, Dick, or Harry, subject to the rent, for twenty or twenty-five, ay, even twenty-eight or thirty years' purchase. But the landlord, the 'lord of the soil,' the man who probably built his slated house for him and charged him no interest on the outlay, 'he want to sell his land!' 'Oh! begorra, I'll give him ten years' purchase for it, and glad enough he ought to be to get that same!'

'And as to the rent, well, he may process me, and I have the money safe enough in the bank down there; but no! if I pay him I'll be boycotted, I won't be able to sell my stock in the fair, I won't be able to go to Tim Miller's and get drunk on Saturday night. Oh, no! I'll not pay him till I'm druv to it.' 'But you will be made to pay, and costs too?' 'Ah! well, he's a good sort of a man and maybe he'll let me off the costs when he gets his rent. We've never seen an eviction on the estate, and sure he won't begin now!'

This, I take it, is a sketch of what goes on in many parts of Ireland. This is not the serious phase of the disease, for the professional agitator is not present there.

I need not go into the cases where he is the presiding genius, for they are before the public in the evidence before the Parnell Commission, and in other ways.

I am not going to say, either, that there was not some reason for a revision of agricultural rents. I firmly believe, from what I have seen, and from the results of valuations made by independent persons whose probity was above all question, both in the interest of the landlord and of the tenant, that some rents were high, taking one series of years with another. Many had been fixed in the times of high prices, many were middlemen's rents, and some of the latter I have found myself to be high and have reduced them, and many also had been fixed by competition between tenants anxious to get holdings, and who promised to pay more than the land was worth in
r to become holders of farms. But this very fact shows that the
ord and his agent were to be exonerated from blame, where the

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tenant was himself the person who offered the rent, and the main cause of this was that farming was almost the only industry available.

All this is now ancient history. The tenant has his rent fixed by the Land Court, or by agreement on the system adopted by many besides myself, of a valuer for each party with a referee. I may say that in all my own cases we have come to friendly settlements in this way, and that the referee has hardly ever been appealed to.

As Mr. Balfour so rightly said in his speech to the Liberal Union on the 2nd of February, referring to politics in this country, where the old sores are kept open by constant reference to the grievances of past times, Irishmen ought to act upon the principle laid down by a great French writer, that every nation has been formed by agreeing to forget those things that ought to be forgotten and to remember the things that ought to be remembered.

But unfortunately the leaders of the Irish people have persistently gone on the opposite principle, and stir up and remind those to whom they preach of former grievances which no longer exist, and take no account of all the beneficial legislation of both parties in the State, who for generations have devoted the energies of the Imperial Parliament to the redressing of those grievances.

At the present time it cannot truly be said that any of the greatest abuses remain. Religious equality has been established, and no one can say with truth that there is any ascendency of that kind. The tenant has been placed in a better and more secure position, so long as he fulfils his obligations, than any tenant in the world, and he has also, where the owner wishes to part with his land, an opportunity, such as no people ever had before, of becoming the possessor of the freehold.

This is all the work of the Imperial Parliament, and the Acts passed for these purposes are the work of both Liberal and Conservative governments.

Mr. Parnell and others have said that they wish that Grattan's Parliament should be revived. In 1782 there was a native Irish Parliament. But that was a Protestant Parliament, and Ireland is mainly a Catholic country. Leaders of public opinion in Ireland, such as Grattan, Smith O'Brien, and Mr. Parnell himself, were, and are, Protestants. Protestant ascendency is now a thing of the past. Would the new Parliament be one of an ascendency of the other side? The Nationalists say not, but that old grievances would be forgotten on College Green, and that the rival factions would rush into each other's arms and swear eternal friendship. Does it look like that now? Do the public bodies in Ireland, such as boards of poor-law guardians and municipal institutions, bear that complexion? Any one who reads Irish newspapers, and watches the proceedings of local bodies such as these, may be permitted to doubt these statements. We can only forecast the future by experience of the past, and we

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are unable to think that under a native Parliament, mainly of one colour, the minority would receive that fair and just consideration which they have under the Imperial constitution.

When those two Liberal statesmen, Lord Hartington and Mr. Goschen, visited Dublin last year, I can say, as one who was present at the great meeting in Leinster Hall, that I believe no one was more impressed with the sentiments of those in Ireland who had any stake in the country than they were, and at the strength of that demonstration, including, as it did, not the landlord class, but the merchant who had no land, the shopkeeper, the tradesman, the lawyer, the members of the learned professions, the university teacher, the student, the man of letters, and these Catholics as well as Protestants, who crowded the vast hall from floor to roof, and received the expression of the principle of the preservation of the Union and the one Parliament as now existing, at all costs, with the most cordial and vehement approval.

I know Dublin as well as most people, and when I looked from the platform round the sea of faces, I recognised almost every one whom I knew by sight in Dublin, and in many cases those whose presence I hardly expected, men of advanced opinions, not Tories, for there were hardly any present, but men who knew that they must band together to uphold that Imperial legislature which they felt had the true interests of their country at heart, and which has passed so many measures for the real benefit of Ireland, irrespective of party, and which is their safeguard from oppression and wrong. Be it also remembered that this meeting only represented the city of Dublin and its immediate neighbourhood.

There was another meeting held afterwards in opposition, which was also attended largely, but in order to fill the hall (and I believe it was not filled to the same extent), not Dublin, but all Ireland was requisitioned; and yet the array did not, I believe, equal that of the Unionist meeting, certainly not in representation of those who had the principal stake in the prosperity of the country.

I have said that Catholics were fully represented at Lord Hartington and Mr. Goschen's meeting. That shows that Mr. Gladstone's former policy as to the disestablishment of the Protestant Church in Ireland was right. If that Act had not been passed, probably Catholics would not have felt themselves in that fair position which enabled them to attend in such imposing numbers. That was a great and just measure, and now meets with the approval of thinking men of all parties.

Then, following the course of recent legislation, we have had the Land Act, establishing finally the right of the tenant farmer to his improvements, and giving him a property in his holding and a saleable interest.

Those who supported that Act, as I did, saw that the sale of the

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tenant's interest was the key of the measure, and was the part of it which would enable all differences to be arranged. The fixing of fair rents was a great point, but free sale of tenant right was the real boon, the old principle contended for for so many years, from the time of Mr. Sharman Crawford down to the present.

But the party whose object was, and is, to keep open the sores for their own purposes, and to prevent the country settling down, saw in this their own ruin, in the probability that the farmer who had invested his savings in the purchase of the tenant-right of a farm would not wish to injure the value of what he had paid down his money for by keeping the country in a state of turmoil.

This would not do at all, and therefore all their energies have been exerted to prevent tenant-right being bought and sold, those who wished to do this being denounced as 'land-grabbers.'

And these are the men whom Mr. Gladstone now gives his support to, those who have been doing their utmost to defeat his own Act! To us who live in Ireland this is incomprehensible.

We who wish to see Ireland prosperous are glad to observe that under firm government the natural laws of supply and demand are gradually coming into operation again. Prices of stock having considerably risen, the farmers are gaining heart again, and the interest in holdings is being bought and sold at high prices. There is no doubt that for the tenant, with a low rent, as reduced of late years, the property held by him is of great and certain value. The landlord does not now, under the tenant-right system, feel himself called upon to make improvements, any more than the Ulster landlord did formerly, where that custom existed; and it will be seen at once by those who look at the matter impartially, that there is nothing unjust or unusual in this, as the tenant's interest gives him all the security required. The tenants also recognise this, and I am glad to see tenants making such improvements in their houses and on their farms, in the way of drainage and reclamation of land, as show that they fully appreciate the security given to them by the new laws. The landlord has lost the absolute control of his land which he formerly possessed; but I hold that the security of the tenant is that of the landlord, and the farmer who expends his capital in improving his own status is giving hostages to fortune, and I do not think that when he has done this he is so likely to join in the future in any movement which would tend to depreciate his own property in his holding.

Then after the Land Act came Lord Ashbourne's Act for the purchase by tenants of the fee simple. Lord Ashbourne is an Irishman himself, as every one knows, and I give all the honour due to him for passing that Act. It has already done a great deal of good, and it proposes to settle, in a temperate and gradual way, the question of the formation of a large class of yeoman farmers cultivating their

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own land. Every man who becomes an owner will be a supporter of law and order. But I do not myself see the necessity for a sweeping measure for the compulsory expropriation of all the present landlords. That may be a very satisfactory thing to those politicians who wish to wash their hands in future of Irish affairs, and who imagine that by such a scheme they will settle Ireland for ever.

By all means let absentee landlords, and any others who wish it, dispose of their estates; but it must be considered, if justice be the rule to be observed, that many owners of estates who live habitually in Ireland, and are on friendly terms with their tenants, do not wish to have all the ties by which they are bound to be rudely broken in this way. The owner who has many interests in his property besides those of the actual money value, which in numerous instances would not be great, would infinitely prefer to remain as he is. 'Oh, but,' the politician says, 'you cannot be permitted to go on being a thorn in our sides; we want to live in peace in England, and not be troubled any more with you.' I submit that that is a selfish view to take of things. I hold strongly that after a few years, with a large class of peasant proprietors scattered over the country in different places, where even the resident proprietors will sell any outlying properties in which they do not feel special interest, and with the sales now proceeding of the absentees' estates, the institution of property in land will be very much strengthened, and that the proper way of proceeding is to allow this voluntary method of sale to go on, with such grants of money from time to time as circumstances require, of course always supposing that those tenants who have already purchased, or are purchasing, keep faith with the Government, and that so the two institutions of tenant-right and sale to tenants by voluntary agreement will solve the Land Question. Those owners who reside in the country, many of them at all events, have no wish to become mere villa proprietors, with no interests outside their domestic walls, and can and will co-operate with their tenants for the prosperity of the country in many ways. By selling all the land to the present occupiers you would not, I hold, do away with the institution of landlordism, for supposing every tenant to buy his holding now, is it to be supposed that they will always remain content within the confines of their present holdings? The richer and more prosperous farmer will doubtless, by degrees, aggregate to himself the farms of his poorer neighbours, and you will only substitute for the present landlords another class of proprietors who are hardly likely to be more lenient in their dealings with their tenants than those who are displaced. That will, no doubt, occur even now under the Ashbourne Act, but I cannot but think that the old landowning class, who have been so much abused, will still have an influence for good in their own localities, if the system of purchase is permitted to proceed by degrees in the manner in which it is now going on.

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Putting the agitators aside, I do not believe that the main body of agriculturists in Ireland wish to extirpate the gentry class, whose establishment alone, especially in the hunting counties, must conduce very materially to the prosperity of the farmers, as giving them a market for their produce which they would not have if the country were reduced to a dead level of peasant proprietors, who are not remarkable for their lavishness in expenditure either in labour or any other commodity.

In a pamphlet recently published by the Cobden Club, entitled *The British Farmer and his Competitors*, the author draws a picture of the future of these countries, which is not an unfavourable one; and with rising freights and the increasing populations of the United States and other countries, we cannot but hope that the prospects of the British and Irish farmer are not so hopeless as was supposed a few years ago. We hear that the River Plate country is to inundate us with meat, but the American ranches are not what they were, and the River Plate is farther off than they are, and on the other side of the equator, and therefore I do not see that we need, as farmers, despair of these islands.

Now as to Home Rule. We Liberal-Unionists think that all that Ireland can possibly want can be done as well, nay far better, by the Imperial Parliament than by any form of Parliament which could be set up in Dublin. There is not one of us who would, I am perfectly certain, be unwilling to support any well-considered scheme for the promotion of public works, such as arterial drainage, additional railways, harbours, &c. But we feel that all these things can and will be done in the best way and on the soundest principles by the Imperial Parliament, which will be careful to see that the money is properly and wisely expended, and not frittered away upon useless speculations. Moreover the great resources of the State will be at their disposal, and where are the resources which would be at the command of an Irish Parliament? They would have to come to Westminster for money, and it can be supplied through the present direct channels without the additional trouble and expense of probable disputes between two legislatures. Local government is a different thing, and a well-considered scheme with that object will receive the support of the Liberal-Unionist party when the proper time arrives, and when law and order and security for the investment of capital return, if framed in such a manner as to assure in every way the absolute control of the Imperial Parliament.

I would say a word, in passing, as to the promotion of additional railways to the western fishing stations, and other places where they may be required. Many proposals have been made for the forming of light lines, with a small gauge. If the Government take up the question and authorise the Board of Works to promote or construct new lines, or give powers to other companies to do so, I am strongly

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of opinion that it should be made imperative that they should all be of the uniform gauge. The traffic might be small at first, and not very remunerative; but if the lines are laid to those points on the coast where a good fishing trade is likely to spring up, the full-sized lines will surely be required before the lapse of many years, and the Government should refuse to advance money for light lines, which involve breaking bulk at every junction with the main lines; and this is especially important to save time and labour in transhipment of such a perishable article as fish. These lines, of the full gauge, should run right down to the quays or piers where the fish would be landed from the boats.

To deal with another matter which many Irish Liberals hope will be dealt with, the Government might consider whether they could not assist Irish education on the lines of an article which I had the honour to contribute to this Review in January 1886. I may say that I had a conversation on the subject with the late Mr. Forster, when Chief Secretary, and he informed me of the great difficulty in the way, viz. that of overcoming the settled resolve of so many in England, both in and out of Parliament, never to grant in any form any endowment of the Roman Catholic religion. But the main population of Ireland are Roman Catholic, and it does seem to one who does not belong to that Church, but who lives here in constant and friendly communication in every walk of life with Roman Catholics, that the grant of one capital sum of a million of money to the Catholic University of Dublin would not, for a great and wealthy nation like the British, be a high price to pay to put it out of the power of Irishmen to say that their higher education had not received a just and liberal consideration by the State, in the same way as Maynooth was dealt with on the occasion of the disestablishment of the Irish Protestant Church.

As to the proposed establishment of the local legislature and executive, do not thinking men consider that Grattan's Parliament, with its not very prosperous history, and which existed in the days when communication between Dublin and London took two or three days and often more, is altogether an anachronism now, with railways which make the journey, with the sea passage, in about ten hours with almost unfailing regularity; with telegraphs, by which anything occurring in Ireland is known in London in five minutes; with telephones by which conversations can be held between distant points; with phonographs by which the very voice of the speaker can be transmitted, and science inventing, every year, some new means of communication?

Then have we not been warned already in the clearest manner of the disagreements which would immediately arise on such subjects as Protection, &c.? The Irish naturally look a good deal across the Atlantic, to the country whither so many of their relations have gone,

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and see there a protective tariff which they think conduces to prosperity there. But has it not been proved to demonstration over and over again that it is not because of Protection, but in spite of it, that the great American republic flourishes? We have seen some signs even there lately of a reaction against that system, which, as we know, has, among other things, destroyed the mercantile navy of the United States.

But by all means let local management be granted in a proper way. All the work of private committees on Irish matters could and should be done in Dublin, and I dare say there are modifications which might be made in county work. Mr. Chamberlain has proposed four provincial councils. That is a suggestion which might be considered. I fear that a council at Cork or Galway would hardly agree with one at Belfast.

The counties and counties of the towns seem to be the more natural units, rather than the provinces, which for practical purposes are little more than geographical expressions. Munster or Connaught has no more departmental existence than Mercia or Wessex.

If, however, each province could be limited to the management of its own affairs without interfering with those of another province, there might be something in the idea. Mr. Chamberlain proposes to have a central body, presumably holding the executive power, in Dublin. There would be a great difficulty in defining the exact spheres of action in each case. We already have such a body in the Castle.

'Oh, the Castle! but that is a sink of infamy and corruption, and must be swept off the face of the earth.'

So say some Irishmen, and also, which is more surprising, a good many Englishmen. What is the Castle? It is merely a collection of public offices of government, such as the Privy Council Chamber, the Chief Secretary's Office, the Prisons Office, the bureaus of the Constabulary and Metropolitan Police, the Record Tower, &c., conjoined in one block of buildings with the Lord Lieutenant's official residence, where he dispenses hospitality. There is about as much sense in abusing it as there would be in abusing the offices of government in Whitehall, of which it is only a local branch. Abuses there may be, but if so, they are capable of reform; but it is held up by a section of the press as a sort of Star Chamber or Vehmgericht, to which it is often compared, tyrannising over and terrorising an oppressed and downtrodden people.

I suspect that the most downtrodden people are the unfortunate officials, whose lives are made a burden to them, and whose brains are worried and fingers worn to the bone by the false charges showered upon them by an unscrupulous mendacity. There can be no doubt in the minds of any unprejudiced persons that the officials are chosen for their special aptitude for the duties they have to perform.

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'Castle hack' is used as a term of opprobrium, but it is only true in the sense of their being uncommonly hardworked.

Supposing Home Rule to be granted in any form, would not these Government offices and their staffs still be necessary? One would think all the more so in that case. It would be necessary then, as now, to have public servants of experience in similar posts, or is it to be supposed that every one who has any qualification for the work of the several departments is to give way to others having no experience or practice whatever? I dare say there are plenty of those who abuse the officials who would be glad enough to take their places. In any private firm or house of business would it be thought wise if the employer were to turn out every person having any special knowledge of the business of the firm, and replace them with a new set of men having no cognisance of the work to be carried on? Or would he not employ the best managers and the most experienced agents and clerks that he could find, men trained to the work which they had to do? And is it not so in Dublin Castle?

There may be reforms required; no human institution is perfect; but to abolish Dublin Castle you must set up something in its place, and it would appear to be folly to break up an elaborate and efficient machinery on the empty cry of persons who would be very glad to fill the places they now treat with contumely, and who spread reports of its being a venal and corrupt institution. It has been said of it that there was a favouritism on the score of religion, but at any rate if that was so formerly, it is well known not to be the case now, and all sensible men in Ireland have long since discarded that notion, such considerations having no weight in view of obtaining the officials with the best qualifications for the posts. This latter complaint has also been made as to the local magistracy in the country, but I have been informed by lieutenants of counties that they do all they can to appoint Catholics to the commission of the peace where they can be found of sufficient standing to be fit to be magistrates.

It is proposed to transfer local duties to local boards, which might be done; but, even so, you must have a central control over these boards, as in England; otherwise, in Ireland especially, they would not be found to work very satisfactorily.

Mr. Chamberlain, in his work on Unionist policy in Ireland, expressly states this, therefore you must have the Castle, with its offices all there, filled either with its present staff of officials or some other. We, who live here, fear that if plenary powers were given, they would be used, not, as in England or Scotland, to carry on the business of the country, but with the express object of injustice in one form or another; we only judge by what we see now. I am afraid the four proposed councils would only establish new centres of contention. The communication between them and the central body in Dublin, that is the Castle, or seat of government, would not be difficult, as

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Cork and Belfast are within four hours' sail, and you can leave any town in Ireland and be in Dublin by twelve o'clock on the same day.

To turn to other subjects. Ireland is a purely agricultural country, and specially adapted for breeding cattle, sheep, and, above all, horses. The English, the French, the German, the Austrian, and the American send their agents to Ireland to buy horseflesh. The limestone of the central plains of Ireland gives the Irish horse his bone and his fine constitution. We have now, developing itself as it never has done before, an institution which is encouraging in every way, with the liberal assistance of the Imperial Government, the breeding of horses, both by the importation of sires under the new grant made by Parliament last session of an annual sum of five thousand pounds for that purpose, and by its formation and establishment of the horse and cattle shows at its new grounds at Ball's Bridge, Dublin, which are admittedly the finest and most suitable for showing hunters and other horses in the United Kingdom.

I see no reason why these most important matters for Ireland should not go on prospering and increasing; and the Royal Dublin Society has gained, and is continuing to gain, the confidence of the Irish as well as the British public, as is shown by its constantly increasing lists of members.

It is the oldest society of the kind in the three kingdoms, older than the Royal Agricultural Society of England or the Highland and Agricultural Society of Scotland, and it does not confine itself to agricultural matters, for it has also its scientific side, answering in some degree to the Royal Society of London, with its lectures in various branches of science and literature, in the same manner as carried on by the Royal Irish Academy. As one who has worked on its council for many years, I feel proud of its advancement, and I know with what singleheartedness the proceedings are conducted, with the assistance of the leading men in Ireland in knowledge of horses and cattle as well as other branches of agriculture.

Here is the right kind of Home Rule. We ask for no separate legislature, but we are encouraging the staple industry of the country, and are also taking up such questions as the Irish fisheries, Irish lace-making, music, the fine arts, &c. It is seated in Leinster House, and forms the nucleus round which are grouped the National Gallery, the Natural History Museum, the Science and Art Museum, the National Library, and the Schools of Art.

We hope that the Government will give us Leinster House entirely to ourselves, it being now shared between us and the Science and Art Department. The necessities of the case demand it, and the status of the leading society in Ireland would make it a graceful act on the part of the Government, to acknowledge the one really prosperous and really Irish undertaking in a worthy manner, and not permit the prejudices of certain permanent officials in London to

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mar a great and increasing benefit to Ireland. The Government have already assisted us very much, and as they have confided the National Gallery and other things to Boards of Irishmen, let them not be afraid to trust them with the other departments there, always of course retaining the supreme control and all management of finance in their own hands. I do not think they need fear to trust us; we are only anxious to work with them in every way in our power.

Finally, there have been great changes made in the laws for Ireland in the last twenty years—the whole position of affairs in the country has been altered. The willingness of the Houses of Parliament to pass measures of great importance has made those who have gained so much think that there is no limit to the concessions which they can win by noisy declamation and exaggeration, and much more than exaggeration. But all those who have a stake in the country consider that no more heroic measures are required, but that a period of time to enable the Acts already passed to be felt, and to work out their own effects, is necessary. It is quite impossible for any country to settle down as long as every legislator thinks he must try his hand at the Irish question. Remember Lord Melbourne's saying, 'Can't you let it alone?' at any rate for a time, and see if that will not give an opportunity for personal greed and coveting of other men's goods to cool a little. You will then come to such a measure of local government as will satisfy all just requirements in a calmer and more judicial spirit, and not perhaps see so much of hysterics in the natives of old Ireland.

POWERSCOURT.

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ARE TWELVE MILLIONS PER ANNUM WASTED IN THE SEA?

THE respect in which Mr. Plimsoll is most deservedly held for his efforts on behalf of seamen is so sincere, that it would be necessary to present some strong reason in order to justify any opposition to plans which he may consider necessary to prevent either loss of life, or loss of property, at sea.

The greater part of Mr. Plimsoll's article in the March number of this Review is, however, in my opinion, so wanting in accord with the ascertained facts in the case, and casts so undeserved a reflection on the Mercantile Marine of this country, that I have not hesitated to ask permission to reply in a few pages to Mr. Plimsoll's article.

I propose, first, to examine the statements made by Mr. Plimsoll; and, secondly, to examine the official returns dealing with loss of life and property at sea, to ascertain the information which they furnish.

Mr. Plimsoll's paper contains two leading assertions:—(1) That twelve millions per annum are wasted in the sea. (2) That the conditions on which insurances can be effected make such a result possible, and that, to remedy this, 'underwriting by individuals should cease to exist.'

I believe the main points of the paper will be found to group themselves round these two assertions. Dealing, then, first with 'the twelve millions per annum wasted in the sea,' on the estimate tabled by Mr. Plimsoll, I find, from the Wreck Abstracts published by the Board of Trade, that the total losses for 1886–7 were, 'sail and steam registered tonnage (excluding yachts and fishing vessels),' 209,961 tons. Treating this figure on Mr. Plimsoll's own basis, at 10*l.* per ton for the vessel, and 15*l.* for the cargo, *we have not twelve millions, but only five and a quarter millions.* I think, however, that far more reliable data can be given than this chance guess of 15*l.* a ton, respecting which, according to Mr. Plimsoll's own statement,[1] 'one of the most able men in the City, an underwriter,'

[1] *Nineteenth Century*, March, p. 342.

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says: 'I don't know, I'm sure;' and another, 'a retired underwriter of large experience,' remarks, 'Looking at Mr. Mulhall's figures, I can only regard them as guesses. I should hesitate to use any of them.' I wonder what Mr. Goschen would say if the gentlemen in the Treasury department presented him with materials for his Budget with such credentials. I know, however, what he *did* say at Edinburgh in 1885: 'Enthusiasts often produced statistics that would not stand the test of examination. Theorists offended in the same way.'

At the risk of being met with the cry of 'dry figures,' I will state what cargoes were on board these 209,961 tons above referred to, and those readers who like can make their own estimates of their probable value, but if they get anything near even three millions (cargo) I shall be much surprised.

	Tons.
Vessels in ballast (no cargo)	16,898
Vessels with timber	19,878
„ grain	20,053
„ coal	61,366
„ metallic ores, &c.	12,517
„ machinery, wrought iron, &c.	11,550
„ stone, slate, cement, &c.	4,801
„ salt, soda, &c.	4,285
„ guano, &c.	3,793
„ hay, straw, &c.	501
„ sugar, &c.	4,632
„ tea, coffee, &c.	2,453
„ potatoes, fruit, &c.	3,701
„ cotton wool, &c.	3,965
„ wine, spirits, &c.	364
„ fish, oil, &c.	811
„ general cargoes	[2] 30,668
„ explosive oils, &c.	2,106
„ various	3,036
„ unknown	2,583
	209,961

NOTE.—Mr. Mulhall arrives at his estimate by taking 'the declared value at the custom-houses and dividing it by the tonnage.' This would be correct if the different descriptions of cargo were lost in the proportions which they bear to their several totals. The returns, however, show that nearly ten per cent. of the losses are those of vessels in ballast, consequently without any cargo on board, and the remainder is largely composed of cargoes of a low value. This initial error quite accounts for the difference between the results arrived at—my figures being actual, Mr. Mulhall's only hypothetical.

There is no reason for saying that other years differ so widely as to make this year 1886–7 an unfair test, and therefore I dismiss this part of the subject by stating that I confidently submit Mr. Plimsoll's 'twelve millions wasted per annum in the sea' requires a reduction of more than one-half!

[2] An estimate taking the freight as five per cent. on the value has been found practically useful.

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Mr. Plimsoll next deals with the question of Marine insurance. He asserts:—

1st. That important shipping firms take large risks on their vessels at a small cost.

2nd. That those who do insure and pay eight to nine guineas per cent. per annum, by their 'overloading, carelessness, and recklessness' render such high premiums necessary, and he concludes that:—

3rd. As it is considered impossible to compel (by statute) every owner to accept a mere indemnity in case of loss, therefore abolish the private underwriter, because, by the loose way in which he does his business, wrongdoing is made 'easy, remunerative, and safe.'

Let us look at these conditions a little more closely.

1st. An average of the result of three years' working is too limited a time within which to form a correct estimate as to the profitable working of an insurance account. A period of at least ten years is needed to draw any reliable conclusion, and on this ground I feel bound to reject the inferences drawn in the illustrations 1 to 4,[3] and also the illustrations numbered 5 and 6, as they deal only with the experience of two firms, and consequently are on too narrow a basis to prove a general statement. The letter of Sir Donald Currie, quoted by Mr. Plimsoll, is important, but I should be glad to know if all the vessels employed by the company he represents are included or only those which are owned by the Castle Line. I have an impression that some losses have occurred where this distinction exists, but it is an error for Mr. Plimsoll to assume that the premium required by underwriters on the steamers managed by Sir Donald Currie runs up to eight or nine guineas per cent. I should think 80*s.* per cent. nearer the mark, and even then 15 per cent. must be deducted for brokerage and cash payment, before we arrive at the sum the underwriters receive. The trade the Castle Line steamers are employed in, being moreover the passenger trade from London to the Cape, is one of the safest in the world.

It is a great mistake, however, to assume, as Mr. Plimsoll does, that large shipowners in the regular 'lines' are free from losses. A reference to the answer to question 13456 in the Report of the Royal Commission on Loss of Life at Sea, will show, on the authority of Mr. John Glover, that in eighteen months prior to February, 1886, when Mr. Glover gave his evidence, no less than twenty-five steamers of the finest class were lost, owned by companies and firms of the highest standing, many of them taking large interest in, if not the entire risk of, the insurance of their own vessels. No one has ever accused these owners of 'overloading, or carelessness, or recklessness,' but the steamers were lost notwithstanding. It must also be remembered that, according to the reliable authority of Mr. J. Williamson,

[3] *Nineteenth Century*, March, p. 344.

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of Liverpool, 80 per cent. of our exports are coal, or about 50 per cent. of our total exports and imports combined. Who carries the coal? Not the P. and O., or the Castle Line, or the Cunard Company, but the 'working man' steamer of the Mercantile Marine. Is it fair? is it just? is it honest to compare one with the other? Mr. Plimsoll makes a great point of the evidence of Messrs. Thomas Wilson, Sons, & Co., of Hull, a firm held in high esteem, and of whom I would say nothing but good. But what is the 'loss of life' record of this eminent firm? Mr. Chamberlain made reference to the supposed immunity of Messrs. Wilson's vessels from loss of life in a public speech delivered at Hull, on the 6th of August, 1885, in terms so eulogistic that Mr. F. Yeoman, of West Hartlepool, was led to examine the Wreck Abstracts for information, and what did he find? He found that for the nine years, 1875—1883 inclusive, whilst the average of 'life loss' in steamers 'totally lost' for the United Kingdom was 5·58 per 1,000 per annum of the men employed, the average of lives lost in steamers owned by Messrs. Thomas Wilson, Sons, & Co. was 7·22 for the same period, being 29·39 per cent. higher than for the whole of the Mercantile Marine steam tonnage of the United Kingdom. I say not a word against this highly respectable firm, but the public will make a great mistake, and will do shipowners a great wrong, if they allow their minds to receive the impression that only the 'bad shipowner' loses vessels, and that the great companies and the more wealthy shipowners are free from such disasters.

I have only now to examine the underwriting record. I am virtually asked by Mr. Plimsoll to believe that private underwriters are, as a rule, 'born fools,' that they 'write risks' not knowing what they underwrite. My personal knowledge of these gentlemen teaches me a very different tale; they not only know what they underwrite, but for whom they underwrite. They have in Lloyd's Register Book a means of ascertaining the results of frequent periodical surveys by surveyors of acknowledged ability, of the exact condition of a vessel's hull, machinery, and equipment, and in very many instances they have also nautical advisers of their own who visit the docks and bring back valuable information to them both as to ships and goods. But what do the records of underwriters who have to depend on successful results for their livelihood, and who can no more afford to 'live on their losses' than other people, tell us? Why, briefly this:—that in 1874 they insured goods by P. and O. steamers, London to Calcutta at 15 shillings per cent.; in 1884 they took the same risk at 7*s.* 6*d.* per cent., or 50 per cent. reduction; that in 1874 they insured 'seed' by ordinary steamer from Calcutta at 30*s.* per cent., which in 1884 they were ready to insure at 20*s.* per cent., or 33 per cent. reduction; that in the case of New Zealand, insurances were 30 per cent., New York 33 per cent., Odessa to London 25 per cent., Cronstadt to London 10 per

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cent. cheaper between the years named.[4] Why was this? For one reason and one only—that the 'risks' were improving, that underwriters found their records, which are most carefully kept, showed better results, and hence insurances were accepted at a lower rate of premium.

If the above statements are admitted, then I submit that the remedy proposed by Mr. Plimsoll falls to the ground.

Mr. Plimsoll next affirms that a shipowner should only be able to recover the 'value' of what he has lost. Shipowners would not object to this, if the 'value' could be fixed, but the 'value' of a steamer changes from month to month; the price of iron changes; wages change; the available shipbuilding yards change. The idea is simply impracticable, and, this being so, when an insurance is effected between the shipowner and the underwriter, the 'value' of the ship is mutually agreed upon at the time.

Mr. Plimsoll says 'underwriting by individuals should cease to exist.' This is like crying for the moon; no power on earth can give it you. The private underwriter is as rooted in the commercial system of England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales as the British constitution itself is rooted in the national system. It is merely wasting breath to talk about such a thing, and more than that, I contend that, if figures may be held to prove a proposition, those which I shall presently quote prove this—that, taking into account the 'work done,' life and property were never so safe at sea as they are to-day.

I will now, secondly, examine the official returns dealing with the loss of life and property at sea, to ascertain the valuable information which they contain.

The Mercantile Marine is, I believe, the largest industry in this country; the capital which is always invested in it may be safely estimated at upwards of one hundred millions. The movements of every vessel are most carefully recorded, not only as to their general employment, but also in regard to any accident which may befall them, even to the loss of a boat or a spar.

The same observation also applies to the cargoes carried by the vessels, so that in these two records we have a body of evidence which enables us to speak with almost absolute certainty on any question connected, not only with the movements of the ships, but also with their employment, and especially as regards any casualty which may occur to them.

This information is furnished:—

1st. By the records of Lloyd's.

2nd. By the tables in the Wreck Abstracts.

3rd. By the Annual Statements of Navigation and Shipping.

[4] See evidence before recent Royal Commission on Loss of Life at Sea, Mr. John Glover, Q. 13536 and onwards.

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The two last-named returns are prepared under the authority of the Board of Trade, and are published yearly. In addition to these official returns, there has lately been a Royal Commission on the Loss of Life and Property at Sea, which Commission, during sittings extending from February 1885 until October 1887, collected a body of evidence which was subjected to a most searching investigation by all interested in the subject.

My contention will therefore be that, whatever may be any person's preconceived impressions, he is bound by the clearly expressed facts which these records furnish, and is not justified in going outside of them unless he can produce other evidence of equal authority in support of his contention.

My duty will now be to state some of the facts which these statements record, and next to examine how far the remarks of Mr. Plimsoll are sustained by these facts.

It may not, perhaps, be deemed out of place if in a line I state here that the statistical information placed before the above-named Royal Commission on behalf of British shipowners was largely prepared by the writer of this paper.

By our 'mercantile marine,' I refer only to the vessels 'registered in the United Kingdom,' and I exclude even from this reference all fishing vessels, boats, and river craft. My remarks, in fact, only refer to vessels registered in the ports of the United Kingdom, and which are engaged in the coasting and foreign trades.

These are of two classes—sailing vessels and steamers.

In any examination of loss of life or property at sea, these classes must, for an evident reason, be kept distinct. If, however, the reason is not at once evident, the following table will show the view I entertain on the subject:—

The loss of life in 1881 was 2,352, or 1 in 79·39, on 186,719 men at sea risk, and this loss of life was divided as follows:—

Sail . .	1,660 or 1 in 55	on 92,253 men in sailing craft.
Steam .	692 or 1 in 136	on 94,466 men employed in steamers.

To conceal from the British public the above-stated important difference in the death-rate between sail and steam would be a grave error, which will be apparent the more we examine into the question.

Not only, however, must we keep a clear distinction between the different classes of vessels, but we must also be very careful that our examination of the returns is extended over a sufficiently lengthened period to feel assured that our conclusion is a sound one.

I am convinced that nothing less than the results of an examination, extending over nine years at the very least, can be considered reliable. Some of the averages I shall present will extend over eleven years.

The condition of the weather has, I may at once state (naturally

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and inevitably), largely to do with loss of life and property at sea. In justification of this contention, I may point out that,

On the two days, 14th and 15th of October, 1879, eight vessels foundered and stranded.
On the two days, 14th and 15th of October, 1881, one hundred and three vessels foundered and stranded.
On the three days, 13th, 14th, and 15th of October, 1879, no 'missing vessels' were reported as 'last heard of,' and
On the three days, 13th, 14th, and 15th of October, 1881, thirty-six vessels, with a loss of 253 lives, were so reported.

An examination of the weather chart will explain this variation. In the eleven years with which I propose to deal, 1875–85 inclusive, the three years 1876–79 were years of fine weather, whilst the four years 1880–83 were years of bad weather, 1881 being especially bad; 1886–87, again, were years of very fine weather; and, had I time to complete my tables so as to include the latter years, I could present even a much better record than I am now about to show.

It only remains for me to notice one further distinction, and it is this, that loss of life and loss of property should be inquired into independently of each other. It by no means follows that when a ship is lost a life is lost. One illustration will make this clear, and every year would show the same general result.

Between 1875 and 1885 the loss of steamers by stranding was 60·53 of the number of steamers totally lost, but the loss of life was only 23·34 per cent. of the number of lives lost in steamers. So with sailing vessels during the same period, the loss by stranding was 56·70 per cent. of the number of sailing vessels totally lost, but the loss of life in sailing vessels stranded was only 20·43 per cent. of the total of lives lost in sailing vessels.

Having, therefore, I hope, justified my assertion that our statistics are ample and reliable; that sailing records and steam records must be kept distinct; that a somewhat lengthened period of observation must be taken; and that loss of life must be examined into independently from loss of property, I shall now contend that we, as shipowners, are advancing 'by leaps and bounds' to a position of greater safety, not only of life, but also of property, at sea.

In supporting this statement, I shall notice first the rapid change which is taking place in the character of the British Mercantile Marine by the *increase* of steam tonnage, and the *decrease* of sailing tonnage.

In 1875 we had 2,970 steamers of 1,847,188 net tons, and 17,221 sailing vessels of 4,044,504 net tons 'employed,' that is to say, vessels that had been 'employed' for some portion of the year. In 1885 the figures had changed to 5,016 steamers of 3,889,600 tons net, and 13,775 sailing vessels of 3,319,563 tons net. Steam tonnage had therefore *increased* by 2,042,412 tons, and sailing tonnage

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had *decreased* by 724,941 tons. When, in reading these figures, it is remembered that at a rough calculation it is allowed that one ton of steam tonnage does equal work to three tons of sailing tonnage, it will be at once apparent that far more is implied than the mere increase of tonnage; the 'work done' is immensely increased also.

Dealing, however, first with the vessels without any reference to the work they did, I find that the loss of life:—

In steamers, 1875 to 1885, inclusive, was . .	5,636
In sailing vessels „ „ „ „ . .	11,002

The limited space at my disposal does not admit of my giving more elaborate detail as to the percentage of loss further than to say that the annual loss of life:—

In sail, 1875 to 1883, inclusive, ranged between ·66 and 1·67 of the men employed, and
In steam, 1875 to 1883, inclusive, it ranged between ·43 and ·76 of the men employed.

When it is realised that this average refers to over one hundred thousand men under each class of tonnage, the difference in safety in steamers as compared with sailing ships will be at once apparent. It means hundreds of lives yearly.

But this question of safety of life receives an immense addition when the amount of 'work done' by a steamer as against a sailing vessel is remembered.

The Annual Statement of Shipping and Navigation contains most elaborate records of the trade of the country and of the movements of shipping. Shipping, I may observe, is dealt with in this Annual Statement on the plan of adding together the registered tonnage for each voyage; this method being considered more accurate than any other.

Comparing, therefore, sail and steam on this basis, I find that, dealing for brevity with a bad weather year (1881) and a good weather year (1884), the record is as follows:—

In 1881 there were 32 millions of sailing tonnage employed, with a loss of	1,666 lives
whilst in the same year 82 millions of steam tonnage employed only lost	686 „
In 1884 there were 28 millions of sailing tonnage employed, with a loss of	759 „
whilst in the same year 97 millions of steam tonnage employed only lost	422 „

The conclusion, therefore, is irresistible that, advancing as the British Mercantile Marine is by such rapid strides from sail to steam, it is also advancing, happily, to greater safety of life at sea.

Passing from the question of loss of life to the loss of property at sea, let us study the teaching of the records upon this point.

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As the average size of steamers so largely exceeds the average size of sailing vessels, the proper way of making the comparison is on a tonnage basis, but, to avoid all question, I give for the years 1881 and 1884 a return under both headings, namely, per vessel and per ton.

In 1881 the loss of sailing vessels—

Per vessel 'employed' was	4·23 per cent.
Per ton 'employed' was	5·56 „

or out of 15,223 vessels, of 3,569,168 tons, the loss of vessels was 645.

The loss of steamers—

Per steamer 'employed' was	3·30 per cent.
Per ton 'employed' was	3·14 „

or out of 4,088 steamers, of 2,921,785 tons, the steamers lost were 135.

In 1884 the loss of sailing vessels—

Per vessel 'employed' was	2·39 per cent.
Per ton 'employed' was	3·28 „

or out of 13,876 vessels, of 3,258,330 tons, the loss of vessels was 333.

The loss of steamers—

Per steamer 'employed' was	2·99 per cent.
Per ton 'employed' was	2·97 „

or out of 4,868 steamers, of 3,825,614 tons, the loss of steamers was 146; again showing a marked margin of safety in favour of steam against sail, especially in the event of bad weather, 1881 being, I repeat, a year of exceptionally bad weather at sea.

I can easily imagine, however, that it will be contended that these figures, however important, do not meet Mr. Plimsoll's complaint, namely, that the loss both of life and property at sea is excessive. Let me, therefore, act upon the advice of Mr. Goschen given at Edinburgh on the 12th of November, 1885, to the members of the Institute of Bankers in Scotland:—'Analyse and decompose totals, otherwise the most splendid totals would mislead the public—would mislead the students themselves,' and let me examine how the totals are built up.

The Wreck Abstracts arrange all losses under the following five headings:—

(1) Collisions, (2) Strandings, (3) Founderings, (4) Missing, (5) Other causes, 'other causes' meaning fire, explosives, striking wreck, ice, &c. Following this guidance, I find as follows:—

Sailing Vessels totally lost. Years 1875 *to* 1885, *inclusive.*

	Per cent.	Loss of life per cent
By Collision	7·25	4·27
„ Stranding	56·70	20·43
„ Foundering	17·47	6·60
Missing	12·86	67·27
Other causes	5·70	1·40
	99·98	99·97

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Steamers totally lost. Years 1875 *to* 1885, *inclusive.*

	Per cent.	Loss of life, per cent.
By Collision	14·57	8·14
„ Stranding	60·53	23·34
„ Foundering	10·82	11·38
Missing	10·82	56·01
Other causes	3·24	1·11
	99·98	99·98

The great blots in the above figures the reader will at once see to be, 'stranding' for loss of property, and 'missing' for loss of life, and the important question at once arises—How far are the shipowners responsible for these losses?

What, then, do the official Wreck Abstracts record as to the causes of casualties; for in nearly every case of loss or accident an official investigation (private or public) takes place, and the result is minutely tabulated in these Wreck Abstracts under six classes, with twenty-four subdivisions?

Out of 7,213 total losses, missing vessels and collisions excluded, between July 1876 and July 1884, viz., eight years, the recorded official decision is as follows:—

Improper stowage	30	
Overloading	57	
Defects in equipment or charts	412	
Insufficient manning	5	
	——	504
Errors of crew	1,316	
„ pilots	92	
	——	1,408
Breakdown of machinery	29	
Inevitable accident	319	
Fires and explosions	166	
Intentional destruction	11	
Want of lights or pilots	37	
Contact with ice or wreck	136	
Defect in steam-tug	10	
	——	708
Gales and hurricanes	3,125	
Heavy seas	193	
Calms and currents	283	
Fog, &c.	438	
Lightning	4	
	——	4,043
		—— 6,663
Unknown, not including missing		550
		7,213

It would, I submit, be an extreme statement to say that even one-tenth of the above losses can be traced to the negligence of the owner; and in consequence of the way in which the Wreck Abstract

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Tables were during the last-named period of time arranged, I have been compelled to include vessels owned in British possessions in the General Statement.

I hope, however, that, inasmuch as 'overloading' and 'insufficient manning' are held responsible in the above list for only 57 and 5 losses respectively, out of 7,213 total losses, we shall, after this, hear no more about 'overloading' and 'undermanning' being the great causes of loss of life and property at sea.

Pursuing this inquiry one step further, in order to try and trace where the responsibility for losses really rests, I find that during the seven years 1877 to 1883 inclusive, whilst

2,570 inquiries were held on certificated officers of the Mercantile Marine in consequence of these casualties,
In 1,803 no action was taken against the said officers.
720 had their certificates suspended for a time.
47 had their certificates cancelled;

showing conclusively to what an extent, in so dangerous an occupation as a seafaring life, the accidents incidental to the profession are the causes of disaster, because, if an inquiry is held, and the certificate of no officer is suspended, the fair presumption is that the officers are not to blame.

I have, however, always been ready to admit that after every reasonable allowance has been made for the state of the weather and other causes which, I fear, must always occasion loss at sea, a margin remains which is clearly preventible. Sometimes a loss arises from the want of nerve at a critical moment of the officer in charge of a vessel, sometimes from his not taking necessary precautions sufficiently early; but, when remedial measures are proposed, I would direct attention—

1st. To the case of collisions.

Out of 649 collisions, 1876–83 inclusive—while

102 arose from general negligence and want of caution.
92 „ „ a bad look-out.
128 „ „ neglect or misapprehension of steering and sailing rules.
58 „ „ thick and foggy weather.
53 „ „ error of judgment.
48 „ „ neglecting to show lights,

there is not one case recorded in which it would be reasonable to reflect on the shipowner as being in any way responsible for the loss.

2nd. To the case of missing vessels, and with this I conclude my examination of the wreck records. One word of warning is here necessary. Sir T. H. Farrer, the late Permanent Secretary of the Board of Trade, when giving evidence before a Select Committee on Merchant Shipping of the House of Commons in 1880, remarked as follows: 'It will be, I am quite certain, very misleading indeed to attribute these losses (missing vessels) to preventible unworthiness or to overloading.'

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The same distinguished witness, when examined before the same Select Committee, uttered these weighty words: 'The argument I want to put forward is this, that the British shipowner has not got the carrying trade of the world into his hand by doing what we are sometimes told he has done—by recklessly exposing life and property to loss. This commercial success is consistent with the figures I have produced, showing that *with the vast increase of the British Mercantile Marine, safety has not diminished but has increased.*'

I have now only to respectfully submit that Mr. Plimsoll does himself an injustice and his cause an injury by many of his remarks, some of which (and some only) I will subjoin and briefly comment upon.

On page 325[5] I find, in reference to vessels broken up, the expressions: 'Every one of them as rotten as a pear,' and on page 342: 'Ship-breaking has gone out entirely now many years ago.' To show the inaccuracy of this last statement, I have only to quote the official returns of vessels 'broken up,' which disclose the following figures:—

1879	292	1884	227
1880	261	1885	547
1881	237	1886	428
1882	251	1887	361
1883	233	1888	309

Or a total of vessels 'broken up,' within the last ten years, of no fewer than 3,146!

Page 327.—A certain class of shipowners opposed Mr. Chamberlain's Bill of 1884.

As a matter of fact, we *all* opposed it. No evidence has yet been produced that, excepting in a few very exceptional instances, vessels are overinsured, in the hope of their being lost.

Page 329.—The several underwriters are not in any case incorporated; they are thus unable to take joint action.

Nothing, as a matter of fact, is more common than for private underwriters to take joint action; and 'conferences' amongst underwriters with a view to joint action are matters of daily occurrence at Lloyd's.

Page 330.—An underwriter *never* makes any examination of a ship as a condition precedent to taking a line on her.

Page 337.—The underwriters never dream of instituting any inquiry into the state of a ship.

Mr. Plimsoll seems not to be aware that in Lloyd's register book (as I have already stated) underwriters find the fullest information as to the state of a vessel, and that a number of retired Merchant

[5] *Nineteenth Century*, March 1889.

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Shipping captains do nothing else but advise underwriters as to the actual condition of ships, by visiting the docks and in other ways.

Page 333.—Mr. Mannering says: 'Bare indemnity for property destroyed is the very backbone of our business—it is our sheet anchor.'

i.e., in fire as opposed to marine insurance.

This instance occurred in my own experience:—

A few years since I was personally interested in the purchase of a public hall, which was found to be badly built; a fire broke out in a warehouse adjoining and the hall was burned; the insurance company elected to reinstate the building, and had to comply with the Building Acts when doing so, thus giving me a much better hall than I originally held. What becomes of Mr. Mannering's 'bare indemnity' theory in an actual case of fire insurance of this kind?

Page 348.—The number of missing vessels shows a very large increase.

The official returns absolutely negative this random statement.

Page 350.—What, then, about the *ninety*!!! which every year sail from or for our shores, each with its twenty or thirty men, as full of life, of purpose, of hope as yourself—and are never heard of more—never more?

If Mr. Plimsoll is speaking of the vessels of the Mercantile Marine 'registered in the United Kingdom,' this is mere wild talk. His statement cannot be justified. Vessels 'never heard of more' must be 'missing vessels;' ninety vessels with twenty or thirty men would mean from 1,800 to 2,700 lives lost annually in missing ships. But the official returns[6] of the lives lost in missing ships completely disprove this statement. Such a sentence ought never to have been written. It does harm alike to Mr. Plimsoll and to the cause which he has so much at heart.

In closing this paper, I have now only to respectfully say to the British public—as I said when I was examined as a witness before the members of the Royal Commission on Loss of Life at Sea—'When the preliminary and necessary work of inquiry has been accomplished, you will find no section of the community more ready to assist you in suggesting suitable remedies, with all the knowledge and resources at their control, than the shipowners of the United Kingdom.'

THOMAS SCRUTTON.

[6] Those returns show that the loss of life in 'missing' vessels in the eleven years (1875 to 1885) ranged in 'missing' steamers from 136 as a minimum to 508 as a maximum, whilst in 'missing' sailing vessels it ranged from 435 as a minimum to 1,066 as a maximum. The *average* life-loss in 'missing' steamers during these eleven years was 265, and the *average* life-loss in 'missing' sailing vessels was 629.

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MONTE CARLO.

It cannot be necessary to say much as to the evils of Monte Carlo. All admit that they exist, and that they are very great; and as I have watched their growth since 1863, I am obliged to add that they have enormously increased, and that they are still growing.

We are often told that the newspaper accounts of the number of suicides are greatly exaggerated, and this may be true; but that suicides do occur I am able to affirm from my own knowledge, though I am more familiar with cases of misery and moral degradation which have arisen from gambling at Monte Carlo.

There are a few common fallacies on the subject which I venture to notice.

1. It is often said that the gambling at Monte Carlo is far better than the gambling at the clubs at Nice and other places. I remember Nice when there was only one club, the Cercle Massena, and when there was very little gambling in that one. But at that time Monte Carlo was little more than a village. The old town of Monaco was much what it is now; but the Casino was a small building; there was not a single good hotel in the place, where there are now thirty-three hotels; there were no private villas; there was no means of access to the place except by driving over Turbia to Roccabruna and then back to Monte Carlo, or else by perilling your life in a crazy little steamer, which made the trip to Nice twice a day, and as to which the few gamblers who availed themselves of it used to speculate whether they would not go to the bottom, if the night were a rough one.

But when notice was given that the gambling tables at Homburg and other watering-places would be closed, Monsieur Blanc began to prepare Monte Carlo for its coming importance, as the one remaining gambling establishment in Europe. The Hôtel de Paris was built and the Casino enlarged. The opening of the railway gave easy access to Monte Carlo, and year after year fresh hotels and villas have been built: the attractions of one of the best bands in Europe, and operatic performances in which some of the best singers are heard, were also added. Not only gamblers frequented the place, but travellers drawn thither by curiosity, and then gradually denizens of

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the great world of fashion flocked to a spot where more excitement and pleasure could be found than in any other place in the world.

Now, as all this grew, Nice underwent a corresponding change. Monsieur Blanc and his successors in the management of Monte Carlo have always exercised great wisdom in the amount of outward decorum on which they have insisted, and as the gambling ceases every night at eleven o'clock, many lovers of a fast life preferred to stay at Nice, where they could continue to play after returning from Monte Carlo, and where they found other attractions of a great city. The consequence was that a number of clubs at Nice have gradually sprung up where play is the chief object, and in which there have been notorious cases of cheating, as well as of high stakes. But these clubs owe their existence to Monte Carlo, and as Monte Carlo has grown, it has educated the Riviera in gambling.

2. Another fallacy is, that whereas in these clubs men win money from one another, and the professional blackleg has abundant opportunities, these are denied to him at the well-regulated tables of the Etablissement des Bains de Mer de Monaco. But, although it sounds so much better to say that money has been won from the 'bank' than from Mr. Brown or Colonel Jones, people forget that the money won *from* the bank to-day was lost to the bank by some one else yesterday, and, to quote from Dean Hole's excellent paper on gambling, 'it was well said by an old man to a youth boasting in a railway carriage that he had been to Monte Carlo and brought back thirty napoleons, "You don't know, sir, whose money you have won; your thirty pieces may have belonged to a suicide, and so be the price of blood."'

3. It is often said that the playing is quite fair—that it cannot, therefore, be as dangerous a temptation as the gambling clubs at Nice and elsewhere. But the character of these clubs is generally known, and those who go to them go, for the most part, intending to play, and the tables are not a public institution. To my certain knowledge, numbers of the victims of Monte Carlo have gone there without the slightest intention of playing. I have known persons who have gone there, expressing contempt for the folly of the gambler, but who have been gradually drawn in by the fatal fascination of watching the curious laws of chance, and have fallen by first putting down a few five-franc pieces just to pay for the excellent concert, which they say (with a certain measure of truth) it is a shame to enjoy for nothing. I have known such persons go on until they have sunk into the lowest depths of misery and ruin.

4. It is also said that at least the young are excluded—that no one under age is allowed to play. This is perfectly untrue. There is a rule to that effect ostentatiously proclaimed; but I have known lads of eighteen and nineteen who have lost heavily: and young girls of the same age who have played without any hindrance.

5. It is said that at least the inhabitants of the principality

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and of the whole department of the Alpes Maritimes are protected by a rule which prohibits their admission unless they are members of one of the principal clubs. This is again untrue. I have known hotel-keepers, shopkeepers, and clerks who have lost heavily, and only last season a young bank clerk, a native of the department, came to me in dire distress, which he owned had brought him to the verge of suicide, owing to his losses at Monte Carlo.

6. But it is with our countrymen and countrywomen that we are chiefly concerned; and it is pitiful even to recall the misery and moral degradation which have been caused by this deadly passion, aroused and kept alive by Monte Carlo, in many who never would have played had they not come to the Riviera. It is also important to remember that this forms part of a still larger question, reaching far beyond the shores of the Mediterranean. Many of the evils which exist at home are to be traced to the spirit of thoughtless extravagance and selfish enjoyment which is displayed at Monte Carlo.

I heard only recently of a poor parish, in which the principal landowner, the owner of nine square miles of land, pleaded poverty as an excuse for withholding much-needed aid—but he did not add, what is a simple matter of fact, that his wife had recently lost heavily at Monte Carlo.

7. But up to this point I have touched really only on the outskirts of this subject. However great the evils of gambling, they are only a lesser part of the evils of Monte Carlo. The immorality of the place, very carefully veiled and kept in order, is the worst feature. At Monte Carlo there is a dangerously narrow borderland between fastness and positive vice. A few years ago, a veteran writer in the *Times* remarked on the extreme laxity of the relations between the two sexes at Monte Carlo, and a Frenchman, of good education, remarked to me last year on the conduct of two Englishwomen, which, he said, would have been thought scandalous in the higher class of the Parisian *demi-monde*.

8. But I am repeatedly assured that there are a number of highly respectable persons, of the best class of English society, who go to Monte Carlo, and take no part in the evils of the place. I know that such persons go there, but can it be said with any truth that they in no way participate in the evils of the place? I know that every Thursday numbers of respectable persons go to Monte Carlo, to hear the excellent music which is provided for them free of charge.

Do they ever ask themselves who pays for that music? Do they think for one moment of the broken hearts, and the ruined reputations, which have paid for it? Do they ever remember that it is in very truth, as much as the winnings from the 'bank,' the price of blood?

These persons go, to quote from the Bishop of Gibraltar's letter, 'without a thought that they are dabbling in sin: without a thought

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that they are frequenting haunts where no person of right principles should be seen, and where, if the establishment existed in England, they would never dream of being seen: without a thought that they are giving respectability to the place by their presence, adding to those wages of iniquity by which it is supported, and decoying brothers and sisters to their ruin.'

9. But I am told that a number of respectable persons now go to Monte Carlo for their health, and that they have no choice in the matter, as their medical advisers insist upon it that there is a peculiar virtue in the climate, which is to be found in no other spot on the Riviera. I often hear this plea advanced in all seriousness, and I am always deeply impressed by the amazing obedience of these persons. I am often called to minister to patients of the very same doctors; but unhappily there is something in the air of Mentone which renders patients more independent and less docile, and I find it difficult to induce them to render a much less servile obedience to the dictates of their physicians, or even to comply with a due observance of some of the most ordinary laws of health.

I often wish I had kept a record of the different reasons which have been given for the necessity of a sojourn at Monte Carlo; but I am well within the mark in saying that, if all these reasons were based on fact, the climate of Monte Carlo must embrace qualities of the most extraordinary and opposite kind. It is at once the warmest and the most bracing climate on the Riviera. It possesses every good quality of Algiers, Biarritz, Pau, Hyères, Cannes, Nice, Mentone, Bordighera, San Remo, and Alassio, without one of their defects. In short, it pleases people to follow the advice of a few fashionable physicians, when they give them a prescription so much to their taste, and they are glad to shelter themselves under the plea of medical necessity.

10. It is generally represented that these unfortunate health-seekers, who are thus left without a choice, pass their enforced residence in quiet seclusion, and completely ignore the character which is commonly supposed to attach to the place. I am inclined to think that this is a mistake. A few days ago I was told by a friend who had been distressed at the residence at Monte Carlo of a family of the class of which I am speaking, that they had said that they were simply under the doctor's orders, among many of the quiet people who now go there simply for health. A few days later a gentleman, who called upon me for the first time, remarked to me that he had been at the previous Thursday concert, and had sat behind this family, who had been present the whole time, and that he had observed how greatly they had enjoyed the music.

I believe that many of the physicians who send patients to Monte Carlo do so in ignorance of the real character of the place, and something might be done to bring home to them the serious responsibility which they incur.

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These are a few of the facts connected with the growing evils of Monte Carlo.

I pass on to speak, with far greater diffidence, of the duty of the clergy with regard to them.

The Bishop of Gibraltar, soon after his consecration, addressed a letter to the chaplains of the Church of England on the Riviera, in which he set forth in plain and forcible language the evils of Monte Carlo, and by his desire this letter was read to all the congregations of the English churches. In 1882 he issued a second letter on the same subject.

I believe that the Bishop of Gibraltar rendered a great service to the English congregations by these letters. If the effect has not been lasting, I fear the fault may be found to rest with the clergy. I can answer for it that both at the time, and ever since, his letters have deterred numbers of people from going to Monte Carlo, while many, to my personal knowledge, who used to go there, desisted from going, in consequence of his appeal.

I therefore venture to think that the first duty of the clergy is still to follow up the leading of the Bishop of Gibraltar, and to speak plainly to those 'for whose souls they watch, as those that must give account,' of the terrible evils of Monte Carlo, and the duty of all Christian people to abstain from going there.

There remains this difficult question. Have the circumstances of the place so altered that the Bishop of Gibraltar should be asked to take any steps to establish a chaplaincy at Monte Carlo?

The evils of which I have spoken as existing at Monte Carlo cannot be denied. What would be the effect of establishing an English chaplaincy? I believe that it would give an air of respectability to this abode of vice, and would greatly increase the number of visitors to Monte Carlo, and thus play into the hands of the directors of the gambling establishment. I know of several families who have come away from Monte Carlo, entirely because there is no chaplain there licensed by the bishop. Would it have been desirable to keep them there?

Is it our duty to warn people against going to Monte Carlo? If it is, can it be right to do anything which will encourage people to remain there?

If there were manufactories, mines, workshops, or any legitimate cause which compelled a number of English to live at Monte Carlo, the case would be different: but *no one* is obliged to live there, and even those who do not go there for gambling, go chiefly for the sake of the amusements provided by the gambling establishment.

If London doctors send their patients to Monte Carlo, their patients *are not obliged to go*. Many people who are ordered thither have sense, and principle, enough to refuse.

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I am sometimes told that the immorality at Nice is as great as at Monte Carlo: but the case of Nice is very different. Nice *is* very corrupt, but it is a large city, and existed before, and quite apart from its present corruption; which is chiefly due to the influence of Monte Carlo: but Monte Carlo only exists to be corrupt, and I believe the *only right line* for us to take is to say to all who go to Monte Carlo, 'Come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing.'

Can nothing be done? I believe that much might yet be done to arouse the consciences of the English people, and to evoke a healthy public opinion on this subject. I think that if a short forcible letter from the Bishop of Gibraltar were read in every English church in the Riviera on some appointed Sunday in Lent, and if the clergy at home would at the same time preach on the evils of gambling, it would have some effect.

I think also that if a mission could be held at Monte Carlo by some earnest and experienced missioner, such as Canon Body, it could not fail to produce good. But it needs an exceptional man for the work.

The whole arrangements should be made from outside Monte Carlo, and no contributions or offertories should be accepted from those residing in the place. I would venture to add that it would be inexpedient to have any celebration of the Holy Communion, but to make the services entirely of the character of a mission. I should be thankful to see the experiment tried. But the practical difficulties are great. The difficulty of finding the right man, who is willing and able to go there; and the difficulty of finding a place in which the mission could be held.

Would any hotelkeeper allow services to be held in his hotel, the effect of which would be to take people away from the place?

And this in truth seems to answer the whole question—a mission the effect of which would send people away from Monte Carlo would not be tolerated for twenty-four hours.

Regular services, provided by a licensed Chaplain, in which no especial mention was made of the gambling and the immorality of the place, would simply lull to sleep the consciences of those who attended them, and encourage them to gamble, and enjoy the music, for six days in the week, feeling that they had fulfilled their religious duties, and had succeeded in the achievement of serving God *and* mammon.

We should remember that the refusal of the Bishop of Gibraltar to sanction the establishment of an English Chaplaincy at Monte Carlo has been a standing protest against the evils of the place. If this protest is withdrawn, I fear that the cause of religion and morality will suffer.

HENRY SIDEBOTHAM.

St. John's Parsonage, Mentone, France.

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OUR REIGN IN THE IONIAN ISLANDS.[1]

WHEN Napoleon the First seized Corfu, the chief of the Ionian Islands, he was preparing for a dash on India. This, the grandest of his many schemes, was also one of his earliest. To occupy Egypt, command the Red Sea, capture Bombay, join hands with 'Citizen Tippoo,' and drive the English out of India—such was the plan which he was revolving in his mind in 1797, and which he in part carried out in 1798. Thus much accomplished, he would return to Europe through Persia and the Euphrates valley, take Russia in the rear, envelop central Europe in a circle of war, and crown himself universal lord.

The fact that Corfu lay on the route to India, and was destined by Napoleon to play a great part in his adventures, makes the struggle for its possession not only intelligible but exciting. Without this key it is impossible to understand why he should have preferred to abandon Venice and all the rich provinces of North Italy to Austria, rather than give up Corfu. With this key we see that, compared with what he was aiming at, the Venetian dominions on the mainland were a bagatelle, and it is not hard to understand what he meant when he wrote to the Directory that it would be better for France, if she had to choose between Corfu and all Italy, to keep the island. The reason he alleges is that the place would be of great advantage to French commerce. Now Corfu had certainly once been known as the key of the Adriatic, but the stream of commerce had been long since diverted from Venice, and the Adriatic was but an empty box. There was no trade there worth securing at the expense of a fortress needing 500 guns and a garrison of 10,000 men.

His arrangements for obtaining possession of the island were as follows. They were first declared 'free' under French auspices. Gentili, a Corsican of some military talents, and a determined foe of England, was sent to command the 'protecting' force of French. With him was sent Napoleon's friend and admirer, Arnault, of the *Biographie Universelle*, to 'help him write his despatches,' and to report the state of public feeling in the islands. The state of public

[1] The Ionian Islands—assigned to England by the Great Powers under convention, on the 5th of November, 1815. Resigned to Greece by England under treaty with the Great Powers, on the 14th of November, 1863.

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feeling was reported to be very satisfactory. The people were wild with joy, and in a most gratifying condition of democratic fervour. The hated emblem of Venice, which had dominated the fortress for four hundred years, was everywhere erased, and the triumphant crest of France took its place. Liveries and coats of arms were denounced, and persons suspected of aristocratic leanings were 'controlled' in the public interest.

Foremost among the supplicants for French protection had been the inhabitants of the island of Zante. When the first speeches, fireworks, and denunciations were over, when the novelty had worn off the proclamations concerning the rights of man, and the 'anno primo della libertà ionia,' their dramatic instinct began to crave further satisfaction. Zante was not insensible to the justice of a contemporary criticism on Ionian liberty. 'E Corcira si dice independente! Sì, come lo sarebbe una fanciulla inerme in mezzo a armati e poderosi giganti.' How much greater would Ionia be as a part of great France than as an independent state! The petition of Zante for the absorption of the new State into the French Republic was therefore made, and graciously accepted, and the isles of the Adriatic were duly entered as new departments of the French Republic.

The annexation of the islands gave Napoleon a freer hand. Admiral Brueys, who was blown up on the 'Orient' next year, was sent from Toulon to Corfu to recruit sailors among the Greeks who had so long manned the fleets of Venice. Chabot was appointed to take the military and Comeyras the civil command. The latter was cousin to the Comeyras who published, in the year 1798, a very luminous pamphlet on cutting a canal through the Isthmus of Suez and penetrating to India. He prophesied that the cutting of the canal would inevitably be the ruin of England, 'et que Dieu en soit bénit!' The sinister results to England to flow from the Egyptian expedition were endless. Conspicuous among them was the destruction of our Baltic trade, in which 400 vessels were then yearly engaged. This was to be accomplished by giving Russia a free passage to the Mediterranean and so drawing all the wealth of the Baltic trade to France. The cutting of the Isthmus of Suez, and the destruction of our settlements in the East, were in Bonaparte's orders from the Directory when he sailed for Egypt.

The English, on their side, were not idle. Four thousand fresh troops were promised to the Governor-General of India by a secret committee of the Court of Directors, and public subscriptions were opened in Calcutta to meet the public danger. Nelson was watching in the Mediterranean, but Admiral Brueys gave him the slip, and arrived off Egypt. On the 1st of August, 1798, was fought the battle of the Nile, the French fleet was destroyed, and Nelson was the hero of the world. His first thought was to send a mes-

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sage to Bombay, overland, proud as an Englishman to be able to put the Settlements on their guard. 'Bombay, if they get there, I know is their first object,' Nelson wrote to the Governor of Bombay on the 9th of August, 1798. Even Nelson himself did not then know how completely his victory had ruined Bonaparte's designs. He could indeed hear of no fleet capable of transporting a considerable body of troops to India, but so imminent did the danger seem that he judged it right to warn the Governor of Bombay, in the possible event of there being a fleet he had not heard of lying concealed somewhere along the coast of the Red Sea.

Foremost among the tributes he received was a present of 10,000*l.* from the East India Company, a very fair gauge of the danger they thought they had escaped. The perfidious little island of Zante, unwilling to lose an opportunity of distinguishing itself, presented him with a gold-headed cane.

Napoleon had not been without immediate designs on Central Europe; fortunately, they were to be effected through a weapon that turned in his grasp. The view of Sir John Acton, then Prime Minister of Naples, was that disorder was to be stirred up in the Balkan Peninsula, and then turned north upon Poland and Hungary. Ali Pasha of Joannina was the destined instrument of this policy. He had corresponded with Napoleon, who addressed him as his 'most respectable friend.' The value of his friendship was tested when the news from Egypt reached Cephalonia, upon which he immediately seized the French possessions on the mainland of Greece. After the capture of Prevesa he compelled his surviving French prisoners to flay the corpses of their dead comrades, salt their skins, and carry them to Joannina in sacks. Such was Ali Pasha, 'l'illustre chef Albanais' of Alexandre Dumas, and Napoleon's 'most respectable' ally.

The Sultan was little pleased with the French proceedings in Egypt. He covered Nelson with presents and distinctions, and followed up the Battle of the Nile with a declaration of war against France. He had a strange ally in the Czar; for all three powers had set their hearts on the Ionian Islands. It has already been seen how Napoleon had written of them to the Directory. On the 9th of August, 1798, he wrote more distinctly: 'The Turkish Empire crumbles daily; the possession of these islands will enable us to keep it up as long as possible, or to make the most for ourselves out of the situation.' The Porte was perfectly well aware of the facts, and Russia was no more blind to them than the Porte. A tinge of absurdity is lent to this extraordinary alliance by the proclamation to the Ionians which it put forward: 'My master and the Sublime Porte,' wrote Uschakoff the Russian admiral, 'equally inspired with divine zeal, have come to free you from the infidel French.'

Under the protection of these two allies, the Septinsular Republic—

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a state which was to figure in Europe for sixty years—first saw the light. Turkey wished to create a principality out of the islands after the model of Wallachia, but the same weakness which had prevented her from seizing them for her own benefit allowed Russia to have her way, and to grant to the Ionians such measure of representative government as was understood by the most despotic autocrat in the world, at the end of the last century. The solemn declaration of the independence of Ionia preceded a period of anarchy under Russian supervision, which lasted till Eylau and Friedland had been fought, and the islands were, under the treaty of Tilsit, again handed over to France—but this time to an Imperial France whose navy was destroyed, and whose Emperor was for ever cured of any ambition to command the sea. César Berthier was the first governor-general. He was a brother of the Prince of Wagram, and himself a soldier of some ability, but he had drunk too deeply of the wine of revolution and empire to keep his head in a position requiring much self-command. While all that his little charge needed from him was steady administration, Berthier pictured himself as a monarch. He called his secretaries his 'ministers,' and conducted himself as the soldier-king of a conquered country. His stern and unsuccessful government was short-lived; he was recalled in January 1808, and replaced by General Donzelot.

General Donzelot, whose long life included many years of distinguished colonial service, is best known to Englishmen as a military man, and the commander of a division at Waterloo. His kindness, simplicity, and geniality showed in pleasing contrast to César Berthier's roughness, and endeared him to the inhabitants of Corfu, but his influence did not extend further than the capital, and the men who governed the other islands were incompetent persons who brought the French rule into discredit. His commissary-general was also a popular man. This was Matthew de Lesseps, brother of the famous traveller, and himself a diplomatist of mark, but whose name is more familiar to the men of our generation as borne by his son, Ferdinand de Lesseps. His government had scarcely established itself when an English expedition appeared in the Adriatic. Among its leaders was Colonel (afterwards Sir) Hudson Lowe. His task was an easy one, for Donzelot had no ships. To attempt without ships the defence of the islands, which depended for a part, at least, of their supplies on the mainland, was to court defeat. The greater part of the French strength, numbering nearly 12,000 men, was concentrated in Corfu, and in 1809 Lowe captured Cephalonia, after a slight resistance, and Zante. In 1810 he took Santa Maura. Of these three islands and Ithaca he was named governor. When Napoleon abdicated, Corfu alone held out. Donzelot would listen to no negotiations, hoping to the last that France would retain the fortress and island as

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a set-off to Malta; but both were duly delivered over to the English by order of Louis XVIII. on the 23rd of June, 1814.

Thus for twenty years all the great powers of Europe had struggled to possess themselves of the Ionian Islands. Russia and Turkey, France—republican, royal, and imperial—and Great Britain had ruled there in turn, while Austria and Naples had attempted unsuccessfully to win for themselves some part in their government. Many of the present ambitions of the nations of Europe, and some aspirations long since laid to sleep with the mighty dead, found in the possession of Corfu the first stepping-stone to their goal. Through Corfu, Napoleon had sought to conquer India, the Czar to break up Turkey, and Austria to make herself a naval power. At the great peace the coveted instrument of so many baulked ambitions was left in the hands of Great Britain.

Corfu, the chief island, is the same size as the Isle of Man. Zante is a little larger than the Isle of Wight. Ithaca and Paxo are about as large as Jersey and Guernsey respectively. Santa Maura has an area of 180, and Cephalonia—the largest of all—of 348 square miles. The six islands lie in a chain along the west coast of Greece, with Corfu at the north and Zante at the south. The seventh—Cerigo—lies to the extreme south of Greece, as far from Zante as Zante is from Corfu. The rest of the little state was made up by a number of smaller islands, mostly mere fishing-rocks, which made no show in the accounts of the Government, but were found, as time went on, to be very convenient places of exile, and were used as such under the power of police which the British lord high commissioners retained to the last.

The population numbered about 200,000, or not much less than it does at present. They were high-spirited, vain, and ambitious, and mendacious above all the other races of the Levant. Naturally the *vendetta* flourished in so favourable a soil, and during the Russian occupation the murders in Zante averaged one a day. A long administration of the feudal system, under the corrupt and suspicious government of Venice, had kept the lower classes in a state of mediæval barbarism, while their trade had been systematically starved in the interests of Venice. At the same time no one could exceed the Ionian noble in personal charm. Of simple, frugal habits and polished tastes, he excelled in all the arts of entertainment. He was graceful and dignified in manner, and gifted with a rare intellectual power. The history of the Ionian government, however, showed that his political capacity confined itself, for the most part, to writing and speaking, and was less apparent when the time came for work. He was attracted by whatever was striking or theatrical; the commonplace drudgery of life he avoided as unworthy his attention. His devotion to the Church was tempered by an indulgent conscience and an imperturbable temper.

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The Law Courts were, as might have been expected, fields of battle to which were transferred those feudal disputes which could be there more conveniently or lucratively settled than in the open. Of litigation there was plenty, the Ionian intelligence taking readily to a pursuit which offered so much interesting work, and so many exciting scenes. Justice was now and then done, but fortuitously.

The problem of devising for this little dominion a successor to the six or seven governments it had enjoyed in the preceding twenty years, was duly laid before the Congress of Vienna. In framing their regulations, the Congress had the assistance of Count John Capodistrias, then secretary of state to the Czar Alexander, and the most distinguished Ionian of the century. His first suggestion was to erect the islands into a kingdom, the destined king being Eugène Beauharnais. The account of this proposal runs thus in the *Biographie Universelle.* Capodistrias 'avait espéré d'abord en former un royaume indépendent, à la tête duquel on aurait appelé le prince Eugène de Beauharnais, à qui des ouvertures furent faites à ce sujet. Mais, par un noble sentiment, ce prince refusa tout avantage personnel dans le démembrement de l'empire français.' Unfortunately this lofty view of the Prince's conduct is hardly historical. Eugène accepted the fact of the Emperor's ruin with perfect resignation. While at Vienna he used all his influence with the Czar Alexander and other potentates, and his own deserved popularity, for the purpose of making the best bargain for himself, quite irrespective of any attachment to his step-father's person or principles. The Congress of Vienna certainly treated him well. They offered him a domain with a becoming establishment in either Italy or Bavaria, or, —as a *pis-aller*, as he himself put it—the Ionian Isles. He discussed the alternatives with his wife with great philosophy and in a most businesslike manner. Italy and Germany were certainly pleasant, but they might lead to embarrassment, Italy especially. In Corfu, on the other hand, there would be some drawbacks, but it was a fine country, and once there they would be safe from the complications which he foresaw must arise in the future out of the Vienna negotiations. While they were hesitating, Napoleon escaped from Elba, and all Europe was in a flame. After Waterloo and the occupation of Paris the powers were weary of the Bonapartes, and, while Eugène retained the affection of his powerful friends, it became quite clear that Europe would not tolerate another Bonaparte kingdom for some time to come. The plan was never again brought forward, and Eugène ended his days peaceably at his father-in-law's court in Bavaria as Duke of Leuchtenberg.

After some discussion it was then decided to create an independent State under the exclusive protection of Great Britain, who should exercise her authority through a lord high commissioner.

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The present century has seen the rise of all the South American republics, and the reconstruction of most European states on representative lines; it has also seen representative government granted to the colonies of Great Britain. Except Russia and Turkey and the states of Asia, there is now no part of the world, not still plunged in barbarism, where a despotism, benevolent or otherwise, prevails. But seventy years ago it was different. There was only one republic in the world and that but a generation old, while among the states of Europe England was the only one really constitutionally governed. The erection of the islands into a republic was therefore an experiment, and, it must be owned, a very hazardous one. It was chiefly brought about by the influence of Count John Capodistrias. The treaty settling the form of government was signed by Metternich and the Duke of Wellington, but it shows no traces of their handiwork except their signatures.

Sir Thomas Maitland was the first Lord High Commissioner of the United States of the Ionian Islands. He had been Governor of Malta, and was known as 'King Tom' from his arbitrary disposition. He was dirty and coarse, rude in manner and violent in temper. His personal habits were those of a soldier of seventy years ago; no one more uncongenial to the Ionians could have been found. At the same time he had undoubted ability. His energy was inexhaustible, and he was possessed, further, of an unusual knowledge of men, and a fine appreciation of their motives. He needed all his talents to solve the problem with which he found himself confronted.

His difficulties were greatly increased by the presence in Corfu of Count John Capodistrias, then on leave from St. Petersburg. This noble was born at Corfu in 1776. Like so many Corfiots of ability, he studied medicine at Padua and Venice, and was made Secretary to the Septinsular Republic under the Russian rule in 1803. When the islands became French, in 1807, César Berthier offered him a post, but his sympathies were all with Russia, who supported the cause of Greek independence, and he betook himself to St. Petersburg, where, in 1809, he entered the diplomatic service. He rose rapidly, and as the representative of Russia he bore a leading part in the negotiations of 1814–15. In November 1815, he was named joint Secretary of State with Count Nesselrode. He was a fervent devotee of the Greek Church, a zealous Russian partisan, and a tireless intriguer for the cause of Greek independence. Steadily closing his eyes to facts, and seeing only those glorious visions he wished to see, he gained a great following in Corfu, and rapidly became an embarrassment to Maitland's government.

The Lord High Commissioner's view was bounded by his charge, and the best way to govern it. What he saw was, in brief, bad roads, no markets, a starved trade, a parody of justice in the law courts, restrictive tolls, an empty exchequer, and virtual anarchy everywhere.

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All his energies were therefore concentrated on bringing about a better state of things. What he cared for was to secure the peace and material prosperity for which he was responsible. He cared not one jot for the 'great Greek idea,' 'the traditions of a noble past,' 'a free democracy rising in its might,' and such like. At the same time he was as little liable to shut his eyes to facts as any man, and it was very clear from the first that a large number of Ionians did care a great deal for these things and were, in the meantime, comparatively indifferent to the state of their roads or the price of their oil. All this party gathered round Capodistrias, who, besides being the embodiment of their dreams, was the channel through which they hoped roubles and even more precious decorations might reach the Ionian who was faithful to him. The idea that Russia would seriously countenance a secret opposition to the government was probably illusive, but it none the less led to a dangerous attitude on the part of many public men of influence, and the formation of intrigues of which Capodistrias was the centre. The Russian attractions were certainly great; money and a glittering star would be cheaply earned by doing what was in itself very dear to the hearts of all true Corfiots—plotting, intriguing, speechifying, posing, and denouncing, particularly when earned in the cause of Greek independence, the cherished dream of all Ionians. Then, too, the religion of the Ionians, a bar to their progress in every other European State, was a recommendation in Russia.

But all these things were *in futuro*, while Maitland on the other hand was in possession, the disposer of good things, and was moreover an able, resolute, and extremely crafty man. He had power to bestow —a share in the government which could never be attained by those who dwelt in the tents of Capodistrias. Then by exercising the most rigid parsimony wherever it was possible, he contrived to pay public officers in large numbers and on a lavish scale. Finally, he brought about the institution of the order of St. Michael and St. George for the decoration of Maltese and Ionians, and thus enlisted on his side all the forces of personal interest. Cupidity, vanity, thirst for power, there was not one impulse of human nature that was not better satisfied by being loyal than by being factious.

To take an example. The Russians had dignified the President of the Senate with the title of 'Prince' and an emolument of 300*l.* a year. 'Prince' was out of the question for an English subject, but there was comparatively little objection to 'Highness,' a dignity which the President accordingly continued to enjoy under the English rule. A salary of 1,500*l.* a year made up for the difference.

Maitland had no small contempt for the Ionian love for a title, but he paid little heed to the abstract unsuitability of having so many great people in so small a place, and scattered distinctions with a profusion born of their inexpensive nature and his profound conviction

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of their usefulness. Thus the senators were 'Most Illustrious,' the members of the House of Representatives 'Most Noble,' and the judges were 'Most Eminent.'

The Government consisted of the Lord High Commissioner, the Senate, and the House of Representatives. The Senate numbered four, one member for each of the larger islands, and one representing the other three, to be elected by each of them in turn. The senators were elected by the Legislative Assembly. The latter body numbered forty. When Maitland was entrusted with the duty of drawing up a constitution, he saw clearly, after a most careful survey of the islands, that a truly representative government was out of the question. He accordingly set about making such a constitution as should give some power to the Ionians, but not enough to be harmful, and under which they should enjoy the semblance of much more power than they really possessed. He appointed a Primary Council of ten members and a President, the latter being Baron Theotoky, the son of the man who had enjoyed the favour of the Russians, and had been president of the senate under the constitution they had granted to the islands. The Primary Council drew up the rules of elections and regulated the franchise. They assigned eight members to Cephalonia, seven each to Corfu and Zante, four to Santa Maura, and one each to Ithaca, Paxo, and Cerigo. This made twenty-nine; they were themselves *ex officio* members, and the total number thus reached forty. The franchise was narrow—Cephalonia, for example, with a population of 60,000, had an electorate numbering only 400. The candidates were elected from a list drawn up by the Primary Council. This was a feature of the Russian constitution which Maitland preserved. The Russian method of conducting an election was not followed by Maitland. It was peculiar, and consisted in locking the electors into a church, and keeping guard over them with fixed bayonets until they had chosen their representatives.

It will be seen that, under the forms of a constitution, Maitland reserved to himself almost unlimited power. His instructions were to govern the islands under a constitution, and recognising that his instructions involved a contradiction, he made up his mind to govern, and did so with signal success, displaying great ingenuity in drafting a constitution that scarcely hampered him at all.

The strongest evidence of his wisdom is the fate of his worst enemy, John Capodistrias, who was led by his enthusiasm and his Russian proclivities into a violent opposition to Maitland and his government. He was afterwards elected the first President of Greece, and then declared his conviction that the Greeks were utterly unfitted for constitutional government. In 1831 he was assassinated as a tyrant and an enemy of Greece.

Though the effect of Maitland's constitution was to confine the

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franchise almost entirely to the nobles, he was incessantly at war with them as a class. He broke the entail of fiefs, and forbade usurious advances from landlords to tenants, and almost destroyed their influence in the State as a body. The roads and bridges that he and his great lieutenant, Charles Napier, built were the wonder of all travellers. He abolished the farm of Church lands, and, above all, he purified the administration of justice. Murder, from being a daily occurrence, providing at most a little gossip, sank to its proper position as an infamous crime, and became proportionately rare. After twenty years of anarchy the countryside was safe and quiet. Out of an annual income of 140,000*l.* he left a surplus of 130,000*l.* He carried out the spirit of his instructions and made a civilised government possible: it was for his successors to make it constitutional.

But it was not every man who could control a factious nobility, or grasp the truth through the meshes of intrigue which surrounded all questions of Ionian administration. It was not the first comer, trained in a decorous diplomacy, who could bend to his will the wayward spirits who intrigued and fretted under an orderly government. Unhappily, on Maitland's death, the sceptre fell into the hands of one who valued the bauble more than the power of which it was the symbol. Sir Frederick Adam, who had distinguished himself in the second rank, was now subjected to the severe test of a leading position in hazardous times. A soldier of great merit but chiefly distinguished in civil life for his urbanity and tact, he was endowed with a fondness for display and some measure of personal vanity. He found the office of Lord High Commissioner one of great authority, but did not perceive the responsibilities that his power entailed, and by assuming which it had been created and could alone be maintained. The large number of troops at his command, and the lavish scale of payment in the public service, combined to dazzle him and give him a totally wrong view of his position. The 'Lord High,' as the English called him, was, if he did his duty, a hardworked official with endless responsibilities and anxieties. Adam made him the happy ruler of a settled State, whose only duty to his subjects was to shine as brightly as possible. Not content with the palace in Corfu, he therefore built himself another house outside the town, and a residence in Zante. 20,000*l.* was expended on only one of these. He donned a gold-laced coat, drove in a resplendent coach, and was with difficulty dissuaded from starting a guard of lancers.

All this, it is but fair to say, with the settled design of impressing the Ionians and smoothing the troubles of the government. It is needless to say how entirely mistaken he was. Such proceedings might have impressed the half-barbarous folk in some backward province of Asia, but the Ionians thought them extravagant and out of place. Their net result was the disappearance of Maitland's balance and the appearance of a large debt, which was further increased by

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the vote of 2,000*l.* (for a diamond star for Adam) which the Senate passed when the Lord High Commissioner retired in 1832.

By the end of Adam's term there was no tradition of Maitland's work and views left. His successors were contented to assume that the constitution was elective, which it was not, and that they governed through it, which was equally inaccurate. The best directed exertions in the world could bring no good result out of so false a position, but an acute state of things did not set in till 1849. Lord Seaton was then Lord High Commissioner. He had a most distinguished military record as Sir John Colborne, and had just been made a peer for his services in Canada. Entering on his term of office with no marked liberal leanings, in 1848 he suddenly resolved to extend the franchise. In Cephalonia the number of voters was increased from 400 to over eight times that number. The same proportion was followed everywhere. Vote by ballot was established. The Primary Council and the double list of electors were abolished, and the Ionians suddenly found themselves in the enjoyment of greater political privileges than Englishmen themselves. The result was what might have been foreseen. On the one side was a mass of new voters ignorant of everything connected with the government. On the other, as candidates, a number of men of education, with no occupation and scanty means. During many years past the latter body had been growing in numbers, for the demand for law and medicine in Corfu was necessarily limited, while the supply of lawyers and doctors was almost endless. At the same time the members of the Legislative Assembly were comfortably salaried. All the clever young men who had spent the preceding ten years in idling and talking politics rushed therefore into the new and congenial profession of agitation. With no real training in the affairs of life, but fluent and dramatic by nature, and patriotic—as they understood the word—by profession, they gulled the electorate with perfect ease, and soon composed a commanding majority of the chamber. They persuaded their constituents, wholly ignorant as they were of the history of the Protectorate, that their ills came from the English, and by maintaining in the House a steady opposition to all schemes of internal improvement they prevented any of those ills from being cured.

It is worth while to take a glimpse at this extraordinary assembly, which was called into existence by the policy of conciliation—conciliation of noisy idlers at the expense of the peaceable and hardworking. The Assembly numbered forty-two. It met in a hall with galleries which would hold about 900, and were generally filled with the rabble of Corfu. These ragged spectators were actually allowed to take part in the proceedings of the chamber, and cheered or groaned at every turn of the debate. The Assembly had so little notion of the forms of debating that it would discuss a motion before it was framed.

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One of its motions was for the reduction of salaries—their own excepted. Another and very favourite one was for union with Greece. For by Lord Seaton's time a new complication had arisen. At first the islanders—even if their natural restlessness would not permit them to be contented with England—had no government in particular to turn to as an alternative from our rule. But after the establishment of the Greek monarchy a situation arose which a logical mind could not but confess weighed grievously against the policy of separation. On the mainland was a Greek state—truly most disordered and bankrupt—but still a state, with a king, a constitution, ministers, and an army and navy. Close by were the islands, inhabited by the same race, speaking the same language as their brothers on the mainland, with slightly different traditions but still with a glorious past in common, and yet ruled by a different Government. Two parties thus rapidly grew up—the Separatists and the Unionists. The Separatists were all for keeping the islands apart—the Unionists for joining Greece. The Unionists won in the end, as in similar cases they always must, but the Union did not take place without years of disgraceful and sometimes ludicrous strife.

The resolution for union with Greece was therefore made from time to time by the Chambers. It was in vain that one Lord High Commissioner after another pointed out that the resolution was *ultra vires*; it remained the staple product of Ionian parliamentary intelligence.

The Lord High Commissioner was assailed in the House and out of it with every form of indignity. Even diplomatic language was forced to characterise some of the libels as 'gross and disgusting.' After the speech from the throne on the 20th of March, 1850, and before proceeding to business, the House summoned a priest to purify it from the Lord High Commissioner's presence, and continued to perpetuate this piece of solemn impertinence until the Union with Greece in 1863.

Such was the Ionian Parliament, and the antics in which it indulged. This was the assembly which presumed to lecture Great Britain on her foreign relations, and held up Greece as an example for her imitation. With one hand it fostered lawlessness and outrage among an ignorant peasantry, and with the other would gladly have paralysed the administration that sought to restore order.

In 1853 died Sir Charles Napier. As Resident of Cephalonia he had filled the imagination and won the hearts of the Ionians. Twenty years after his retirement he wrote to an Ionian friend:—

I always think of my second country, the—to me—dear island of Cephalonia! I have almost cried with vexation to hear of all that goes on there. My friend, Lord Seaton, has, I hear, been blamed by the English. I cannot think him wrong. I am sure he has too much ability to do ill; but I know nothing of what has passed and am no judge. I, however, hear that people have been harshly treated in Cephalonia, and I know there is no need of this; for the people are good and noble! As to my own countrymen, I well know how ready they are to treat people with

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violence. Bad government always makes men of courage turbulent; that is the fault of the Government, not of those who resist. At the same time there are in all countries men of an ambitious and mischievous nature, whom no Government can please. I did hear that some of these spirits are in Cephalonia. That they can resist the power of England is an idea so silly that I cannot have much opinion of those who fancy they can. . . . My own opinion is, I confess to you, that for your own interests you are better off under our protection than under that of Greece, ruled by Bavarians. But if you all wish to be under Greece, I think it would be better to give the islands to Greece—I mean better for England, but worse for you; because some Cephalonian faction would gain power at Athens, and oppress all their personal enemies: you would all suffer. This is my opinion, and all men being liable to error, I may be wrong. Were I king of England I would give you all to Greece at once, and in a few years you would come back to England of your own accord. We do much wrong, we do much injustice, we are very much to blame in many things, but, take us altogether, we govern you better than the Greek Government would. . . . However, times may mend, and I am sure I wish you should have a good Lord High Commissioner, for no Englishman loves the Ionian Islands as I do. I keep Cutupi [a small estate of his in Cephalonia] because I love Cephalonia; were I younger I would go and live among you as a private gentleman, but I am seventy, and the night fast closes upon me.

This letter so well illustrates Napier's character, that its transcription at some length may be pardoned. Unfortunately times did not mend. Even the most conciliatory officials were met with studied discourtesy. What wonder? It was the *métier* of every Ionian agitator to be rude and unreasonable; he was paid to remain so. Had he deviated into civility or wavered into a compromise, he would have been replaced at once. The fortune of any young aspirant was made as soon as by sedition and disorderly conduct he could succeed in getting himself arrested; thenceforth his career was assured. Such were the men whom the last Lord High Commissioners were continually urged by the Secretary of State to conciliate.

Mr. Gladstone was Lord High Commissioner from the 18th of January, 1859, to the 1st of February, 1859. He had previously been special High Commissioner for some time while his predecessor, Sir John Young, was Lord High Commissioner. He was in favour of resigning the islands to Greece, and in fact matters had by then gone so far that there was no alternative from this but the resumption of the power which had been delegated to the electorate. All useful government had long since ceased, and had it not been for a fortunate provision in Maitland's constitution, retained under Seaton's, by which the Senate could vote supply for the ordinary business, the government must have come to a standstill.

The islands were evacuated and handed over to Greece on the 2nd of June, 1864. Few were so disconcerted as the men who had so long schemed for the Union. The Ionians who would in the future represent the island at Athens would not be numerous, and individually of much less importance than they had found themselves at Corfu. However, they put a good face on matters, and the change was welcomed with much show of enthusiasm.

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In examining the history of our occupation, one is struck at the lack of discernment, almost amounting to dullness, with which our dispositions were made. In the first place, the Ionians did not require a constitution at all. In the second place, having granted a constitution, it was a pity to draft and sanction a sham one. If, it be answered, expediency was allowed to prevail in London, as it had done with Maitland at Corfu, some semblance of continuity should have been preserved, and the islands not allowed to become a party plaything, governed now by a man who believed them utterly unfit for self-government, and now by a man who was willing to go any length in constitutional experiments. Such a course was unfair both to the islands and ourselves. The lack of harmony and consistency was painfully apparent when Lord Seaton, in the speech opening his term of office, publicly censured one of his predecessors for his extravagance. He stultified himself by adding considerably to the debt—the very fault for which he had censured Sir Howard Douglas. The confusion was brought to its height by Lord Seaton's reforms, which were far too sweeping. An example of the extremes between which our system of government oscillated may be found in Lord Seaton's wild proposal to make the Lord High Commissioner and the Senate responsible to the Legislative Chamber for its work while the latter was not in session—a proposal put forward at the same time that the senators were made the absolute nominees of the Lord High Commissioner, and while the latter retained the despotic power of banishing political offenders.

In looking back it is impossible not to regret the loss of Corfu and Cephalonia, the beautiful islands, the magnificent fortress, the link in the great chain of our connections with the East. The British Empire however, has, strong forts and rich lands enough, and to spare, and can perhaps afford to miss the Ionian Islands from the long list of her possessions. What she cannot afford to miss are the political lessons taught by history of our well-meant but unfortunate occupation.

WALTER FREWEN LORD.

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IS AN 'AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT' DESIRABLE?

THE proposal to create an Agricultural Department follows a precedent set by almost every other country. But farming conditions at home and abroad differ so materially, that the examples of France, or Italy, or Germany, or America scarcely apply to the policy of England. When land is minutely subdivided among poor and spiritless peasant-owners, who are ignorant of scientific improvements, and whose methods of cultivation are antediluvian, the State necessarily takes the lead. In France it was the State that reduced to cultivation the barren sands of the Landes, the State that drained the unhealthy ponds of Berri, the State that scoured the watercourses which threatened to turn whole districts from an Arabia Felix into an Arabic Petræa. In France it is the State that organises agricultural shows and offers rewards from the public purse, the State that maintains stud-farms, cattle-breeding establishments and sheep-folds, the State that supports veterinary schools, gardening schools, and draining and irrigation schools, the State that supplies training for teachers and agricultural education in the *fermes-écoles*, the *écoles pratiques*, the *écoles nationales*, and the *Institut Agronomique*. But the State plays this part in France because, among a mass of ignorant, isolated, self-centred peasant proprietors, the State alone represents larger interests. In England, on the other hand, private capital reclaimed our wastes, private enterprise improved our live-stock, private science conducts experiments or discovers improvements. In England it is not the State but the landowning classes—not public money but the capital of landlords and tenants—which have won for England the first place in the race of agricultural enterprise.

In England, up to the present moment, State intervention has rarely proved necessary, because, with our large properties, enlightened self-interest has generally coincided with public policy. What, then, does the proposed creation of a State Department of Agriculture portend? Does it imply that our system of large estates, with their corresponding duties and obligations, has collapsed? Does it mean that English landlords are forced, by want of money, to abdicate their position as agricultural leaders? Is it supposed that the antagonism

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between commercial and landed interests will be lessened by the constitution of an Agricultural Department? Is the proposal to be the basis upon which will be founded a system of State interference with landed property? Is it the first step towards the legislative creation of that class of small peasant proprietors which are the justification of similar institutions in other countries?

It may be answered that the fears implied by such questions are groundless, because the proposed department is a reconstruction, not a new creation; a revival, not a new departure. True it is that a Board of Agriculture once existed in this country, and that it did useful work. But the conditions under which it existed were those of the Continent at the present moment, not those of England as we now see it, and societies like the Royal Agricultural Society are now its legitimate substitute, when large properties are the rule and small estates the exception. Whoever investigates the state of English land and English farming when Arthur Young procured the creation of the Board of Agriculture will see that rural England of 1793 finds its parallel in the France of to-day and not in the England of 1889. Since the close of the eighteenth century an agricultural revolution has been accomplished which transformed the face of the country with the completeness, if not the rapidity, of the political earthquake that shattered the social fabric in France. Of that movement Young was the inspiration. To him more than to any other individual must be traced the consolidation of holdings, the reclamation of wastes, the enclosure of commons, the partition of open fields; to him were also due the collection of agricultural statistics, the diffusion of scientific farming, and, as the agent in these works, the creation of the Board of Agriculture. During the period from 1760 to 1830 England sacrificed the peasant proprietor and the yeoman to the artisan. Wisely or not, she elected to foster the growth of manufacture, and was therefore forced to turn the old domestic industries of farming into factories of bread and meat for the million. To this choice, with its attendant sacrifice, she owed her start in the race of commerce; by it also she secured food for her growing population, and bore the strain of the Napoleonic wars. It will be generally conceded that the social results of this economic necessity were in some respects disastrous. More or less directly the change extinguished the yeomanry, divorced the rural population from the soil, aided the consolidation of large estates, and exchanged for the picturesque varieties of peasant life the monotony of wage-dependent labour.

Whether, therefore, the example of foreign countries is alleged in favour of the proposed Agricultural Department, or whether the old Board of Agriculture is quoted as a precedent in this country, it remains equally true that, here as well as abroad, State assistance, State direction, State intervention are part of the price a nation pays for a peasant proprietary, and that immunity from State control, the

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expenditure of private capital, the encouragement of private enterprise, are some of the chief advantages a nation derives from the existence of large landed properties. No one will dispute the first part of the proposition—namely that in France, Italy, or Germany small estates constitute the rule rather than the exception. But the second part, that the England of 1793 more closely resembled the Continent of to-day than the England of 1889, may seem more open to question. A closer inspection shows that it also is incontestably true.

The change that has taken place during the last century is a triumph for the principles of Arthur Young, though he would be the first to regret their extreme application. If, in the discussion that follows, his life is made the pivot, it is because he was the spirit of the movement, because once more some change of front is eagerly advocated, and because the conditions which he successfully strove to alter are in many respects those to which many persons urge our return.

A significant proof of the statement that the true parallel for the conditions of rural England in 1793 must be sought abroad rather than at home is afforded by the neglect of Young's name in England, contrasted with the honour in which it is held upon the Continent. Young was, and, with the possible exception of Lavergne, still is, the most famous agricultural writer of the world. Yet no Englishman, as far as I am aware, has ever attempted to trace his career; no article has been dedicated to his name in any English magazine; the able sketch of farming progress in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* only once alludes to him; the *Annual Register* omits to chronicle his death; the *Gentleman's Magazine* records the fact, but incorrectly, and grudges him the honour of an obituary notice. The best, if not the only, sketch of his life is the brief history prefixed by Lavergne to Lesage's translation into French of his tours in France. In Switzerland, he found in Herrenschwand a disciple and a translator; in Prussia, Thäer, the founder of Möglin, interpreted his views; in America, his tours suggested to Washington the survey of agriculture; in France, Mathieu Dombasle widened the sphere of his influence, and it is on his name that the opponents of the *partage forcé* to this day rely to denounce the *morcellement des terres*. Round the body of Young, the battle is fought wherever it still rages between the champions of large farmers and peasant proprietors. On the Continent the two systems exist side by side; each has its admirers, and his memory is preserved alive by their struggle for supremacy. In England, on the other hand, his name was forgotten even before his death. He outlived his own generation, his own faculties, and the Board of Agriculture of which he was the creator. For the last ten years of his life he was blind. He died at a crisis when the country was plunged in the deepest

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agricultural distress, and when his system was discredited by apparent failure; landlords ruined by heavy charges on falling rents, yeomen forced to sell their land to meet mortgages raised for its improvement, farmers driven into bankruptcy by long leases, labourers dismissed from the employment which was now their sole resource, were not likely to remember his name with gratitude. Subsequently the completeness of his success has consigned his name to oblivion; there is no struggle between large and small owners; his system of capitalist landlords and capitalist farmers was so uniformly established that the existence of previous conditions was forgotten.

In 1767, when Young began his farming tours, the conditions against which he contended differed essentially from those which create the agricultural problem of to-day. The country depended upon its own resources alone for the food of the population. Within a few years the sudden development of manufacturing industries doubled and trebled the number of mouths to be fed; great towns sprang up like mushrooms in a night, and the cry for bread rose from crowded haunts of labour and of trade which yesterday were villages. Famine, or the collapse of nascent industries, stared rulers in the face. Young offered a practical solution of the difficulty when he advocated the utmost development of the agricultural resources of the country. He met increased demand with increased supply. At the present day we have the science that is necessary to increase production, but its application does not pay. Farming by intension cannot compete with farming by extension. In 1793, surplus produce yielded handsome returns; all that was needed was to unite practice with science. Neither the conditions nor the hindrances of agriculture are the same in 1793 and 1889. In the former year millions of acres lay absolutely or relatively uncultivated; half the land of the country was tilled on a system which raised the minimum of produce at the maximum of cost; new sources of agricultural wealth were ready to hand, but prejudice refused to employ them. Young fought, not against unremunerative prices, but against the waste of profitable land; not against overproduction, but against antediluvian practices; not against foreign competition, but against the hand-to-mouth farming of men whose only aim was to extract from the soil sufficient food for themselves and their families.

It is needless to record the steps by which, between 1760 and 1830, upwards of six million acres of wastes and commons were added to the cultivated area. The best illustration of Young's difficulties is afforded by the disadvantages of the common, open-field system of farming under which half England was then tilled. Where, as in the open-field farms, many had interests and none property, the soil could not be treated with spirit:

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> The land that many owners share,
> Can never know an owner's care.

The annual fallowing of a third of the whole land was an obvious waste of material, and the modern schoolmaster cannot hate a fallow more heartily than did Young. The whole body of tenants was restricted to a particular course of husbandry; no one could appropriate his land to the special use for which it might be best adapted. If one man sowed, while another turned in cattle, the crops were destroyed. All were bound to till the soil, though it might be best suited for pasture. Each man waited on the pleasure of all the rest, and all were obliged to act together. One timorous or obstinate partner—and it was a fortunate community in which there existed only one specimen of the class—could prevent the introduction of new crops or improved methods. When once the summer harvest was cleared, the cattle of the common flock trampled indiscriminately over the whole, consolidating it, if it was naturally stiff, into a solid unworkable mass, and excluding roots or artificial grasses. To till their scattered parcels farmers traversed the whole length of the parish, and the distances which they travelled wasted time, tore the harness to pieces, required an excessive number of horses, and prevented the employment of young animals. The arable land was in consequence rarely cleared, and was choked with docks and thistles, which were bound up with the sheaves. The meadows were overrun with rushes and nettles, pimpled with ant-hills or mole-heaps, and pitted with wet places. Drainage was impossible, for if one tenant scoured his watercourses, another stopped up the outfall. No incentive to good farming existed when the slovenliness of a single tenant spoiled the industry of several. No open-field farmer could improve his live-stock, for the scab, the rot, or infectious diseases were never absent from the common fold or the common herd. Except by mutual consent, improvements were out of the question, and unfortunately the open-field system encouraged small depredations and petty encroachments, which fostered ill-will, bickerings and lawsuits. Nor was the farming of small proprietors more scientific than that of open-field farmers. If severalty made a good farmer better, it made a bad one worse. The 'magic of property' might encourage improvement, but the stimulus of ownership was counteracted by agricultural traditions which were treasured as heirlooms, or by an ideal which never soared above the supply of the immediate wants of the proprietor. Everywhere the truth of the proverb was illustrated, that a poor farmer makes a bad farm.

Young saw no prospect of meeting the increased demand for food except by reclaiming wastes, commuting common rights, dividing open-field farms. Nor could existing practices be reversed, and more productive systems introduced, except by the co-operation of

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capitalist landlords and of improving tenants, settled on large farms, holding long leases, and commanding capital of their own. Young's energy and indefatigable activity combined with the pressure of a manufacturing population to effect this agricultural revolution, the immediate results of which were enormous, and the consequences of which may in the near future prove still more momentous. Small holdings and open-field farms were thrown together, at the expense of small farmers, who were reduced to cultivate, as wage-earning labourers, the land which they had themselves formerly owned or occupied. Little proprietors and cottagers lost their grip upon the soil through the enclosure of the commons. All these classes became entirely dependent for a livelihood upon their weekly wages, because, at the same time that their common rights were commuted, domestic industries, such as spinning and weaving, were superseded by machinery. Thus at the close of the century the ranks of the agricultural labourers were suddenly swollen by thousands of peasant proprietors, who, without their commons, were unable to live on the produce of their arable plots, by open-field farmers or small tenants whose capital was insufficient to hire large holdings, by cottagers who no longer found rough pasture for their live-stock, by farm-servants who were no longer hired by the year and boarded by their employers, and after 1815 by a mass of disbanded soldiers and discharged seamen. It was this sudden glut of the labour market, together with the cessation of domestic industries and the operation of the Poor Laws, which rendered the condition of the peasantry so disastrous at the close of the last, and the beginning of the present, century. Economically necessary though it was, the revolution with which the name of Young is inseparably associated was socially deplorable.

The disappearance of the English yeomanry and small squirearchy was partially due to the same causes. But others must be added. Writing in 1773, Young says that

> In this rich and extravagant age gentlemen of paternal estates of from three to six or seven hundred pounds a year are almost beggars. The ancient prospect which afforded pleasure to twenty generations is poisoned by the pagodas and temples of some rival neighbours; some oilman, who builds on the solid foundations of pickles and herrings. At church the liveries of a tobacconist carry all the admiration of the village; and how can the daughter of the antient but decayed gentleman stand the competition at an assembly with the point, diamonds, and tissues of a haberdasher's niece?

The fatal spirit of social emulation was active among the small squires and the yeomen. Many a rural frog broke in the effort to rival the proportions of the civic ox. Yet, up to the close of the French wars, land was eagerly bought by successful farmers, and one of the best results which Young anticipated from modern farming was the revival of the English yeomanry. The effect was, however,

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quite the contrary. The spirit of gambling which Protection prices introduced into agriculture destroyed these prospects and ruined hundreds of small landowners. The shrewdest of the class, taking advantage of the extravagant prices paid for land, sold their estates at thirty and even forty years' purchase. If since 1820 farmers have realised fortunes in their business, the excessive value of landed property and the larger rate of interest which other investments afford have prevented their purchase of estates.

It was during the course of this revolution, and while land was still owned by small proprietors and tilled in small farms, that the Board of Agriculture was created. As soon as the change was accomplished, as soon as large estates were consolidated, as soon as the tenure of land was altered from the present continental to the present English system, the Board of Agriculture was abolished. While it lasted it performed the functions of a State department and discharged the duties which since its abolition English landlords have cheerfully recognised and punctually discharged. It will be interesting to see what the Board did, that we may know what to expect of the Agricultural Department.

The old Board of Agriculture was created in 1793, with Sir John Sinclair as president and Arthur Young as secretary. Young's rival, William Marshall, who claims the credit of the suggested department, insinuates that the appointment was a political job intended to reward Young's change of political opinions. Be this as it may—and Marshall was himself a candidate for the post—the appointment was fairly earned. Marshall had undoubtedly laid a plan for the creation of the Board before the Society of Arts in 1780, but Young had recommended it as early as 1769. The earliest suggestion of the kind emanated from Hartlib, the friend of Milton and pensioner of Cromwell, who in the preface to his *Legacy* regrets that there was no 'public director of husbandry.'

The Board of Agriculture replaced the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufacture, and Commerce, which was founded in 1754, and had expended thousands of pounds in medals and premiums for the improvement of tillage, grass-lands, implements, and other agricultural purposes. The objects of the new Board, which received an annual Government grant of 3,000*l.* for the necessary establishment and for the required facilities of meeting, were wider and more general. It served as a medium of reference between Parliament and the agricultural interests; it drew to a centre the talents and experience of the best agriculturists of the day; it acted as an intelligence office for individuals who desired information upon rural topics. Before the great scarcity in 1800 the members of the Board predicted the probable failure of the crops, and urged Government to import rice from India; with the same object they investigated the means of preserving potatoes from one season to another, and

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discovered, as they believed, a method of keeping them fit for domestic use for many years together; finally they experimented in the possible substitutes for wheat in the manufacture of bread, and eighty different kinds were exhibited. They surveyed the waste lands of the country, and caused a Bill to be introduced into Parliament for their reclamation. They introduced and carried a Bill which brought weights and measures under the summary jurisdiction of magistrates, to the great relief of defrauded purchasers. They procured Acts to remit the duty upon imported oil-cake and the tax upon the manufacture of draining-tiles. They obtained a valuable table of the different times at which crops were sown and harvested in England and Scotland; initiated a Parliamentary inquiry into the conditions of roads; promoted the creation of provincial societies in various parts of the country. They carried on a correspondence on agricultural questions which extended not only over the British Islands, but to Canada and the East and West Indies. They collected statistics of the expenses of arable cultivation in 1790 and 1803, investigated the best means of breaking up grass land, specified the description of pasture which could be tilled with profit, as well as that on which the plough ought to be absolutely prohibited; and had their rules in this last respect been followed, some at least of the misfortunes of recent years would have been averted. Two other important inquiries in which they were engaged were the propriety of annexing cow-lands to cottages, and the most effectual means of drainage.

But the great monument of their industry is the agricultural survey of the country, which was carried out between 1806 and 1813, at a cost of 10,000*l*. A preliminary survey had been made in 1794–7, and the information then collected formed the basis of the more authoritative reports. These works detail the extent, soil, and climate of each county, the rivers, roads, and canals, the tenure of land and the payments to which it was liable, the size of the farms into which it was divided. They give particulars of the different implements employed, the quality and quantity of live-stock that was carried, the management of arable and grass lands, and woods and forests; they note the condition of farm-buildings, the price of manual labour, the state of the poor, and the efforts for their improvement. Many defects appear in these reports, some of which arose from want of funds, some from bad choice of agents, some from the difficulty of obtaining information from farmers who believed that the surveys were engines of new taxation. In interest they cannot be compared with the spirited descriptions of Young's tours through the south, north, and east of England (1767–71). They display many of his weaknesses without his strength; thus the sacrifice of natural divisions by the devotion of one volume to each county, and the confused arrangement of the contents, betray that want of power of generalisation which

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was Young's great intellectual weakness. In both sets of surveys (1794 and 1806) his hand was busy, and he contributed the reports on Oxfordshire, Hertfordshire, Essex, Suffolk, Norfolk, and Lincolnshire. The work which the Board of Agriculture did was unquestionably valuable. If the bookmaking was overdone, Young could appeal to a long record of practically useful results in refutation of the charge that 'the Board had done nothing but send cattle to the market so fat that no one could eat it.' Ignorance of the rural conditions of the country blocked the path of improvement, and it is impossible to exaggerate the utility of these reports at a time when communication was as rare as it was difficult, when one village followed the traditional practices of the thirteenth century, not knowing that turnips or artificial grasses had been introduced into the next, and when no general idea could be formed of deficiencies in farming skill or of the methods of cultivation which were adopted in different districts.

The Board of Agriculture expired in 1819 at a period of acute agricultural distress aggravated by the transition from the old system to the new. The creation of the Royal Agricultural Society in 1838 marks the revival of rural prosperity, the completion of the transition, the acceptance by landlords of the duties of their position.

If ever the rural conditions of England at the close of the eighteenth century are restored in this country—if ever, that is, small estates again become the rule, and large properties the exception—the necessity will once more arrive for State guidance and State control. In that case, capital and scientific intelligence can only assist manual labour through the public agency of an agricultural department, and the State will necessarily take the lead in agricultural improvements. But, as things now are, the proposal to reconstitute the Board of Agriculture is the application of an old remedy to new sores. Neither the examples of foreign countries nor the precedent in England can be pleaded in support of the plan. There is not one of the beneficial results achieved by the old Board of Agriculture which has not been, and cannot be, effected by such bodies as the Royal Agricultural Society. Self-supporting, independent associations of public-spirited agriculturists are in England the proper substitutes for the State departments of other countries. Their existence implies a recognition by English landlords of the duties thrown upon them by the peculiarities of our system of land-tenure, and their collective voice may be more powerful in Parliament than that of any minister of agriculture.

No one will deny that the proposed department may do excellent service, or that under different circumstances it would prove a necessity. But a crisis, when nostrums which appeal to every man's cupidity by the confusion of *meum* and *tuum* are assiduously advertised for the nationalisation of the land, is not the time to throw upon

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the State any portion, however slight, of the duties which in this country are associated with the idea of landed property, and which hitherto have been ably discharged by owners of land. Apart from the fact that real estates are protected by every sanction that the credit of a commercial country requires for the security of property, the strongest arguments for the maintenance of our existing system of land tenure rest upon two points: first, that without the expenditure of public money, and without the control or direction of the State, English agriculture has been brought to the highest pitch of efficiency; and secondly, that our system has protected this country from those horrors of famine which the present commercial crisis has entailed upon the thousands of small agriculturists who, throughout the Continent, hover on the border-lines of starvation. Is it wise for English landlords to share with the State honours which, up to the present moment, they have earned by their independent exertions? There is urgent need on the one side to force on the attention of Parliament the views of agriculturists; on the other to bring to bear the science and intelligence which agricultural societies command upon the lower ranks of the rural community. But these objects would surely be better attained by the union and co-operation of all who are interested, than by the creation of a department which gives the State the right of interference, control, and direction, which implies a failure of the existing system, and which effects a change which theorists will not be slow to use for the propagation of their social panaceas.

R. E. PROTHERO.

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A FEW MORE WORDS ON DANIEL O'CONNELL.

MR. FITZPATRICK'S book, containing the correspondence of Daniel O'Connell from his childhood to his death, ought to be one of extraordinary attraction to every one who is interested (and who is not?) in what is called the Irish Question. We have learned at length to know the inner life of the great agitator, the most powerful popular leader whom perhaps the world has ever seen, who, for a far longer period than any other leader of whom history gives account, held unbroken and uncontested sway over millions of his fellow-countrymen. They loved him to the last with all the passionate fervour of their warm impulsive Celtic nature—a nature always in extremes, loving much, hating much, rarely indifferent, and proceeding from love to hatred or from hatred to love without any middle period of hesitation or reflection. It seems to be doubted whether towards the end of his life this great love for O'Connell had not died out, and whether his last years were not clouded by dejection in consequence. I do not think that such was the case. The rent may have fallen off, but that was owing to an almost universal feeling that the Repeal of the Union, which he had so constantly promised as immediate, and which I believe he felt confident of attaining by his great parliamentary following, was becoming more remote, more faint in its outline, more absolutely hopeless. That impression and the terrible calamity which had befallen Ireland undoubtedly affected the subscriptions to the Repeal rent, the tenantry were less disposed to act in opposition to their landlords, and a young and ardent band of Irish nationalists, eager for action, had sprung up. His power had thus decreased; but had he shown himself in any district of the three provinces of Ireland, I am confident he would have been greeted with all the acclamations and with the deep affection of old days. Nor is this to be wondered at. He had every characteristic calculated to win and retain an impulsive people—a majestic figure, a voice powerful, rich, and musical—a sense of humour and drollery which delighted an audience which dearly loved a joke, a pathos in his descriptions of misery and wrong which touched every heart, and a fierce uncontrollable denunciation of his opponents quite in touch with the fiery excitable spirits who were almost maddened by his words.

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He played upon every feeling with the touch of a consummate musician. I describe exactly what I knew, have seen, and heard, as on more than one occasion I was present, undistinguished among the dense crowd, which was too intent on its master spirit to recognise a strange face among the frequenters of Conciliation Hall. I had been brought up in the society of Dublin Castle, of which my grandfather was one of the most prominent as he was the most durable of officials. He was Under-Secretary for Ireland from the year 1813 to the year 1831, when he was succeeded by Sir William Gossett, and retired with a pension and the distinction of Privy Councillor. During the long period that he held office he secured the entire confidence of the successive Chief Secretaries and Lords-Lieutenant of Ireland, and with some of them established very deep and lasting friendships, especially with Sir Robert Peel, Lord Whitworth, the Duke of Richmond, Lord Talbot, Mr. Goulburn and others, which the large mass of his correspondence, as yet unsifted, fully attests. His great experience of the country, and his knowledge of every detail of Irish business, and of every prominent Irishman, gave him an amount of power which, looking at the present position of the office of Irish Under-Secretary, it is hard to understand; but it was said, and with truth, that Gregory was the dry-nurse of young English statesmen, and was the real governor of Ireland in almost every transaction, except as regards measures which had to pass through Parliament. Among the many curious documents in my possession, the accounts of the secret service money are very strange. On running my eyes recently over them I was surprised to find the name of a newspaper editor, a supporter of O'Connell, who seems to have secured a regular yearly stipend for some value received. In fact, while vigorously advocating in his columns the Repeal of the Union, he was furnishing the Castle with the fullest information of the intentions of the leaders of the movement. So it has always been in Irish upheaving, and so it seems it always has to be. But the information could hardly have been worth the subsidy, as it might have been obtained from O'Connell's speeches, for he kept none of his intentions undisclosed, and had the most profound aversion to secret societies, and of everything that savoured of conspiracy and plot. Although I was but a small boy at the time to which I refer, between 1825 and 1830, I well remember many of the guests who frequented my grandfather's dinner-table, for his house was given to hospitality, and his Sneyd's claret was of the best, and plenty of it going and enjoyed. Among them I distinctly recall old Lord Norbury, the hanging judge, Mr. Saurin, Attorney-General, Chief Justice Burke, Chief Justice Doherty; and I used to come down after dinner, mount a chair, and drink the glorious, pious, and immortal memory of the great and good King William. I have the most lively recollection of the style of conversation, the profound

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hatred and distrust of the Roman Catholic religion and of Roman Catholics, and a chorus of constant and furious invective against O'Connell, whom I firmly believed to be an incarnation of the principle of evil. The horror and dread which his very name inspired in my young mind was so great that it became a superstitious terror, a kind of Mumbo Jumbo, and the fear of him absolutely affected my spirits. They were, however, restored to their usual buoyancy when one day our man-servant, who had been in the Lancers, asked me why I was so downcast. 'Because,' said I, 'I hear O'Connell is going to have emancipation and to kill us all.' 'Don't be afraid, Master William,' said Sergeant Lawson; 'if O'Connell tries on that game, my regiment will run him through with their lances.'

My grandfather was originally a man of liberal opinions. His father was a Whig, member for Rochester, and a strong supporter of Lord Rockingham; but his connections and the influential persons by whom he was surrounded made him adopt the extreme Tory opinions of that day, though I never recollect hearing a violent expression from his lips as regards Catholics. It is not, however, wonderful that O'Connell was bent on removing all opponents of his views from Dublin Castle, and in several of his letters he lays the strongest stress on clearing out Gregory, though he subsequently acknowledges that 'Gregory was turned out, though, to do him justice, he had some Irish feelings.'

Such were my earliest notions amounting to terror of O'Connell, and such were, I am confident, the apprehensions and dislike of him by the greater portion of the Irish upper classes, mercantile as well as landed. As I grew older these views as regards my Roman Catholic fellow-subjects were altogether expunged by the influence of my mother's family, O'Hara, who were ardent emancipationists. Then when I came to reside in Ireland among a Catholic tenantry, and among Catholic neighbours and friends, respected, true and just in all their dealings, and eminently loyal, in the county of Galway, where there is a larger proportion of Catholic landowners than in any other Irish county, my feelings and opinions were entirely changed. I heartily rejoiced in the justice and good effects of emancipation, and I could not but feel admiration for the great Irish leader who had by his genius led his people out of the house of bondage.

Such was the state of my case when, in 1842, Mr. West, the Conservative member for Dublin, died, and I was invited to stand in opposition to Lord Morpeth, whose candidature was supported by O'Connell. During the preliminary canvassing, many and noisy and, I have no doubt, highly vituperative speeches were made reflecting on O'Connell and all his works. Among the extreme partisans, distinguished by the violence of their language and uncompromising hostility to Roman Catholics as well as to their religion, were the

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Rev. Tresham Gregg and Professor Butt of Trinity College, both of them admirable mob orators, and they got the steam up with a vengeance. These two men did me much harm at the time by hinting at my half-heartedness and by urging me to 'come out' against the Roman Catholics at the various meetings during my canvass. I resisted them as far as I could, but certainly entered Parliament burdened with pledges—among others to vote against the Maynooth Grant, which, had I known better, I should certainly not have taken, and which was a sore millstone round my neck subsequently.

In the meanwhile O'Connell was not inactive. In Lord Morpeth he had selected a most formidable adversary, one for whom Repealers and Liberals of all shades not Repealers could unite. He had recently been Chief Secretary for Ireland. No one was more generally respected —indeed, beloved. His most bitter political enemies had not a word to say against him personally. He was at this time travelling in America, having lost his seat for the West Riding of Yorkshire, and his farewell speech was so beautiful and touching that every one, friend and foe alike, felt that the absence of such a man from the House of Commons was a national loss. The seat for Dublin was of no small importance. The Whigs felt that to win it from the Tories would be indeed a triumph, and they were sanguine of success with such a candidate; but they had to deal with the Macedonian phalanx of 1,500 Protestant freemen voting solid at 3*l.* a head.

At last came on the nomination—a day of apprehension to me—for, though I had made a number of noisy speeches at the various gatherings, I had now to meet the greatest orator of his time. The Honourable Mr. Caulfield proposed Lord Morpeth, and O'Connell, Lord Mayor of Dublin, seconded the nomination. In the course of his speech, which was severe enough, but very far from abusive, he accused me of having listened to and encouraged the cries of 'To hell with the Pope,' which he said resounded through the streets after a meeting in Fishamble Street Theatre, at which I had been present. He spoke of Lord Morpeth with the highest, though not with exaggerated praise, as a politician, as a nobleman of most illustrious birth, the lineal descendant of the famous 'belted Will Howard,' and he contrasted this mature statesman with the boy who had the presumption to enter the lists with him and to seek the representation of such a constituency as Dublin. My proposer and seconder were Sir John Kingston James and George Ogle Moore, both of them highly esteemed leaders of the Conservative party. When my turn came I made the best speech of my life; part of it I had carefully conned over, part was quite unprepared; but I had most valuable hints given to me as to the points which O'Connell would most likely raise, by my staunch friend Tom Sheehan, the London correspondent of the *Evening Mail*, and brother of Remmy Sheehan, of whom mention is

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frequently made in the correspondence of Daniel O'Connell. These hints served me greatly, and I was able to give back pretty nearly as many hard hits as I received. To the eulogium on Lord Morpeth and his lineage from Belted Will I retorted that this laudation came strangely from one who had not long since denounced 'the scoundrel aristocracy of England,' and I reproached vigorously the inconsistency of O'Connell, who had chosen a man as his candidate who was as much opposed to the Repeal of the Union as I was, and who, when minister, absolutely refused him 'the paltry privilege of laying his bill to that effect on the table of the House of Commons'—this proceeding preliminary to discussion being almost invariably accorded. Then as regards the charge that I had identified myself with the cries of 'To hell with the Pope,' I denied it with strong expressions of no simulated indignation. 'It has been,' I said, 'gravely asserted that my voice had lately mingled in a cry of "To hell with the Pope and Popery," or that I listened to such a cry. I cannot bring myself to think that a man occupying the high position of Lord Mayor of Dublin could have uttered such words knowing them to be false. I am certain that he did not; but I tell him that he has been grossly and wilfully misinformed. Were these the last words I ever had to utter, I should declare, as solemnly as I do now, that never did my voice mingle in such a cry, that I never heard such an expression, and that had I been present and were such words made use of before me, I should have manifested nothing but the most unqualified disgust. I have passed too many and peaceful days in the Eternal City; I have too much respect for any prince or ruler; I have too much reverence for the grey hairs of an aged and venerable man, how widely soever we may be sundered by difference of religion, ever to have participated in such a cry. But, as I said before, this is no apology to soften the rancour of political animosity; but, as a mark of respect to many Roman Catholic friends who may derive a false notion of my words from a partial and unscrupulous press, I owe this explanation. God forbid that my voice should ever be raised to louder accents than those of expostulation! God forbid that my hand ever should be extended except to meet theirs in the grasp of friendship! I owe this explanation not to Roman Catholics alone, I owe it also to those Protestants whose character I esteem, whose opinion I respect.'

O'Connell was so pleased with this indignant protest and with the plucky way in which I stood up against him, that at the conclusion of the nomination he leant over, shook me warmly by the hand, and said to me, 'May I shake you by the hand, young man? Your speech has gratified me so much, that if you will only whisper the little word "Repeal"—only whisper it, mind you—Daniel O'Connell will be the first man at the polling booth to-morrow to vote for you.' From that day forth O'Connell was always most genial and warm in

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his manner to me. I am afraid there were some good grounds for O'Connell's statement that the offensive words were shouted, though my conscience was clear enough. I was much rebuked for the vehemence of my disclaimer, and the Rev. Tresham Gregg, in a speech next day to the Protestant freemen, when alluding to these allegations, said, 'No, my friends, we must not cry, "To hell with the Pope," we must cry, "To heaven with the Pope;" but all I can say is that, if ever he goes to that place, there will be but a Flemish account of his Popish principles.' It will give some idea of the religious rancour which prevailed in those days among the lower classes of Protestants, that one of the first petitions I was requested to present was a supplication to the House of Commons to pass a measure to prevent the Roman Catholics from using bells at their chapels, which, as being summonses to idol worship, greatly distressed the ears of the petitioners. Another was to refuse all further measures of relief to 'millions of factious idolaters.' I need hardly say that, with the full concurrence of Sir Robert Peel, I refused to present such documents, which did not increase my popularity with the lowest class of Dublin voters.

Shortly after the election was over, we crossed the channel in the same packet. O'Connell was in the cabin when I came in, and I hesitated about going to him from bashfulness rather than from any other reason. But he at once called out, 'Come here, young man! You are not ashamed to come and sit by old Dan, are you?' Colonel Connolly, a most ultra-Tory politician, was also in the cabin, and O'Connell, seeing him glaring at me, said, 'Don't mind him; you're just in the proper place where you ought always to be—by my side.' And we talked away merrily and gravely for fully an hour. Forty-seven years have since passed away, but the impression is as vivid as ever of the charm of that hour. Full of humour and of pathos was his conversation. He spoke much of the political condition of Ireland, and how hopeless it was to obtain anything in consequence of the inveterate prejudices of Englishmen against Irishmen and Roman Catholics. He said, 'I have heard a good account of your family as landlords, and they say your tenants are attached to you and you to them.' 'How could I not be attached to them?' I exclaimed; 'I think them the most lovable and loving people in the world.' 'Well,' said he, 'has it not often happened to you to see on a Sunday morning this loving and lovable people kneeling outside a miserable chapel, while the rain poured on them, there being no room within, and they themselves being too poor to make it a commonly decent House of God?' 'I have seen such sights,' I replied. 'And when you have gone to your own parish church on a Sunday, have you found it crowded with worshippers, and the rain coming through the roof, and no means of making it decent? And do you think a population treated with such unfairness in a matter that goes home to their hearts is loved by those who rule

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it, and can be loving to them? Surely you will not fail me in my endeavours to redeem this great iniquity?' I could not help being deeply impressed by his eager, earnest expostulations on that and other subjects; and till 1869, when religious equality was obtained, at the bottom of my heart there was always a recognition of Jeremy Taylor's famous saying that 'a prosperous iniquity was the most unprofitable condition in the world.'

After this he used constantly to beckon to me to come across the House of Commons and sit next to him for a chat; and he always, in his droll way, when I got up to depart in deference to the scandalised looks of my Tory friends, found some pretext to detain me. One evening he said, 'If you could only see yourself in a glass, my dear boy, how much better you look than over the way, you would never go back to those fellows.' He constantly and urgently pressed me to pass some time with him at Darrinane, but I said it could not be, that I would give anything to accept his invitation, but that I could not wilfully throw away my seat and cause bitter disappointment to the many friends who had worked hard for me. 'When you have turned me out of Dublin,' I remarked, laughing, 'then I shall be free to pay you a visit.' 'And if I do,' he rejoined, 'it will be the best day's work that ever was done for you.' These our numerous conversations seldom closed without his making some allusion to Sir Robert Peel, for whom he had a profound dislike, and whom he never spared. No two men could have been more opposed in all natural qualities—the one so generally reserved and self-restrained, the other all vehemence and effusion. For years they had been the bitterest opponents, and O'Connell, generally placable enough to political foes, showed him no quarter. This used to upset me much. If there was one man whom I have reverenced and loved more than another, it was Sir Robert Peel. He permitted unrestrained intercourse on the strength of his long and sincere friendship for my grandfather; and when I came into Parliament I had, I may almost say, the free run at all times of his house in Whitehall Gardens. He desired me to knock as I passed at his study door. If he was engaged, he lifted his hand and I departed; if not, he called me in and spoke in the most free and open manner of public affairs and of his intentions. For that reason I have, in a paragraph above, qualified his reserve as general. It was certainly not universal. With young men he was far from being stiff or *boutonné*, and I have often heard George Smythe, and other very young men, followers of his, make the same remark as to his extraordinary openness, his fondness for good stories, and his delight in telling them. Owing to that openness I was well aware that he had the fixed intention of acting with extraordinary liberality in dealing with Ireland, and of risking his Government on his success.

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I soon had reason to see how much Sir Robert Peel had changed his opinions and his policy as regards making concessions to Irish demands. In the year 1843, to the best of my recollection, I presented a petition, very numerously signed by respectable citizens of Dublin, praying for the abolition of the Corporation and the substitution of commissioners. The next day I saw Sir Robert in his study, and he said very seriously, 'Of course you are not going to take any steps about the petition you presented yesterday? The Government will not sanction any retrograde policy. We must advance, not recede—mark my words. We must advance greatly in our dealings with Ireland. You are a very young man, and if you reflect you will see that we cannot avoid a large and generous policy to Ireland. My mind is so occupied with the difficulties of our financial position that I have been unable to take up Irish questions; but, rely on it, we shall do so ere long, and I should wish you to be associated with our measures.' I was much struck with the earnestness of his manner, and on two other occasions he reverted to the subject. After he had carried his increase to the Maynooth Grant, I, who spoke favourably of the Bill, but had, in conformity with my unfortunate pledges in Dublin, voted against it, said to him: 'I rejoice this unpleasant battle is over, and, in spite of my own vote, that you have been so successful.' He answered, 'We shall have some more unpleasant battles about Irish measures; but this, being the first, will probably prove the worst.' The last time he referred to his intentions was in 1846, when I made a long, dull speech in favour of his measure for the repeal of the duty on corn. However, he seemed to think better of it than I did, for the next day he sent for me and offered me the Irish Lordship of the Treasury with the conduct of Irish business in the House of Commons, as the Irish Secretary, Lord Lincoln, had resigned his seat. Of course the offer was most flattering, and he concluded the interview by saying: 'It will hereafter be a matter of pride to you to be associated with measures of a wide and generous character which may entirely change the aspect of Ireland to England. Do not think the opposition of last year to the increase of the Maynooth Grant indisposes me in the least to go much further and to endeavour to place the Roman Catholic clergy in a position of comfort. There will be other measures, almost indispensably necessary to your country, in which I hope you will take a part.' I regret that I Quixotically, on the advice of friends, refused the offer, lest my vote on the Corn Laws should be misinterpreted.

I have referred to these conversations with Sir Robert Peel, not through garrulity or vanity, but altogether in regard to the subject of this paper, O'Connell. I knew perfectly well that any measure which he condemned would be regarded with suspicion and aversion in Ireland. I knew equally well that any measure which he wel-

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comed would be received with acclamation. Over and over again I tried to induce him to think more favourably of Sir Robert, but in vain. Charming as on other occasions I ever found him, on this one subject he was absolutely unapproachable. He knew, and I did not, that whatever measures of a healing character were proffered by the Tory Government, it was determined that O'Connell should be thoroughly suppressed. And suppressed he was, for the overthrow of the Clontarf meeting, and the imprisonment that followed, affected his health and spirits quite as much as the defection of Young Ireland and the falling off of the rent.

It has been a constantly debated question among the few, and they were few indeed, who took a dispassionate view of the events of that period, whether, if the demands originally formulated by O'Connell had been accepted by the Government of the day, thorough municipal reform, a proper franchise and registration of voters, and, above all, a redistribution among all denominations of the funds of the dominant church, and if he himself had been placed in the position to which his great legal attainments entitled him, he would not have been satisfied, and retired from further agitation of the Repeal of the Union. A preliminary objection may be made that any such inquiry must be futile, as no Government at that period, or indeed at any period, could have ventured on such a mode of dealing with the Irish State Church. Still, modifications to that demand might have been made palatable if O'Connell's great influence had been exerted to smooth over the difficulty. I am almost inclined to think that at one time this reconciliation and union might have been effected. He had no dislike to England except to the many injustices wherewith her Parliaments had afflicted Ireland. He knew perfectly well that though he had the masses enthusiastically and to a man with him, yet that the most influential and respected of the Irish Roman Catholic hierarchy were, with the exception of the powerful prelate of the West, John MacHale, Archbishop of Tuam, indisposed and something more than indisposed to the Repeal of the Union. They were frightened by agitation, and they foresaw arising from it lawlessness and combinations which they abhorred. It will be said that O'Connell would have been unable to abandon the means of lavish expenditure provided for him by the rent. But the rent went as fast as it came; it flowed through his hands like water; it was not devoted to his own comforts, but was used freely and without stint for political purposes. His own personal expenses were moderate, his political were enormous. Had he accepted office, there would have been ample and secure provision for his wants, and he would not have been racked and tortured by the constant pressure of pecuniary liabilities, of which Mr. Fitzpatrick gives such constant and such pitiable accounts. One consideration still remains, but that is so great a one that I am unable to face it. Could he have been

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content to lay down that sovereignty which he had so long exercised with undisputed sway over millions of his fellow-countrymen? Could he have abandoned the intoxicating fascination of moving at his will to grief, or laughter, or mad fury, the masses as they came to greet him in his triumphal processions throughout Ireland? Could he have faced the revilings of those who believed in and clung to the feasibility of the Repeal of the Union, having been led thereto by his voice? For a time, undoubtedly, O'Connell's apostasy would have been like a pall over the land, and it is a question whether passionate hate might not have succeeded passionate love.

I am led into this disquisition by recalling a conversation one night with him in the House of Commons. He had been descanting on the insult and injustice of the State Church, on the mode in which Irish education was regarded, and other similar topics. 'But surely,' said I, 'Mr. O'Connell, a reform in these abuses is possible without the extreme resort to the Repeal of the Union, to which the North is opposed, as well as all the upper classes, landed and mercantile?' 'We never can get perfect equality without it,' he replied. 'The English elector regards "them Hirish," as he calls them, like pigs, and he thinks any concession to them, no matter how harmless and how just, is something taken away from his own superiority over us.' 'But,' I insisted, 'let us suppose that it were feasible to wipe these injustices and grievances off the slate, would it then be impossible for you to forego demands which will never be agreed to by such a large and influential portion of your countrymen?' He laughed and said, 'I am too old and too busy to indulge in dreams, but let me recommend you to read an account of what happened at Mallow in 1835, when Lord Normanby paid that town a visit.' I have found and copy an account of Lord Normanby's visit in the book called *Ireland and its Rulers*, and I believe it to be correct:—

In 1832 the Repealers of Mallow ejected Mr. Jephson from Parliament, and in 1835, when Lord Normanby passed through that town, they thus addressed him: 'We stand before you in numbers amounting to over a hundred thousand, and the greater part of us avow ourselves as having belonged to that political party in the country who advocate the Repeal of the Legislative Union between Great Britain and Ireland, in the eager pursuit of which we dismissed or aided to dismiss from the representation of this great county and borough in Parliament, individuals who on other public questions were entitled to confidence and respect. From the expectation which we entertain that the principles indicated by your Excellency's Government will be carried into effect, namely, of having the inhabitants of this country to rank in the eye of the law on terms of perfect equality with the British people, we tender your Excellency our solemn abjuration of the question of the Repeal of the Legislative Union and of every other question calculated to produce an alienation of feeling between the inhabitants of Great Britain and those of Ireland.'

I had no opportunity of again referring to this episode in Irish agitation. Our conversations were generally short and merry enough, interspersed with extremely droll allusions by him to the things said

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and the men who were saying them. One evening he remarked a particularly listless and lifeless English member whose appearance amused him, and he said, 'He seems to have no more life in him than the dead man in Tralee.' He then told me the story, the details of which I had only indistinctly preserved, but which is so well recorded in the 'Correspondence' that I feel sure Mr. Fitzpatrick will forgive me for borrowing it:—

One of O'Connell's earliest displays of forensic acuteness took place at Tralee. The question in dispute touched the validity of a will which had been made almost *in articulo mortis*. The instrument seemed drawn up in due form; the witnesses gave ample confirmation that it had been legally executed. One of them was an old servant. O'Connell cross-examined him, and allowed him to speak on in the hope that he might say too much. The witness had already sworn that he had seen the deceased sign the will. 'Yes,' he went on, 'I saw him sign it, and surely there was life in him at the time.' The expression, frequently repeated, led O'Connell to suspect that it had a peculiar meaning. Fixing his eye on the old man, he said, 'You have taken a solemn oath before God and man to speak the truth and the whole truth; the eye of God is on you, and the eyes of your neighbours are fixed on you too. Answer me, by virtue of that sacred and solemn oath which has passed your lips, Was the testator alive when he signed the will?' The witness quivered, his face grew ashy pale as he repeated, 'There was life in him.' The question was reiterated, and at last O'Connell half-compelled, half-cajoled him to admit that, after life was extinct, a pen had been put into the testator's hand, that one of the party guided it to sign his name, while, as a salve for the conscience of all concerned, a living fly was put into the dead man's mouth to qualify the witnesses to bear testimony that 'there was life in him' when he signed the will. This fact preserved a large property in a respectable and worthy family, and an incident in Miss Edgeworth's *Patronage* was suggested by this occurrence.[1]

Evil without end has been spoken and written of O'Connell, nor am I prepared to enter the lists as his indiscriminate defender. It is but a weak excuse of that fierce virulent abuse which he poured forth recklessly on all who opposed him, to allege that he was being treated —morning, noon, and night—with similar vituperation. It has always raised against him a strong feeling of displeasure on the part of all men of well-balanced minds; they cannot get over the nauseousness of such epithets as 'scoundrel,' 'villain,' 'rascal,' applied without reserve or compunction to men of blameless character, or to men of less blameless character, whom a short period after some such outbreak he has been ready to receive with open arms. No man was better aware of the wrongfulness of such expressions, and he warned his own children more than once against resorting to them, though he applied no warning to himself. He has been accused of being a 'big beggarman' and of extorting money from the miserable pittances of the poor; but let any one read his noble and dignified letter to Lord Shrewsbury and repeat that accusation.

'His dependence on his country's bounty,' writes Charles Greville—no admirer of his—'in the rent that was levied for so many years, was

[1] *O'Connell Correspondence*, ii. 425.

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alike honourable to the contributors and the recipient; it was an income nobly given and nobly earned.' As I said before, had he pursued his profession, his profits would have been ample for himself and his family, and they would have been his own. The rent he did not look on as his own; but as it was given by the people, so it was to be used for the people, and it was so used; and just at the time when I began to know him, he writes these saddest words from London in 1842: 'Want is literally killing me.'

Laxity in money transactions was also imputed to him, but I know of no charge of the slightest weight except that of having received 2,000*l.* from Sheriff Raphael for the seat of Carlow, and not having restored to him 1,000*l.* when he was unseated on petition, as Raphael contended he was bound to do under agreement. The House of Commons, however, considering the honour of one of their members to be at stake in a case affecting the House, took up the matter and a Committee inquired into it. This Committee entirely absolved O'Connell of having applied Raphael's money to his own use, and affirmed that the 1,000*l.* claimed was spent in defending the return; and Stanley (Lord Derby), who had little reason to say a good word for O'Connell, admitted that he was free from all charge of corruption in the transaction.

It is idle here to recapitulate the charge of his constantly deceiving the Irish people by promising them immediate Repeal of the Union. The person whom he most deceived was himself. That he believed he was on the point of success at times, every chapter in Mr. Fitzpatrick's book clearly proves; at one moment he is elated and exultant, at another he is depressed and crushed till the time for fresh action rouses him.

Another accusation is, that from personal cowardice he deserted the masses whom he had roused to fury, when there was a danger of conflict. But O'Connell showed no want of courage in the tragedy which clouded his life, and though scoffed at for his 'vow in heaven' never again to imbrue his hands in blood, we at all events shall not be on the side of the scoffers. Moreover, at the fiercest period of his career, when struggling for emancipation, he ever proclaimed that no measures should be purchased by a drop of blood, and, knowing the excitable nature of his countrymen, he instantly abandoned all proposed meetings at which collision with the authorities might arise. Throughout his career he never missed a suitable occasion of denouncing conspiracies and secret societies, whether agrarian or trades union. No! O'Connell was no coward; and as to his loyalty, these letters abound in expressions of attachment to her Majesty.

The gravest of all imputations lies untouched. Was he justified in convulsing his country, and heating it to that fiery heat in which it has been off and on ever since? The effects of Repeal agitation on the Irish mind are too great to be dealt with in a short article

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intended solely for personal reminiscences; and so I pass this subject by.

But there remain some points of O'Connell's character on which few will be inclined to break a lance with me. And uppermost is his deep religious feeling, his veneration for his old church, his unhesitating faith in her, and obedience to her ordinances. I have never read two such agonising letters of utter misery as two to his daughter, who, we can only surmise, had been assailed by some religious doubt or scruple. It does her infinite credit that she has allowed the innermost revealings of her father's faith and love to be made known; they seem to be written in his heart's blood. And how charged with affection and tenderness for his family is this great heart of O'Connell throughout his many years of fierce buffetings and contests! The very word Darrinane conjures visions to him of unbounded love, peace, and enjoyment.

I stood last January by the marble slab in the church of Santa Agata at Rome, which contains the heart of O'Connell; and I recalled the notable description of him in *Ireland and its Rulers*: 'Those who have seen and heard him in committee fighting against the Coercion Bill can never forget that huge massive figure staggering with emotion—the face darkened with all the feelings of scorn and rancour, while he vengefully prophesied a future Irish rebellion, and with gloomy smiles exulted in the troubles of England. Coarse, stern, and real, he was a powerful representative of the people in whose name he spoke; the man was far grander and more impressive than his matter. How much more would such a man have done for the popular cause than a legion of Henry Warburtons and Joe Humes! Mechanical utterers of first principles, dogged calculators, who fancy themselves public representatives because they prove popular wrongs statistically, and tell the national agonies in *£ s. d.*' And then he came before me as he used to stir the blood within me while sitting by him on the front bench of the floor of the House of Commons, when he told me of Darrynane and of the great cliffs on which the Atlantic thundered, and of the great sea in all its moods, and of the music of his beagles, and his home happiness; and I wondered that the image of such a man could ever have grown faint in the hearts of his countrymen, and that his name should have ceased to be a household word as it has done; and I thought, after all, it was well that he should long since have been at peace, and that his relic should be consigned to that quiet church

ubi sæva indignatio
Lacerare cor ulterius nequit.

W. H. GREGORY.

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LUNATICS AS PATIENTS, NOT PRISONERS.

THE general feeling of satisfaction regarding lunacy administration in its various relations as it existed in England some twenty years ago is distinctly on the wane. Lord Shaftesbury expressed entire satisfaction with matters as they stood then, and the public naturally endorsed the opinion of the philanthropist who had taken such a prominent part in ameliorating the condition of the insane. But within the last few years influences have been at work productive of suspicion as to whether our system of management of lunatics is all that it should or might be, and tending towards doubt as to the soundness even of its principles. We have suffered from acute spasms of feeling produced by actions at law arising out of alleged false imprisonment in asylums, and by unseemly conflicts between law and medicine resulting in palpable miscarriages of justice. These causes of dissatisfaction might have been disregarded so far as the purposes of the present paper are concerned, were it not that the one first named has led to attempts at improved legislation. But we have further suffered, and are still suffering, from continued pain, evidence of a deep-seated disease, produced by the steadily increasing incubus of pauper lunacy. The citizen, whether we regard him as philanthropist or ratepayer, when he looks at the fact that millions of money have been spent in providing what he believes to be the proper means for the treatment of insanity, and when he finds that no arrest of the disease has been effected, naturally asks whether there is not something at fault in the system of management through which these vast sums have been expended. Every one knows that the efforts of the medical profession in other departments of its science have had manifestly beneficent results; that the horrors and dangers of surgery have been reduced to a minimum; that by means of careful research, experiment, and observation, many of the processes of disease have been laid bare and rendered more amenable to treatment; and that, as a result of sanitary legislation and of public and private efforts to improve the general conditions of existence, substantial reward has been obtained in a marked increase of the average duration of life. But the

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public seeks in vain for any manifest indication that the specialty which professes the treatment of insanity has kept abreast in the onward march of medical science. It argues that it has performed its share of the duty in carrying out the great philanthropic work of improving the condition of the insane at a vast expenditure of treasure; but that, although they have had proper machinery placed at their command, asylum physicians have failed to stay the progress of the disease by the exercise of their art, and have but partially succeeded in bringing their specialty within the pale of medical science. This is the public position, roughly stated, regarding the asylum physician. But beyond this there is a vague general impression that matters are not altogether in a satisfactory condition. Doubt is expressed as to whether the general and local schemes of lunacy administration have not overshot the mark—whether philanthropy has not been carried too far, and in unnecessary directions. But where the fault lies, in what it consists, and who are to blame, are matters beyond the perception of the public. This is usually the case in the individual when the fault is his own; and as regards communities the rule holds even more strongly. As a member of the general public I participate in the feeling of dissatisfaction; but as a physician who has passed his lifetime among the insane, my feelings of dissatisfaction are based on something more definite than mere doubt and suspicion. I know that there are grave faults underlying our lunacy system, one of which at least, if not corrected, must produce even greater complications than at present exist; and I also know that these faults are so deepseated as to be inappreciable except by those intimately acquainted with the subject in all its relations, and who have had to fight against them in their professional capacity.

It may appear an ungracious task to demonstrate failure of any degree or kind in a great philanthropic scheme; but study of the history of analogous movements too often shows that the giving of undue prominence to any one motive, and the pressing it into action, have tended to force into the background motives of equal, if not of more essential, importance, and to hinder the development of what was the fundamental object of the movement. The precise nature of that object in the present instance had not presented itself in concrete form to the originators. Their ultimate object was to procure the greatest good for the insane: the greatest good for the insane is cure: the best methods of obtaining cure have not been adopted: therefore the highest ultimate object has not been obtained. In attempting to reduce this proposition to demonstration no one can be accused of want of respect for the noble work which has been carried out so ungrudgingly; indeed it will be seen that to avoid failure in the respect indicated was almost beyond human prescience. It is experience which has made shortcomings manifest

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But having gained experience it would be pusillanimous to shun criticism; and this the original promoters would have been the first to deprécate.

The story of the movement which ninety years ago directed public attention to the miserable condition of the insane in Great Britain is an oft-told tale, and demands no notice here so far as the successive series of actions arising out it are concerned. The movement may be fairly regarded as an offshoot of the work of John Howard and Elizabeth Fry; it may even be said to have been an integral part of their work. It was a portion of the wave of humanitarianism which swept over our country during the latter half of last century, receiving impetus by the action of Pinel in France, and by that of the sturdy Quakers of York. Every one knows that in consequence of humanitarian pressure various Acts of Parliament were passed by which the protection of lunatics was guaranteed: institutions for their safe custody were established in counties or defined districts, and general and local boards were appointed for their organisation and supervision. The prominent historical facts to be kept in mind for my present purpose are, that these institutions as they arose were found insufficient for the requirements of the various districts; and that during the last twenty years there has been an average annual increase of lunatics in asylums, amounting to 1,580, the gross increase of all registered lunatics being 45,881.

Although it is unnecessary to follow out the details of the measures adopted to carry out the motives of the movement, the motives themselves must be considered in order to show which of them exercised greatest influence over the character, the administration, and the work of the asylums. The first, the most natural, and the most potent motive of the philanthropic promoters was to protect; and the first broad idea of the functions of an asylum for the insane was protection. Society had been shocked by the revelations of cruelty and neglect, and an earnest desire had been generated in the public mind to wipe out the social blot. No one who has read the contemporary literature and speeches can have failed to mark that the popular conception of the primary duty of the new institutions was to gather within their walls those who, through mental weakness and incapacity, were liable to be 'despitefully intreated.' In evidence of this, it may be stated that the old name of 'hospital,' so long associated with Bethlehem and St. Luke's (the ancient lunatic hospitals of London), was discarded, and the term 'asylum' universally adopted in its classical sense. Although it is a primary duty of the State to protect, protection is not the highest function of an asylum; but this—almost unavoidably under the circumstances—failed to present itself to the intelligence of the general and local boards of management, whose minds were permeated by the leading idea of affording refuge. Alongside of this motive stood

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the public conception of insanity. How was madness measured and defined by the popular judgment of the day? The dregs of superstition hung about the whole subject; the idea of demoniac possession was by no means quite dissipated; any theory of connection between disease and mental aberration was of the loosest character; cases of lunacy were regarded, even by the more thoughtful, as outstanding exceptions from humanity, unintelligible except on psychological hypotheses. The popular conception of insanity was entirely psychological: at the best it was a rude mixture of a pseudo-psychology and of a pseudo-pathology, identical with what we find in the pages of Burton. The outcome of each had been seen in the old treatment of the lunatics in Bedlam, which consisted mainly of alternate flogging and purgation. Nor was medical science in a position to exercise any definite influence on popular views from a strictly professional point of view, inasmuch as the physician's conception of the condition was in no way different in degree or in kind from that of the general public. The views of medicine regarding insanity at the end of the last century remained practically unchanged from those of the middle ages. With a few scattered exceptions, its treatment was scholastic in character, and indicated no real grasp of its nature. Names and stock examples were repeated from one book to another, and the actual observation of madmen was on a level with their management and treatment. Its character as a symptom of disease was pretty generally recognised (although this was sometimes wholly denied), but the recognition was accompanied by the feeling that it differed in some mysterious way from all other diseases. The physician was on the same level as the humanitarian, and for all practical purposes may be regarded as having been a member of the general public, so far as any special knowledge of lunacy was concerned.

Thus the work of asylum organisation was begun on the motive of protection, and under the psychological theory of the nature of insanity. To the former the curative function has been subordinated; by the latter the influence of the science of medicine in asylums has been cramped. Together they have prevented advance of the study of those forms of nervous disease of which mental alienation is the most prominent, but by no means the sole or even most important symptom. The truth of this statement can be tested by examination of the structure and arrangement of any one of our pauper asylums, and of the constitution and duties of its medical staff. The whole arrangements indicate care for the comfort of the inmates—comfort which occasionally amounts to luxury. We find the institution divided into separate departments, each of which comprises a corridor, day-rooms, dormitories, and single bedrooms. Each department (technically termed gallery or corridor) contains from thirty to eighty patients, who are classified as far as possible according to the character of their insanity. One ward on each side of the house

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is invariably set aside as a sick room. A large recreation hall, used as a ball-room, theatre, or lecture-room, is a special feature. A chapel is provided for religious services. The asylum stands in spacious grounds, and a large farm serves for labour and extended exercise. In all this we see the kindly work of the outside humanitarian, who seems to have endeavoured to place himself in fancy in the position of a pauper lunatic, and to have provided what he believes he would have wished for were he in that sad condition. In so doing he feels he is doing his utmost to minister to the diseased mind. But what has been done for the treatment of the diseased brain? It is surely unnecessary at the present day to combat any theory based on the purely psychological character of the condition, since it is universally accepted that the brain is the organ through which mental phenomena are manifested; under which belief it becomes impossible to conceive the existence of an insane mind in a healthy brain. If we know little of the pathology of insanity, we know that it is not a simple condition, but that it is the outcome of a large number of diseased states of the brain, calling for special treatment, through which mental equilibrium may be restored. We seek in vain in our asylums for any evidence of systematic inquiry into and treatment of these conditions. We find a chapel, a ball-room, and a cricket-ground, but no hospital for the observation and treatment of recent and acute cases. Nor, in point of fact, would this be of very great use if we consider the constitution and duties of the medical staff. A medical superintendent is at the head of the establishment, whose duties are of the most multifarious character. Every department is under his immediate supervision; he is the executive officer who is held responsible for the administration of the whole institution in all its details. Any man who has the management of an establishment holding from 500 to 2,000 persons must give a large proportion of his time to pure administration; and in practice it has been found that the medical portion of the work of an asylum superintendent is very much subordinated to executive duties. It can hardly be otherwise. When a man's reputation and position depend on the smooth working of a great concern more than on the results of his professional work, it is only natural that the former should be in the ascendant. There are many influences which divert the medical superintendent from his proper science. He works under a board whose duty is to guard the economy of the place, and to see that it fulfils its function in accordance with the popular conception. He must work with his board on these lines. Committees have but little sympathy with the scientific view. So far is this the case, that I have known candidates for appointments objected to on the ground that they had scientific proclivities, and had no knowledge of farming. We need only look at a volume of testimonials presented by a candidate for an asylum appointment.

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Business aptitude bulks much more largely than professional qualifications. The superintendent again is the *entrepreneur* of entertainments, amusements of all sorts have to be got up, parties, balls, theatricals, pic-nics, cricket matches, and *fêtes* of all kinds. The public thinks that madness can be eliminated by entertainment; the superintendent is bound to work up to this theory, and often does so to an absurd and baneful extent. It is true that he has assistant physicians under his command, in the proportion of something like one to 500 patients, but these are usually lads fresh from college, having had little experience of general medicine, and who are supposed to be qualifying themselves for the specialty. There is something in the multifarious and incongruous duties of an asylum superintendent which is altogether inimical to scientific medicine, something in asylum life which paralyses scientific energy. I have known many highly promising young physicians who, having accepted asylum appointments, drifted into the busy idleness of the specialty, and became lost to its higher considerations. That there have been a very few brilliant exceptions only serves to indicate what might have been done had the mass been left untrammelled for the exercise of professional work. And the worst of it is that the combination of offices is not only prejudicial but absolutely unnecessary. It is purely traditional, and traditional only so far as asylums are concerned. In general hospitals all such work is performed either by laymen, or in the larger infirmaries by medical superintendents whose duties are entirely administrative, and who have nothing to do with the treatment of the patients. It is quite an open question whether even in general hospitals it is an absolute necessity to seek candidates for such offices in the ranks of the medical profession only. But in an asylum we pile on the shoulders of one man the executive duties of superintendent and those of the whole medical staff besides. It is hardly necessary to argue that the training and education of the medical man are not those most conducive to business habits, as that is as generally acknowledged as is the fact that his entire time and energies are needed for the successful study and exercise of his profession. There is no practical difficulty except tradition in the way of relieving the asylum superintendent of the house steward and farmer business, which can be much better performed by men trained to the employments. Until this is done he cannot be the medical superintendent.

The devolution of incompatible duties on asylum physicians arose out of the idea that so long as lunatics were made comfortable and treated kindly, well fed, afforded religious consolation, and amused to their heart's content (or even beyond that), little more remained to be done. As has been said, medicine could offer no further advice; and accordingly the services of one physician of experience were deemed sufficient to overlook the general health of the com-

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munity. And so matters have stood down to the present day with hardly any, if any, modification. Consequently these great establishments, instead of developing into great hospitals for the cure of disease, have done little more than maintain a high character as model lodging-houses for the insane; we have lost nearly a century of observation, and have frittered away the lives of hundreds of good men. In support of this assertion let me adduce the results of the work of unfettered observers on another form of nervous disease, and compare it with the outcome of ninety years of misdirected energy. Till far on in this century knowledge of the nature and treatment of disease of the nervous centres was very limited; their minute anatomy was almost unknown, and their physiology but scantily worked out. The pathology of the brain and spinal cord was an unknown quantity. So late as 1850 any impairment of mobility was paralysis or palsy, and nothing more. Thirty years after matters stood in a very different position. Thanks to the work of such men as Meynert, Rindfleisch, Lockhart Clarke, Duchenne, Fritsch, Hitzig, Ferrier, Hughlings-Jackson, Charcot, and Erb, many mysteries had been dissipated, paralysis had become a mere generic term, comprising a large number of different morbid nerve conditions, the anatomy and physiology of which were fairly well determined. This, as a matter of course, was followed by rational and successful systems of treatment. Whilst these men and others were sinking deep shafts revealing the underlying nature of disease, what was the outcome of the work of the specialist in lunacy? So far as I know, only one contribution worthy to be placed in the same scientific rank can be credited to the specialty—the result of the work of the veteran Calmeil. It may be freely admitted that the spirit of scientific medicine has not lain entirely dormant in asylum practice, and that a large number of important isolated facts have been demonstrated by asylum physicians, notwithstanding the difficulties of their position. But what has been done can in no way compare with the brilliant results in other departments of nervous disease. The study of insanity stands much in the same position as that of paralysis in 1850. Still it is of interest to note that of late years a marked change has come over the tone of the current literature of the subject, indicating a desire on the part of the rising generation to shake itself free from the bonds of abstract psychology. Instead of elegant dissertations replete with quotations from Scripture and Shakespeare, or elaborate essays to prove that the great ones of the earth had been more or less insane, we find careful descriptions of cases taken from physiological and pathological standpoints, attempts to differentiate special forms of insanity, and monographs on morbid anatomy. But at the best these are sporadic efforts. We have no Institutes, no system, of so-called psychiatric medicine so firmly based on pathological principles as to meet with general acceptance; and as a

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consequence we have no system of treatment founded on scientific therapeutics. Treatment is as yet entirely empirical, and depends mainly on good hygiene and personal experience.

There is a general consensus of opinion that the ratio of insane persons to population has not increased during this century, and that the apparent increase is mainly due to the milder type of cases placed under treatment and registered. Reference to the lunacy blue books shows that the annual proportion of recoveries in asylums calculated on the annual admissions is about 38 per cent., of which about one-half relapse, and that 10 per cent. of patients resident die.[1] Allowing for increase of population it is evident that the constantly increasing number of registered lunatics is due to the accumulation of unrecovered patients in asylums. It is the opinion of many authorities that the proportion of recoveries has not increased within the last fifty years; it is even held by some that the results of treatment during the first quarter of the century were more favourable than those subsequently obtained. Although no trustworthy statistics can be brought to bear on these opinions, there are strong reasons for believing they are not far from the truth. A belief exists that this may be accounted for by the more acute nature of the cases sent to asylums in past days; but, even admitting this, against it must be placed the milder nature of many of the cases at present submitted to treatment. However we regard these figures and opinions, the results are by no means satisfactory, and the outlook is disheartening. The public has gained assurance that the lunatic is well looked after, and not much more. But could not this have been procured without losing sight of the hospital function of asylums? Perhaps this was hardly to be looked for at the start, but as experience was gained it is matter for wonder that this all-important function has not been allowed to assume more than a secondary position. The great fault of our lunacy system is that our asylums are not hospitals, and that their physicians are not allowed to fulfil the proper duties of their office. Have we any assurance that what we do for the comfort of the mass is not hurtful to the cure of the individual? It is quite an open question whether, in a certain number of cases, asylum treatment does not tend to aggravate the disease, and render it chronic; and whether what are assumed to be curative hygienic influences are not evil agents. Let it be remembered that the treatment of a case is for the most part carried on without even a theory as to the condition of the brain; symptoms alone are treated, on the purest empirical principles. A man labouring under excitement

[1] The position is best illustrated by quoting the figures of Sir Arthur Mitchell, who has compiled the most valuable statistics at our command. In 1870 he followed out the history of 1,297 patients admitted into Scottish asylums in 1858, and found that 474 had died in asylums, that 412 remained alive in a state of chronic lunacy, and that 411 were either alive sane, or had died in a state of sanity. (*Journal of Mental Science*, vol. xxii. p. 507.)

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caused by cerebral congestion may be sent into the fields to 'work his excitement off,' when his proper position should be in bed; another labouring under depression may be ordered to go to an entertainment, when he should be under therapeutic treatment in rest and quiet. Is the relegation of a recent case of insanity, produced by brain irritation, to a ward crowded with old-standing cases, conducive to recovery? Instances might be multiplied without number illustrative of the possible ill effects of asylum treatment. That a certain number recover in consequence of it—that a certain number recover in spite of it—that a certain number become demented because of it—are, I believe, each and all equally true statements. A man merged in a crowd of irresponsible beings, all under the influence of a common discipline, and under the control of common keepers, must lose his individuality, and cannot possibly receive that anxious care and attention at the hands of one physician which is necessary from the nature of his case. What every case of insanity demands as the primary condition for recovery, is separate and individual treatment and consideration. What every asylum requires in order to become a truly curative institution, is a hospital for the treatment of recent and acute cases, separate and distinct from the main establishment, to which each patient should be consigned on admission. Although in certain particulars this might require special arrangements, it need not differ very materially from the general arrangements of a fever hospital, whose patients are liable to delirium and other forms of excitement. Its medical staff should be ample, and their duties should be entirely restricted to the observation and treatment of new cases. The patients should be tended by properly trained nurses, not by ordinary attendants casually drawn from the servant and labouring classes. They should be submitted to the same systems of examination as patients in general hospitals. Every scientific appliance for the diagnosis and treatment of disease should be called into requisition, and every phenomenon should be carefully recorded. In a word, each patient should be treated on the purest hospital principles for at least a year, unless of course recovery has been reached in a shorter period.

Were such hospitals attached to each of our county asylums, two series of results would be obtained, one immediate, the other remote. The immediate result would be a rapid increase of the percentage of recoveries, and that in shorter periods than at present, and a corresponding diminution in the number of registered lunatics. The remote series of results would consist in the gradual building up of a true pathology of insanity, and of a rational system of treatment. The mystery which at present hangs over insanity, a mystery fostered by the close character of the institutions which receive its victims, and by the glamour of psychology, would, when faced by the same class of scientific work which has served to open up the arcana of

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other forms of disease, soon be dissipated. There is only one means by which the subject of insanity can be brought within the pale of medicine—it must be studied by the various lights of medical science, and this must be done systematically and steadily. Until it forms an integral part of medicine, we cannot look for an increased meed of relief to the individual or to the public. Until the general practitioner becomes as well acquainted with its features as with those of fever, we can look for no reduction of the heavy burden of lunacy. At present he is, speaking generally, utterly unacquainted with even the superficial clinical appearances of the conditions. The observation of insanity is not included in the curriculum of medical study; eight out of ten men obtain their diplomas, and become 'registered medical persons,' without having even seen a lunatic, and yet the law invests them with very considerable powers over the liberty of the subject in virtue of a knowledge it believes they possess, but which they have had no opportunity of obtaining. The reason of this exclusion is that the whole subject rests on such an indefinite basis, that the knowledge we possess is so scattered and unsystematised, as to render it unworthy to be ranked as a department of the science. It is, therefore, not an obligatory subject of study or examination. The difficulty of teaching the future general practitioner even what is known is immense, as we have no hospitals for clinical instruction. An asylum is perhaps the worst place to illustrate the position as it should be presented to the future family doctor; for the important initial symptoms cannot be laid before him, as the disease is pretty far advanced in all cases there under treatment. The ideal arrangement for teaching is a department for the treatment of insanity in connection with general hospitals. But here, again, tradition interferes, and another instance of the severance of psychiatric from general medicine is afforded. In all infirmaries the admission of 'mental' cases is strictly prohibited. But county boards would do an immense benefit to science were they to add to their establishments curative hospitals worked on the lines suggested. They should be thrown open to the medical public, and utilised in every way for educational purposes.

As the ratepayer must bear the expense of any such scheme, it is but fair to point out to him the fiscal advantages and disadvantages. The cost of a hospital patient would be considerably in excess of an asylum patient. I have already indicated partially how this would be met. But there is a further and more immediate measure of economy which would go far to liquidate the first outlay. Instead of lavishing large sums on structure and embellishment, a rigid economy should be exercised in providing for the care of our chronic insane paupers, a large proportion of whom would be well provided for in a workhouse, or by boarding out in private dwellings. In most pauper asylums there is a great deal too much of the Chinese lantern style of æsthetics, appealing more to the taste of the committees and the

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staff than subserving any good purpose to the demented inmates. It is impossible to estimate the amount, but any one not saturated with asylum tradition knows that large sums of money are year by year dissipated by a false humanitarianism, which should be devoted to the higher duty of promoting cure.

The only means by which we can hope to arrest the appalling accumulation of pauper lunacy is by learning to cure its residual third; and the local lunacy board which takes the initiative, in the first place by relieving its medical officers of all executive duties, and in the second by giving them apparatus for treating, observing, and teaching, will confer a benefit on society the greatness of which it is difficult to estimate.

Judging by the tone of the Bills which during late sessions have been introduced into and passed by the House of Lords, and have been subsequently crushed out in the Commons, and by that of the Bill, identical with that of 1888, which, during the present session, has already been read a second time in the Upper House, little hope of improvement can be looked for from imperial legislation. These have all been lawyers' Bills, the legal mind has permeated every clause, and medical considerations have been studiously ignored. I have no hesitation in saying that any Act framed on the lines of these Bills would fail to secure the confidence of the public, that in many respects it would be found unworkable, and that in others it would prove positively obnoxious to the interests of the public and of the lunatic. In the memorandum of the present, as in that of former, Bills, great importance is attached to the adoption of the legal procedure which in Scotland regulates the transmission of insane persons to asylums. Every one will admit that the substitution of a strict judicial procedure for the existing *lettre de cachet* is urgently called for. Respect for the liberty of the subject forbids that it should ever be interfered with without the intervention of the civil authority; and this part of the English procedure is so clearly objectionable that the only wonder is it has remained so long on the statute book. But change in legal procedure does not imply improvement in principles of administration. In the memoranda referred to there are suggestions that Scottish principles have been incorporated in the Bills, and have generally influenced the tenor of their provisions. The 'Scottish system' of lunacy administration has been a good deal talked about of late years. Accurately speaking, there is no system in Scotland specially differing from that of England; the same kind of machinery exists, the difference consisting in its greater power, efficiency, and smooth working. The principle of administration—if it can be called a principle—is efficient supervision over a limited area. In Scotland two medical commissioners and two deputy medical commissioners supervise 11,500 lunatics; in England three medical and three legal commissioners are deemed sufficient

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for 82,600. So far as inspection is concerned the legal commissioners may be left out of account, as they merely act as clerks to the medical inspectors on their rounds. The production of a single instance in which the presence of a legal commissioner, *quâ* lawyer, subserved any good purpose at an asylum visitation may be boldly challenged. The board-room is the only place where lawyers can exercise their function to any good end. It has been said that their peregrinations afford confidence to the public; but a very small section of the public knows that visitation is a part of their duty, and in Scotland, where the legal commissioners only sit at the board table, thorough confidence is secured. One standing counsel at the office of the General Board of Lunacy would fulfil all the duties of the three legal commissioners, each of whom receives 1,200*l.* per annum. The retention of the office is a traditional job. One of two things is evident—either Scotland is ridiculously overmanned, or England is absurdly undermanned, as regards official medical visitation of the insane. We can only judge by results. In the latter country a constant undercurrent of dissatisfaction exists, marked by occasional explosions of feeling; in the former, society is not subject to 'lunacy scares,' and a sense of security pervades the whole community. Not a single case of alleged false imprisonment has been raised in any of the Scottish courts since the institution of the General Board of Lunacy in 1858. The same feeling of contentment can never be obtained in England until the country is broken up into districts, in each of which two commissioners should reside, who, by reason of their proximity to the institutions under supervision, could become really intimate with their working, and closely acquainted with the circumstances of doubtful cases or alleged abuses.

There are other provisions in the present, as there were in the late, Bills open to criticism; but none so much so as those dealing with the future of private asylums. In consequence of most scandals having emanated from them, there is a widely diffused feeling that these institutions should be suppressed, either gradually or at once. Without offering an opinion as to the propriety or necessity for such a step, let me ask how does the Bill propose to meet this feeling? By creating a monster and monstrous monopoly, by enhancing the money value of all existing private institutions beyond computation, and by perpetuating them for all time. The Lords propose to send the Bill to the Commons with clauses forbidding the establishment of any new private asylums, and at the same time guarding the interests of all established businesses in every possible respect; making provision for their transference from one house to another, for their being bought and sold, and for their being handed down from one generation to another. There are few men more interested monetarily in private asylums than I am; but I have no hesitation in saying that, if I had been asked to frame provisions for my own protection, I could

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not have had the audacity to suggest such measures as are proposed in the Lunacy Act Amendment Bill of 1889. If the Legislature chooses to give me protection such as it extends to no other trade, business, or profession, it is not for me to refuse it; but the request for it could never have come from me. Nothing is suggested as to inquiry into the character, capital, or practice of the establishments which it is proposed to render monopolies; all and sundry are to receive an exclusive right, utterly opposed to the principles of commerce which nowadays regulate the practice of Great Britain. It is remotely possible that the number of these institutions might in time be lessened were English county boards empowered to provide accommodation for private patients. This is provided for in the Bill, and, after the proposed change of procedure, may be regarded as its best feature. But, taken over all, this, like all former measures, is merely an attempt to satisfy the cry of the hour; and will prove futile in that it fails to provide for what is really needed—the augmentation and reconstruction of the General Board of Lunacy.

JOHN BATTY TUKE.

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A SUGGESTION FOR EMIGRANTS.

WHATEVER difficulties may surround the question of emigration, there is no trouble arising from any opposition to the proper settlement on agricultural lands of well-selected families of workers. Almost all the colonies are glad to see such men arrive and take up their abode on uncultivated lands, or take over farms which have been already occupied. The colonial cities often object to the influx of any more labourers, tending, as such immigration must, to lower the daily wage; but no one has a word to say against the careful settlement of agriculturists, or men who may quickly become agriculturists, in the landward parts of new countries. People at home seem to expect that colonial governments should be so eager to secure such men that they should be given free passagè, and that money should be spent in giving them an inducement to come. They bring wealth, and soon add to the revenue of their adopted country. But, as a rule, the governments formed by our kinsmen have ceased to give any special encouragement to the new comers, for they have found that the settlement of the country proceeds quickly enough without this.

In British North America it has been alleged that such money has often been spent in a manner that has added rather to the population of the United States than to that of Canada. It is said that many cross the line as soon as the northern country has paid them to come, and have planted themselves in the more southern territories. There must always be an ebb and flow of the population across the international boundary, and there is no doubt that there are very many Canadians in the United States; but there is little evidence that the selected emigrant has drifted from his moorings, and it is certain that the North-West Provinces must in time fill as completely as the less favoured territory of Dakota, where there are now 800,000 people. The snowfall is less further north, and the advantages of fuel are more easily obtained. In many respects Minnesota and Dakota resemble Manitoba and parts of Assiniboia and Saskatchewan. You see the same poplar clumps, the same vast sea of grass, dotted here and there with little lakes, and the winds pass in undulating waves of colour over the same rich herbage, sprinkled in summer with tawny little lilies or in autumn with wide golden areas of aster. But the North must bear the palm, for wherever a railroad comes

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there, in addition to the wood fuel, you have abundance of coal brought from the mines to the westward. The tertiary lignites of Manitoba are useful, but it is not necessary to depend upon them now that the rail brings the cretaceous coal from Lethbridge and other places where the fuel is easily worked. The settlement of these countries has made sure progress, and it is now not so easy to get homesteads within easy reach of steam communication. Therefore the Government does not actually help the settler to come. But when he has come it steps forward and helps him magnificently with a splendid land-grant for 'next to nothing.' The journey thither costs so little that there is good reason for the position taken in saying to the old country, 'The crowded condition of your people is for you to remedy in the first instance—not for us.' Yet every help is also given in suiting the legal position of the emigrant to his wants and to the just expectations of those who have advanced him money for his homestead. The British Government, or any company or individual, advancing money to persons sent from the English shore, has the security of the land given by the Dominion for the repayment of the advance, and the patent or title-deed of his holding is not given to the settler until he has repaid what he has received on loan.

It is, however, found that human nature is more apt to indulge in its special weaknesses in regard to making a creditor wait for the payment of his due if the creditor be a long way off. A debtor who will pay his next neighbour off as quickly as possible, does not feel the same eager spirit of compensation when the friend to whom he owes money is not able to knock at his door. Distance also makes the heart grow fonder, as we all know, and as emphasised in the old proverb. It is not agreeable to friends at home who have lent money, often with philanthropic motive, to write out to the company's agent: 'Such and such a lot of emigrants must pay up, or we will take from them the holding.' They have paid that the holding should be the emigrant's, and they give him all the benefit of any doubt. So it may happen that years pass by and there is no return of the capital, and there may be some difficulty about getting the interest. There is a delicacy about pressure on the one hand, and there is a delicacy about proposing to begin payment on the other hand. This is all very nice, and pretty, and touching, but it is not business. And 'business is business,' as we all know. Voluntary assistance to emigration may come by spurts, but it won't be lasting; nor will it be practised sufficiently to insure the existence of large sums for the purpose of helping men to cross the water to better themselves, and leave these overcrowded little islands to have only their proper complement of people. Governments and big companies, seeing such delicacy, dislike to come forward. Capitalists cannot be induced to invest in such shares. Taxes cannot be used by governments for expenditure for which they cannot prove to the

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taxpayers that they can get any direct return. But it is the interest of Government to allay local disturbance caused by pressure of population, and, judiciously applied, a few thousands spent every year may do a great deal to prevent local trouble which might grow into dangerous disorder, productive of quack agrarian legislation. Can the security for Government advances be made absolutely good?

Can the money so given be soon repaid with certainty, and again used to send out more of the men who may desire a new start, so that the beneficent process may be always repeated? As long as good unoccupied lands remain, I believe this can be done.

Why should not a settler mortgage his farm after, say, five years to a local trust and loan company or mortgage company, and repay the Home Government's or company's advance?

To be sure he will have to pay a higher interest to such a company than he has paid to the benevolent person who has sent him out and waited for the return of his money, content to wait and receive little or no interest, and delaying or altogether forbearing from the exercise of any pressure to have the capital repaid.

On the other hand, with the settler's indebtedness transferred to a company having its agents constantly about his doors, he may, if he have got his advance from an unfeeling distant company or Government, get more consideration from his local mortgage company. This last would be practically his neighbour; and would, to a far greater extent, be able to make allowances for any early frost, bad year, or cause of delay known to its agents who are resident with the settler in the country he has chosen.

To the colony desiring good country folk to come to them and give the best sinew and wealth a nation can have—namely, a prosperous, freeholding, farming class—it is of great importance that the sums advanced from Great Britain should be soon repaid, and security thus established for larger amounts being forthcoming from John Bull's pocket. He would then count upon 'plantations' or emigrants' settlements as among his best colonial securities, and would not object to his taxes going occasionally, in reasonable amount, to the easing off of pressure in centres where men cannot well find a living, by helping a few thousands or hundreds to build up their prosperity in the new Britains oversea. Therefore it would, in reality, be a true gain 'all round,' that, even with some additional interest, relations should be established between the settler and the Canadian or other colonial company rather than with the persons advancing the money in Britain.

He would still be as much in touch with home help as ever, except in the immediate transactions, for the mortgage company he would deal with in his own land is, after all, but a machine set up by British capital, and returning its profits to British hands.

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On the part of the Canadian Government there is no objection to one company assigning its lien to another company, with the approval of the department of government concerned.

I take the case of Canada only here because that colony is the nearest, and has most good prairie land to offer. The plan would apply to other colonies as well; wherever civilisation has so far advanced that trust or mortgage companies offer advances to the agriculturist, there the same method would probably apply.

The Canadian Land Acts would possibly be modified in accordance with suggestions, if these be made for the good of Canada and new settlers going there; but as the laws stand at present we shall see that there would be no difficulty. An official of authority thus states the case: 'When the charge upon a homestead is created and registered, it becomes an ordinary mortgage, and it is thus far transferable as long as the rights and privileges of the settler, the condition in regard to the payment of interest and principal, and the terms of the Land Act are in no way altered.'

This Land Act recites the conditions on which a man may obtain homestead entry, and hold 160 acres of the surveyed lands on payment of a fee of $10 or 2*l*. After three years he may obtain a patent if he or his representatives have lived on the section and cultivated it to a prescribed extent. Clause 44 of the Dominion Land Act says: 'If any person or company is desirous of assisting, by advances in money, intending settlers to place themselves on homestead lands in Manitoba and the North-West Territories, and of securing such advances, such person or company may make application to the minister, stating the plan or project intended to be acted upon, the steps to be taken in furtherance thereof, and the amount to be advanced to such settlers; and the minister may sanction or refuse.

It proceeds to provide for the production of a statement to be furnished to the settler and verified by the local agent, who shall certify the result of the verification of the expenses incurred in advancing money to the settler. This statement of the man's indebtedness signed by himself creates a charge upon his homestead for the whole amount of the advance, not exceeding $600, and for the interest not exceeding 8 per cent. per annum. The holder of this paper can thereafter enforce payment of the advanced interest, provided that the time for paying the first instalment of interest on the advance be not earlier than the 1st of November, nor shall it be within less than two years from his establishment on the holding. The settler is not bound to pay the capital of such advance or any part of it within less than five years from the time of his arrival at his new home. The transaction is registered, and the debt remains a first charge upon the homestead after the issue of the patent, until extinguished.

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The Act further provides that if the settler forfeit his holding by failure to comply, the holder of the charge may apply to the minister for the patent of the homestead, and his case being proved, he shall receive the patent, and shall in his turn be bound to place a man on the ground within two years.

By these acts security is given to companies or others advancing money, and that security makes a transfer to another company of such rights easy.

What is there to prevent a mortgage company being the association to which such transfer shall be made?

It would not be possible to persuade the mortgage company to take over any lands except at the time such transference is wanted. That is, it would not be possible for the 'Trust and Loan,' or any other such company, to make any promise for the future. They would not say: 'We will take over such and such a homestead five years or three years hence.' They would only take it over if it seemed good to them at the time of application, and they would, of course, take into consideration the character of the land, the character of the occupier, and the amount of labour spent on the farm, enhancing its value to themselves if it became their property.

Nor could a man sent out to the colony be bound beforehand to mortgage his farm to a local loan company, for a sum sufficient to pay off the money advanced to him. The settlers being only entitled to a free homestead after three years, any agreement to assign the homestead until three years have elapsed would be declared null and void, and would moreover entail forfeiture of the land.

The arrangements already mentioned under which such companies as the North-West Land Company have sent men to Canada, allowing $600 only to be mortgaged at eight per cent. interest, not to be paid till two years have elapsed, would probably make it incompetent for these men to do more than contract in strict conformity to the Acts. But it is obvious that as the settler under these arrangements is deprived for a long time of the patent of title, which cannot be issued till the statutory mortgage is discharged, it puts him in a disadvantageous position. If, at the end of three years, a discharge be executed of the statutory mortgage, and a new mortgage be granted to the local loan company, the land registry office could place the transaction on record, and a patent of title be issued, and the money got from the loan company would be handed over to the person making the original advance.

It will be seen that from the point of view of the Government of Canada, and from the point of view of the home companies or lenders, there can be no objection to a transfer of mortgage to a local company. What would be the view of the local loan company? The loan company would say, 'Well, one or two matters must be looked at.'

The Government must protect a settler against another settler,

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who might come forward and take the land patent after his friend's three years have expired without his friend's fulfilling the Government conditions giving a right to the title. At present any neighbour could come in and do this, if the first comer had not earned the title to the land after three years.

The general question has been put in this way by a gentleman looking at the position from the view of the loan companies. 'With regard to the idea of an emigrant settled in Canada on a free homestead of 160 acres mortgaging his farm at the end of three years (the time at which he is entitled to his patent from the Government for, say, 160*l.*—this representing 130*l.* and accrued interest, the amount that would perhaps generally be lent to him—the general practice of the loan companies when making advances is this: to lend about one-half of the marketable value of the security; and therefore, in order to borrow the above sum, the farm would have to be worth 2*l.* an acre.

'There are, no doubt, a good many prairie farms in Manitoba now at a higher figure, but this is due to locality, long settlement, proximity to railways, &c.

'The average of the loan companies' advances in Manitoba has been about $3 or 15 shillings an acre. This is a low estimate. Supposing that the emigrant gets a good homestead within a reasonable distance, say twenty miles, of a railway, he may expect, with a couple of good harvests, to be able to return a portion, and probably in four years, with average luck, the greater part, of the money advanced to him. Then he could easily borrow the balance from a loan company.

'This depends very much on the class of emigrant sent out. If he does not really take his coat off and work, things will not turn out so well. If he has a couple of boys able to help him in working, so much the better. Manitoba is chiefly referred to in what has been said above, as it is the best settled portion of the North-West. It is probable that a settler has far better chances of success in starting on a free homestead in the prairie provinces than in any other part of Canada.'

We arrive, then, at these conclusions before we hear what the settler himself has to say. That, supposing 130*l.* be advanced, at the end of three years, if the settler has not repaid anything, his indebtedness would, with interest, be 160*l.*

He ought to be able, after three years, to have paid back 30*l.*, which would, at 8 per cent., be the interest.

A settler would have no difficulty, with ordinary fortune, if twenty miles only from a railway, in mortgaging with a Canadian loan company his holding for 100*l.* or $500.

This would leave 30*l.* to be paid off at the end of the three years' residence. If four years be allowed he ought to pay all. With five years allowed repayment should be a certainty.

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However carefully men are 'planted,' there will be a percentage of farms that turn out badly, if farmers who are lazy do not do justice to their places; but the proportion of farms that the loan companies would not advance money on is very small in Manitoba. Soon this will be the case also in the Territories.

The expense of any transfer of obligation would be *nil*. A man might be able to borrow on mortgage at less than 8 per cent. in a few years, though he probably could not do so now. The rates of the loan companies are, however, going down. The statutory maximum rate is 8 per cent., so the settler saves nothing by holding to the original grant.

The great advantage to him is the fact that by transfer he has a neighbour interested in his welfare, rather than a distant authority, to whom to pay what is owing. More consideration is likely to be shown by those who, through their agents, know his condition, and can make allowance for accident. This a local loan company does. But should the settler decide 'to leave well alone,' and decline to execute a mortgage, then it is competent for the company or person making the original advance to assign his statutory mortgage to any mortgage company or other lender. It matters not to the settler whether he repays the principal and interest by instalments to the company that has made the first advance, or to the assignee of such company or person.

As the doubtful nature of security is often alleged as a reason that Government should not help settlement in the colonies, this plan to procure better security may be considered. It is probable that 90 per cent. of the money advanced to settlers could be repaid in five years by such a plan; and where men have been carefully selected and planted, it seems to give security of an almost absolute kind.

LORNE.

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NOTICEABLE BOOKS.

1.

'FOR THE RIGHT.'[1]

It is with some confidence that I commend to the notice of your readers a work of Karl Emil Franzos, entitled *For the Right.* It is translated from the German, and is known to me only in its English dress, which appears to render faithfully its form and lineaments. The work is a novel, of which the scene is laid in the Carpathian mountains. Among its secondary merits, it has that of laying open to the Western eye the manners of a Slavonic people, little known, I apprehend, even to their Austrian fellow-subjects, but with abundance of vital sap, and the promise of a future more or less remote. It is like a picture full of atmosphere and light, and affords a welcome relief from the hackneyed conventionalities, which form the staple of so much French, and I fear it must be added much English, romance. In the villages which stud the country, it exhibits to us much of a real and vigorous though rude autonomy; and the relation to the general machinery of the government, and to the person of the Emperor at Vienna, appears, the scene being laid in 1849, to convey to us a faithful idea of what may be called old Austria, and of that life of personal faith in the monarch which gave it, in certain aspects, the outline of a true patriarchal character.

But, although what has been said may suffice to show that an intending reader need not be perplexed with the fear of commonplace, it has really only brought him to the threshold of the great interest of the book, which lies in its individual characters. It lies, indeed, centrally and supremely in one of them. Taras Barabola, the hero of the work, is one of those delineations, inspired by an unusual boldness and loftiness of aim, which may fail to reach perfection, but of which even the failures or shortcomings are nobler, and therefore more valuable and faithful, than the successes of the ordinary novel-writer.

The story is of too much interest to allow of any marring it by a relation of the plot. Nor is such a relation needful for my purpose,

[1] *For the Right.* By Karl Emil Franzos. London: James Clarke & Co. 1887.

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because the commanding force and attraction of the plot itself is summed up in its central idea, which is that of a nature possessed and impelled by an enthusiasm for justice, alike passionate, persistent, and profound. Enthusiasms, indeed, of all kinds are much out of fashion in the romances of the day: and of all enthusiasms this is the least popular, the least attractive, and by far the rarest. Unlike the sister enthusiasms of mercy, of generosity, of chivalry, of devotion, it cannot deck itself in the varied colours which the rich repertory of human nature is able to supply. The enthusiasm of justice has to live upon its own resources only. Imagination or emotion would be dangerous allies, for they mar the precision of its action. It has something of the same relation to the rival forms of self-sacrifice, which a proposition of Euclid bears to a character drawn in Homer or in Æschylus. And here the author has kept the strictest good faith with his readers. Taras is a husband and a father in a rural community, with his family to support. There are proximate sources of sympathy attaching to these characters, on which he might have drawn. But his life is not a struggle to obtain justice for himself, or for those most nearly belonging to him. Had it been so, his love of justice would have been coloured with passion, and it would not have exhibited an undivided allegiance to the object of its worship. Its white light would have altered into colour; the pure severity of its outline would have melted into softer and warmer curvature; and the majesty of his mental attitude would have come more nearly down to earth. But in truth he is, for himself and his family, a prosperous man. His persistent struggles are waged, his profoundly piercing wounds are suffered, not for himself or his family, but for his public; that little public, to which he has devoted himself by accepting the office of village judge, meaning for him village champion against all injustice from whencesoever it may come.

In pursuing, with the whole intensity of his nature, this great achievement of justice, he is perfectly content even to seem unjust: to press the lessons of patience and submission against those for whom he fights until they, as common mortals, lose all faith in him, unaware what alternatives he holds in view, but is forbidden by the lofty integrity of his mind to anticipate. His mental and moral stock at the outset had been belief in God and in the Divine order, with the brave conviction that there is and can be no wrong without a remedy. His daily experience is that vexing of the righteous soul, which passes at length, as things worsen more and more, into utter spiritual desolation. When the remedy of law, tried to the uttermost, has finally failed him, he believes with unshaken firmness in a remedy of righteousness outside the law. When here, too, the hard facts of life convince him that, whether under or beyond the law, the measures of human judgment are fallible, and that some of its processes are certain to miscarry, his resources for the purposes of

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internal success are exhausted. But not his manhood, nor his faith; and he throws upon himself the burden of atonement for miscarriage; for he will not, so far as depends upon him, have so much as the suspicion of a debt due to justice and unpaid.

It will, I think, be sufficiently gathered from these remarks that the path which the author has chosen for himself is one of extreme difficulty. The execution of his task may at this or that point be criticised; but while the aim is unusual and remote, the ordinary strain of the book is skilfully kept free from exaggeration. Although the hero walks by faith and not by sight, its tone is in no way polemical. Although it is charged with the profoundest moral teaching, it has not the fault, I should say the unpardonable fault, of being a didactic novel. It does not trifle with its reader; and so the reader should not attempt to trifle with the book. He ought to be the better for perusing it: but if not the better, he may be the worse. Justice is indeed one of the four heathen virtues; but the meaning of this is that it forms part of that bed of nature, on which Christianity itself is built. In none of the lines of excellency, whether among the religious or the irreligious, is proficiency so rare. In no school of virtue are the students so few. But the sanctuary of pure justice, frequented or not, is a Holy of Holies. The writer, who succeeds in quickening our sense and love of it, thereby opens and refreshes the deepest, the purest, and the most inward fountains of our nature.

W. E. GLADSTONE.

2.

ENGLISH ECONOMIC HISTORY.[1]

Do you wish to hear only of such books as may divert you in your leisure hours? Or may I tell you of here one and there another which the inquirer into the great political and social problems of our time and of all times may be glad to have brought to his notice? If you want only to hear of the former, I can give account of about four books every month which for the most part are emphatically rubbish; books which are a busy man's lollipops and which some of us consume, as children do sugar-plums, with no

[1] *An Introduction to English Economic History and Theory.* By W. J. Ashley, M.A., Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford. *The Middle Ages.* London: Rivingtons. 1888.

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other thought than of diverting ourselves between our 'square meals.' On one day a week when I am very weary and limp I usually consume a lollipop in the shape of a novel; and I do not think the average run of these productions is what it was a few years ago. When we have come to this, that publishers are offering prizes for the best story, such prizes to be adjudged by open competition, the examination system has indeed run mad. The result is that the supply of fiction is rapidly overtaking the demand, and with the increase of production the quality of the article supplied seems to me to be deteriorating. The last half-dozen novels I have read have been at once pretentious and dull, and as I could not venture to commend them, I will not proceed to name them.

But if you want to hear of a book that deserves to be spoken of with grateful respect and to be read 'from cover to cover' by all who desire to grow in knowledge and wisdom, by all who are seeking for light upon some of the most perplexing questions that philanthropists, sociologists, and other *ists* and *isers* are occupying themselves with, then let me commend to you a small volume which, by its appearance, has marked an era. I mean Mr. Ashley's *Introduction to English Economic History and Theory.*

A man who lives in the wilderness may easily misjudge the direction in which the great currents of thought and inquiry are setting; and I am conscious that I may be quite wrong in thinking as I do; but I *do* think that, during the last ten years, fewer thinkers have thrown themselves into the study of political economy as a science than formerly. Somehow, they who occupy the place of teachers of the science seem to be adopting a quasi-apologetic tone; and more than this, there appears to be a growing feeling that political economy was by the bold self-assertion of its champions allowed to take its place among the sciences a little too soon. Nay! there are some Philistines who brutally bawl out that political economy is no science at all, but a mere elaborate scheme built up by a guild of empirics who have succeeded in persuading mankind that their assumptions are demonstrations, and their guesses are the formulæ which enunciate eternal laws. You know I am no Philistine—that be far from me! I side with David and Solomon. As to Dagon—I should have been glad to have a kick at that old stump if I had seen it lying in the dust, *auriculis nasoque carentem.* Nevertheless, I am not surprised that a certain languor should be observable among the votaries of the new science. There are several reasons why it should be so, and not the least of those reasons is this: that the earlier political economists when setting themselves to investigate certain phenomena, in the true interpretation of which the welfare of mankind is profoundly concerned, pursued their methods of inquiry with an almost defiant contempt of history, as if their assumption was that with the past they had no concern; and as if

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they thought all that the past had to tell, so far as it called upon them to take account of it, only introduced an element of disturbance and confusion into the analytical processes which they were employing to substantiate their theories.

Meanwhile there was growing up another school of thinkers who were not satisfied to rest in the things that are, without going on to inquire how these have got to be as they are, and who have seen clearly that the science of economics required to be studied from the historian's standpoint. When a thinker like Mr. Stanley Jevons—enamoured of the mere *terms* employed—attempted to lift political economy out of the group of mixed sciences into a place among the exact sciences, he dealt with the words wealth, capital, wages and the rest as if they were mere symbols that might be twisted about according to the methods of algebra. But when he went so far as to demand that his disciples should all be familiar with the differential calculus as an antecedent condition to the comprehension of his transcendentalism, some of us—fairly aghast—gave it up in despair. The school of historical economists have proceeded on an exactly opposite tack. '"Money"'—they have said—'Why, the coining of money in England is a thing of yesterday—how was it that it came into use at all? "Medium of Exchange"—Why, there was a currency which served as a common measure of value centuries before it was employed in daily life as a medium of exchange! "Capital"—Why, our forefathers lived happy and died contented and enjoyed a certain sort of civilisation, for ages, as it appears, and all this time possessed and required no capital in the sense we use that term! "Commerce," "Rent," "Wages"—Why, all these words want looking into, and the only way to understand their meaning is to examine the records of the past!' The father of the new school of economists—the real father, that is, because the first who succeeded in gathering round him a band of disciples who took their inspiration from him—was undoubtedly the late Mr. Arnold Toynbee. I never saw him, but I am so deeply impressed with the conviction that England lost in him the man of larger promise and grander *potentiality* than any who has appeared among us during the last half-century, that I cannot even now think of his early death without emotion, as if I had to deplore not only a national but a personal loss. I have never seen Mr. Ashley, but I rejoice that he is proud to number himself among Mr. Toynbee's disciples, and has dedicated this volume to his master's memory.

The author presents us here no more than the first book of *An Introduction to English Economic History and Theory*. It is by far the ablest utterance which has yet sounded from that historical school of economists which holds 'that it is no longer worth while framing general formulas as to the relations between *individuals* in a given society, like the old "laws" of rent, wages, profits; and that

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what they must attempt to discover are the laws of social development—that is to say, generalisations as to the stages through which the economic life of society has actually moved. They believe that knowledge like this will not only give them an insight into the past, but will enable them the better to understand the difficulties of the present.'

Accordingly we have here three chapters of the highest importance and interest; the first dealing with the history of the Manor and Village Community—the second with that of the Merchant and Craft Gilds—the third with Mediæval Economic Theories and Legislation. Was the original constitution of a manor monarchical, the lord being a petty king, and his tenants mere serfs or slaves? Was his power as despotic as that of a Fiji chief exercising the 'lala' or the 'lava' over his people? And has there been from prehistoric times a gradual tendency in the direction of freedom, the condition of the tenants ameliorating more and more as time went on? Or did the manor originate in a group of *freemen*—that is, was its original constitution democratic? Was it a self-governing community in which the Headman, when he first obtained recognition as such, was but a *primus inter pares*, though he ultimately succeeded in becoming an hereditary chieftain on whom, at last, all the rest became absolutely dependent? The German and English scholars maintain the one position. The French inquirers, with M. Fustel de Coulanges at their head, affirm the other.

Mr. Ashley leaves these questions undetermined. He takes the manor as he finds it at the time of the Conquest; and he gives us a masterly—and, in the present state of our knowledge, almost an exhaustive—presentment of the manorial system as it existed when it first came within the sphere of historic cognition, and he traces the changes through which it passes till the signs of its decay make themselves abundantly apparent when a new order has come into being in the appearance of a 'Money economy.' Commerce and trade in manufactures have begun.

What a strange England it was when everybody who made a living by anything except agriculture pursued his craft, or carried on his trade, as the old files of pack-horses pursued their journey, each tethered to another's tail! It was as if every artisan could only employ his skill after having taken out a license to work somebody else's patent. A great deal has been written, in a fragmentary way, during the last few years on this subject of the Merchant and Craft Gilds. But here is a man who has read everything, and by absorbing and assimilating that everything—as only a man of genius can—he has brought us up to the level of the last conclusion that specialists have established. It is provoking to find here a book that will save students in the future nine-tenths of the time and trouble that some of us have given ourselves. Three weeks

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hence I shall be sure to have some bright young fellow dropping in upon me to set me right on a dozen points that I have been worrying at for ten years in my stupid way. We dullards that go ferreting into odd holes and corners and puzzling ourselves at what we call 'original sources' find our occupation gone, and ourselves reduced to ciphers, when a scholar with a grasp like this springs a mine upon us in a volume of little over 200 pages. The third chapter in the volume is, as an historical monograph, even more original and noteworthy than the other two, inasmuch as the history of mediæval legislation in economic matters has never yet been seriously attempted by any writer, English or foreign. If you want to read something quite refreshing for its brilliant array of facts, its philosophical suggestiveness, and the almost magical skill with which the author contrives to make every page lure one on to the next, till, when one gets to the end, one feels just a trifle angry at not having been able to skip anything, read Mr. Ashley's book; and, when you do, thank me, as you will be bound to do, for having told you to get it. Will you dare to say 'Oh, but it is such a dry subject'? My good friend, no subject is dry in itself. I've known a writer who could make the story of Jack the Giant-killer as dry as a bone. It all depends upon the handling; given a man possessing the *divinæ particulam auræ*, and he'll make you breathless by reciting the multiplication table!

AUGUSTUS JESSOPP.

3.

'TOUSSAINT GALABRU.'[1]

M. FABRE'S recent novel, *Toussaint Galabru*, is not to be recommended to readers seeking first acquaintance with his works, but will charm those who already know them. In *Les Courbezon*, and *Lucifer*, ranking, it may be thought, above even *L'Abbé Tigrane*, in a series of stories, worthy to accompany those remarkable books, he has made his own, and conveys to us, a district of France, gloomy in spite of its almonds, its oil and wine, but certainly grandiose. The large towns, the sparse hamlets, the wide landscape, of the Cevennes, are, for his books (the list of which, thanks to the application of a somewhat fastidious writer, is becoming a long one), what Alsace is

[1] *Toussaint Galabru*. By Ferdinand Fabre. Paris: Charpentier & Cie. 1887.

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to Messrs. Erckmann-Chatrian; and as with these pleasant writers, as must needs be the result of such faithfulness to a single locality in a world like our modern one, Fabre's interest is ever in the humbler children of its soil—the earthy strength of their passions, their pleasures with all the natural radiancy of those of children; and, of course far more numerous, their pains. What distinguishes him from those Alsatian writers, what constitutes his distinction in the abstract, is his recognition of the religious, the catholic, ideal, intervening masterfully throughout the picture he presents of life, as the only mode of poetry realisable by the poor, and, although it may do a great deal more beside, certainly doing the work of poetry effectively. That ideal, with its weighty sanctions, brings into full relief all the primitive, recusant, militant force of half-regenerate nature. *Les Courbezon*, certainly, displays the passions of the peasant, with a power of realism (to give that name to what is only the directest use of imaginative skill) worthy of M. Zola at his best. And then, there is nothing in Fabre to shock the most scrupulous conscience, the daintiest taste.

Every traveller to Italy has felt the charm of those roomy sacristies, admitted to which for the inspection of some ancient tomb or fresco, one is presently overcome by their reverend quiet; the people coming and going there, devout or at least on devout business, their voices at half-pitch, not without a touch of humour in what seems to express, like a picture, the best side, the really ideal side, midway between the altar and the home, of the ecclesiastical life. Just such an interior, with many a shrewd study of clerical faces, *rusé* yet essentially honest, ambitious but for the most part wonderfully controlled, is afforded by the pen of Ferdinand Fabre.

And the passions he treats of in priests are strictly clerical—most often their ambitions: not the errant humours of the mere man in the priest, but movements of spirit properly incidental to the clerical type itself. Turning to those peasant types, at first sight so strongly contrasted with it, he shows great acquaintance again with the sources, the effects, of average human feeling: but it will still be, in contact—in contact, as its conscience, its better mind, its ideal—with the institutions of religion: these peasants, one feels, are the *chantres* in their village churches. So, of this latest book, the true hero is not the strange being who actually lends it his name, a character disappearing, surely, even from those remote valleys—the wizard, who, if he has no mysterious powers, has a mysterious influence, with a soul of good in his evil, often helping the miserable by power of sympathy where doctor and priest are of no avail, the enemy, because in a sense a real rival, of M. le Curé. No! the hero is not Toussaint Galabru, but another striking clerical personage, whose portrait Fabre here adds to his gallery. From the first pages, where, still a school-

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boy, Baptistin is helping to make the coffin of the defunct *maire*, lying down in it at his father's bidding, being already of the same stature with that dignitary, to test its capacity—from that time to the end, where he leads a grand *impromptu* function, in which the Sacraments are taken, across the snowy hills on Christmas night, to the dying sorcerer, we see him clearly, and understand—understand the real unity of the career of this creature of nature, who is also so true a priest. To the last, indeed, the Abbé knows more of the quails, the varied bird-life of the Cevennes, than of the life of souls. Still, even with him, droll Baptistin Nizerolles, the priesthood, honestly taken, is spiritually a success. Of belief, certainly, he has plenty; and be it through faith, or tact, or mere *esprit de corps*, has more self-restraint, more truth to nature, a more watchful and general charity than his parishioners. The rude lips and hands seem graced when men need it most with something of angelic tones, of an angelic touch.

The reader will naturally look in such a writer for a graphic, an impressive, a discreet style—not in vain. M. Fabre is a writer who has a fine sense of his words.

WALTER PATER.

4.

MADAME DE MONTAGU.[1]

A CLEAN, wholesome French book! A book to be read by women of every age, from girlhood upwards, with interest and profit—a book showing us a group of French ladies of high degree, in strong contrast to such as the 'Mémoires of Madame de Verrue,' and others still less edifying, portray; in yet stronger contrast to the *grandes dames* of fiction exhibited to us by most French writers. Is not such a book a rarity? You may place in the hands of your daughter without a misgiving the volume recently published on the Marquise de Montagu; unless, indeed, you fear that the teaching and example of this admirable woman may proselytise to the Roman Catholic faith from beyond the grave as much as she sought to do in her lifetime. Truly, in these pages, 'she being dead, yet speaketh.'

Anne Paule Doménique de Noailles was one of the five daughters of the Duc d'Ayen, the best known of the five being the wife of

[1] *Anne Paule Doménique de Noailles, Marquise de Montagu.*

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Général de la Fayette, whose Republican views were regarded with honour by every member of his wife's family. Madame de la Fayette's varied trials and her adventurous career, no less than her courage and energy, entitle her to be regarded as the heroine of this group. A Royalist by education and sympathy, her position after her marriage must at all times have been difficult, and became socially worse after the first Restoration, and the 'Hundred Days,' when her husband's rapid change of front lowered him in public estimation. Her figure traverses these pages continually, and is always full of movement.

Another, and, according to Madame de Montagu, the most saintly of these exemplary sisters, who passed their troublous lives in well-doing, was Madame de Grammont. The eldest was the Vicomtesse de Noailles, guillotined in 1794, together with her mother, the Duchesse d'Ayen, and her grandmother, the Maréchale de Grammont. The rest of the family—except Madame de Grammont, concerning whose fate they long remained uncertain, and Madame de la Fayette, who sought imprisonment with her husband in Austria—were at this time in exile; scattered over the face of Europe, ignorant of each other's abodes, and, if not absolutely destitute, at least reduced to great privations.

It is the narrative of these wanderings and vicissitudes—it is more of a family history than a personal memoir—which gives the book its interest. Amusing it cannot be called. It is steeped in blood: a great cloud of sorrow overshadows it almost from the first page to the last. But as the record of a noble family's struggle with fate, and more especially of the indomitable faith and constancy wherewith one member of it met the loss of all this world had given her—as an example of what the teaching of the Roman Catholic Church can effect in self-renunciation and sublime endurance, the story leaves a deep impression on the mind. Is this race of Frenchwomen passed away? I think not, *pace* Monsieur Zola and Co. The compiler of this memoir says:—

> La France a un privilège: c'est que chaque siècle, chez elle, voit figurer parmi ses personnages illustres, un certain nombre de femmes qui prennent rang dans son histoire, et concourent à sa gloire dans la postérité. Notre époque aura les siennes, et elle comptera, entre autres, ces femmes fortes que la Révolution a fait sortir tout à coup du dix-huitième siècle, si amolli et si léger, et dont le groupe de sœurs que nous avons sous les yeux est un frappant exemple.

Unalterable family affection is a marked characteristic of these records. It would be hard to find a parallel for the devotion of these five sisters to each other; and Madame de Montagu's unremitting attention to both her father and her father-in-law, as long as they lived, is an instance of the strong filial bond which is so often known to be pre-eminent in France.

There are passages in this book which those who have been told

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that the old French *noblesse*, before the Revolution, were indifferent to the sufferings of the poor, opposed to all social reform and the introduction of measures of equity and liberality, will do well to study. In showing what strenuous exertions some members of this family, in common with others, made to remedy the evils they felt to be so grave, the author says:—

On en a la preuve dans le rôle que cette noblesse prit au sein de ces assemblées, dans les discours qu'elle y prononça, dans son initiative, ses propositions, son désintéressement, ses vues libérales, et son amour du bien public, et non seulement quant aux réformes administratives, mais pour faire prévaloir les idées d'équité dans l'état social, et de liberté dans le gouvernement. Les procès-verbaux et les pièces conservées en font foi.

Altogether it is impossible to read these sad records without feeling increased respect for certain attributes of the French character, which we believe to exist now as much as they did at the beginning of this century, though they are exhibited among those who do not make a noise in the world, and are unchronicled by writers who have depraved the public taste by a 'realism' which means all that is depraved, to the exclusion of all that is noble, strenuous, and pure.

HAMILTON AÏDÉ.

5.

LETTERS OF THOMAS CARLYLE FROM 1826 TO 1836.[1]

THIS second instalment of the letters of Carlyle which we owe to Mr. C. E. Norton has far more importance than the earlier series, and belongs to the ten years of the greatest interest in Carlyle's life: from his marriage until the publication of the *French Revolution*. It covers his life from the age of thirty-one to the age of forty-one, and it illustrates the first ten years of marriage, the story of Craigenputtock, the visit to London of 1831, the settlement in Cheyne Row, the intercourse with Jeffrey, Irving, Mill, the bulk of the miscellaneous *Essays*, *Sartor Resartus*, and the *French Revolution*. Although we have now some twenty volumes containing letters, reminiscences, memoirs, and diaries of Carlyle and his wife, it cannot be denied that the new publications must interest the public, and will

[1] *Letters of Thomas Carlyle from* 1826 *to* 1836. Edited by Charles Eliot Norton. London: Macmillan. 1888.

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be most keenly relished by the literary student. It may well have been that much might have been spared us from the first; that the ransacking of his domestic interior, the publication of his random jottings, and the secret confessions of husband and wife, should have been withheld from mankind. But the Philosophy of Clothes having been carried to the point of stripping the philosopher *coram publico*, and minutely searching the contents of his own wardrobe under the microscope, it is perhaps right that the process should be thoroughly complete, that no corner of our great prose-poet's inner life should be left unexamined, and no line of his authentic writing be unpublished.

It is clear that his memory has now everything to gain by the process. The letters of these ten years, the central years of his life, contain nothing but what is fine, dignified, affectionate, just. Test these letters by the most exalted standard of human duty and character, and we find everywhere a man brave, noble, loving, heroic. The intense family feeling of the Scotch peasant, the unfaltering resolution of the born teacher of men, the cool keen insight of the true judge of character, come out in every letter. There is not much trace of the peevishness, of the buffoonery, of the self-absorption, of the paraded mannerism which have been so laboriously insisted on in the pictures of his later life. In a portrait the effect depends on the painter, not on the sitter. And those who felt a thrill of pain or surprise as they studied other portraits, are really bound to consider if they be conscious of a trace of such a feeling as they stand before the portrait presented to us by the hand of Mr. Norton.

Into the unhappy dispute between Mr. Norton and Mr. Froude as to the accuracy of the version published by the latter, it is not now necessary to enter. The discrepancy disclosed, where the two versions can be compared, is certainly amongst the most singular in the curiosities of literature. A close collation of such of the letters in these new volumes of which Mr. Froude has already given transcripts, will disclose the startling result that the 'variants' are about as numerous as the lines of print. It, of course, has to be proved that Mr. Norton's version is correct. But on the assumption that it is, it would seem that Mr. Froude, in publishing Carlyle's letters, felt himself bound to treat them with a 'free hand,' in places indeed almost as if he were quoting them from memory. There is the famous case where, speaking of the marriage treaty, Mr. Froude tells us (*Life*, vol. i. pp. 345, 347) that Carlyle knew that he was 'gey ill to *live* wi'.' And Mr. Froude often repeats the phrase. In Mr. Norton's version of the letters (vol. i. p. 44) the phrase used by Carlyle is 'gey ill to *deal* wi'.' It is spoken of a tenant who was stiff at a bargain; and Carlyle writes that such was the phrase his mother once applied to him. It makes all the difference in the world to say that a man is tough at a bargain, and to say that he is ill to *live* with.

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Here is another little sentence collated in the two versions. In Mr. Froude's text (vol. ii. p. 49) we have: 'Is not this world a mystery, and grand with terror as well as beauty?' In Mr. Norton's text (vol. i. p. 179) it runs thus: 'Gracious God! Is not this Thy world a mystery, and grand with Terror as well as Beauty!' In a line and a half of print there are here no less than six 'variants.' Small they may be; but the latter looks more like Carlyle; and it is difficult to conceive how and why the vehement apostrophe is pared down into a tame copy-book query. Mr. Froude's curious practice of altering and omitting phrases in Carlyle's text *ad libitum* and without any indication to the reader, is often without any serious effect on the sense, but at times the effect is all-important and is evidently done with an object. We all know how Mr. Froude's Greek Chorus shakes its head ominously over Carlyle's marriage; what a self-absorbed lover; what a husband 'gey ill to *live* wi'' is presented to us. Six months after the marriage, Carlyle wrote to his wife a letter in which is a passage that Mr. Froude gives thus (vol. i. p. 390): 'No; I do not love you in the least—only a little *sympathy* and *admiration*, and a certain *esteem*. Nothing more! oh my dear best wee woman—but not a word of all this.' So stands the passage in Froude: somewhat gruff and ungracious in a young husband's first letter to his wife. According to Mr. Norton (vol. i. p. 54) what Carlyle wrote is this: 'No, I do not love you in the least; only a little *sympathy* and *admiration*, and a certain *esteem*; nothing more!—O my dear best wee woman!—But I will not say a word of all this, till I whisper it in your ear with my arms round you.' Here the last lines, suppressed by Mr. Froude, make the whole difference. It converts the gruff opening of the passage into playful badinage, evidently repeating some reproachful jest of hers, and closes with an ardent lover-like word of tenderness, perhaps the most lover-like and tender that Carlyle ever wrote to his young wife. Why does Mr. Froude suppress this striking passage, except that it might mar his own Rembrandtesque shadows in the portrait of a man 'gey ill to *live* wi''?

In the passage last cited, exactly three lines in Mr. Froude's text, there are seven minor alterations, besides fifteen words omitted. In the extraordinarily interesting letter to his brother about the destruction of the manuscript of the *French Revolution* lent to Mill (Froude, vol. iii. p. 30; Norton, vol. ii. p. 286), it appears that Mr. Froude's version of the letter consists simply of some phrases and sentences picked out of the whole and repieced together. Mr. Froude's method of editing Carlyle's letters appears to have been this. He systematically alters the punctuation, words, and phrases; drops out whole sentences, paragraphs, and pages; rewrites passages in his own words, and tacks bits of passages together into new sentences. It is a method which may heighten the lights in a portrait.

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But when we read letters, apparently set out textually in small type, we were all under the impression that we were reading the compositions of Thomas Carlyle and not of James Anthony Froude. Mr. Norton has shown us that we must not be too sure of that.

The letters now published for the first time (and they are about nine-tenths of the two volumes) show us our great prophet in all his strength and in all his limitations. The mighty will, the indomitable patience, the fiery imagination, are seen in all their freshness. We trace the youth and the prime of the greatest prose writer of this century. And the strange limitations of his genius are there also, not yet quite developed as they grew to be at last. The mannerism is just forming, the dogged self-absorption, the scornful defiance of almost all who went before him, and nearly all who lived around him, the contemptuous indifference to everything with which the age was busy, the habit of caricature, and the strident mockery of every one who crossed his path—these are growing on him, not painfully, but still visibly. In these volumes of familiar letters there is rarely a sentence which refers to anything but that which he is reading or writing, that which he is himself doing; hardly a sentence which refers to anybody but a member of the family, or a visitor whom he has seen. The stir of men which went on in England and in Europe in those years from 1826 to 1836, all that now interests us so deeply in the world of thought, of politics, of society, in industry, science, poetry, and philosophy, rouses no echo in the study of Thomas Carlyle, any more than it does in the cottage of the rudest peasant. The face of nature, the beauty of the earth kindles his interest as little as the works of man. Carlyle lives on with the strength and the weakness of a hermit—like John on Patmos—composing his Apocalypse.

FREDERIC HARRISON.

The Editor of THE NINETEENTH CENTURY *cannot undertake to return unaccepted MSS.*

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THE

NINETEENTH CENTURY.

No. CXLVII.—MAY 1889.

THE NEW NAVAL PROGRAMME.

THE shipbuilding programme recently brought forward by the Government is of a much more systematic and businesslike character than any similar document previously emanating from the Admiralty. We have in this programme a scheme of expenditure extending over a period of five years, and calculated to produce what may be called a new navy composed of ships of various classes numerically proportioned to each other in what is assumed to be a proper ratio. Whether that ratio be right or wrong is a debateable question, but at any rate there is method in the programme, and that is a quality which has not been generally exhibited in statements of naval requirements. The Admiralty have acted wisely in encouraging outside criticism of the designs for their new battle-ships, and especially in permitting Mr. White, the director of naval construction, to submit those designs to the Institution of Naval Architects in order to afford the members an opportunity of expressing their opinions of them. This Mr. White has done by reading a paper of remarkable ability at the annual meeting of the Institution which has just been held in London. Mr. White's paper, however, is confined to questions of construction affecting the designs of the eight great battle-ships which form the chief feature of the programme. It does not touch upon vessels of the cruiser type, of which the programme includes a certain proportion both of the first and second class, and it will be noted that Mr. White is careful to avoid all questions as to the policy of building armoured battle-ships in preference to ships of the cruiser class.

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Our naval requirements are both large and varied and are more essential to our safety than those of any other country. First and foremost we have to guard against possible invasion. A great statesman has said that no nation is likely to be so wicked as to invade this country, but I am sorry to say my faith in the morality of nations is not such as to induce me to believe that the wickedness of the act is a sufficient security against the attempt being made. Besides, what *we* might call wickedness, *they* might call retribution, and the prospect of gain which our wealth would hold out would certainly militate against national scruples. At any rate, the possibility of invasion is one which we cannot safely disregard, and we could scarcely hope to be able to resist the enormous military power of any first-class continental nation if it could be brought to bear on English soil. But, unless we insanely sacrifice the advantage of our insular position by making tunnels under the Channel, the only possible means of conveying an army to our shores will be by flotillas of transports. Now, whether such transports be convoyed by armoured battle-ships or not, the most deadly mode of attacking them would be by means of numerous swift cruisers which could operate with crushing effect upon vessels densely crowded with soldiers and encumbered with war-material.

Next in importance to security against invasion comes security for our commerce, upon which we are absolutely dependent for existence, and which is liable to be attacked not only by the regular cruisers of an enemy, but also by merchant vessels converted into cruisers and by roving depredators of various kinds. No reliance can be placed on treaties for the exemption of private property from capture at sea, for it would be easy to find pretexts for breaking them, and where great national interests are at stake and national passions are aroused, treaties would be torn up and trampled upon, as they have been even in recent times. To make ourselves safe against all liabilities we must make ourselves strong, and our strength must lie on the sea. To secure ourselves completely against depredations on our commerce would be impossible, but to leave it without a large measure of protection might be ruinous. To give it even moderate security we must possess a numerous fleet of cruisers varying in size, power, and construction to suit the exigencies of service in distant places as well as in the vicinity of our islands. The defence of our harbours falls within the scope of the protection of our commerce, and their defensive requirements at sea as well as on land must not be neglected. In criticising, therefore, the composition of the new navy which our government is now proposing to create, we have to consider whether it sufficiently provides not merely for one, but for all these services, and I wish to enable the uninitiated public to form a judgment on this point by placing before them a description of the various classes of war-ships comprised in the programme

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and the functions of each. In doing this, I shall also endeavour to make popularly intelligible the controversies which at present exist respecting the application of armour to our battle-ships.

Modern war-ships defended by armour can no longer be called armour-clads, for this simple reason, that large portions of the hull are wholly destitute of armour, while other portions are only defended by armour which can be readily pierced even by guns which come under the denomination of secondary or auxiliary armaments. The reason why the armour has been thus limited in extent and thickness is very intelligible. The penetrative power of artillery has been so prodigiously increased since the introduction of armour that the thickness of plate originally deemed sufficient to resist the heaviest ordnance can now be riddled by the fire of comparatively small guns capable of being fired with great rapidity; and protection from the fire of heavy ordnance can now only be obtained by armour of such thickness as would sink a small ship if applied over the whole surface, or in a large one would leave little margin available for carrying the engines and armament upon which the speed and offensive power of the ship are dependent. Hence it has become necessary to limit the thick armour of a battle-ship (as such vessels are now commonly called) to certain vital parts, leaving the rest of the vessel either entirely uncovered or covered only with armour of comparatively small thickness.

The great question now at issue concerning these ships is whether we ought to give precedence to defensive or offensive construction. If we prefer the defence we must, with a ship of given displacement, increase the weight of armour and lessen the weight and power of engines and armament; or if we take the other alternative, we must diminish the armour so as to leave greater scope for offensive appliances, but we cannot increase in both directions without overwhelming the ship with excessive load, and therefore we must make choice between the two. Sir Edward Reed, who may be regarded as the leading advocate for the defence, says that the first consideration should be the preservation of the buoyancy and stability of the ship and the protection of the crew, but most naval officers say that, while they are glad to have as much protection as they can get, their chief aim is to destroy the enemy. I confess that I sympathised with Lord Charles Beresford when he said at the meeting of naval architects that his first object would be 'to knock his enemy into a cocked-hat,' and that the degree of protection he could get would be a secondary consideration. At all events, it is clear that the superiority of defence over offence may be carried to a limit at which the ship would become useless for fighting purposes, for which alone it exists.

And now as to the best distribution of the limited quantity of heavy armour which can be afforded consistently with the

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maintenance of adequate power of attack. There are two places at which thick armour is deemed peculiarly essential: (1) at and below the water-level, and (2) at and surrounding the stations below the great guns where all the operations of loading and training those guns are performed. These protected stations in the new ships are called redoubts, and are distinct from turrets, which are revolving superstructures for the protection of the guns apart from the mechanism for working them. These turrets, if they are to be of any use, must be protected by armour of great thickness, but, owing to the enormous length of the modern pattern of great guns, it is only possible to cover the breech end, which is the most massive and least vulnerable part of the gun, and which, moreover, dipping below for loading, is, in the absence of a turret, only exposed when raised for firing, while the long and more vulnerable chase, projecting far outside the turret and not descending with the breech, remains continuously exposed to the enemy's fire. I am therefore glad to see that in the designs now under discussion turrets have been dispensed with in seven out of the eight new ships, and that the weight so saved has been utilised in effecting the very important object of increasing the freeboard or height of the ship's side above the water, by which means the guns are so raised above the wash of the sea as to enable them to be used under conditions of weather which would otherwise be prohibitory. The alternative to the turret system is the barbette system—that system, namely, in which the gun is wholly instead of partially exposed when in firing position, but in which the great additional weight of the turret is avoided.

As to the application of armour below the water-level, it might at first sight appear that no part of the ship would less require protection than that which was under water, and this would be true if the ship always floated at a constant draught in still water, because a shot on touching the water is deflected upwards unless fired under conditions which would deprive it of its penetrative value; but in a sea-way, owing to the rolling of the ship or the passage of waves along its sides, a portion of the hull below the normal level of the water is from time to time exposed and liable to be penetrated by shot, in which case an influx of water difficult or impossible to stop would take place when the ship rolled in the opposite direction, or ceased to roll at all. Holes above the water-line, on the other hand, although they may be submerged at intervals by waves or by the rolling of the ship, are more easily dealt with, and are therefore less dangerous. Under these circumstances it has become the universal practice in armoured ships to carry a belt of thick armour to a moderate depth below and a little above the water-level, but in recent English ships the belt does not generally extend along the whole length of the ship, the ends being considered of less importance than the more central parts and more easily secured against being seriously flooded

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by the influx of water. Respecting this belt there has been a great controversy, Sir Edward Reed and others contending that it ought to be wider and longer than it is in the new designs, and the Admiralty constructor objecting to add either to its length or its width, on the ground that this cannot be done without increasing the already enormous size and cost of the ships or involving a diminution in the weight of the engines and armament and a consequent loss of speed and of offensive power.

The arrangement of the guns in most of the recent battle-ships in the British navy, whether of the turret or barbette system, is as follows: the great guns, of which there are four in number, are placed side by side in pairs, with armoured protection beneath for the men and mechanism, as already described. One pair of heavy guns is placed well forward in the ship, and the other well backward, and the intervening space is occupied by a battery, usually unarmoured, within which the heavier guns of the secondary armament are placed. In the new designs the secondary armament is carried partly within and partly on the top of the central battery, and the distance between the two redoubts containing the four heavy guns has been greatly increased so as to admit of a much longer battery being obtained for accommodating more numerous guns of the secondary armament. In all the older ironclads the secondary armament (excluding machine guns) is either altogether wanting or is contemptible in power and amount, and in the most recent battle-ships of the 'Nile' class it is only of moderate power; but in these new designs the secondary armament is both very large and powerful, and assumes immense importance, being capable of discharging a greater weight of metal in a given time against an enemy than the four great guns which hitherto have been almost exclusively relied upon for offensive action, and such is the power of the larger class of these secondary guns that they can pierce the armour of most of the war-ships now afloat. In the new ships these guns will also be of the quick-firing description, which will greatly increase their efficiency, and make them equivalent to a much larger number of ordinary guns.

The adoption of this powerful secondary armament in the new designs not merely involves a large additional weight and a longer central battery but also carries with it a rearrangement of the armour-protection on the hull.

In most recent battle-ships the belt of armour for protecting the region of the water-line is eight to nine feet wide, with about two-thirds of the width under water. Above this belt, in nearly all cases, the sides are unarmoured; this applies to foreign as well as English ships. The 'Nile' and 'Trafalgar' differ from this in having an armoured 'citadel' of considerable length built above the belt, and having the armoured sides carried up to eleven feet above water. The thickness of armour on the 'Nile' and 'Trafalgar' is sixteen to

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eighteen inches on the sides of the citadel; and the two turrets stand at the ends of the one armoured enclosure, about 150 feet apart. In the new ships two pairs of guns are to be placed in separate armoured enclosures or redoubts, 200 feet apart; consequently, if thick armour like that on the 'Nile' had been carried on the broadside, a much greater length and area would have had to be protected, and either a less thickness of armour or a greater size of ship would have been inevitable. The broadside amidships in the new vessels is therefore defended above the belt by steel armour of only five inches thick, which is deemed sufficient to keep out shells and shot from light guns, but would be futile against shot from any of the heavier kinds of ordnance, even of the secondary armament. But it must be borne in mind that the 16-inch armour on the 'Nile' would itself be easily penetrated by shot from the great guns now usually carried.

The sufficiency of this five-inch thickness has been hotly debated, but it is right to observe that additional protection of an important amount is obtained inside the five-inch armour by coal-bunkers at the sides, which could always be kept full until the rest of the coal supply was exhausted, and this would seldom happen before re-coaling was feasible. A further arrangement is said to have been provided to protect the gunners from splinters and small projectiles, but the Admiralty has not published any details of it; from my own observation and experience, however, I am enabled to state that much may be done by gun-shields and traverses in affording such additional protection. Sir Edward Reed fastens on the inadequacy of the five-inch armour, and certainly if additional thickness could be afforded without lessening the armament, it ought to be given; but the sacrifice of offensive power it would involve appears to me to be sufficient reason against it, especially as we must recollect that, shot for shot, the thicker the armour the greater and more destructive is the smash within when penetration is effected by heavy guns. Sir Edward Reed is very confident in alleging that within the size and cost of these new battle-ships, complete protection from every kind of attack can be given without sacrificing the efficiency of the ship for fighting purposes, but he produces no plans or calculations in proof of this assertion. For my part, I believe that in these new designs a judicious compromise has been made between defence on the one hand and offence on the other, and the general tone of the discussion at the meeting of the naval architects was, I think, in conformity with that view.

The superiority of speed to be attained by these new ships is also of supreme importance, because it carries with it the power of taking an enemy at disadvantage. In the old days of sailing ships it was always a struggle to gain the weather-gauge before going into action, and nowadays the equivalent advantage of the weather-gauge is attained by superiority in speed.

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The programme also includes two battle-ships of a somewhat smaller size, which are described as reproductions on a smaller scale of the first-class barbette vessels, being in speed and coal endurance equal to them, but carrying a somewhat lighter armament and armour of less thickness. As these two smaller ships are each to have a displacement of no less than 9,000 tons, they will be a very important addition to the still larger battle-ships included in the programme.

Although I am ready to commend the designs for these new ships, my distrust of the efficacy of all vessels of this armoured class in relation to their cost remains unchanged. All the advantage they possess in point of defence is a partial and imperfect protection against artillery fire. As regards rams and torpedoes, they are as vulnerable as ships without armour at all, and they are as liable to perish by the perils of the sea as any other kind of war-ship, while their cost is so great that the loss of any one of them from any cause amounts to a national calamity. Mr. White, in his paper on these new designs, refers to what he calls the 'too many eggs in one basket' argument, but he wisely adds that he leaves that argument to be dealt with by the Board of Admiralty, who are responsible on matters of policy, he being only their technical adviser. The argument referred to is, however, undoubtedly possessed of great cogency, and, to my mind, the only justification for persevering in the building of such ships is that foreign nations are still doing so. Nevertheless, I maintain that we shall realise a greater amount of security for our shores, our harbours, our commerce, and our colonies, by chiefly devoting our resources to the multiplication of vessels of the cruiser class in preference to those of the armoured class.

This brings me to the consideration of ships of the cruiser description, of which two kinds are included in the programme: both kinds are of what is called the protected type, and I shall now endeavour to explain what is meant by this definition.

There are certain vessels in the British navy called 'belted cruisers,' that is to say, vessels protected by thick armour at the region of the water-line but not elsewhere. These I regard as mongrels between armoured battle-ships and true cruisers, and I am glad to see that none of them appear in the programme. The genuine cruiser of what is called the protected type is a vessel destitute of vertical armour and relying for protection upon constructive arrangements which are not designed to resist the entry of projectiles into the ship, but to limit as much as possible the damage that can be inflicted by them. The prominent feature in protected cruisers is a strong steel deck at or near the water-level capable of resisting the downward action of all but the most formidable projectiles, and beneath this deck the engines and magazines are placed. The vessel is divided into cells and compartments to such an extent as to render it extremely difficult to sink her by artillery perforations, and every

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expedient of shields, screens, and arrangement of coal-bunkers is employed to save the gunners from small projectiles and the fragments of shells. These vessels, being relieved from the incumbrance of thick vertical armour, can attain a far greater speed and carry a far more numerous armament than a battle-ship, handicapped as the latter is by the weight of her armour. They need not be of huge dimensions as the battle-ship must be, though, for distant service, where great coal-carrying capacity is required, it is desirable that a certain proportion of them should be large; but for service near home, within easy reach of coaling stations, it is quite unnecessary that they should be of great size, and therefore we could have a large fleet of them at the same cost as a small fleet of armoured battle-ships. The Admiralty programme provides for nine cruisers of the first, or larger, class, and for thirty-three of the second, or smaller, class of these cruisers. The first-class battle-ships may be roughly estimated to cost two and a half times as much as the first-class cruiser, and five times as much as the second-class cruiser, and the relative costs of course express the comparative number of these various ships that we could acquire by a given expenditure. The programme also includes eighteen still smaller ships called torpedo gunboats of the 'sharpshooter class,' the cost of which would probably not be more than a third or a fourth of the cost of the second-class cruiser.

Having now endeavoured to describe in a brief and popular form the various kinds of war-ships comprised in the Government programme, I shall proceed to explain my ideas as to their functions.

The function of the armoured battle-ships I conceive to be simply to fight similar ships, and nothing more. It may be said that they are required for purposes of blockade, but this is only true when the ships in the blockaded harbours are themselves armoured battle-ships. In all other cases cruisers, being swifter, and in consequence of their comparative cheapness capable of being employed in far greater numbers, can render a blockade more rigorous than battle-ships. I think it will at once be admitted that, either singly or in combination, battle-ships would be useless for hunting down cruisers, but it is not equally true that cruisers acting in combination would be useless for hunting down a battle-ship; granting that battle-ships in order of battle could not be successfully attacked by cruisers, except perhaps on the flanks, yet battle-ships cannot always be in order of battle. They have to move about and separate from each other if they are to do any kind of detached service, and then would come the chance of the cruisers. Let it be recollected that for one battle-ship we can have five cruisers of the second class, each capable by its superior speed of securing the advantage which used to be incident to the gaining the weather-gauge, and that each would be at least equal to the battle-ship in

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the use of ram and torpedo. Let it be also borne in mind that the five cruisers would collectively carry a far more numerous armament of powerful guns of the secondary class than the one battle-ship, and then let it be judged whether the battle-ship would be likely to succumb to the five cruisers, or the five cruisers to the one battle-ship.

I entirely disbelieve in the power of a battle-ship to prevent a surrounding force of cruisers from closing upon her with ram and torpedo. The difficulty of hitting a rapidly advancing object, the range of which varies at every instant, is enormous, especially with great guns, and the time in running up to ram the big ship would be so short that each of the attacking cruisers would have a good chance of not being hit at all by large projectiles, or if so hit the chance against their being damaged to the extent necessary to stop them would, in my opinion, be great. I believe it to be a much more difficult thing to sink or disable an unarmoured ship of the protected type than is commonly supposed. Even if hit by the fire of great guns, the damage sustained, though impressive, would seldom be fatal unless directed with critical accuracy at vital points, and no such accuracy would be possible with great guns fired from a moving platform against rapidly moving objects and under the excitement of action. With the guns of the secondary armament the chances of hitting would be greater, but the damage inflicted would be less. In my opinion, therefore, the presence of a considerable force of cruisers in the vicinity of a hostile fleet of battle-ships would compel the individual ships of that fleet to herd together like a flock of sheep for mutual support; and their efficacy for aggressive purposes would thereby be greatly restricted. But whatever may be the value of cruisers for the purpose of engaging detached battle-ships, they are undoubtedly most important adjuncts to a fleet of battle-ships, especially for the purpose of co-operating in a blockade, and acting against a flotilla of transports in the possible event of an attempted invasion; I do not say that we ought to allow ourselves to be inferior to any possible enemy in armoured battle-ships, but I certainly think that superiority to the enemy in ships of the cruiser class would afford a greater security against invasion than a superiority in armoured battle-ships. I do not enlarge upon the functions of the 'torpedo gunboats,' since their utility as adjuncts to a fleet seems universally recognised.

For battle purposes, great ships may be admitted to have certain advantages. They afford a steadier platform for guns; they are less jeopardised by a given amount of damage than small ships; and, as Admiral Sir Geoffrey Hornby (than whom there exists no greater authority on questions of tactics) said at the meeting of naval architects, a given armament carried in one ship is more capable of concentration than if carried in two; but, on the other hand,

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if we must have the big ship, the application of armour becomes almost a necessity; for we cannot afford to stake so much upon the preservation of a single ship without protecting it to the utmost extent that is compatible with even moderate speed and fighting power. But everything must be speculative regarding the tactics of future naval warfare. Ships and armaments have been revolutionised since the last important experience of fighting at sea, and it is impossible to forecast with certainty whether ships will in future fight in close or skirmishing order, or what the relative values of the different kinds of war-ships may be; but this much is certain, that there is far less speculation in building ships of the cruiser class than in building battle-ships. Past experience has shown that all vessels of the battle-ship class have, when first designed, been deemed almost invulnerable; and yet no sooner are they completed than the march of invention proves them to be quite otherwise. That march is still going on, and is especially active in the field of high explosives. Who can say what new modes of destruction will not be developed before even the present century expires? Whatever they may be, they will assuredly tell more against the sluggish battle-ship than against the agile cruiser—and the loss of a single cruiser is, in relation to cost, incomparably less serious than the loss of a single battle-ship. Happen what may, ships of the cruiser class can never be out of date; but we can have no such assurance respecting armoured battle-ships.

We are informed that the cost of the fleet comprised in the Admiralty programme, including armaments and stores, will be 21,500,000*l.*, of which sum 10,000,000*l.* will be taken out of the Consolidated Fund, and the remainder provided for out of the ordinary annual estimates of the next five years. Therefore it will be seen that the gain to the navy, beyond what it would acquire in the ordinary course of expenditure, is only ten millions and not twenty-one-and-a-half millions, as many people imagine. In other words, the Government proposes to expend only two millions per annum beyond the ordinary naval estimates of the next five years in order to create a fleet which is to cost twenty-one-and-a-half millions. But if this new fleet is to so large an extent to be paid for out of the ordinary naval estimates, to what source are we to look for the creation of a fleet suitable and adequate for the protection of our commerce, our coasts, and our harbours? However much we may commend the new fleet, we can only regard it as a fighting fleet and not as one capable of supplying our urgent need of protection against predatory attacks on our coasts and merchant navy. All the ships comprised in it would in the event of war be required to blockade the enemy in his ports or to fight him at sea, or, if not actively employed for those purposes, would have to be held in reserve to guard against disaster to our existing fleet.

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The new programme ignores the need of mercantile protection, and the financial statement appended to it almost amounts to a declaration that our present Government does not intend during the period covered by the programme to incur the expense of making adequate provision for preventing ruinous depredations on our enormous property both at sea and in harbour. At the present moment the safety of our commerce is dependent upon the sufferance of foreign nations, who are perfectly aware of its defenceless condition, and are known to be building vessels under the ominous name of 'commerce destroyers.' These can only be intended for use against us, and nothing can be more certain than that our commerce would be systematically attacked if we should become involved in a European war. The fatal consequences that might ensue are fully admitted. We know that our industries would be paralysed and our people reduced to starvation if the food and material we receive from abroad were intercepted, and yet our Government has not the courage to bring forward a programme sufficiently comprehensive to give us security against this most patent danger. It is said that we have a splendid fleet of swift mercantile vessels capable of being converted into cruisers at short notice, but these are the very ships we should most require in war time for carrying our indispensable supplies, because, owing to their superior speed, they are the only ships that can secure their safety by evading attack. Besides, at best, they are but makeshifts for fighting purposes, and could not be made effective against regular cruisers. It is not for a rich nation like ours to stake its existence, or even its wealth, upon doubtful means of defence, and it is abject folly to do so.

What we chiefly want in addition to the new fleet is a numerous fleet of cruisers still smaller than those of the second class, and such as we might have at a cost of about 100,000*l.* each, or to the number of a hundred at the cost of about ten battle-ships. These, whether acting separately or in combination, would constitute a naval police capable of preventing predatory attacks upon all our maritime property within a very considerable circle around our islands, and within which circle the great bulk of our ships and commerce would be found. A swarm of small ships of this description would also be of great efficacy in operations against invading flotillas, and for preventing the landing of troops on our shores, and they would most certainly be called into requisition for those purposes in case of need. We should also require some larger cruisers of great speed for repressing the depredations on more distant seas, where, however, our ships would be less concentrated, and therefore less liable to wholesale destruction. If, in addition to the splendid new fleet of battle-ships and auxiliaries which the Government has wisely undertaken to construct, provision had also been

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made for an adequate fleet suitable for commercial protection, we should have greatly discouraged the attempts of foreign nations to rival our maritime power, and would have put an end to contingencies which may cost us hundreds of millions, or may even result in national ruin. And what is the impediment to efficient measures being taken to effect our security? It is nothing but the fear of party opposition where party feeling ought to have no place. The money required for the purpose is nothing to a nation which, like ours, is possessed of superabundant means. All the money required would be spent in the country. None would be withdrawn from productive industry, seeing that both capital and labour are far in excess of its requirements. The outlay would give employment, which is more scarce than capital, and its result could hardly be called unproductive if it give security to production. It is the working-classes who would especially benefit by the expenditure, as the wage-fund would thereby be increased, and this chiefly at the expense of the wealthy. It is therefore difficult to understand why they should be opponents to defensive measures which would benefit both themselves and the community at large. In short, it is impossible to say that the nation as a whole would be sensibly poorer by the adoption of measures which would establish its security and augment its influence in preserving the peace of Europe, which at the present moment affords no prospect of permanency.

ARMSTRONG.

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THE LESSON OF BIRMINGHAM.

THE story of the sale of the Sibylline books has always seemed to me fraught with a moral of its own. That moral done into plain English is that when you decline to seize an opportunity, you can only recover your lost vantage ground by paying dearer for an inferior article. At the present moment, my Liberal Unionist friends are somewhat in the position of Tarquin when the Sibyl came a second time to proffer him the sacred books. What they can buy now is only half what they could have bought when the first offer was made: the price they are called upon to pay is heavier than at the outset. If they again decline, they will have in the end to pay yet more dearly for an acquisition of still more depreciated value. Such, at least, is my conviction, and it is on the strength of this conviction that I would appeal to them once more to make up their minds while there is yet time.

It is now close upon three years since, writing in these pages on the morrow of the General Election, I urged upon the Liberal Unionists the necessity of coalescing with the Conservatives. I may be permitted to quote the words with which, in August 1886, I endeavoured to sum up the position. The words were these: 'I am convinced, therefore, that if the Unionist Liberals, as is deemed probable at the time when I write, decline to form any open coalition with the Conservatives, they will only have succeeded in postponing the necessity of making an unwelcome decision. Sooner or later—and sooner rather than later—the conviction will be brought home to the Unionist Liberals, that they must join the Conservatives if they desire to preserve the Union.' I think I may confidently state that the course of events during the last three years has justified my forecast.

As I anticipated then, the Unionist Liberals could not, in 1886, make up their minds either to join the Conservative Administration or to take their seats on the ministerial benches as avowed supporters of the Government. On the contrary, they decided to remain nominally attached to the Liberal party, and to give a virtual support to the Conservatives. The position was a false one from the outset; and in common with all false positions has proved unsatisfactory to all parties concerned. If I am rightly informed, Lord Hartington himself was in favour of a bolder and more straight-

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forward course; but his judgment was overruled by the opinions of some of his leading colleagues. The reasons adduced in favour of maintaining an attitude of so-called independence were, I believe, of the following character. It was urged, firstly, that a distinct coalition with the Conservatives would cut off any possibility of the reconstitution of the Liberal party on a Unionist basis; secondly, that it would drive certain prominent members of the Liberal Unionist party back into the ranks of the Gladstonian Opposition; and lastly, that it would alienate from the Liberal Unionists the support of their Liberal constituents. It was resolved out of deference to these considerations to repudiate all avowed fusion with the Conservatives, and to constitute an independent Liberal Unionist party with a distinct and separate organisation of its own. The time has now arrived when it is possible to form some opinion as to how far the assumptions on the strength of which this decision was arrived at have proved to be in accordance with facts. Let me deal with them in turn.

The prospect of any reconstitution of the Liberal party is, to say the least, more remote now than it was three years ago. In 1866 it was taken for granted that if Mr. Gladstone were only out of the way, the Home Rule movement would collapse at once, and the Liberals would all reunite and agree to let bygones be bygones. I doubted the truth of this assertion at the time: he must be a bold man who would repeat it now. Even if Mr. Gladstone were to be translated to those serener spheres which, in the opinion of his admirers, he is so eminently qualified to adorn, Home Rule for Ireland would still remain part and parcel of the Radical platform. The coalition between the Irish Nationalists and the English Democrats is now an accomplished fact. The time has gone by for any reconciliation of the moderate and extreme Liberals on a common platform other than that of Home Rule. The evil that men do lives after them; and the great party which Mr. Gladstone led to its destruction could not be restored to vitality even by his own removal from the scene of public life. If, therefore, the Liberal Unionists still imagine that by refusing to call themselves Conservatives they are keeping open the door for a possible reconstruction of the old Liberal party, they are blind to the evidence of facts.

The second of the two pleas has more to be urged in its favour. I fully admit that if the Liberal Unionists had decided, even without actually taking office in the Ministry, to sit on the ministerial benches, to receive instructions from the ministerial whips, and to allow themselves to be classed as ministerialists, certain members of their body would have fallen out of their ranks. Sir George Trevelyan would have found conversion earlier, Mr. Bright would probably have retired from Parliament, and Mr. Chamberlain would have been placed in a position of exceptional difficulty. But for my own part, I doubt

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greatly whether the Liberal Unionists would have been any the weaker even for the defection of the Radical section. It is the influence of this wing which has always stood in the way of the formation of a United Constitutionalist party; and those who hold with me that in the formation of such a party there lies the best prospect of upholding the integrity of the Union, may be excused for thinking that even for Mr. Chamberlain's adhesion, valuable and honourable as it is, it may be possible to pay too dearly.

But as to the third and last of the pleas against fusion, surely judgment against it must go by default. It is no good to shut one's eyes to facts; and the fact is that the attempt to create an independent Liberal Unionist party in the country has proved a failure. I do not dispute for one moment—I should be the last to do so—that throughout the constituencies there is a very large—as I hold an increasing—number of Liberals who are opposed to Home Rule, who are dissatisfied with Mr. Gladstone's leadership, who are utterly disgusted with the coalition between the Opposition and the Separatists, and who would sooner see the Conservatives in power than the party to which they themselves still nominally belong. What I contend is, that no real progress is being made towards the formation of a third party, independent of, and distinct from, Gladstonians and Conservatives alike. On the contrary, the pure Liberal Unionist vote is—in as far as I can learn—a decreasing not an increasing quantity. A certain number of the Liberal malcontents, as time goes on, drift back into their old allegiance to the Gladstonian leaders; a larger number become Conservatives in name as well as in fact; a larger number still cease to take any active interest in politics. How in the name of common sense can it be otherwise? The Liberal Unionists have no programme, as distinguished from the Conservatives. It is impossible to name a single measure of even second-rate importance which the Liberal Unionists are prepared to support as a party, and which the Conservatives are not. Their proclivities, to use a term appropriate from its vagueness to the subject, may be said to be of a progressive character; but beyond this their only reason of being as a distinct and separate party is that they do not quite like being called Conservatives, and prefer to be classed as Liberals, though they distrust the Liberal leaders and detest the Liberal policy. This is a sort of mental attitude which may suit a select circle of independent thinkers; but it is not a basis for the formation of a powerful and popular party. It may be that I am wrong; but I fail to see any of those indications in the progress of the Liberal Unionist cause which usually mark the rise of important political organisations. I do not hear of Liberal Unionist clubs being founded with success, of Liberal Unionist newspapers being started, of Liberal Unionist demonstrations being got up spontaneously. I do full justice to the high-mindedness, the ability, and the eminent respectability which

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characterise the Liberal Unionists as a party. They remind me always of the Orleanists in France before they could make up their minds to a fusion with the Legitimists. Like the Orleanists, they are perfectly satisfied with the soundness of their principles, the goodness of their cause, the innate superiority of themselves and their adherents to the great mass of their opponents. Like the Orleanists, they are content to wait till the vulgar world becomes a convert to their faith. My Liberal Unionist friends assure me they are doing good work and making good progress. I am convinced they are sincere in their assertion. I hope most honestly things are as they say; but I am at a loss to understand the grounds of their satisfaction.

After all, facts are stubborn things, and the facts of the various elections which have taken place since the return of the present Parliament tell against the theory that the Liberal Unionists are gaining ground in the country. I agree fully that by-elections taken singly are a most unsatisfactory and untrustworthy test of popular opinion. Indeed, few things in the Gladstonian campaign are more distasteful —and that is saying a good deal—to men of common sense than the laboured attempts of Mr. Gladstone and his servile followers to prove by elaborate arithmetical calculations that the accession of a few scores of votes to the numbers polled in behalf of a Separatist candidate at some obscure electoral contest represents a corresponding reaction of popular opinion in favour of Home Rule. In each particular by-election local and personal causes have much more to do with the final result than political considerations. Still, political considerations count for something even in Little Pedlington; and if we find that in a long series of by-elections the tendency is against, or in favour of, any particular cause or any particular party, it is only reasonable to assume that that cause and that party are losing or gaining ground with the country at large. If we apply this test to the Liberal Unionist movement, it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that, even if it is not losing ground, it is certainly not making any.

Since the General Election in 1886 there have been several by-elections in which Liberal Unionist candidates have stood against Gladstonians. For the Ayr Burghs, where Mr. Campbell was returned as a Liberal Unionist in 1886, Mr. Sinclair now sits as a Home Ruler. For Burnley, on the death of Mr. Peter Rylands, Mr. Slagg got in as a Separatist candidate. In Northwich the Liberal Unionist, Mr. Verdin, has been replaced by the Home Ruler, Mr. Brunner. In Edinburgh, Mr. Buchanan, who came in in 1886 as a Liberal Unionist, found conversion in 1888 and was returned as a Home Ruler. Thus the Liberal Unionists have lost four seats to Home Rulers, and have gained none. They have contested seven seats held by Gladstonians in different parts of the country—namely, the St. Ives and St. Austell divisions of Cornwall, Dundee, Barnsley, Lanark, Liverpool (the Exchange division), and Dewsbury, and have

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won none of them. Indeed, the solitary by-election at which they have held their own is in the Central Division of Birmingham, where the late John Bright has been succeeded by his son.

In each one of the above instances special reasons may be alleged to account for the failure of the Liberal Unionists. But it is difficult—to my mind it is impossible—to avoid the general conclusion that the want of success which has attended their electoral campaigns since 1886 is due in no small degree to lack of popular sympathy with, or appreciation of, their position of isolation. To any one acquainted with the working of political forces in this country it would indeed be strange if this were otherwise. Our people, as I wrote three years ago, do not like fine-drawn distinctions; they fail to understand the status of politicians who sit with the Liberals and vote with the Conservatives. The truth of this assertion of mine was contested at the time by many friends whose judgment I respect. But so far it has been confirmed by the events; and unless I am mistaken, it will be more and more confirmed as time goes on.

In one respect, I own candidly, I was mistaken in my forecast. I anticipated grave difficulties in carrying out the alliance between the Conservatives and the Liberal Unionists in Parliament. The result has shown I over-estimated the difficulty. The former have shown a good sense and moderation, the latter a steadfastness and resolution, for which personally I hardly gave either party credit. With the exception of Sir George Trevelyan, Sir Edward Watkin and Mr. Buchanan, there have been no secessions from the Liberal Unionist ranks; and I see every reason to hope and believe that so long as the present Parliament lasts the alliance will continue unbroken and unimpaired. Nor, barring the chapter of accidents—a very grave omission—is the present Parliament likely to last less than the full average of parliamentary existence. Still it has already lived out half its normal span; and by the time another year is over the approach of a general election will begin to enter as an important factor into all political calculations.

Already a very considerable number of Liberal Unionists must be turning over in their own minds the chances of their re-election, and speculating on the questions, under what standard, in what name, and upon what platform, they will have to present themselves to their constituents. It seems to me almost incredible that the Liberal Unionists should present themselves once more simply and solely as Liberals who are determined to support the Conservatives and keep the Liberal party out of office. If they do so present themselves, it seems to me certain that in the great majority of instances they will fail to secure re-election. In certain quarters an impression appears to exist that a compact exists in virtue of which the Conservative party are pledged not to oppose the re-election of

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all Liberal Unionists who have voted against Home Rule; and that this compact remains in force so long as Home Rule holds the field. No doubt if this interpretation of the alleged compact is correct, and if both parties to it are willing to fulfil their obligations as loyally in the future as they have done in the past, the Liberal Unionists might possibly look forward to re-election by the aid of the Conservative vote.

It is foreign to my purpose to consider whether this contention is sound or unsound, as a matter of argument. All I need say is that to believe in the possibility of such a compact being carried out for any length of time is to ignore the conditions of human nature and the character of British constituencies. The Birmingham election has illustrated most forcibly the difficulties of enforcing an agreement concluded between the leaders of two political organisations to which the electors themselves cannot by the nature of things be consenting parties. Nothing can be more satisfactory from a Unionist point of view than the immediate result of this election: nothing can be less satisfactory from the same point of view than its bearing on the prospects of the future. Without entering on the moot question whether the supporters of Mr. Bright or the partisans of Lord Randolph Churchill had more or less of right in their respective contentions, it must be admitted on both sides that the misunderstanding so happily averted shows the great and increasing difficulty of permanent collaboration between two political parties fighting under different names, led by different leaders, and belonging to different organisations. What has occurred in Birmingham is certain to occur elsewhere, and the influences by which the schism in the metropolis of the Midlands was cut short in the bud cannot be relied upon to produce the same effect on future occasions.

The plain truth is that an arrangement which, under very exceptional circumstances, works fairly well in Parliament, does not and cannot work well in the constituencies. The position of an ordinary Liberal Unionist elector in a constituency represented by a Conservative is a singularly unsatisfactory one. He is exhorted by his leaders to remain faithful to Liberal principles, to remember that he is the rightful representative of Liberal traditions, and yet he is enjoined to vote and canvass for the Conservatives. Nor is the position of the ordinary Conservative elector in a constituency represented by a Liberal Unionist much more satisfactory. He is attached to Conservative ideas—call them prejudices or principles as you like—he is wedded to Conservative catch-words; he likes to be represented by men of his own party, holding his own views; he knows that the sitting members could not hold their seats except by the vote of himself and his fellows; he is aware that the Conservatives form, in most instances, a large majority of the local

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Unionist party; and yet he is told to give his vote and support to candidates who call themselves Liberals, who insist that, in some unintelligible way, there is something which differentiates them altogether from commonplace Conservatives; and he resents the demand, though a feeling of allegance to his party leaders or a sense of public duty may compel him not to refuse compliance. It is difficult for persons who live in London, especially if they belong to the classes amongst which the bulk of my readers are probably to be found, to realise the importance attached in provincial constituencies to party names and party badges. Our Liberalism, if we are Liberals, is not very ardent; our Conservatism, if we are Conservatives, is not very fervent; and so long as a candidate represents our general ideas, we care very little what he is called or in what category he is bracketed. But in the country it is otherwise; and even though Unionist Liberals and Conservatives may hold much the same views and be fighting in the same cause, they will not work for candidates not belonging to their own party with the same zeal and energy as they would for men of their own colour.

I believe myself that in almost every case where the Unionists have lost a seat at the by-elections, the main cause of the defeat has been a certain want of harmony between the two sections of the party. They could not agree upon the choice of a candidate, or else the selected candidate did not meet their views upon other issues than that of Home Rule; and in consequence the house was divided against itself. No doubt other causes have combined to impair the hold of the Ministry on popular favour. The weakening is as yet very slight, and may still be repaired; but no candid onlooker can doubt that the Government is not as strong as it ought to be, considering the marked success of its policy both abroad and at home. All governments have a certain tendency to lose support and incur hostility by the mere fact of remaining in office. But this general consideration is not enough to account for the sort of reaction which has undoubtedly manifested itself of late, not indeed in favour of Home Rule, but in favour of the Gladstonian party.

The Parnell Commission and the collapse of the specific charges brought against Mr. Parnell have undoubtedly had something to do with this reaction. That this should be so is only to be expected. Rightly or wrongly the Government instituted a special tribunal for the investigation of the charges levelled by the *Times* against the Irish Nationalist leaders. Wisely or unwisely it allowed the investigation to be conducted in such a manner as to give the prosecution in popular opinion the character of a State trial. The fact, therefore, that the most intelligible and the most conspicuous, though perhaps not the most important, of these charges have been shown not only to be unsupported by reliable evidence, but to have been

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made without due care or examination, must tell—and ought to tell—to the detriment of all parties concerned in the authorship or the endorsement of the charges in question. Then, again, the Government has undoubtedly suffered to some extent from the incessant and unscrupulous misrepresentations to which its Irish policy has been subjected. Consciously or unconsciously, the Opposition have acted on the principle that if you only throw dirt enough some of it is sure to stick. No opportunity is lost of creating an impression amidst the English masses that the action of the Government in enforcing the law in Ireland is a violation of right and justice. Mr. Gladstone himself has set the example of first bringing charges without evidence, then treating his own assertions as proof of their truth, and then dropping them as immaterial when their falsity was made manifest. This example has been followed by his partisans. Herod has been out-Heroded; and even such men as Mr. Morley, whose record gave promise of better things, have been led to swell the torrent of senseless invective and malicious misrepresentation with which the Ministry and its servants have been assailed for simply discharging their appointed duty as the champions of law and order. It is impossible not to admire the energy, however misplaced, which Mr. Gladstone and his party have displayed in their endeavours to pervert and delude public opinion in favour of Home Rule. Nothing is too little, nobody is too insignificant, to escape their attention. If a vote is to be won, if a seat is to be captured, if a newspaper is to be got hold of, Mr. Gladstone and his friends are ready to take any trouble, to offer any inducements, to tender any consideration, requisite for the attainment of their object.

Still, I doubt greatly whether either of these causes has produced any very serious effect on the fortunes of the Unionist party. From persons who have taken an active part on either side in the recent by-elections I hear the same testimony, that in their opinion the Parnell Commission, the collapse of 'Pigott's' evidence, and the alleged iniquity of coercion seemed to possess very little interest for the electorate. I suspect, if the truth could be known, the sentiment of the average British elector is, that the Parnellites are all a bad lot, and that if they did not do one thing they did another. In much the same way, and from the same causes, the attempt to raise an outcry against coercion has proved to be flogging a dead horse. Amongst the British public there exists a profound, possibly an unreasoning, incredulity as to the accuracy of Hibernian statements or the reality of Hibernian grievances.

I am not defending these innate prejudices of the ordinary British elector, though they take the heart out of the Separatist campaign. On the contrary, I regret their existence, because the state of mind under which they originate constitutes, in my judgment, the one real and serious peril to the Unionist cause. Electioneering

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agents on both sides, if they could afford to speak their minds out, would agree with me in saying that the electorate, as a body, are sick of Ireland and the Irish question. If the Government can hold their own in Ireland, the public will care very little about the means by which law has been enforced and order has been upheld; and Mr. Balfour will become, as he is fast becoming, one of the most popular men of the day in England. But if, owing to the inherent difficulties of the problem, increased as they are beyond conception by the alliance between the Gladstonians and the Parnellites, the Irish question should block the way much longer, there will be a formidable popular outcry in favour of its being settled one way or the other.

It is in the possibility of such an outcry arising that I see the real danger to the United Kingdom; it is in view of its imminence that I would urge the Liberal Unionists not to allow sectional differences to stand any longer in the way of the creation of one Unionist party. The whole aim and object of the Gladstonian policy is to persuade the electorate that the concession of Home Rule would make no real difference to the status of the United Kingdom, and is the only measure by which the Irish question can be removed from the domain of English politics. It is obvious that the state of mind which I have indicated as that of the ordinary British elector with reference to the Irish question, predisposes him to listen favourably to this sort of appeal. There is a danger—to my mind, a very real and imminent danger—that the masses, misled as to the true meaning of Home Rule, not realising the consequences it involves, and sick to death of the whole Irish business, may vote for Home Rule under the impression that they will thus get rid of the Irish question.

Now, according to the French saying, it is 'preaching to the converted' to demonstrate the falsity of this reasoning to the class for whom I am writing. It is enough to say that even if Home Rule could—which we deny—be shown to our satisfaction to be practicable, just, and even beneficial to Ireland, we should still oppose the measure with all the force in our power. We should do so because we hold the maintenance of the Union to be essential to the power, the fame, the prosperity, and even the existence of our common country. The whole is greater than the part; and we are not prepared to sign the death-warrant of Great Britain for the sake of possibly conferring a problematical advantage on one of its component parts. Right or wrong, this is the conviction on which we act; and we are bound to ask ourselves why this conviction has, as I believe, not yet been brought home to the mass of the community.

My answer to this question is a very simple one. We—if I may claim for the moment to speak in the name of the Liberal Unionists—have failed hitherto to take the action by which alone the con-

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viction we desire can be impressed upon the public mind. Our contention, if I understand it rightly, is this. Home Rule, in fact if not in name, involves the repeal of the Union: the maintenance of the Union is a matter of life and death to England: in order, therefore, to withstand the concession of Home Rule, it is our duty to sacrifice all party considerations to the welfare of our country. This is what we profess. Is it also what we practise? Speaking honestly, I cannot say that it is. I admit—no one would do so more readily—that the Liberal Unionist leaders have made heavy sacrifices for the sake of their principles, and have displayed a high-minded disinterestedness rare in the annals of party warfare. But still, they always seem to me open to the reproach, that having sacrificed the substance for conscience' sake, they shrink from surrendering the shadow. They are willing to vote against the party whose name they bear and in whose ranks they insist on sitting; they are resolved to support a Conservative Government in order to keep the Liberals out of office; they are ready to represent constituencies in which they are returned by the strength of the Conservative vote; but they are not prepared to forego their claim to be called Liberals. It stands to reason, that this attitude of theirs must impress the public with a doubt as to the sincerity of their professions. If they really believed in their own hearts that the maintenance of the Union is a matter overriding party or personal considerations, they would show their indifference to all such considerations by rallying to the great party which forms the backbone of the Unionist cause. So, at any rate, popular logic argues, and in this instance popular logic is, I am afraid, in the right.

There are other reasons, too, to be borne in mind, which militate strongly in favour of the fusion I advocate. Nobody can doubt that the name and record and traditions of the Conservatives stand in the way of their popularity with a large portion of the masses. The prejudice may be most unjust, but still it exists, and its existence must be taken into account. Now, nothing could do so much to mark the transition through which the Conservative party has passed, to illustrate the differences between the Conservatives of to-day and the Conservatives of fifty or even five and twenty years ago, than the open accession to their ranks of a number of eminent Liberals, whose sympathy with progressive ideas is beyond dispute, whose names and antecedents are guarantees for their fidelity to the sound Liberalism of former days, the guardianship of which has now passed into the hands of the Conservative party. It is no disparagement to the Conservatives to admit that if in 1886 the Liberal Unionists had accepted the offers so loyally made them by Lord Salisbury, and if Lord Hartington and his chief colleagues had joined in forming a Ministry, the Unionist party would occupy a far stronger position in the country than it does at present. The

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opportunity was lost: the Separatist movement has been consolidated by the alliance between the Parnellites and the Liberals, and the conclusion of an open coalition between the Conservatives and the Liberal Unionists would probably not produce the same moral effect now on public opinion as it would have done in 1886. Still, it is not yet too late to make the experiment with a fair chance of success.

If the chiefs led the way, the rank and file would follow suit. It is possible, though I doubt its being probable, that a certain number of Liberal Unionists in the provincial constituencies might decline to join the Conservatives and might go over to the Gladstonians. But what the Liberal Unionist party might thus lose in numbers, it would more than gain in influence. Taking English political instincts and traditions for what they are, no party will ever, as a body, work cordially with political opponents unless a common cause develops into a common organisation. If once the Unionist Liberals became convinced that in working for the Unionists they were working for a Ministry in which their own leaders hold seats and their own ideas are directly represented, they would display an energy in defending the cause of the Union which as yet they have not displayed. Such difficulties as that at Birmingham could not occur if the Unionists formed one common party led by common leaders. Such difficulties are certain to occur again, and to occur more frequently as time goes on, if the Unionists remain divided into two separate organisations with separate leaders and separate titles.

I have little doubt these words of mine will be misinterpreted in certain quarters. We shall be told by Gladstonian organs, in the Transatlantic jargon which they have adopted since they joined hands with the Irish agitators, that 'another Unionist throws up the sponge.' I admit nothing of the kind. I have too much faith in the common sense, the sturdy courage, and the public spirit of our English race, to believe—till I see it—in the possibility of their being lured on to consent to the ruin of their own country by the threats of a pack of Irish agitators or the blandishments of their English tools. Time after time in our history we have blundered into victory; and it may well be that we shall do so once again. But a belief, an almost unreasoning belief, that whatever happens our English people are not about to commit self-destruction, is not inconsistent with a keen appreciation of the dangers which beset our present position. I see on one side a party greedy for power, unscrupulous in action, ready to make any sacrifice which can advance their ends, and united under the leadership of a statesman who—however low you may rank his statesmanship—is a master of all the arts by which votes are won, seats carried, and office obtained. I see on the other a great party divided into two sections, both of which

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are honest, patriotic, and high-minded; but both of which, by virtue of these very qualities, disdain the artifices employed by their opponents, and are too much disposed to rest content with the goodness of their cause. I see that both sections of the Unionists are weakened by lack of the strength which each section could confer upon a united party. And seeing this, I am justified in asking whether, considering the magnitude of the stake at issue, we are right in running the risk to which the reluctance of the Liberal Unionists to coalesce with the Conservatives exposes the cause of the Union.

In my view the consolidation of the Unionist party affords the best—though I am far from saying the sole—hope for the maintenance of the Union. And holding this view I may be pardoned for asking once more whether the time has not yet arrived for an avowed and open fusion between two parties who are already united in well nigh everything except name.

EDWARD DICEY.

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THE HINDU AT HOME.

THERE is a charm in India which cannot be defined. It may be the infinite variety of form, colour, and character in every-day life, it may be that here more than in any other land the past is not a dead past. You live amongst palaces, men, and manners which have remained unchanged for centuries, whilst you see the strong rule of a conquering modern race, not destroying but organising the empire to which it has succeeded, and, by virtue of your English birth, you become, not a mere student of bygone history, but an actual part of that great drama which is continually unrolled 'from the silent hills to the sounding sea.'

After the English traveller has duly admired the stately modern buildings and the gay native bazaar of Bombay, a city which East and West have combined to rear as a fitting portal to their joint land, perhaps the first thing which strikes him is the immensity of India. He may have been told that India is not a country but a continent inhabited by races speaking a hundred and six different languages besides dialects, but it is not till he begins to journey from place to place that he realises the vast distances which he must traverse. Now he ascends amongst precipitous mountains whose summits are flattened into the semblance of giant fortifications by the tropical storms, now the train bears him through marshy paddy-fields often under floods over which the natives paddle their little boats, whilst the rising or setting sun glows through the palm-trees, turning the muddy waters to vivid red. Again he crosses interminable plains soon to be rich with corn and grain of every kind, or with yellow-flowering cotton, unless perchance he finds himself in some stony wilderness where a ready legend explains that Hanouman's monkeys dropped great boulders on their way from the Himalayas to build a bridge to Ceylon over which the great hero Rama might pass to the rescue of his lost Sita.

In the Deccan, castle after castle rises on little mounds fortified like Norman strongholds. In Oude the villages are fortresses surrounded by mud walls and telling their own story of tribal disputes and midnight raids. The district, however, which brings most vividly before the mind the days of wild horsemen scouring the fields and sweeping down the mountain passes is Rajpootana, where the descendants of

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genuine feudal chiefs still keep their feudal state. The capital of any one amongst them may stand for a type of the rest. The palace, a graceful irregular mass of buildings, with its zenana, armoury, and durbar hall, surrounds a courtyard in which saunter and squat armed and unarmed retainers. The interior is decorated in a compromise between Oriental and European taste—the more Oriental the better, as when an untravelled native noble begins to invest in English furniture, the result is apt to suggest a modern hotel furnished on the sweating system. The great object in any case is to hang the ceilings with as many chandeliers and coloured glass balls as possible. The walls and columns are generally gaily painted, and a favourite fancy is a 'hall of mirrors' in which walls and ceiling are inlaid with innumerable little looking-glasses or pieces of talc, or of coloured glass. Occasionally you find a durbar hall with real marble carved columns worthy of all admiration.

The idea of order is still far to seek. At the entrance of the finest palace you find the shoes, bedding, and old clothes of the guards thrown about, and piled up promiscuously; and framed cuttings from illustrated papers, cheap prints, or photographs will be nailed up quite crooked on decorated palace walls. The hall of the old Palace of Tanjore in the south, which is used as a depository for the royal valuables, contains amongst its treasures a framed coloured advertisement of Coats's cotton. To return to Rajpootana. The chiefs themselves are generally handsome young men, gorgeously attired in long silk or velvet coats and tightly fitting coloured trousers; their turbans on state occasions glitter with gems, and they wear splendid necklaces of pearls and diamonds. Their manners are courteous and they are most hospitable to visitors. Some who have been educated in the Rajcot College speak English well. Those of their subjects who can trace their descent to a common ancestor form their clan and may number hundreds, or even thousands, varying in wealth and position from the highest zemindar to the poorest ryot, but all claiming a species of equality. At Jeypore the rich young blood-relations of the Maharajah from whom he claims feudal service are obliged, in addition to their country seats, to have town houses, in order to attend the special class in his college which has been formed for their instruction. This college educates boys of all classes; the chiefs are taught apart from the others, and their studies are less severe, but it is hoped 'to make men of them.' This shows wisdom and foresight. Hitherto education has been mainly confined to the middle-classes, and the natural leaders of the people have allowed themselves to be outstripped in the intellectual race. Sons of clerks and shopkeepers graduate in the Calcutta and Bombay universities, studying in the local colleges and going up to the centres for examination. By dint of the marvellous memory and calculating powers of the Hindu, they acquire a verbal acquaint-

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ance with English literature and a knowledge of mathematics which are astounding. These are the men who, instigated by discontented English agitators, demand 'representative institutions.' They cannot dig, and though they cannot justly be accused of being ashamed to beg, they would prefer the chance of voting themselves large salaries for exercising their undeniably fluent powers of speech. Most of the native States have colleges, high schools, and jails on approved systems. When you see such generous and enlightened rulers as, for instance, the Maharajah of Bhownuggur, the impression carried away is that the British raj exercises a wise discretion in allowing these provinces to continue under native government, with the assistance of British Residents and Agents, if only caution is observed in not bestowing the much-coveted rewards and decorations on the chiefs when they first succeed to their dominions. Those who have worked hard and spent their revenues to improve the condition of their subjects well deserve recognition; but if young gentlemen who have been British wards during their minority at once get all they have to hope for, they lose a great incentive to action, and are apt to become careless and absentee rulers. One curious feature is the universal use of the English language for notices and time-tables in institutions under purely native management, as also for the words of command in the armies of native princes. These armies do not look very formidable at present, whatever they may become when drilled by English officers, and brigaded with English troops. The prospect of this drill has given rise to some curious rumours. A Eurasian officer at Ulwur asked whether it was true that the Russians were near at hand, and a battle to be fought in a few days.

No one can be surprised at the rapidity with which reports circulate in India when he watches the out-of-door existence led by the people. The day begins at the tanks or river-side. There may be seen numberless men and women washing themselves and their clothes all at once. A woman unrolls one end of her coloured sari, or cloth, about eight yards long, and washes that, standing herself meanwhile in the water; then she winds herself up in the wet end, and washes the other—a decorous but uncomfortable fashion of public bathing. The sari, with a very short jacket coming a little way below the shoulders, constitutes the ordinary costume of a southern woman, the sari being wrapped round the legs, and also drawn over the head and shoulders. In the north she generally wears a petticoat and a shorter sari or chuddar worn more like a mantilla. Not only human beings but elephants and buffaloes may at times be seen enjoying a morning bath. The elephants will lie right down in the water, while their attendants scrub them with cocoa-nuts.

The rivers have very wide beds which are covered during the rains by rushing streams; after these subside great expanses are left bare on which pumpkins and water-melons are plentifully grown.

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From the river one can return to the town and watch the further domestic arrangements of the population. A great deal of hair-dressing goes on, all in the street; many men have their heads shaved bare with the exception of one little tuft on the crown or a strip on either side above the ears; but the style of wearing the hair varies almost as much as the way of tying the turban or the shape of the Hindu cap. Here a man, extended on a bedstead of rope laced backwards and forwards on a wooden frame, is being rubbed with sandal-wood oil, there a woman is adorning the space in front of her door by sticking little yellow flowers into the earth; here again are girls coming from the well bearing on their heads polished brass lotas, or earthenware chatties; there are the bheesties carrying the water in skins tucked under their arms, or in vessels piled one above the other in nets suspended from the long poles which they carry over the shoulder. Everywhere are little brown babies whose sole costume is a piece of string tied round their waists, and possibly bracelets or anklets. Now pass flocks of goats to the milking, or little humped bullocks drawing rough wooden carts or carrying burdens; perhaps a line of camels fastened together with total disregard of their comfort by means of a string tied to the tail of one and passed through the nostrils of his companion immediately following. Here comes a merchant borne in a palki or a great man reclining in a carriage driven by a gaily but untidily clad coachman and preceded by mounted sowars carrying little flags on lances. Turning into the bazaar, the scene is even more animated. On either side of the narrow street are little open shops, like platforms raised about a couple of feet from the ground, sheltered by projecting awnings of bamboo, thatch, or tiles. The side-posts and lintels are sometimes, as at Muttra, curiously carved; sometimes, as at Baroda, gaudily painted red, green, and yellow. On the platform the master of the establishment often spreads his charpoy and bolster, such a bed as the healed paralytic would have carried away with him, and waits placidly for the bargaining customers. Even the pie, about a third of a farthing, is not minute enough for native transactions, and a pile of cowrie shells by his side represents yet smaller change. Here you see every kind of petty ware in process of manufacture or displayed for sale—grain of all kinds, pink and yellow flowers to offer in the temple or to hang round the neck of an honoured guest, tempting gold and silver braid, coloured cloths folded as they arrived from Manchester, or held out to dry as they are drawn fresh from the dyeing vat. Boys squat with strings tied to their toes which they are twisting ready for bead necklaces; men are concocting from sugar, milk, cocoa, and gram, the endless variety of sweetmeats dear to the native palate; women are grinding corn with circular stones, or spinning cotton with rudely-fashioned handwheels. Heavy silver ornaments and glittering native jewellery with imitation stones attract

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the young wives—nose-rings, earrings, anklets, and particularly the lac bracelets which have to be squeezed over the hand without breaking previous to payment, at the expense of a crushing of bones which brings tears to the eyes. Native women, moreover, often have their arms elaborately tattooed, but this custom does not obtain among the men. Cheap purchases are made standing in the street, but if you wish to indulge in more costly wares you are invited inside, and perhaps to an upper room. Then a lengthy process of weighing silver goods or gold-worked cloth in scales against rupees, and of wearisome bargainings, has to be gone through. It begins with the unvarying protest that the vendor does not tell lies and asks the price he means to take, and ends with his acceptance of such a deduction as you are strong-minded enough to insist upon.

As the day wears on, wedding parties perambulate the streets, women come bearing on their heads baskets of bridal gifts, and if the marriage is a tolerably rich one the bridegroom approaches mounted on an elephant and preceded by nautch girls. Evening falls suddenly. One minute you have clear daylight, the next a gorgeous western sky, and before you have gazed your fill at its beauty comes darkness with twinkling stars. The natives will not retire yet awhile to their closely packed houses. They light little fires out of doors and, squatted around them, gossip far into the night. If you drive through the town at midnight, you may see figures wrapped in blankets or quilts lying everywhere, under verandahs, on the ledges of shops, on bedsteads in the road. It almost looks like a city where the plague has stricken down the inhabitants, but it only indicates that the wise Hindu has chosen the open air of heaven for his bed as well as for his dressing-room.

Many who rent little shops in the town live in surrounding villages, and certainly their cottages do not strike one as attractive abodes. A mud hovel roofed with tiles, the light let in through the door and a few holes in the walls, was the dwelling-place of a Brahmin and his family, seven persons in all, in a village near Benares. Two rooms opened into each other, and the inner one into a little court with a kind of cooking shed beyond. The sole contents appeared to be two bedsteads, one or two brass vessels, a couple of small idols, and a few ragged articles of clothing. On account of his sacred caste the Brahmin was allowed to live rent-free, and he possessed two acres of land and two cows. He supplemented the income derived from these by begging in a neighbouring temple, a fact which he announced with much satisfaction.

The middle-class Hindus are beginning to furnish their houses with considerable comfort. We saw the bedroom of one at Madras provided with punkah and mosquito curtains, and adorned with highly coloured pictures of the gods, and with coloured prints of events in their lives got up in Religious Tract Society style.

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Apart from their beautiful embroideries and their hereditary skill in inlaying, in carving patterns in wood and stone, and in working in brass, the Hindus of to-day have little idea of art in the European sense of the word. English ears find native music and singing somewhat shrill and monotonous. Painting and sculpture reached their Indian acme in the days of the Moghuls, and the limitations of the Mahommedan religion prevented any attempts at representation of the human form. The great Akbar, indeed, liberal in this as in all other ways, thought that the study of the divine handiwork tended to greater reverence for the Deity, but even he could not reverse the bigotry of his creed. Nevertheless masterpieces of paintings executed in India in his day still exist, though almost entirely as illustrations in books. A Persian translation of the Ramayana in the possession of Colonel Hanna at Delhi, and of the Mahabharata belonging to the Maharajah of Jeypore, contain numerous full-page illustrations which, for richness of colour, delicacy of outline, and beauty of execution, vie with any French or Italian missal of the Middle Ages.

It is needless to dwell on the marble dreams of Delhi and Agra. Every curve of every flower, the pomegranates dropping from the arches, the gossamer tracery of the screens, the jewelled glory of the mosaics will never pass from the memory of those who have seen them, and cannot be shown by pen or pencil to those who have not. The Taj, that fairy palace of a love stronger than death, sprung from sunset clouds and silvered by the moon, has but one fault—it is too perfect. Nothing is left to the imagination. There are no mysterious arches, no unfinished columns, nothing is there that seems to speak of human longing and unfulfilled aspiration; you feel that a conqueror has made Art his slave, and the work is complete; you can demand nothing more exquisite in this world. Nevertheless something is lacking to the original design. The lady of the Taj had desired that Shah Jehan should be buried in another and identical mausoleum, only of *black* marble, on the opposite side of the Jumna, united with hers by a golden bridge. Aurengzebe, however, said, 'My parents are not like those birds which must sleep the male on this side of the river, the female on that,' and he showed his respect of their conjugal affection, as also his economy, by burying Shah Jehan by Arjumund.

The splendid Jain temples offer the finest specimens of Hindu design. The skill and intricacy of the workmanship are beyond belief; every inch of wall, columns, and ceiling being carved with figures and patterns of great beauty. No one but a Hindu could have had the patience to accomplish such a labour. The Buddhist remains show traces of the Greek influence left by Alexander's invasion. Some of the Brahmin temples, more especially in the south, are imposing and magnificent, but probably their sculptors were checked in their advance in statuary, not only by their natural conservative adherence to con-

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ventional forms, and the veto which caste places on visits to other lands where they might study from higher models, but also by their distorted conception of the deities whom they wished to represent. How could sculpture make much progress in reproducing physical beauty when the chief objects of adoration were a god with numerous arms or an elephant's head, and a goddess with bloodthirsty tendencies and a necklace of skulls?

And as it was, so, to a great extent, it still is. It is the fashion to speak of Hinduism as a decaying religion. The wish that induces such a remark must indeed be father to the thought. Some say that Islam is making progress in India. Of this there is not the slightest symptom, nor is it in any way likely. On the contrary, the antipathy between the votaries of Islamism and of Hinduism appears to be on the increase. Education has advanced much more rapidly amongst the latter than the former, with the result that the Hindu would be rather disposed to despise the Mahommedan for his ignorance than to accept him as his teacher. On the other hand, the Mahommedan, feeling his mental inferiority, falls back on his physical superiority and former imperial position, and poses as the ally of the British against the attempt of the Bengali baboo to snatch at representative government, knowing that Islam is stronger with the sword than with either tongue or pen. These are hardly the sentiments of disciple and teacher.

What are the chances of the Christian missionary? Canon Isaac Taylor has shown of late by striking statistical evidence how very few converts English missionaries gather in for the money expended. Probably personal observation in India would induce him to write still more strongly than he has done. It must be said, however, that here, as elsewhere, statistics prove too much and too little. Hundreds of converts were made during the famine years, who have since relapsed, but whose names go to swell the list of 'native Christians;' hundreds, if not thousands, are put down as 'under instruction,' who, everyone knows, come to the mission schools for the sake of the secular instruction given, but whom no one in his wildest moments expects ever to become converts. In the Madras Presidency where there are far more Christians than in any other part of India, only ten per cent. of the pupils in the Protestant Christian schools are Christians, and a single conversion in twenty-five years suffices to throw a whole school into uproar. Still, since the young men and children attending these schools imbibe a higher and, indeed, Christian standard of morals, the missionaries must in justice be credited with an influence for good which cannot be expressed in figures. The living force and growth of Hinduism are evident in every part of India. The immense temple of Madura, for instance, with its stately halls and cloisters, its thousand columns, and its colossal monolithic deities and dragons, is not only thronged with worship-

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pers, but is daily adding both to its structure and to its treasures. It has an annual income of 70,000 rupees, and the Nattukottai Chetties, a caste of native money-lenders, are said to have lately spent 40,000*l.* on the fabric. This temple illustrates the adaptive faculty of the Brahmins. Originally dedicated to Minakshi, the fish-goddess of the aboriginal Dravidian races, it was appropriated by the Brahmins, who overcame all theological difficulties by identifying Minakshi with Parvati, the wife of Shiva, and adopting her into their Pantheon. She is the presiding goddess at Madura, but she shares the homage of her worshippers with many gods, rishis or saints, and demons. Amongst the last-named is a former English collector, Mr. Rous Peter. He paid due respect to the goddess in his lifetime, and now a doorway in the temple is dedicated to his memory and periodically lighted up in his honour. In the north of India, the neighbourhood of that holy land where Krishna spent his youth is another scene of Hindu religious liberality. A Guru or teacher from Madras converted the Seths, the Hindu Rothschilds, from Jainism to a form of Vishnu worship called Sri Sampradaya. The family thereupon expended some 450,000*l.* in the erection of a great temple at Brindoban, near Muttra, besides building a temple in the town of Muttra itself. They annually expend vast sums in the maintenance of priests and Brahmins, the instruction of boys in the Shastras or holy writings, and in feeding the poor. Instances might be multiplied indefinitely, were such needed.

Pilgrimages are more rife than ever, being greatly facilitated by the spread of railways. On some of the festivals at Brindoban, where there are many temples besides that of the Seths, it is calculated that a million of people are present. Not only English and Scotch, but German, and numerous American missionaries are at work. But why are they apparently powerless to cope with Hinduism? Doubtless many a missionary is sent out who is mentally unequal to a post of so much difficulty, and unprepared for the self-denial which it entails. Further, as a native Christian pastor's wife said the other day, 'The people say, "Yours is a very dull religion; there is not enough tamasha (*i.e.* show or function) about it."' The Roman Catholic priests and the Salvation Army appear to satisfy the requirements of self-denial and tamasha better than the Anglican and Protestant missionaries.

Taking, again, those who have met with some outward success in sweeping numbers into the fold, they have, with few exceptions, only secured the lowest and most ignorant people—outcasts with much to gain and nothing to lose by joining their ranks. Of course, it may be said that one soul is as valuable as another; but if the object is increase of numbers, a decoy-duck is more precious than a scarecrow. A Brahmin or high-caste man who is improved by conversion will lead others in his wake; low-caste and semi-educated

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Christians form a community which repels rather than attracts. A Brahmin is not necessarily a priest, but priests are generally Brahmins, and the whole caste, throughout its many subdivisions, is respected as holy, and as intellectually and socially superior to all others. Though their claims are doubtless exaggerated, it is probable that for some three thousand years the majority of Brahmins have preserved their unsullied descent and hereditary education, and it would be difficult for any other race on the face of the globe (except, perhaps, some Jewish families) to say as much. The unpublished testimony of a young Brahmin of to-day, well educated, of good orthodox family, and who has had every opportunity of forming a fair judgment of missionary effort and prospects in Southern India, may not be devoid of interest. It must not be forgotten that in Southern India *only* have missionaries produced any impression worth mentioning.

Little (writes Mr. T. Varadha Row) has been effected by missionaries in Southern India in the way of proselytism. Some of these agencies have established colleges and schools where education of a very high order is imparted at trifling cost. I admit that Western knowledge has shaken the belief of our young men to the foundation, and that some of them are drifting towards indifference for the traditional observances of Hindu society. But this same awakening does not lead them any nearer to Christianity. It will tend, I have no doubt, towards a strict examination of Hindu doctrines, errors, and practices, and a consequent removal of anomalies and absurdities. The conciliatory and accommodating nature of Hinduism will permit the reception into its fold of the advanced ideas of its most zealous reformers. Higher education will not help to advance Christianity in India. The effects of conversion on a high-caste Hindu are anything but encouraging. I do not wish to give names, but among my acquaintance and within my knowledge I can name half-a-dozen cases where a steady deterioration has followed in the wake of con version. But among the lower classes missionary efforts have been eminently successful. In Tinnevelly whole Shanars' (toddy-drawers) villages have been taken into the Christian fold. These wonderful results occurred at a most inopportune time. The South Indian famine of three years raged with unspeakable severity from 1876 to 1878, and mission bodies were entrusted with the organisation of relief operations. The success of the missionary efforts in the relief of souls was as marvellous as in the relief of distress. Over 16,000 men were admitted into the religion of Christ in less than a year. Of course men are likely to cavil at such curious coincidences.

The Shanars are now, I know, a very thriving and industrious community. Neat little churches and hospitals appear in the midst of clean and well laid-out villages which were until recently the abode of squalor and dirt.

The influence of Christianity on high and low class Hindus is almost opposite in effect. The causes are not far to seek. The Shanars, who are Dravidians by race, were Dravidians in religion and in worship. The worship of demons, of the powers of evil and of malignant and fatal diseases under the name of Mari or Kali Amma, is the chief feature in the Dravidian religion, if religion it is to be called. The softer, purer, and infinitely superior creed, the creed of Christ, was offered to them. These children, who were scared by the loud thunder and the forked lightning, gladly gave up their hideous practices and their barbarous gods to be taken into the universal protection of Him whose love is all-absorbing. But to the higher-caste Hindu (provided he know anything about Hinduism) Christianity offers no solution to his doubts and to his fears. The doctrines of the Upanishads (the

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philosophical speculations of the Vedas) satisfy the utmost longings of the mind. The acute logic of the ancient Rishis has raised a bulwark of arguments to support the huge fabric of Hindu thought. The doctrine of Karma offers the simplest and most reasonable answer to the obvious inequalities and striking contrasts in this visible world of happiness and suffering. The ferment and unrest of the soul in the search of knowledge is soothed and laid at rest when the object of contemplation is reduced to a figure-head and finally a point in space. This contemplation of a point in space results in a self-absorbing delight which knows no end and which places the soul high above all carnal wants and aspirations. This is the goal of Hindu philosophy. Christianity has nothing to offer to those who are *dissatisfied* with Hinduism.

The faith of the enlightened Brahmin is on a very different level from that of the common people. If you ask concerning his own belief, he will tell you that he believes in One God—according to his particular school he believes that God *is* everything, or that He unites with matter to become everything. All proceed from Him and all effort should be directed to re-absorption into Him. Good acts tend to this result by the gradual purification in successive incarnations of Karma, or the residuum of unconquered passions and unexpiated sins after death. Bad acts debase men more and more. 'What happens to devil-worshippers and other such out-caste races?' asked a friend of mine. 'They go to hell' was the prompt reply. Observing my look of astonishment at the sweeping condemnation, the Brahmin with whom we were talking took it to indicate a doubt of the accommodation, and hastened to add, 'Oh, we have twenty, thirty, plenty of hells.' Shiva, Vishnu, and the other gods and goddesses are regarded as embodiments of the various divine attributes, or incarnations to reveal the divine will and to deliver men from evil. Many Brahmins would have no particular objection to acknowledge Christ in some such way as this. As one said to me, 'I do not know his history as well as I know my own sacred books, but if what is told of him is true, I believe that he must have been a saint if not a Divine Incarnation.' Another thought that each race had its own revelation. 'We,' he said, 'have Krishna, you have Christ. You say that your Christ was crucified—our Krishna was shot.'

It may be said that such men as these are not far from Christianity. On the contrary, the Vice-Chancellor of the Calcutta University aptly compared a contest with them to the encounter of Cœur de Lion and Saladin in the *Talisman*. The sharp sword of the crusader is unavailing to sever a silken cushion which adapts itself to every stroke. You ask why, if their own faith is so elevated, they leave the masses to idol-worship. 'Ignorant people and *females*,' you are told, 'cannot at once comprehend the universal presence. We teach them first that God is in the image—so He is, for He is everywhere—and from that we go on to explain that He pervades the Universe.' It is doubtful if the 'ignorant people and females' ever

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get beyond the first stage. One Hindu ascetic, with an extraordinary love of quotation and devotion to Thomas à Kempis, cited not only Roman Catholic arguments, but also Tyndall's *Theory of Atoms* in defence of idol-worship. He demonstrated thereby that nothing, not even the leg of a table, was unchangeable, that, therefore, the Divine effluence animated all things, and that the perfectly enlightened mind could see and worship the Omnipresent as well in that piece of wood as in any other object visible or invisible.

The present condition of Hinduism has something in common with the Western Reformation. Educated Hindus confess that they never knew the details and signification of their own religion till they learnt them from Western sources. Many have sought inspiration in the old Vedas where they find nothing about Shiva and Vishnu, but the worship of One God revealed in the forces of Nature. Everywhere there is a tendency on the part of Brahmin pundits to set their house in order, and to try and prove, like the Arya-Somaj and the Theosophists, that the true Hindu religion is as pure as Christianity and more philosophical. The Brahmo-Somaj, which professes to base itself on natural religion and to take what is true from all revelation, approaches nearly to Christianity, but does not seem to make much progress in India. An Indian Prince said the other day, pointing to a chandelier, 'God is like that light, the various religions are the colours through which the light may shine.' To which the Christian can only answer, 'True, but light may struggle through a dimly-coloured or smoked glass, or come to us through the clear transparent crystal of revelation.'

The whole question is of course complicated with that of caste. The Roman Catholics and some others provide that converts having caste should keep it, but this arrangement, though much must be said in its favour, clashes somewhat with the idea of universal brotherhood. Caste is the ruling note in India. Even animals have their caste. The story which tells how the level plains of Katthiawar were reclaimed from the sea illustrates this. The egrets laid their eggs on the former ocean-line and the wave swept them away. The egrets swore that the sea should be filled up until she surrendered the eggs. They summoned the other birds to help them, and all obeyed their call except the eagle. He was the favourite steed of Vishnu, so thought himself exonerated from mundane duties. But Vishnu looked askance at him and said that he should be put out of caste unless he went to help his fellows. Back he flew to Katthiawar, and when the sea saw that the royal bird had joined the ranks of her opponents she succumbed and gave back the eggs.

Hindu respect for animal life entails consequences which make one wonder how the earth can provide not only for the swarms of human inhabitants, including unproductive religious mendicants, but also for such numbers of mischievous beasts. Some castes will kill

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no animals at all, and all Hindus hold so many as sacred that peacocks, monkeys, and pigeons may be seen everywhere, destroying crops and eating people out of house and home. The people of a town, driven to desperation, may be induced to catch the monkeys, fill a train with them, and despatch it to discharge its cargo at some desolate spot; but woe betide a simicide! The monkeys in any given street will resent and lament the capture of a comrade, but do not care at all if a stranger is carried off. He is not of their caste.

Caste is partly a religious and partly a social arrangement. A Hindu told me that if he were to eat with a fellow-religionist of another caste he would have committed a social offence; if with a Christian or Mahommedan it would be a breach of religious law. This is not the universal view, but illustrates the mixture of both ideas in the native mind. Caste restrictions have their use as a restraint on moral conduct, and too often when a native throws them aside to become a nominal Christian the result is expressed by the announcement 'Me same caste as master—me drink and smoke.' The complications which caste rules entail are, however, endless. If you stepped into the cooking-place of the most wretched Brahmin beggar, you would contaminate all his provisions. Every eatable would have to be thrown away, and all the vessels cleansed. For this reason the manufacture of common porcelain is unlikely to flourish in India. Metal pots, and plates made of leaves, are in general use, for china from which an outsider has eaten cannot be sufficiently purified for its owner's purposes, though the number of copper vessels has decreased owing to the enhanced price of copper, consequent on the action of the syndicate. You see Brahmins employed as the cooks in prisons, for any one may eat what they have touched, but a murderer would not defile himself with food prepared by a man of lower caste than himself. A low wall just inside the entrance of the cooking shed marks the boundary over which the prison officials may look, but beyond which they may not pass.

Marriages must only take place between members of the same caste, but not of the same family. Thus, while every boy and girl must be married, the choice is often greatly restricted. A rich gentleman, belonging to a very small caste, was obliged to educate one of his carpenter's sons to marry his daughter, as no other eligible youth could be found. Very odd ways of overcoming matrimonial difficulties are sometimes resorted to in India. There are some castes near Ahmedabad in which widow marriages are allowed, and a girl can be given in second marriages without the ruinous expense considered necessary on the occasion of a first alliance. The parents therefore sometimes marry a girl to a *bunch of flowers*, which is afterwards thrown down a well. The husband is then said to be dead, and the girl as a widow can be married at moderate cost!

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From an English point of view caste has both advantages and drawbacks. So long as it exists it must do much to prevent any universal combination against British rule. As has been well said, social unity must precede national unity, and social unity is impossible under the present ordinances. Schools and railroads are shaking these barriers in places, but are very far from having destroyed them.

On the other hand the rules of caste and the seclusion of women of the higher castes and upper class tend to prevent a thorough understanding between English and Indians. An Englishman's first idea is to ask his friends to dinner, his next to make the acquaintance of his wife and daughters. With a Hindu you can do none of these things. It is often better not even to refer to them. A Mahommedan will dine with you, but his ladies, with few exceptions, are even more jealously secluded than those of the Hindu. Nor do the women for the most part seem to desire more liberty. Many of them know very well how to manage their husbands, and if they want to go anywhere or to see anything, the men have to find some means of gratifying them. The reverence paid to mothers is extreme. I know a man in high position and of middle age who is obliged to worship gods in whom he does not believe for fear of displeasing his mother; and another who cannot make the pilgrimage which he desires to Benares because custom would oblige him to take his mother on his first visit to the holy city and she is unfit to travel. But most Indian women are too uneducated to take pleasure in mixing in a society whose ways and thoughts are totally different from their own. Efforts are being made to teach them, and there is little doubt that when they know a good deal more about the world they will wish to see it, and that when this becomes their object they will speedily attain it. Certainly it will be better to fit them for a position before calling upon them to occupy it. A somewhat similar remark applies to infant marriages and child widows. The women must desire change before it is made. A philanthropic maiden lady who had passed her first youth was conversing not long ago with a married Indian lady and her widowed sister-in-law on these topics. After she had left them the married lady said, 'I married at seven and my husband was nine years old. We have lived happily together. How is it that this lady has not married till her hair is growing grey? Has nobody asked for her? There ought to be a law in England that no one shall remain unmarried after a certain age.' The loyal comment of the sister-in-law on the attack made upon her was simply 'Why does not the Empress marry again?' Of course a great deal can be said on both sides of this as of most questions, and a cursory observer is not called upon to give a verdict. Still any traveller who has conversed with intelligent natives must feel that while they are unfitted by natural disposition and by internal differences from carry-

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ing out any part of the imperial policy which would require unbiassed judgment, incorruptible integrity, readiness of resource and promptitude of action, they are perfectly competent to form opinions on their own social problems. So long as Europeans cannot obtain free access to their homes they can hardly decide on the manner in which Indian family life should be regulated. Meantime there are many ways in which Englishmen, and English ladies residing in India, can help and encourage avowedly needed reforms.

Such aid when kindly offered is for the most part graciously welcomed. It is almost touching to notice the affectionate tone in which an Indian will mention an Englishman when he can speak of him as 'My friend.'

While no true Englishman would consent to resign the reins of empire into hands which are incapable of holding them, the safest charioteers of the car of destiny are the men who treat all classes in that empire not only with justice but with courtesy, sympathy, and consideration.

M. E. JERSEY.

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A WORKING WOMAN'S SPEECH.

THERE is perhaps no class of whom the wealthy or the educated know so little as of working women. Everybody in these days knows something of the slums, something of the crofter's cottage and the Irish cabin; but the industrious, independent woman who spends her days working at a skilled trade in a factory crosses our path but seldom, and few of us know anything of her thoughts, her aims, and her struggles.

For this reason I think the readers of this Review may care to have as exact a report as I can give them of the tale told in my presence by a working woman (who has given me leave to use it) at a meeting of working women. The object of the meeting was the formation in Liverpool of a branch trade-union for female cigar-makers, and the speaker was the secretary of the Nottingham and Leicester Cigar Makers' Union. She is a young married woman, the mother of two children, and her husband is also a cigar-maker, working in the same factory as herself. I will try to tell the story, as nearly as I can, in her own words:—

'Work had been slack for a few weeks, and they had kept on complaining and finding fault about simple little things, and there had been rumours of something horrible going to happen to us, and if ever we said anything it was: "Ah, it will be worse by-and-by; you wait till by-and-by." But we never dreamed of a reduction; we thought, you know, perhaps we'd only work two days a week, or something like that. Well, one morning I came in to work, and there was all the others, and they was all a-talking and in a great state, and they said to me: "Mrs. Briant, have you seen that notice?" and I says, "No, what notice?" And there was a great paper pasted up as big as that (unfolding a printed balance-sheet of four octavo pages), and it said that, owing to foreign competition —for the Mexican work was just coming in about that time, you remember—Messrs. Robinson and Barnsdale could not afford to pay their cigar-makers what they had done, and there would be a reduction, but it didn't say what. And then it said the sale of cigars had fallen off because the English working men had taken to smoking tobacco in pipes. Well, I was a stranger there, so to speak, for I had not been there above a twelvemonth, and there was women there that

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had worked there for years and years. And so I said, "Well, what shall we do?" And they said, "What can we do?" "I won't take it," I said; "I'll leave sooner. We can go back to London where we came from; but I won't take any reduction." And then in comes the foreman. "Now, don't excite yourself, Mrs. Briant," says he. And I said to him, "Now, Tommy, just tell us what is the reduction, for you haven't put it up." And he hadn't been foreman above a matter of a couple of months, and he was one of them that would have gone through fire and water, as they say, for an extra penny of his own. "Oh," he said, "I darsen't tell you, I really darsen't. It's something horrible." So I said, "Well, placard it, like you did the other, then." And he went and got a paper, and stuck it up under the other, and it said it was to be sixpence a hundred. Well, you may think that was a drop! If they had offered a penny or twopence a hundred, there was them as would have sat down to it,—but sixpence! The two-and-threepenny ones to be one-and-nine; and the two shillings, eighteenpence; and the one-and-nine, one-and-three; and right down to the one-and-fourpenny ones, which would only be tenpence a hundred. Why, it meant six or seven shillings a week.

'Well, we all began to talk about it, and I said again I would not take a reduction; and we said what should we do, and then we said we ought to hold a meeting and form a union. And we went and got a gentleman to lend us a room—it was a kind of a concert room, close to a public house—and we wrote out bits of notices on papers, we had no handbills printed nor nothing, and Mr. Beckton, of the men's society, he came over to address the meeting. And so we formed our society, and the men's society gave us our book and rules and contribution cards, just to start. And we chose out a deputation, and Mr. Beckton, and Mr. Radcliffe, another member of the society that we had chosen to be our president, were to go too. And Mr. Robinson, the senior partner, never took any part in the business, any way, he was a sort of sleeping partner; it was Mr. Barnsdale managed everything. So we went to Mr. Robinson, who was in his office, and he said to the foreman: "Are these *my* work-people?" And the foreman said: "The ladies are, but not the gentlemen." So he asked them to go away, and said he would settle his business himself with his own work-people, without any one from outside. But Mr. Radcliffe began to talk to him, first one thing and then another, and to turn him round a bit, for you know you have to use a lot of what I may call soft soap. And so at last we came to it, and he showed us a map all marked out with red lines, and he said how trade was so bad, and they wanted to put on a new traveller to go to fresh places and get more orders, and our wages was to go down to pay for that new traveller. And I said (and perhaps you might blame me for having the cheek, but what I thought was, Well, if they make the reduction I can't stay, and he can but turn me

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away; and it's better one should go than all be reduced, and if they reduce here it will go round all the shops, of course): "And it's always the workers that it's to fall on, when trade's slack. It's always *them* that's to suffer, and never any one else.' And he said, "How do you mean that, Mrs. Briant?" And I said, "It's not your travellers or your foremen that you reduce when trade's bad; no, nor yet your profits—oh, dear no! It's always the cigar-makers that you go to reduce first thing, and yet you can't do without the cigar-maker: it's the cigar-maker that makes your money for you. I know we couldn't do without your capital, but neither could you do without us, and we are always to be the ones to suffer." And he said, "I wish I had your tongue, Mrs. Briant." (Here a roar of laughter, and a burst of applause interrupted.) Well, and then he said, "Well, but would you rather work only two days a week than take the work lower and have more of it?" And we all called out, "Yes." Because of course you may take it at a lower price, thinking to get the price back when work is brisk; but it's a hard matter to get it back, and oftentimes you never do. And besides you may as well play half time, as work full time and make no more for it at the end of the week. And so we all stuck to it, and we all came out, every woman in the place—not one stayed in. And you know if there had been one stayed, perhaps they would not have given in to us, but they all stood together and the firm gave way. And I'm working there now. Well, then we went on with our union, and we had our troubles at first, I can tell you. I think there was nearly every employer in the town tried to fight us one way or the other. I don't think there's a shop in the town that I haven't been on a deputation to.

'But we beat them all except one, and now there is only one shop that isn't a union house—and I'll tell you about that—over a hundred pounds that dispute cost us. That was the dispute at ——'s. He was quite a young fellow, not more than two or three-and-twenty, and he had just come into his father's business. A very proud old gentleman Mr. ——, his father, was, and he paid a penny or twopence a hundred more than anybody else in the town, just so that he might have the pick of the trade. He had twenty-two working for him, and a better set of women you never saw. They were not all young; some of them had been there for years and years. Well, first he brought them down to the same as other places, and they sat down content with that. But then he began to think he would reduce them lower, and he told one of them he would reduce them all. And she said, "If you do they'll all go out, that's certain." And he said, "Well, I won't reduce them all; I'll reduce five of them, to begin with." So she told all the others, and they made up their minds that they would hold all together. So when he picked out five and told them they would be reduced, the others all said

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that they should go out. And he sent for the one that had first stirred up the others, into his private office, and she stayed and talked to him for half an hour. When she came out they said to her, "Well, Nelly, what did he say to you?" And she said, "What he said to me is my own business, not yours." And, do you know, she would not go out when all the other one-and-twenty did. Of course he had told her she should have her price, to keep her, and she stayed, and she's there now. Well, we went on a deputation from the union, and he would not see us; and he said he would have a policeman in to turn us out. And I said to him, "You'll be wanting a policeman for more than that, at this rate, Mr. ——." And they all came out, and we paid them all dispute pay from the union, all those one-and-twenty girls. But there was that Nelly sitting there at work all the time. And then I heard that he would see me if I would go by myself. And so I got up at five, for it was more than three or four miles from where we lived, and we started out at six, me and my husband. And it were snowing and raining—oh! it were an awful day; it was in November. And those poor girls were on picket there in the snow, walking up and down and telling people there was a strike, to stop them from going in to work. And we saw Mr. —— go in, and he came and stood at a window and called all his clerks and even the engineers to see us there in the snow, and to make a mock of us. And the policeman stood watching us on the other side of the street. And there came a young woman to go in to work, and we spoke to her, my husband and me. And then when they saw that, out came two clerks and said to her, "Come in, come in." And we begged to her, and I said, "We'll pay you out of the union more than you'll get from him. Look at those girls walking up and down in the snow, and you'll go in and take their place and take the very bread out of their mouths." And my husband said, "For God's sake, don't go in." And we did not dare so much as to lay our hands on her arm, for the policeman would have taken us up. And the clerks took hold of her two arms and took her in. And we had to ask some of the people living near to let us go in and sit by their fire, and I took off my boots and poured the water out of them, and dried my stockings on my feet. And I cried—I'm not ashamed to tell you so—I had a right-down good cry. And we went to the young woman's husband, her that had gone in, and begged him not to let her go to work. And he said, "Well, what is she to do? I'm out of work and she's got to keep the two children." And I said, "I suppose she's got to keep you too?" And he said, "Well, partly." And he told us she had been working at Jackson's, and she'd been discharged, and she must go to work somewhere. Well, we told her we'd gladly pay her out of the union funds till she got work. And he said he'd go and fetch her out at dinner-time, and she should not go back. Then we thought

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perhaps we had been to blame about Jackson's, for we had not tried to get any members there; there were only ten worked there. And when Mr. Jackson heard about the union he offered her to come back to work, and he said he hoped all his girls would join, and they did, all ten of them. But Mr. —— got in girls that we would not have in the union, some that he had sent away himself, but he has not got a single union girl. And all the twenty-one got work after a time, and now we haven't got one on the funds. And Mr. —— came and applied to us later to send him ten; but we had not got them. And every other shop in the town is a union shop; and if a new woman comes in we tell her she has got to join the union, and if she didn't we would not work with her; but they always do. And so that is the story of how our union was formed, and what we have had to fight through.'

This, in substance, and almost in actual words, was the speech to which we all 'listened; but the voice of the speaker, the turns of tone, the ring of sincerity cannot be given in mere black and white. For myself, as I sat and heard, I felt the same sort of hope and gladness that came to me last summer when I saw the unity, the self-control, and the moderation of the hundreds of match girls who came out on strike from Bryant and May's.

Be the evils around us what they may, there is hope for the country which has among its workers young women of this sort.

CLEMENTINA BLACK.

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CHURCH AND STATE IN GERMANY.

I.

In the speech from the throne of the 27th of June, 1888, King William the Second expressed his satisfaction that the relations of the State and the Catholic Church and its spiritual head had in recent times taken a turn satisfactory for both parties. That such is the case cannot be denied; but it ought not to be overlooked that the present peace between those two powers reposes rather upon the personally friendly disposition of Leo the Thirteenth and the Chancellor than upon a firmly established legal basis; the May laws have nearly disappeared, but they have not been replaced by another better poised legislation. Between Pio Nono and Prince Bismarck there existed a personal hostility which excluded every approach. Leo the Thirteenth tried to renew the relations with the Emperor William the First, but although his attempts for this purpose were courteously received, the negotiations came to no positive result during several years. The gulf between the two powers was bridged in reality only by the proposal of arbitration conferred upon the Pope in the question of the Caroline Islands; in vain for years had Leo the Thirteenth recommended himself to the sovereigns as well as to the nations as the true mediator for settling international or internal disputes; he had been preaching in the wilderness; no Catholic sovereign or people thought of appealing to his wisdom for such purpose. It was the great Protestant statesman who fulfilled his most cherished ideal of acting as the supreme mediator between two States, and although that ideal scarcely squares with the words of Christ (St. Luke xii. 14) refusing to interfere in worldly matters, the Pope was deeply moved by this proof of deference. Germany got decidedly the worst in the arbitration, but the Chancellor in his turn was certainly not unsusceptible to the most flattering letter of Leo the Thirteenth, accompanied by the order of Christ, conferred as we believe for the first time on a Protestant. Now we are far from denying the truth of the words of the French poet's saying, *l'amitié d'un grand homme est un bienfait des dieux*; yet such friendship is not always fireproof; at all events, resting, as it does in this case, upon the lives of two

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septuagenarians, it cannot offer any lasting security. But, apart from such personal factors, we think history proves that the attempt to regulate the relations of State and Church by negotiations with the Curia has never, and particularly not in recent times, led to a satisfactory result. The reason is that Rome and the modern State speak in two different languages, and therefore cannot understand each other. The Curia, as it is proved by the Syllabus, has in principle abandoned nothing of its mediæval pretensions, to which the State can never submit. In order to arrive at some apparent agreement, recourse is taken to ambiguous expressions, which become the source of new difficulties; the State tries to supplement the agreement by one-sided edicts, such as the Articles Organiques of Napoleon the First after the French Concordat, or the Bavarian religious edict of the 26th of May, 1818. Rome protests against such laws as null and void; it may acquiesce in certain dispositions for a time—'temporum ratione habita'—but it always reserves its rights of trying to enforce its pretensions at a favourable time, and thus the quarrel never ceases.

The impossibility for the State to arrive at an articulated understanding with the Curia is founded in the circumstance that the latter, indeed, recognises in principle the authority of the State, but reserves for itself the power of deciding what questions are mixed ones, and in which, according to its views, the State has to conform to the Catholic dogma. In order to distinguish whether a matter belongs to the religious or to the political domain, the Church asks not what is the nature of the subject, but what is the destination which it has given to that subject. According to this conception, Rome pretends not only to decide all religious questions, but their jural consequences, and the religious consequences of jural questions. If the State once admits this point of view in a single question, it acknowledges the spiritual power of Rome as a *public* power in its own domain, a pretension which the Curia has indeed always maintained. But it is just this recognition which no State can accord which wants to remain master in its house, and is not prepared to submit to all the successive demands of the Curia. Once acknowledge this pretension, and you come by degrees to a compact such as was the Austrian Concordat of 1855 or even that of the Republic of Ecuador, which realises the mediæval omnipotence of ecclesiastical supremacy. For the modern State there can exist but one sovereignty; that is, the supremacy of its own laws: that supremacy may be exercised in an overbearing or wrong way, but it cannot be contested in principle.

It was therefore a proof of political wisdom when the Prussian Government, having to regulate the condition of its Catholic subjects after the territorial reconstruction of the State in 1815, restricted its negotiations with Rome to an agreement upon the limits of the

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dioceses and the endowment of the Catholic Church. Niebuhr, who, as Prussian minister at Rome, acted upon this principle, soon arrived at a satisfactory settlement of these questions, whilst other German States, pretending to force upon the Curia what they called the German ecclesiastical law, utterly failed in their endeavours. When later on the Prussian Government abandoned this true standpoint, and, in the question of mixed marriages, asked the sanction of the Curia of principles contradictory to the Roman practice, it only courted defeat. In the negotiations on that question, with that frankness which Italian prelates often combine with deep cunning, Cardinal Lambruschini asked Bunsen, 'Why do you demand everything from us? Let your bishops act as they think best; a peaceable understanding between them and the Government is sufficient for us.'

In principle, therefore, the Prussian Government was quite right when, after the territorial aggrandisement of 1866, and after the Vatican Council, it felt the necessity to regulate anew the relations of Church and State, to take as starting point that the State alone was competent to do so; and at that time Prince Bismarck justly accentuated in his speech of the 14th of May, 1872, that it was impossible to settle the present difficulties by a concordat, but that it must be done by way of a general legislation. The great fault of the May laws was only that the limits between State and Church were drawn in a faulty manner, the State encroaching upon the internal affairs of the Church in a degree to which the latter could never submit. The Catholic hierarchy acquiesces in much which is most disagreeable to it; it has protested against the Austrian ecclesiastical laws, but it has not dared to rebel openly against them, because the Austrian bishops knew that, if they did, they would not have the support of the Catholic people. The May laws strongly interfered with the religious liberty of the Catholic laity; therefore the Prussian Episcopate could take it upon themselves to meet these laws by an unbending passive resistance, because they were being supported by the whole Catholic population, and the result of all the pressure exercised by the Government was only to weld the hierarchy and the laity into one solid mass. After a long struggle the Government was obliged to come to the conclusion that it could not overcome that opposition; but for years it refused to acknowledge that the May laws had proved a failure. And, in overt contradiction to its former point of view, it did not try to remedy the evil by amending that legislation in the same way in which it had been enacted; but, after the accession of Leo the Thirteenth to the Papal throne, who showed conciliatory dispositions, tried to bargain for concessions in order to get some political equivalent. This was stepping on an oblique plane; for as soon as the Curia had recognised that the re-establishment of peace was felt as a necessity by the Government, it refused to proceed upon the principle

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'*Do ut des*,' and answered every concession of the State by new demands.

In the beginning of the negotiations the Government was not all prepared to abandon those laws which it had declared to be the necessary re-establishment of the bulwark of the former conditions of the Prussian code (*Landrecht*), but which the Church declared to be incompatible with its constitution. In the letter of the Crown Prince, as representative of the Emperor to the Pope, of the 1st of July, 1878, it was said, 'No Prussian sovereign will be able to comply with the demand, expressed in your letter of the 17th of April, to change the constitution and the laws of Prussia according to the decrees of the Roman Catholic Church, for the independence of the monarchy, which at present it is incumbent upon me to maintain as an inheritance of my forefathers and as a duty towards my country, would suffer a diminishing if the free movement of their legislation would be subordinated to an external power.' It was therefore proposed to limit the change to treating the contested points in a peaceful spirit, and when a Bill was introduced in the House of Deputies conferring discretionary powers on the King for relaxing, according to circumstances, certain provisions of the May laws, the German ambassador at Vienna, Prince Reuss, tried to recommend this way of proceeding to the Papal Nuncio Jacobini, by pointing out that this way would be preferable 'to a change of the laws such as possible, but as would not appear sufficient to the Roman Curia, and would give occasion to numberless controversies' (Despatch of the 15th of April, 1880). The Nuncio observing that in that event the Catholic clergy would always remain dependent upon the pleasure of the Government, whilst it was necessary to come to a legal settlement by the revision of the ecclesiastical legislation, the Chancellor answered, in a despatch to Prince Reuss, the 20th of April, 1880, 'If it has been believed that we should not only disarm but destroy our weapons by way of legislation, we have been credited with a folly of which I have never given a hint by what I have said.' 'What dangers may not threaten us if the government of the Vatican changes, and a fighting Pope like Pio Nono again occupies the Holy See?' The Minister of Public Worship, Herr von Puttkammer, Dr. Falk's successor, defended the May laws in the most absolute manner, assuring that never the Government or a Prussian representative assembly would break with these traditions; and still in 1882 his successor, the present Minister, Herr von Gossler, declared 'These laws are the threshold which we cannot overstep.'

Yet, a few years after, all these categorical declarations were forgotten, large breaches were successively operated into the May laws, and finally the Chancellor asked the Upper House to help him to do away with the remaining rubbish of those laws. For this reversal of principles the State has obtained from the Curia next to

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nothing. The sole concession which the latter made was a very limited recognition of the 'Anzeigepflicht'—*i.e.* the duty of the bishops to communicate to the Government the names of the appointed priests, and the right of the State to interfere; and even this concession is practically null, as that duty does not extend to the revocable priests, so that if the Government opposes the appointment of the bishop, the latter is always free to fill up that place by a revocable priest. This does, of course, not prevent the Government press, which once led the Kulturkampf with the parole 'free from Rome,' and celebrating the Old Catholic sect as the true Catholics, from glorifying the Chancellor as the restorer of religious peace; but the fact remains that the whole course pursued by the Government for terminating the ecclesiastical conflict was a retreat in a constantly accelerated *tempo*, and that that retreat was as headless as the attack had been planless. The Curia has been playing a waiting game, and has completely won it; the cloak which the storm of Pio Nono's anathemas was unable to tear from the wanderer's shoulders, the sun of Leo the Thirteenth's friendliness has succeeded in coaxing out of him, and yet the Pope, in his last encyclical, considered that all he had obtained was not peace, but simply *aditus ad pacem*. Moreover, the consequences of the newly-established personal understanding between the Chancellor and the Pope has had grave consequences in the political domain. Writing on the 12th of July, 1882, the *North German Gazette* said: 'The Prussian Government has no political or parliamentary interest to seek an understanding with the Curia; for, may it arrive at a peace with Rome or not, the centre party, which is independent of Rome, will continue their struggle with the present Government. Yet it is no secret that the Chancellor, from the very beginning of his negotiations with the Curia, in the celebrated interview with the Nuncio Masella at Kissingen, demanded that Rome should weigh upon the centre party, in order to make it adopt a more friendly position towards the Government; and in his subsequent despatches to Prince Reuss he repeatedly stated that it would be impossible to arrive at an understanding as long as the centre party constantly voted with the Progressists. The Curia at that time declined to interfere in merely political affairs, such a course being opposed to its traditional policy; but at last it abandoned that policy and allowed itself to be persuaded, in the question of the military septennate in 1886, to advise the centre party to vote for the Government. In a certain sense this was a great victory of the Chancellor, for he obtained what the Curia has hitherto always refused in principle; but, viewed from a higher point of view, this change of policy appears to be subject to grave objections. The reason alleged by the Curia—that its advice was founded on the consideration of maintaining the European peace—was merely calculated to give a colouring to the abandonment of a secular tradition; and moreover

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this step proved barren, for the centre party, in a large meeting at Cologne, asserted that they were resolved to maintain their independence of Rome in merely secular matters. On the other hand, the danger resulting from the inviting such interference is still greater for the State; for if it was exercised in this instance in favour of the Government, the Curia may resort to such interference in other cases against the State; and if it has attempted to cover the abandonment of its former principle by the argument that contributing to maintain peace belonged to the exercise of its moral power, this only shows how far its claims of interference may be stretched. The result is that the centre party has not disarmed, but has maintained its independent parliamentary position, and that if, as the Chancellor himself said in 1882, another fighting Pope succeeds Leo the Thirteenth, he will find his secular army ready in that party.

How different would it have been if the Government, once having discerned that the May laws had proved a failure, had at once frankly avowed their error and had introduced a bill in order to regulate the relations of the State and the Catholic Church on well-poised conditions! In acting thus the Government would have yielded to the well-founded complaints of its Catholic subjects, and would have avoided the constant retroceding in obedience to the demands of a foreign spiritual potentate. Instead of endless negotiations, in which the Government abandoned one position after the other, religious peace would at once have been re-established, and at that time the Curia would have acquiesced in such a settlement. It is true that the Syllabus of 1864 condemns the theses that the Church, as the true and perfectly free community, does not live exclusively by its own right; that the State is entitled to prescribe limits to the exercise of the ecclesiastical power, and that the Church is bound by such prescriptions. But if, consequently, the Curia demands that all ecclesiastical questions in which the State is interested must be settled by an agreement with the Roman See, the Catholic hierarchy has never been loth to avail itself of one-sided laws if they are advantageous to the Church. It has thus with great alacrity made use of the liberty of administering its own affairs granted by Art. 15 of the Prussian Constitution, and refused to enter into any further communication with the Government respecting the exercise of that liberty. It likewise accepts any law calculated to lessen existing evils, and the condition of the Catholic Church, notwithstanding its courageous resistance at that time, was such as to make it hail every improvement. That chance of terminating the religious conflict and of restoring peace on a solid basis the State has lost. As matters stand at the present moment, both parties may say, 'Now is the winter of our discontent made glorious summer by the sun of' our friendship; but it is, after all, simply a peaceful *modus vivendi*, which

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can only be maintained by great pliancy of the Government, and may be broken at any moment if by some untoward event circumstances alter. In order to arrive at a real settlement, it will sooner or later be necessary to regulate the relations of the State and the Catholic Church by a comprehensive legislation, giving to the latter all reasonable liberty for administering its internal affairs, and, on the other hand, preventing all encroachments of the hierarchy on the civil domain, maintaining the independence of the Government and its supremacy as to the *jus circa sacra*.

II.

We arrive at the same result from a different point of view for the Protestant Church. It was one of the greatest faults of the May laws that, under the pretext of equality of treatment, they subjected the Evangelical Church, which had been guilty of no encroachment upon the civil domain, to the same restrictions enacted against the Catholic hierarchy—nay, that the dependence of that Church from the State was still increased. In doing so the Government overlooked not only that the Evangelical Church is an institution *sui generis*, which cannot be treated upon the same principles as the Catholic Church, which is entirely different from it, but also that the Protestant spirit offers the strongest support in the struggle against Ultramontane pretensions. That spirit, however, in order to act efficiently, must needs have liberty of movement, and the mixing up of the State and the Protestant Church is not only the cardinal evil from which both powers suffer since the Reformation, but it has been increased by the introduction of representative institutions. A glance on the historical development of the relations of the State and the Protestant Church will prove the truth of this assertion.

It is the great merit of the Reformation to have re-established the independence both of the State and of the spiritual power. Already in his pamphlet of 1523, 'On Worldly Authority and how far we owe Obedience to it,' Luther declares, 'It is necessary to distinguish both regiments and to let remain each of them in its place, the one which has the care of souls, the other which maintains the external peace and prevents wicked deeds.' In the same spirit, Art. 38 of the Augsburg Confession says: 'Our adherents have been compelled. for the consolation of their conscience, to indicate the difference of the worldly and of the spiritual power, sword, and regiment, and have taught that we shall honour, with all due devotion, both regiments and powers according to God's command, and shall uphold them as the two highest divine gifts upon earth. According to the Gospel, the episcopal power is a power and command of God to preach the Gospel,

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to forgive and to retain sins, and to offer and to administer the sacraments. The worldly regiment has to occupy itself with far different things than with the Gospel; its power does not protect the souls, but the body and property, against external force by the sword and secular punishment. These two regiments are not to be confounded and mixed up with each other.'

Thus each of the two powers is established by Divine command and each of them has its own rights, but no more definite indications are given as to their reciprocal relations. Now no one recognised more clearly than Luther and Melanchthon how important it would have been for the independence of the Church to maintain the continuity of the episcopal power, if only that power had been willing to allow the free preaching of the Gospel, as it was the case in the Scandinavian States and in England, where the bishops sided with the Reformation. So Luther says, in 1528, writing on the episcopal office, 'Who may tell how useful and necessary this office is for Christianity? You may measure this at the harm incurred since it has fallen and has been perverted.' And Melanchthon writes: 'Would that I could, not indeed confirm the episcopal dominion, but re-establish the episcopal administration!' But in Germany, with scarcely an exception, the bishops proved the most ardent opponents of the Reformation, yet the Protestant princes dared not to abolish the bishoprics and to confer episcopal rights on the Evangelical pastors. The reformers in their turn dared not to assume the episcopal power, because they believed they had no definite right to do so. So Luther says in the preface to the Instruction for Visitators in 1528, 'We would fain have re-established the episcopal and visiting office, of which we have great need, but we have not dared to do so, as no one of us had a special vocation for that purpose,' and he was not the man to establish a theocratically governed State, as did later on Calvin, in Geneva. Franz Lambert attempted to introduce a presbyterial constitution in Hesse, but Luther objected to follow that example because of the prevailing excitement as shown by the wild sectarians of that time. 'I cannot introduce such assemblies, because I have not yet the right persons for them,' he said in 1524, in his pamphlet 'On the German Mass.'

Now the principal aim of the German reformers was to procure a legal status to their doctrine. The Emperor was bitterly hostile to them, and would have extirpated the whole movement in Germany if he had been able to do so, as he did in his Belgian provinces; their only protectors were the princes and the senates of the free cities. These authorities had obtained the decree of Speyer of 1526, 'that in all matters concerning the creed and ecclesiastical usage, every State of the empire might behave as they thought themselves able to answer before God and the Emperor's majesty.'

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The reformers, therefore, were nearly forced to have recourse to the protection of the princes, as well towards the Emperor as to maintain order against sedition, which was rife in the times of the Anabaptists and the Peasants' War. But in doing so they were very far from transferring to the secular authorities the ecclesiastical sceptre hitherto belonging to the bishops. The right of the Christian magistracy in the Church they conceived to be merely a provisional one, which was only to be exercised because and as long as another better entitled authority was wanting. Thus Luther says ('An Example how to Consecrate a Christian Bishop'):—'Our worldly authorities must now consent to be bishops of distress (Nothbischöfe), to protect and help us pastors and preachers, so that we may preach and serve in church and schools;' and in the above-quoted important preface to the Instruction for Visitators in Saxony, the Elector is asked to take care of the Church 'for the sake of God and by Christian love, being not obliged to do so.' Duke Albert of Prussia openly declared in 1530, 'Coacti sumus *alienum* officium, hoc est episcopale, in nos sumere.'

Thus the principles of the reformers are perfectly clear, and it was only the force of political circumstances by which this voluntary support was by degrees changed into an ecclesiastical regiment. The princes and senates alone offered protection to the doctrine of the Gospel. They were charged by the above-named imperial decree of 1526 with the responsibility for the ecclesiastical status in their territories, and although this decree was intended to be merely provisional until the convocation of a national council, it gave to the worldly authorities the power of reforming the Church; they appointed superintendents and consistories, and even took it upon themselves to maintain the purity of doctrine in the Church. Thus it came that already the Augsburg Peace of Religion of 1555 took it as an established maxim that in the Protestant territories the suspended power of the Catholic bishops had passed into the hands of the reigning secular power.

This is the genesis of the so-called sum-episcopate, which has no foundation whatever in the creed of the German reformation, and still less in the Bible, but which soon was pushed even for Catholics to the ill-famed sentence, 'Cujus est regio, ejus est religio.' Accordingly when the prince changed his creed his subjects were obliged to follow him, and were compelled to do so by innumerable violences. With a few exceptions, such as in the Duchies of Prussia and Pomerania, where the superintendents exercised the ecclesiastical regiment, this situation became stationary, and was confirmed by the Peace of Westphalia in 1648, with the sole modification that the state of creed in a territory at a given date, called the normal year, was adopted as decisive for the future. The princes thus were pre-

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vented to force their subjects to change their creed if they did so themselves; but, on the other hand, they continued in that case to exercise the sum-episcopate over their subjects of a different creed. Thus the Brandenburg Electors, having adopted the Calvinistic faith, continued to rule their Lutheran subjects as supreme bishops; the Elector of Saxony did so even after he had turned Catholic in order to win the Polish crown, and likewise the Electors and Kings of Hanover, who belonged to the Anglican Church. It cannot be contested that the Evangelical Church owes much to pious princes; but whether a prince or a senate of a free city was really a 'pius magistratus' remained a fortunate accident.

We may add to the above-quoted views of the two great German reformers, that they foresaw with great misgivings the eventuality of this development. Melanchthon, complaining of the impossibility of maintaining the episcopal power, wrote, 'I see already what sort of a church we are going to have, after the dissolution of all ecclesiastical constitution. I foresee for the future a tyranny much more intolerable than the former was.' And Luther declared, in his rough way, 'Satan remains Satan; under the Pope he pushed the Church into the State, now he wants to push the State into the Church. We, however, will oppose this with the help of God, and manly maintain the different competence of each of the two powers.' That duty, as we have seen, was not accomplished by his successors, but his principle was undoubtedly the true one. The sum-episcopate was a relapse into the antique heathen practice, according to which the Imperator was at the same time Pontifex Maximus. The court theologians of a later period, who defended it by principle, appealed indeed to that example of the Roman Emperors, and particularly to that of Constantine, who, though receiving baptism only on his deathbed, called himself bishop of the external affairs of the Church, convoked synods, and took it upon himself to decide doctrinal controversies, such as raging between the adherents of Arius and Athanasius.

The exercise of the supreme power of the worldly authority within the Church was by degrees modified first by the gradual progress of religious toleration under the influence of philosophical views. Newly established sects such as the Mennonites and the Moravian Brothers were allowed to exist. If a prince acquired a new territory by conquest or inheritance, the creed of his new subjects remained unmolested, and Frederic the Great proclaimed that in his State everyone might be saved in heaven 'à sa façon.' On the other hand, the natural law, as taught by Grotius, Thomasius, and Wolff, led to the negation of the Church as an institution. The Prussian Code dissolves it into separate parishes, and treats the pastors, according to Mirabeau's expression, as 'officiers de la morale publique.'

This view was not shared by King Frederic William the Third, who,

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being himself a religious man, was strongly opposed to the disorder prevailing in the Church during the age of rationalism and the rage for enlightenment. He perfectly recognised that the constitution of the Evangelical Church wanted a thorough reform, and flatly refused the demand for the abolition of its old creeds and replacing them by the simple duty of pastors to teach according to the Gospel, because such a levelling process would deprive the Protestant Church of its individuality as opposed to Catholicism. Nor can the King be blamed if, after the territorial reconstruction of Prussia in 1815, he took the reform into his own hands; for in the condition of the Church prevailing at that time there was no other competent authority to do so. Moreover, he had the intention of convoking synods in order to co-operate in that reform, and the necessary steps for this purpose were taken. But, unfortunately, he allowed himself to be persuaded, in that time of recrudescent political absolutism, that such synods would have a dangerous flavour of parliamentarism, and thus his salutary intentions, which, if realised, would undoubtedly have led to a satisfactory solution, came to nothing. On the other hand, he had the highest idea of his ecclesiastical supremacy, and in order to arrive at a constitution of the Church he ventured upon a step which no German prince before him had dared to do—viz., changing the Evangelical creed by authority.

Seeing that the differences of the Lutheran and the Reformed creed had practically been forgotten by the majority of Protestants, he took it upon himself to bring about an official union of both Churches by his supreme authority, and to introduce forcibly an Agenda giving expression to this union. But it was just this act which anew showed what a curse nearly always follows an interference of the worldly authority into affairs of conscience. The imposition of the Agenda as the obligatory expression of the Evangelical creed rekindled the zeal of Lutherans and provoked a resistance which the King in vain tried to suppress by measures of force reminding the worst times of persecution.

The western provinces of Westphalia and Rhineland, however, enjoyed an anciently established synodal constitution alike for the Lutheran and the Reformed creed, and the Evangelical Church of these countries, by the reform of that constitution in 1835, acquired an independence altogether unknown to the eastern provinces of the monarchy, and which went as far as to contest openly the sum-episcopate.

A new era began when Frederic William the Fourth ascended the throne; he had been opposed as Crown Prince to the measures of violence of his father, and one of his first acts was to grant full liberty to the old Lutherans who had refused to submit to the union. But, what was more important, he frankly recognised that the doctrine of

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the sum-episcopate was abnormal and untenable—nay, he saw in it the cause of the defenceless condition of the German Protestant Church against Roman pretensions. In a memorandum of the 25th of February, 1845, he said, 'The State alone is invoked to help in this instance, for it alone has the limbs which are to be used. But this is a struggle between fish and bird. Their domains are as different as the water and the air, and thus the contest cannot have a definite result. The matter would be vastly different if we had a German church of the Gospel standing on its own feet, having its own organs, and resting no more upon the feet of the State. With all my power I am longing for the moment when I may gainsay the abomination of the territorial episcopate, as Satan in baptism.' It was unfortunate that the King's power of realising these excellent intentions in the practice did not correspond to his intelligence. He was constantly looking for 'the right hands' into which he was to depose his ecclesiastical supremacy, and he did not find them, because he wanted bishops, yet thought himself not entitled to institute them by his own authority, and did not know how to procure them by another way. Moreover, this idea of re-establishing the episcopal office was very unpopular with the Liberals, and thus the years where he had free play elapsed without any positive result. However, before granting the representative constitution of 1850, he established the Supreme Ecclesiastical Council as the leading authority for the internal affairs of the Evangelical Church, which was to remain independent of political fluctuations and the change of ministries.

Art. 15 of the Prussian Constitution of the 21st of January, 1850, declared: 'The Evangelical and the Roman Catholic Church, as well as any other religious community, regulate and administer independently their affairs.' The Catholic hierarchy immediately availed itself of this article in order to do away with all former restrictions imposed by the State, and making themselves completely independent; but nothing was done to free the Evangelical Church from the fetters of the State, by which its free movement was hindered and the condition remained of which the King himself complained—'The Evangelical Church does not exist, it is embodied in the State.'

This was the more regrettable as by the new constitution the character of the supreme territorial power was changed. The old territorial assemblies, it is true, had in former times interfered in ecclesiastical matters; but they stood on the basis of a definite religious creed; no Catholic was allowed to be a member of such assemblies in Protestant territories. On the contrary, the Prussian Constitution declared the right of voting and to be elected member of the Landtag to be independent from any religious creed; a third

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part of the Lower House were Catholics; Jews and atheists had the right of voting and of becoming members. It ought therefore to have been declared, at least, that members of the two Houses not belonging to the Protestant Church had no right of voting in affairs concerning that Church; but this was not done; the Catholics had their vote, whenever the Government asked for the increase of the salary of a Protestant pastor.

William the First indeed maintained the true standpoint, when in granting at last, in 1876, a presbyterial and synodal constitution to the Evangelical Church, he did so by royal authority without consulting the legislative. But the Progressist party protested against this proceeding, and if it was not able to make retrograde that measure, still knew to exercise a disturbing influence in its execution. The unfortunate Kulturkampf at that time was in its height, and its official leader, Minister Falk, depended upon the Liberal majority of the House of Deputies for continuing it. Now that majority declared it would not consent to the reform of some relations of the Protestant Church to the State, which were the necessary consequence of the new ecclesiastical constitution, unless that constitution itself was changed in some essential points according to the views of the Liberal party. Dr. Falk consented in order not to lose his majority, and the President of the Supreme Ecclesiastical Council, Dr. Hermann, who himself had elaborated the constitution, was weak enough to submit to that demand and to spoil his own work by changing its very character. First the lay element in the synods was raised from one-half of the members to two-thirds, and this additional number was to be elected by what was called the intelligent element of the great towns, which in fact is indifferent in religious matters. But far more important was the change in the law of introduction of the constitution. That law of the 3rd of June, 1876, increased the dependence of the Protestant Church from the State both materially and juridically. In 1810 the Government had secularised all the property of both Churches in order to meet pressing wants, but had at the same time solemnly promised to indemnify them by an ample endowment. This promise was executed in 1823 for the Catholic Church, but had remained a dead letter for the Evangelical Church for fifty years later, and the Government did not, as they ought to have done, think of redeeming their pledge at this favourable occasion; to this very day the legislative has to vote the budget of the Protestant Church.

Still more harmful in principle was Art. 13 of the law of the 3rd of June, 1876, prescribing that before a bill carried in a provincial or in the general synod may be presented for the King's sanction, the Ministry of State must expressly declare that no objection on account of the public weal is to be opposed to the enactment of such bill.

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Thus the Ministry, placed between the King and the synod, can prevent purely ecclesiastical measures merely for reasons of political opportunity. As an instance we may quote that the superintendents of the Evangelical Church were forbidden to issue pastoral letters for Sunday repose because the Chancellor is opposed to it.

William the First was strongly opposed to both these defigurations of the constitution; he only reluctantly yielded when, upon Falk and Hermann invoking the aid of the Chancellor, the whole cabinet declared themselves solidary with Falk. Three years after, Falk and Hermann had disappeared; the Kulturkampf, which was the sole reason for enacting these most objectionable changes, was abandoned, yet those clauses fettering the Evangelical Church subsist to this day. Nay, the Government, after having made the largest concessions to the Catholic Church, strongly opposed the motion of Baron Hammerstein in the Lower and of Herr von Kleist-Retzow in the Upper House (the 15th of May, 1886), to grant a larger measure of liberty and independence, and more ample means for satisfying its wants, to the Evangelical Church, after having restored more liberty and independence to the Catholic Church.

It was quite conceivable that the Liberals were opposed to that motion, although the Protestant Union, representing religious Liberalism, had formerly asked for the same independence. The meeting of that Union in 1873 demanded, categorically, a larger liberty and self-government for the Evangelical Church, doing away with all bureaucratic interference of the State. But that declaration was forgotten, just as the former Liberal doctrine of the separation of Church and State, and, as we have mentioned, the Liberal party worked for making the Church still more dependent upon the State. The explanation of this contradiction is to be found in the circumstance that the religious Liberalism, notwithstanding its speaking for liberty, feels its ecclesiastical impotence because it has no definite creed, and because its adherents have no interest in the Church, but prefer edifying themselves in the temple of nature—if it does not happen to rain, as Dr. Tholuck said. This want of innate religious force the Liberals seek to replace by the aid of the State, and it is significative that one of its principal leaders, the late Dr. Schenckel, called the sum-episcopate 'a happy inconsequence,' when the Baden Government appointed exclusively Liberal professors of theology at the chairs of the Heidelberg University, and thus reduced the numbers of students to next to nothing, notwithstanding the grant of State stipends. In the same sense Herr von Bennigsen, the leader of the Liberal party in the Prussian House of Deputies, repeatedly invoked the help of the Government in order to put down the Lutheran orthodoxy in Hanover, not feeling what a *testimonium paupertatis* this included for his adherents, who, not being able to

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obtain anything by their own force, were crying for the support of the State. This party is now opposed to any measure granting a larger independence to the Church; for, although they imposed upon the Government the above-mentioned changes of the ecclesiastical constitution, the result was that the more orthodox party obtained a large majority in the synods. They now oppose Baron Hammerstein's motion by the spectre of a domineering hierarchy, because they are opposed to any church founded upon a definite creed.

But it is scarcely conceivable that the Government sides with them; the reason may be that they say:—'The independence of the Roman Catholic Church must be taken as an untoward but stubborn fact; we have made most disagreeable experiences with it. We have not been able to overcome its resistance in the Kulturkampf; we were consequently obliged to abandon our policy, and now try to win that Church by concessions; but we have quite enough with the independence of the Catholics, and we do not want to weaken the power of the State by establishing another hierarchy. But surely such a point of view is as unjust as it is shortsighted; it is unjust, for the Evangelical Church, which was not guilty of any encroachment upon the civil domain, was subjected to the restrictive provisions of the May laws, deemed necessary only against the pretensions of the Catholic hierarchy, under the shallow pretext of equality of treatment —nay, its dependence from the State was made still more stringent still, for the above-mentioned reasons. And now, that struggle with the Catholic Church being abandoned, it is refused to liberate the Evangelical Church from the fetters formerly imposed upon it, for the political reason of securing a majority for continuing the Kulturkampf. Is it not monstrous that the House of Deputies, in which the Catholics form a third part, and in which Jews, Pantheists, and Materialists are sitting, is entitled to interfere in the affairs of the Evangelical Church? If it has been said that Baron Hammerstein's motion is an attack on the Royal sum-episcopate, the obvious answer is, that that power to-day is no more exercised by the King, but by the Minister of Public Worship, according to political considerations; for as soon as the Ministry according to the law of 1876 declares that political interests are opposed to a law passed by the synods, the King has no power to confirm it, even if he personally approves of it.

That resistance, besides being unjust and treating the Protestant Church as a lower order, is also impolitic. The independence of the Evangelical Church is, as Frederic William the Fourth recognised, the condition of its carrying on the struggle against Roman pretensions successfully. Protestants do not believe as Catholics do in a divinely ordained constitution of the Church; but, if we ought certainly not to overrate its forms, neither ought we to underrate them. According to the laws of human life, every religious principle

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must be embodied in definite institutions, and the innate religious force can only work itself out if the organs of the community enjoy independence. The independence of the Evangelical Church is the only counterpoise to that of the Catholic hierarchy; if the discipline of the latter is more stringent, the liberty of discussion in the synods is a weight more than equivalent in the other scale.

The independence of the Evangelical Church is besides necessary, because by it alone the Government will be freed from the oblique position which it now observes towards the different parties within the Church. If the Minister of Public Worship in the new provinces, or the Supreme Ecclesiastical Council in the old ones, now deposes or inflicts a blame upon a pastor preaching in flat contradiction to the creed of the Church, they are accused of intolerance; if, on the other hand, they protect such a pastor, the orthodox party complains of latitudinarism destroying the foundations of the Church. Both courses are equally inconvenient, for in any of them the Minister or the Council take upon themselves to declare that certain doctrines are opposed to the creed or not, and thus always incur a certain odium with one or the other party, because the Minister and the Council are backed by the power of the State. But no one complains of intolerance if the Moravians, Irvingians, or Baptists depose a bishop in a similar case. These religious communities being independent, the principle is acknowledged that every union has the right to enforce its own statutes. The same would be the case if the Evangelical Church was independent; anyone who dislikes its creed or who is unable to change it by the legitimate means of persuasion may leave it, as no civil disabilities any more accompany the living outside of the shadow of any religious community. Thus the independence of the Evangelical Church would free the Government from the exercise of an odious authority, and give new force to the Church itself.

Finally the objection is groundless that the Church would not be able to bear such independence, and would be split up into parties contending with each other. If such were the case the Church would not be worthy to exist. History, on the contrary, proves that the churches organised without any interference of the State, such as the Huguenot Church of France, with its admirable constitution of Beza, and the Scotch Presbyterian Church, have displayed the greatest vitality.

The Prussian Evangelical Church has a constitution since 1876. In what points it ought to be changed its competent organs must decide; but previously its dependence from the State must be cancelled by a comprehensive law, regulating its relations to the Government in mixed questions, and securing it a sufficient endowment, as it was promised in 1810.

Three Prussian Kings have deliberately followed the policy to

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restore to the Evangelical Church its due independence, and unfavourable political circumstances only have prevented them from carrying their intentions to full effect. That sovereign who with a wide view will recognise the pressing necessity of the intended reform, and at the same time will accomplish it by an organic legislation, will by such work alone make his name immortal, and will open to his people spiritual sources which may lead to a development such as can as yet scarcely be foreseen.

H. GEFFCKEN.

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WITH FATHER DAMIEN AND THE LEPERS.

THE little steamer 'Mokolii' leaves Honolulu, the capital of the Sandwich Islands, on Mondays at five o'clock for Molokai, and I took my passage on the 17th of last December and went on board.

The sunset was orange, with a great purple cloud fringed with gold. It faded quickly, and by the time we reached a small pier-head outside the town it was dark, and the moon was casting a long greenish light across the sea. From the pier came a continuous tremolo wail, rather mechanical, but broken by real sobs. I could see a little crowd of lepers and lepers' friends waiting there. 'O my husband!' cried a poor woman again and again. Thirteen lepers got into the boat and were rowed to the steamer. Then we sailed away, and gradually the wailing grew fainter and fainter till we could hear it no longer.

These partings for life between the lepers and their families are most tragic, but they are inevitable; for whether the disease be propagated by heredity or by contagion, the necessity for absolute segregation is equally evident, and the Hawaiian Government has risen to the emergency—would that our Indian Government with its hundred and thirty thousand lepers would do likewise!—and, sparing neither labour nor expense, has sought out the cases one by one, and provided a home so suitable to their needs, so well ordered, and so well supplied, that, strange to say, the difficulty often arises of preventing healthy people from taking up their abode there. I know many sadder places than Molokai, with its soft breezes, its towering cliffs, and its sapphire sea. The Hawaiians are a happy, simple, generous people, the fit offspring of these sunny windy islands; they yield themselves up readily to the emotion of the present whether for grief or laughter, and (even with lepers) smiles and play follow close behind tears and sorrow.

The sleeping accommodation on the 'Mokolii' is necessarily limited, but being a foreigner, and therefore a passenger of distinction, a mattress was spread for me on the little deck. It was very short, and, moreover, it was soon invaded from the lower end by two pairs of legs—a Chinese pair and a Hawaiian pair. I could not be so inhospitable as to complain of their vicinity, and as a lady kindly

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enlivened the company by continuous guitar music, accompanied by her own voice and by as many of the passengers as chose to chime in, I relinquished my couch, and, retiring to another part of the vessel, gave myself up to the enjoyment of the moonlit precipices and ravines of Molokai, which we began to coast about midnight. Very solemn and rather terrible they looked.

The island is long, and shaped like a willow-leaf; it lies in the form of a wedge on the Pacific, very low on the south coast, and gradually rising to its greatest altitude, from which the descent—1,500 feet—to the northern coast is precipitous. Between the base of these precipices and the sea lie the two leper villages of Kalawao and Kalaupapa. Not improbably, half the island is sunk in the sea, and the villages are in the actual cup of the crater of an immense volcano, half of which is submerged.

The Sandwich Islands are a collection of volcanoes of which the fires appear to have died out in southward order. In the largest and most southerly island they still rage. Out of its great lake of liquid boiling lava the fire-fountains toss themselves high into the air, red as blood in daylight, orange at twilight, and yellow as a primrose by night—a fearful sight, and approached by three miles of scarcely less terrible lava, black and glittering, and hardened into shapes like gigantic crocodiles and serpents. Sometimes the traveller sees that it is red-hot only eight inches below the sole of his foot.

But in Molokai the slow work of centuries has nearly covered its lava with verdure. At dawn we were opposite Kalaupapa. Two little spired churches, looking precisely alike, caught my eye first, and around them were dotted the white cottages of the lepers, who crowded the pier to meet us. But the sea was too rough for us to land. The coast is wild, and, as the waves dashed against the rocks, the spray rose fifty feet into the air. I never had seen such a splendid surf.

We went on to Kalawao, but were again disappointed: it was too dangerous to land. Finally it was decided to put off a boat for a rocky point about a mile and a half distant from the town. Climbing down this point we saw about twenty lepers, and 'There is Father Damien!' said our purser; and, slowly moving along the hillside, I saw a dark figure, with a large straw hat. He came rather painfully down, and sat near the water-side, and we exchanged friendly signals across the waves while my baggage was being got out of the hold—a long business; for, owing to the violence of the sea, nothing else was to be put on shore. The captain and the purser were both much interested in a case of gurjun oil, which I was bringing for the lepers' use, and they spared no trouble in unshipping it. At last all was ready, and we went swinging across the waves, and finally chose a fit moment for leaping on shore. Father Damien helped me up the rock, and a hearty welcome shone from his kindly face.

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He is now forty-nine years old—a thick-set, strongly-built man, with black curly hair, and short beard, turning grey. His face must have been rather handsome, with a full, well-curved mouth, and a short, straight nose; but he is now a good deal disfigured by leprosy, though not so badly as to make it anything but a pleasure to look at his bright, sensible face. His forehead is swollen and ridged, the eyebrows are gone, the nose is somewhat sunk, and the ears are greatly enlarged. His hands and body also show many signs of the disease, but he assured me that he had felt little or no pain since he had tried Dr. Goto's system of hot baths and Japanese medicine.

I think he had not much faith in the gurjun oil, but at my request he began using it, and after a fortnight's trial the good effects became evident to all. His face looked greatly better, his sleep became very good instead of very bad, his hands improved, and last Sunday he told me that he had been able that morning to sing orisons—the first time for months. One is thankful for this relief, even if it should be only temporary; but it is impossible not to fear that after several years' progress the disease has already attacked the lungs or some other vital organ, and that the remedy comes too late.

I may mention here that gurjun oil is the produce of a fir-tree which grows plentifully in the Andaman Islands. Its efficacy was first discovered by Dr. Dougall, and I am assured by Sir Donald Stewart, who was then governor of the islands, and who has sent me the official medical report, that every single case in the place was cured by it. The lepers were convicts, and it was therefore possible to enforce four hours a day of rubbing the ointment all over their bodies, and the taking of two small doses internally. In some of the cases the disease was of many years' standing, and the state to which it had reduced its victims was indescribably dreadful, yet after eight months the sufferers were able to run and to use a heavy pickaxe, and every symptom of leprosy had disappeared.

The oil is brown and sticky in its raw condition, but when mixed with three parts of lime-water it makes an ointment as soft and smooth as butter. It can be obtained in London.

The real difficulty in the cure lies in the fact that lepers are too inactive and too callous to take the exertion of sufficient rubbing in of the oil, and it is difficult both in Hawaii and in India to force them to do so. In Molokai there are three Franciscan sisters who take charge of the leper girls, and who are now using the oil. I think that their quiet systematic endeavours are likely to produce important results, and that children will be more obedient patients than adults.

I had brought with me a large wooden case of presents from English friends, and it was unshipped with the gurjun oil. It was so large that Father Damien said it would be impossible for his lepers either to land it from the boat or to carry it to Kalawao, and

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that it must be returned to the steamer and landed on some voyage when the sea was quieter. But I could not give up the pleasure of his enjoyment in its contents, so after some delay it was forced open in the boat, and the things were handed out one by one across the waves and carried separately by the lepers and our two selves.

First came an engraving of Mr. Shield's 'Good Shepherd,' from Lady Mount Temple; then a set of large pictures of the Stations of the Cross, from the Hon. Maude Stanley; then a magic lantern with scriptural slides, then numbers of coloured prints, and finally an ariston from Lady Caroline Charteris, which would play about forty tunes by simply having its handle turned. Before we had been at the settlement half an hour, Father Damien was showing his boys how to use it, and I rarely went through Kalawao afterwards without hearing the ariston active.

There were beautiful silver presents from Lady Grosvenor and Lady Airlie, and several gifts of money. And, most valuable of all, there was a water-colour painting of the Vision of St. Francis by Mr. Burne Jones, sent by the painter. This now hangs in Father Damien's little room.

I did not feel disposed to have my bag carried by a leper, so the walk to Kalawao was a tiring one, up and down hill, through a broad stream, and then along a beach of great boulders. But the pleasure of gradually discovering that Father Damien was a finer man than I had even expected made it delightful. And about half way I refreshed myself by a bathe in the foam of the waves, which were too big to allow of a swim, even if the sharks which infest the place had not been a sufficient reason against it.

The cliffs of Molokai are in many places almost perpendicular, and rise to a great height from the water's edge. They are generally in shadow, but the sun almost always casts long rays of light through their sundered tops, and I shall always remember these rays as a distinguishing mark of the leper towns. The sea foam, too, rises up from their bases in a great swirling mist, and makes an enchanting effect in the mornings. Where the slopes are not precipitous the tropical vegetation grows very rank, and not beautiful, I think, to eyes that have learned to love the birch, the gorse, and the heather.

The coarse wild ginger with its handsome spikes of flowers grows everywhere, and the yellow hibiscus (ugliest of trees), and quantities of the Ki-tree, from the root of which is made the intoxicating spirit which has done such a disastrous work among the natives. The ferns are magnificent. Of birds, the most noticeable that I saw were an exquisite little honeybird with a curved beak and plumage like scarlet velvet, a big yellow owl which flies about by daylight, a golden plover which is very plentiful and very nice to eat, and a beautiful long-tailed, snowy-white creature called the bos'un bird, which wheels

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about the cliff heights. Besides these there are plenty of imported mynahs and sparrows. The curious little apteryx is almost extinct.

Father Damien is building a church with which he incorporates as a transept the small building which has hitherto been in use. By the side of it grows the palm-tree under which he lived for some weeks when he first arrived at the settlement in 1873. It was then a miserable place; the houses were wretched, undrained, and unventilated, the people were ill-fed, ill-clothed, and worse washed. The water supply was very bad. The sufferers were desperate, and often lived vicious and lawless lives. Now all these things are changed. The cottages built by the Government are neat and convenient, raised on trestles so as not to be in contact with the earth. The water is brought in pipes from a never-failing supply, and is excellent in quality and quantity. There are five churches, there is a large general shop, and the faces one sees are nearly always happy faces.

Of course, I saw cases in the hospitals that were terribly emaciated and disfigured, but there is no doubt that the disease has taken a milder form than it wore years ago. As a rule, the lepers do not suffer severe pain, and the average length of life at Molokai is about four years, at the end of which time the disease generally attacks some vital organ. Women are less liable to it than men. One woman accompanied her husband to Molokai when he became a leper, and at his death became the bride of another leper. He died and she married another, and another after his demise. So that she has lived with four leper husbands, and yet remains healthy.

Dr. Swift, the resident physician, is kind and diligent, and the Government is scrupulous about meeting the wishes of the people in all possible ways.

The children are well cared for in the Kapiolani Home at Honolulu if they show no signs of disease, and those in Molokai certainly do not lead an unhappy life.

One sees the people sitting chatting at their cottage doors, pounding the taro root, to make it into their favourite food poi, or galloping on their little ponies—men and women alike astride—between the two villages. And one always receives the ready greeting and the readier smile.

It would undoubtedly be a great trial to heart and nerve to live at Molokai, as eight noble men and women have elected to do for Christ's sake. I found it very distressing during only fourteen days to see none but lepers, and it often came with a specially painful shock to find a child of ten with a face that looked as if it might belong to a man of fifty.

But I had gone to Molokai expecting to find it scarcely less dreadful than hell itself, and the cheerful people, the lovely landscape, and the comparatively painless life were all surprises.

God's care is surely over all His children, and sooner or later the

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darkest horrors reveal Divine wisdom and love. I was specially impressed by a good old blind man in the hospital, who told me that he was thankful for the disease, because it had saved him from so much evil.

Father Damien's little house almost joins the church; he lives upstairs, and his comrade, Father Conradi, a man of considerable refinement and of warm affections, lives on the ground floor. They take their meals in separate rooms as a precaution against contagion. Two laymen, Brother Joseph and Brother James, assist them in nursing, teaching, visiting, and other ways, and they are often in communication with Kalaupapa, where live and work Father Wendolen and three Franciscan sisters. The church at Kalaupapa was built partly by Father Damien's own hands. He is good at carpentering and building, and apparently able and ready to work at anything as long as it *is* work. He is specially scrupulous and businesslike about accounts and money matters.

I wished I could have understood the sermon he preached on Christmas morning. It was long and animated. In the afternoon he was catechising the boys, and he translated for me some of his questions and some of their answers, chiefly bearing on the Nativity and on the nature of God.

It has been generally said in England that he is a Jesuit, but this is not the case. He belongs to the 'Society of the Sacred Heart of Jesus and Mary,' and is a devout but generous-minded Roman Catholic.

He was, of course, desirous that the English friends whose sympathy and affection have helped him should belong to his Church, but I was glad to find in conversation with him that it was no part of his belief that Protestants must be eternally lost. He and Father Conradi talked much to me of the infallible authority of the Church, and I felt that if that one enormous dogma could be swallowed, nothing else need surely be refused.

Assent is probably a different thing from conviction, but I tried to explain to him that we in England have not the power in us to believe that the Roman Church has made no mistakes in her beliefs, any more than that she has committed no faults in her practice.

He spoke of the comfort it gave him to know that all his fellow-priests preached precisely the same doctrine that he preached, while we on the other hand would rather have a growing faith on which fresh light can be cast and from which old abuses can be detached than a system of doctrine which has been defined at every point for centuries. We do not regard as a desideratum the routine which comes of strict orthodoxy, and we owe much of the force of our spiritual life to the fact that men who have held strongly the primary beliefs as to the difference between right and wrong, the goodness and love of the Almighty Father, and His manifestation in

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Jesus Christ, have freely searched for truth with no haunting fear that they must not differ from other good men who have gone before them. We are content to believe that perfection of creed grows with perfection of practice.

But, notwithstanding such differences, no sincere man could feel a real barrier in intercourse with a man so good as Father Damien, and on his side he always showed a true and wholesome charity while he dealt with views which he considered erroneous.

We must all rejoice that the Roman Catholic Church produces such saints, and not hesitate to accord them the fellowship, the sympathy, and the hearty honest praise which they deserve.

As I sat in his little verandah making sketches of Father Damien, he told me about his early history. He was born on the 3rd of January, 1841, near Louvain, in Belgium, where his brother (a priest) still lives. His mother, a deeply religious woman, died about two years ago, and his father twelve years sooner. On his nineteenth birthday his father took him to see his brother, who was preparing for the priesthood, and he left him there to dine while he himself went on to the neighbouring town.

Young Joseph (this was his baptismal name) decided that here was the opportunity for taking the step which he had long been desiring to take, and when his father came back, he told him that he wished to return home no more, and that it would be better thus to miss the pain of farewell. His father consented unwillingly, but, as he was obliged to hurry to the conveyance which was to take him home, there was no time for demur, and they parted at the station. Afterwards, when all was settled, Joseph revisited his home, and received his mother's approval and blessing.

His brother was bent on going to the South Seas for mission work, and all was arranged; but at the last he was laid low with fever, and, to his bitter disappointment, forbidden to go. The impetuous Joseph asked him if it would be a consolation for his brother to go instead, and, receiving an affirmative answer, he wrote surreptitiously, offering himself, and begging that he might be sent, though his education was not yet finished. The students were not allowed to send out letters till they had been submitted to the Superior, but Joseph ventured to disobey.

One day, as he sat at his studies, the Superior came in, and said, with a tender reproach, 'Oh, you impatient boy! you have written this letter, and you are to go.'

Joseph jumped up, and ran out, and leaped about like a young colt.

'Is he crazy?' said the other students.

He worked for some years on other islands in the Pacific, and finally reached Molokai in 1873, his heart having been stirred by the report of the sufferings and darkness of the lepers.

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When he first put his foot on the island he said to himself, 'Now, Joseph, my boy, this is your life-work.'

I did not find one person in the Sandwich Islands who had the least doubt as to leprosy being contagious, though it is possible to be exposed to the disease for years without contracting it. Father Damien told me that he had always expected that he should sooner or later become a leper, though exactly how he caught it he does not know. But it was not likely that he would escape, as he was constantly living in a polluted atmosphere, dressing the sufferers' sores, washing their bodies, visiting their deathbeds, and even digging their graves. The sights and smells were very sickening, and the moral evil was worse. But he set himself steadily to the work of reformation, and a change soon became apparent. The Government was generous and wise; the queen and the heir-apparent visited the settlement in person; food, dwellings, and water were all supplied.

The Hawaiians are a singularly lovable people, touchingly guileless, generous, affectionate, and light-hearted. They bear no grudge against the white men, though we have brought them small-pox, intoxication, and evil diseases, and though their numbers are decreasing so rapidly since our advent as to threaten almost total extermination.

On the other hand, it must be remembered that, though the Hawaiians have suffered terribly from the godless whalers and merchants who have wrought such iniquity in their midst, the noble band of Protestant missionaries from Boston who began working there sixty years ago have changed their lives from barbarism to civilisation and Christianity. Only sixty years ago a native would be killed if he allowed even the shadow of his chief to pass over him, and a woman would be killed or have her eye gouged out if she ate a banana. The three wives of the reigning king called on the first missionary's wife soon after her arrival. They came in dripping from the sea, with no attempt at robes. One of the princesses wished to adopt the missionary's little boy, but the tempting offer was respectfully declined by his mother. The people are passionately fond of flowers, and I saw old women of ninety with large wreaths of blue flowers and green leaves above their wrinkled faces.

After living at Molokai for about ten years, Father Damien began to suspect that he was a leper. The doctors assured him that this was not the case; but anæsthesia began in his foot and other fatal signs appeared. One day he asked Dr. Arning to give him a thorough examination.

'I cannot bear to tell you,' said Dr. Arning, 'but what you say is true.'

'It is no shock to me,' said Joseph, 'for I have long felt sure of it.'

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And he worked on with the same cheerful, sturdy fortitude, accepting the will of God with gladness.

He said to me, 'I would not be cured if the price of my cure was that I must leave the island and give up my work.'

A lady wrote to him, 'You have given up all earthly things to serve God, to help others, and I believe that you must have now that joy that nothing can take from you, and a great reward hereafter.'

'Tell her,' he said, with a quiet smile, 'that it is true I do have that joy now.'

While I sketched him he read his breviary, and at those times, and while he was listening to hymn-singing, the expression of his face was very sweet and tender.

He looked mournfully at my sketches. 'What an ugly face!' he said; 'I did not know the disease had made such progress.' Looking-glasses are not in great request at Molokai.

I need scarcely say that he gives himself no airs of martyr, saint, or hero. A humbler man I never saw. He smiled modestly and deprecatingly when I gave him the Bishop of Peterborough's message: 'He won't accept the blessing of a heretic bishop, but tell him that he has my prayers and ask him to give me his.'

'Does he call himself a heretic bishop?' he asked doubtfully, and I had to explain that the Bishop had used the term playfully. He asked many affectionate questions about Mr. Chapman, who had sent him a large sum of money for his work.

He would never come inside the guest-house where I was staying, but sat in the evening on the steps of the verandah and talked on in his cheery pleasant simple way. The stars shone over his head and all the valleys glimmered in golden moonlight. There is often wild weather in Molokai. The cona wind rushes up from the southern coast, and reaches with steady force the heights of the island; then it seems staggered at finding the ground suddenly come to an end, and descends through the gorges to the leper villages in gusts which, though warm, are so violent that one evening our roof was mainly torn off, and the rain came pouring through a dozen fissures. The china-roses by the balcony were ruthlessly withered and torn to pieces, and in a ride from Kalaupapa I was driven in exactly opposite directions within a distance of two hundred yards, while the rain in my face felt more like gravel than water. This weather sometimes lasts for days together, and the wind continues, though the skies may be full of starlight or sunshine.

Generally the weather is what would universally be described as lovely; but Mr. Sproull, the clever young engineer who was busy with the water-supply, and my companion at the guest-house, told me that the heat and stillness were sometimes so exhausting that every one got 'as limp as a wet collar.'

The ground at Molokai is strewn with great black blocks of lava,

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round which grows a tall delicate grass so closely that one has to be careful of pitfalls as one walks. There are not many wild flowers in the Sandwich Islands. The lilac major convolvulus, a handsome white poppy, the diverse-coloured lantana, and a bright orange-blossom with a milky stem are among the principal. On the hills grow the crimson-blossomed Lehna, and various pretty berries, white, black, purple, yellow, and red—some of them (the ohelo especially) excellent to eat.

Halfway between the two leper towns rises a lowish hill, which is found on ascending it to be an extinct volcano with a perfect cup, and at the bottom of the cup a hole 130 feet wide which is said to be unfathomable. It is nearly full of turbid green water. Half skeleton trees grow on its sides, and some big cactuses. The place looks like the scene of some weird fairy tale.

The fathers were on very affectionate, playful terms with the lepers. I found Father Conradi one morning making a list of the boys' names, which I think are worth recording with some others that I got from Mr. Sproull and Dr. Nicholls. It must be remembered that they are boys' names: Jane Peter, Henry Ann, Sit-in-the-cold, The rat-eater, The eyes-of-the-fire, A fall-from-a-horse, Mrs. Tompkins, The-heaven-has-been-talking, Susan, The window, The wandering ghost, The first nose, The tenth heaven, The dead-house, The white bird, The bird-of-water, The river-of-truth, The emetic.

The lepers sing very nicely. One man had a full sweet baritone, and there was a tiny child who made a great effect with a bawling metallic voice. A refined-looking woman played the harmonium well, with hands that looked as if they must have been disabled. She had been a well-known musician in Honolulu.

I enjoyed their singing the Latin Christmas hymn 'Adeste fideles.' But the most touching thing was the leper song (composed by a native poet), a kind of dirge in which they bewailed the misery of their lot.

The last Sunday evening I showed them the magic lantern, and Father Damien explained to them the pictures from the life of Christ. It was a moving sight to see the poor death-stricken crowd listening to the story of His healings, and then of His sufferings, His crucifixion, and His resurrection.

Father Damien told me that there had been beautiful instances of true devotion among them. Roman Catholics and Protestants are about equally numerous, and both churches were well filled. The total number of lepers was a thousand and thirty. I heard good accounts of the Protestant native minister who had come to Molokai in charge of his leprous wife. I visited him, but we could only understand each other through an interpreter.

The next morning I left the island, for a ship came bringing two hundred friends of lepers to spend a few hours at Molokai—a treat

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generously provided by Mr. Samuel Damon of Honolulu. The scenes of meeting and parting were never to be forgotten. When the vessel sailed away all the population seemed to have come out to say farewell, and there was much wailing and waving of handkerchiefs. But what a difference it must make to the sufferers and to their relatives to look forward to such meetings instead of an unbroken separation!

As our ship weighed anchor the sombre purple cliffs were crowned with white clouds. Down their sides leaped the cataracts. The little village with its three churches and its white cottages lay at their bases. Father Damien stood with his people on the rocks till we slowly passed from their sight. The sun was getting low in the heavens, the beams of light were slanting down the mountain sides, and then I saw the last of Molokai in a golden veil of mist.

EDWARD CLIFFORD.

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CHRISTIANITY AND AGNOSTICISM.

READERS who may be willing to look at this further reply on my part to Professor Huxley need not be apprehensive of being entangled in any such obscure points of Church history as those with which the Professor has found it necessary to perplex them in support of his contentions; still less of being troubled with any personal explanations. The tone which Professor Huxley has thought fit to adopt, not only towards myself, but towards English theologians in general, excuses me from taking further notice of any personal considerations in the matter. I endeavoured to treat him with the respect due to his great scientific position, and he replies by sneering at 'theologians who are mere counsel for creeds,' saying that the serious question at issue 'is whether theological men of science, or theological special pleaders, are to have the confidence of the general public,' observing that Holland and Germany are 'the only two countries in which, at the present time, professors of theology are to be found whose tenure of their posts does not depend upon the results to which their inquiries lead them,' and thus insinuating that English theologians are debarred by selfish interests from candid inquiry. I shall presently have something to say on the grave misrepresentation of German theology which these insinuations involve; but for myself and for English theologians I shall not condescend to reply to them. I content myself with calling the reader's attention to the fact that, in this controversy, it is Professor Huxley who finds it requisite for his argument to insinuate that his opponents are biassed by sordid motives; and I shall for the future leave him and his sneers out of account, and simply consider his arguments for as much, or as little, as they may be worth. For a similar reason I shall confine myself as far as possible to the issue which I raised at the Church Congress, and for which I then made myself responsible. I do not care, nor would it be of any avail, to follow over the wide and sacred field of Christian evidences an antagonist who resorts to the imputation of mean motives, and who, as I shall show, will not face the witnesses to whom he himself appeals. The manner in which Professor Huxley has met the particular issue he challenged

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will be a sufficient illustration to impartial minds of the value which is to be attached to any further assaults which he may make upon the Christian position.

Let me then briefly remind the reader of the simple question which is at issue between us. What I alleged was that 'an Agnosticism which knows nothing of the relation of man to God must not only refuse belief to our Lord's most undoubted teaching, but must deny the reality of the spiritual convictions in which He lived and died.' As evidence of that teaching and of those convictions I appealed to three testimonies—the Sermon on the Mount, the Lord's Prayer, and the story of the Passion—and I urged that whatever critical opinion might be held respecting the origin and structure of the four Gospels, there could not be any reasonable doubt that those testimonies 'afford a true account of our Lord's essential belief and cardinal teaching.' In his original reply, instead of meeting this appeal to three specific testimonies, Professor Huxley shifted the argument to the question of the general credibility of the Gospels, and appealed to 'the main results of Biblical criticism, as they are set forth in the works of Strauss, Baur, Reuss, and Volkmar.' He referred to these supposed 'results' in support of his assertion that we know 'absolutely nothing' of the authorship or genuineness of the four Gospels, and he challenged my reference to Renan as a witness to the fact that criticism has established no such results. In answer, I quoted passage after passage from Renan and from Reuss showing that the results at which they had arrived were directly contradictory of Professor Huxley's assertions. How does he meet this evidence? He simply says, in a footnote, 'for the present I must content myself with warning my readers against any reliance upon Dr. Wace's statements as to the results arrived at by modern criticism. They are as gravely as surprisingly erroneous.' I might ask by what right Professor Huxley thus presumes to pronounce, as it were *ex cathedrâ*, without adducing any evidence, that the statements of another writer are 'surprisingly erroneous.' But I in my turn content myself with pointing out that, if my quotations from Renan and Reuss had been incorrect, he could not only have said so, but could have produced the correct quotations. But he does not deny, as of course he cannot, that Reuss, for example, really states, as the mature result of his investigations, what I quoted from him respecting St. Luke's Gospel—namely, that it was written by St. Luke and has reached us in its primitive form, and further, that St. Luke used a book written by St. Mark, the disciple of St. Peter, and that this book in all probability comprised in its primitive form what we read in the present day from Mark i. 21 to xiii. 37. These are the results of modern criticism as stated by a biblical critic in whom Professor Huxley expressed special confidence. It was not

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therefore my statements of the results of biblical criticism with which Professor Huxley was confronted, but Reuss's statements; and unless he can show that my quotation was a false one, he ought to have had the candour to acknowledge that Reuss, at least, is on these vital points dead against him. Instead of any such frank admission, he endeavours to explain away the force of his reference to Reuss. It may, he says, be well for him

> to observe that approbation of the manner in which a great biblical scholar—for instance, Reuss—does his work does not commit me to the adoption of all, or indeed of any, of his views; and, further, that the disagreements of a series of investigators do not in any way interfere with the fact that each of them has made important contributions to the body of truth ultimately established.

But I beg to observe that Professor Huxley did not appeal to Reuss's methods, but to Reuss's results. He said that no retractation by M. Renan would sensibly affect 'the *main results of Biblical criticism as they are set forth in the works of* Strauss, Baur, Reuss, and Volkmar.' I have given him the results as set forth by Reuss in Reuss's own words, and all he has to offer in reply is an *ipse dixit* in a footnote, and an evasion in the text of his article.

But, as I said, this general discussion respecting the authenticity and credibility of the Gospels was an evasion of my argument, which rested upon the specific testimony of the Sermon on the Mount, the Lord's Prayer, and the narrative of the Passion; and, accordingly, in his present rejoinder Professor Huxley, with much protestation that he made no evasion, addresses himself to these three points; and what is his answer? I feel obliged to characterise it as another evasion, and in one particular an evasion of a flagrant kind. The main point of his argument is that from various circumstances, which I will presently notice more particularly, there is much reason to doubt whether the Sermon on the Mount was ever actually delivered in the form in which it is recorded in St. Matthew. He notices, for instance, the combined similarity and difference between St. Matthew's Sermon on the Mount and St. Luke's so-called "Sermon on the Plain," and then he adds:—

> I thought that all fairly attentive and intelligent students of the Gospels, to say nothing of theologians of reputation, knew these things. But how can anyone who does know them have the conscience to ask whether there is 'any reasonable doubt' that the Sermon on the Mount was preached by Jesus of Nazareth?

It is a pity that Professor Huxley seems as incapable of accuracy in his quotations of an opponent's words as in his references to the authorities to whom he appeals. I did not ask 'whether there is any reasonable doubt that the Sermon on the Mount was preached by Jesus of Nazareth,' and I expressly observed, in the article to which Professor Huxley is replying, 'that Professor Reuss thinks, as many good critics have thought, that the Sermon on the Mount

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combines various distinct utterances of our Lord.' What I did ask, in words which Professor Huxley quotes, and therefore had before his eyes, was 'whether there is any reasonable doubt that the Lord's Prayer and the Sermon on the Mount afford a true account of our Lord's essential belief and cardinal teaching.' That is an absolutely distinct question from the one which Professor Huxley dissects, and a confusion of the two is peculiarly inexcusable in a person who holds that purely human view of the Gospel narratives which he represents. If a long report of a speech appears in the *Times*, and a shortened report appears in the *Standard*, everyone knows that we are none the less made acquainted—perhaps made still better acquainted—with the essential purport and cardinal meaning of the speaker. On the supposition, similarly, that St. Matthew and St. Luke are simply giving two distinct accounts of the same address, with such omissions and variations of order as suited the purposes of their respective narratives, we are in at least as good a position for knowing what was the main burden of the address as if we had only one account; and perhaps in a better position, as we see what were the points which both reporters deemed essential. As Professor Huxley himself observes, we have reports of speeches in ancient historians which are certainly not in the very words of the speakers; yet no one doubts that we know the main purport of the speeches of Pericles which Thucydides records.

This attempt, therefore, to answer my appeal to the substance of the teaching of the Sermon on the Mount is a palpable evasion, and it is aggravated by the manner in which Professor Huxley quotes a high German authority in support of his contention. I am much obliged to him for appealing to Holtzmann; for, though Holtzmann's own conclusions respecting the books of the New Testament seem to me often extravagantly sceptical and far-fetched, and though I cannot, therefore, quite agree with Professor Huxley that his *Lehrbuch* gives 'a remarkably full and fair account of the present results of criticism,' yet I agree that it gives on the whole a full and fair account of the course of criticism and of the opinions of its chief representatives. Instead, therefore, of imitating Professor Huxley, and pronouncing an *ipse dixit* as to the state of criticism or the opinions of critics, I am very glad to be able to refer to a book of which the authority is recognised by him, and which will save both my readers and myself from embarking on the wide and waste ocean of the German criticism of the last fifty years. 'Holtzmann then,' says Professor Huxley in a note on p. 489, 'has no doubt that the Sermon on the Mount is a compilation, or, as he calls it in his recently published *Lehrbuch* (p. 372), "an artificial mosaic work" '. Now, let the reader attend to what Holtzmann really says in the passage referred to. His words are: 'In the so-called Sermon on the Mount (Matt. v.–vii.) we find constructed, on the basis of a real discourse of fundamental significance,

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a skilfully articulated mosaic work.'[1] The phrase was not so long a one that Professor Huxley need have omitted the important words by which those he quotes are qualified. Holtzmann recognises, as will be seen, that a real discourse of fundamental significance underlies the Sermon on the Mount. That is enough for my purpose; for no reasonable person will suppose that the fundamental significance of the real discourse has been entirely obliterated, especially as the main purport of the Sermon in St. Luke is of the same character. But Professor Huxley must know perfectly well, as everyone else does, that he would be maintaining a paradox, in which every critic of repute, to say nothing of every man of common sense, would be against him, if he were to maintain that the Sermon on the Mount does not give a substantially correct idea of our Lord's teaching. But to admit this is to admit my point, so he rides off on a side issue as to the question of the precise form in which the Sermon was delivered.

I must, however, take some notice of Professor Huxley's argument on this irrelevant issue, as it affords a striking illustration of that superior method of ratiocination in these matters on which he prides himself. I need not trouble the reader much on the questions he raises as to the relations of the first three Gospels. Anyone who cares to see a full and thorough discussion of that difficult question, conducted with a complete knowledge of foreign criticism on the subject, and at the same time marked by the greatest lucidity and interest, may be referred to the admirable *Introduction to the New Testament* by Dr. Salmon, who, like Professor Huxley, is a Fellow of the Royal Society, and who became eminent as one of the first mathematicians of Europe before he became similarly eminent as a theologian. I am content here to let Professor Huxley's assumptions pass, as I am only concerned to illustrate the fallacious character of the reasoning he founds upon them. He tells us, then, that—

there is now no doubt that the three Synoptic Gospels, so far from being the work of three independent writers, are closely interdependent, and that in one of two ways. Either all three contain, as their foundation, versions, to a large extent verbally identical, of one and the same tradition; or two of them are thus closely dependent on the third; and the opinion of the majority of the best critics has, of late years, more and more converged towards the conviction that our canonical Second Gospel (the so-called 'Mark's' Gospel) is that which most closely represents the primitive groundwork of the three. That I take to be one of the most valid results of New Testament criticism, of immeasurably greater importance than the discussion about dates and authorship. But if, as I believe to be the case, beyond any rational doubt or dispute, the Second Gospel is the nearest extant representative of the oldest tradition, whether written or oral, how comes it that it contains neither the 'Sermon

[1] 'In der sog. Bergpredigt, Mt. 5–7, gibt sich eine, auf Grund einer wirklichen Rede von fundamentaler Bedeutung sich erhebende, kunstreich gegliederte Mosaikarbeit.'

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on the Mount' nor the 'Lord's Prayer,' those typical embodiments, according to Dr. Wace, of the 'essential belief and cardinal teaching' of Jesus?

I have quoted every word of this passage because I am anxious for the reader to estimate the value of Professor Huxley's own statement of his case. It is, as he says, the opinion of many critics of authority that a certain fixed tradition, written or oral, was used by the writers of the first three Gospels. In the first place, why this should prevent those three Gospels from being the work of 'three independent writers' I am at a loss to conceive. If Mr. Froude, the late Professor Brewer, and the late Mr. Green each use the Rolls Calendars of the reign of Henry the Eighth, I do not see that this abolishes their individuality. Any historian who describes the Peloponnesian War uses the memoirs of that war written by Thucydides; but Bishop Thirlwall and Mr. Grote were, I presume, independent writers. But to pass to a more important point, that which is assumed is that the alleged tradition, written or oral, was the groundwork of our three first Gospels, and it is therefore older than they are. Let it be granted, for the sake of argument. But how does this prove that the tradition in question is 'the oldest,' so that anything which was not in it is thereby discredited? It was, let us allow, an old tradition, used by the writers of the first three Gospels. But how does this fact raise the slightest presumption against the probability that there were other traditions, equally old, which they might use with equal justification so far as their scope required? Professor Huxley alleges, and I do not care to dispute the allegation, that the first three Gospels embody a certain record older than themselves. But by what right does he ask me to accept this as evidence, or as affording even the slightest presumption, that there was no other? Between his allegation in one sentence that the Second Gospel 'most closely represents the primitive groundwork of the three,' and his allegation, in the next sentence but one, that 'the Second Gospel is the nearest extant representative of the oldest tradition,' there is an absolute and palpable *non sequitur*. It is a mere juggle of phrases, and upon this juggle the whole of his subsequent argument on this point depends. St. Mark's Gospel may very well represent the oldest tradition *relative to the common matter of the three*, without, therefore, necessarily representing 'the oldest tradition' in such a sense as to be a touchstone for all other reports of our Lord's life. Professor Huxley must know very well that from the time of Schleiermacher many critics have believed in the existence of another document containing a collection of our Lord's discourses. Holtzmann concludes (*Lehrbuch*, p. 376) that 'under all the circumstances the hypothesis of two sources offers the most probable solution of the Synoptical problem;' and it is surely incredible that no old traditions of our Lord's teaching should have existed beyond those which are common to the three Gospels. St. Luke, in fact,

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in that Preface which Professor Huxley has no hesitation in using for his own purposes, says that 'many had taken in hand to set forth in order a declaration of those things which are most surely believed among us;' but Professor Huxley asks us to assume that none of these records were old, and none trustworthy, but that particular one which furnishes a sort of skeleton to the first three Gospels. There is no evidence whatever, beyond Professor Huxley's private judgment, for such an assumption. Nay, he himself tells us in his note on p. 487 that, according to Holtzmann, it is at present a 'burning question' among critics 'whether the relatively primitive narration and the root of the other Synoptic texts is contained in Matthew or in Mark.' Yet while his own authority tells him that this is a burning question, he treats it as settled in favour of St. Mark, 'beyond any rational doubt or dispute,' and employs this assumption as sufficiently solid ground on which to rest his doubts of the genuineness of the Sermon on the Mount and the Lord's Prayer!

But let us pass to another point in Professor Huxley's mode of argument. Let us grant, again for the sake of argument, his *non sequitur* that the Second Gospel is the nearest extant representative of the oldest tradition. 'How comes it,' he asks, 'that it contains neither the Sermon on the Mount nor the Lord's Prayer?' Well, that is a very interesting inquiry, which has, in point of fact, often been considered by Christian divines; and various answers are conceivable, equally reasonable and sufficient. If it was St. Mark's object to record our Lord's acts rather than His teaching, what right has Professor Huxley, from his purely human point of view, to find fault with him? If, from a Christian point of view, St. Mark was inspired by a Divine guidance to present the most vivid, brief, and effective sketch possible of our Lord's action as a Saviour, and for that purpose to leave to another writer the description of our Lord as a Teacher, the phenomenon is not less satisfactorily explained. St. Mark, according to that tradition of the Church which Professor Huxley believes to be quite worthless, but which his authority Holtzmann does not, was in great measure the mouthpiece of St. Peter. Now St. Peter is recorded in the Acts of the Apostles, in his address to Cornelius, as summing up our Lord's life in these words: 'How God anointed Jesus of Nazareth with the Holy Ghost and with power: who went about doing good, and healing all who were oppressed of the devil; for God was with Him;' and this is very much the point of view represented in St. Mark's Gospel. When, in fact, Professor Huxley asks, in the foot-note on p. 489, in answer to Holtzmann, who is again unfavourable to his views, 'what conceivable motive could Mark have for omitting it?' the answers that arise are innumerable. Perhaps, as has been suggested, St. Mark was more concerned with acts than words; perhaps

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he wanted to be brief; perhaps he was writing for persons who wanted one kind of record and not another; and, above all, perhaps it was not so much a question of 'omission' as of selection. It is really astonishing that this latter consideration never seems to cross the mind of Professor Huxley and writers like him. The Gospels are among the briefest biographies in the world. I have sometimes thought that there is evidence of something superhuman about them in the mere fact that, while human biographers labour through volumes in order to give us some idea of their subject, every one of the Gospels, occupying no more than a chapter or two in length of an ordinary biography, nevertheless gives us an image of our Lord sufficiently vivid to have made Him the living companion of all subsequent generations. But if 'the Gospel of Jesus Christ' was to be told within the compass of the sixteen chapters of St. Mark, some selection had to be made out of the mass of our Lord's words and deeds as recorded by the tradition of those 'who from the beginning were eyewitnesses, and ministers of the word.' The very greatness and effectiveness of these four Gospels consist in this wonderful power of selection, like that by which a great artist depicts a character and a figure in half a dozen touches; and Professor Huxley may perhaps, to put the matter on its lowest level, find out a conceivable motive for St. Mark's omissions when he can produce such an effective narrative as St. Mark's. As St. John says at the end of his Gospel, 'there are also many other things which Jesus did, the which, if they should be written every one, I suppose that even the world itself could not contain the books that should be written.' So St. John, like St. Mark, had to make his selection, and selection involves omission.

But, after all, I venture to ask whether anything can be more preposterous than this supposition that because a certain tradition is the oldest authority, therefore every other authority is discredited? Boswell writes a Life of Johnson; therefore every record of Johnson's acts or words which is not in Boswell is to be suspected. Carlyle writes a Life of Sterling first, and Archdeacon Hare writes one afterwards; therefore nothing in the Archdeacon's life is to be trusted which was not also in Carlyle's. What seems to me so astonishing about Professor Huxley's articles is not the wildness of their conclusions, but the rottenness of their ratiocination. To take another instance:—

> Luke either knew the collection of loosely connected and aphoristic utterances which appear under the name of the 'Sermon on the Mount' in 'Matthew;' or he did not. If he did not, he must have been ignorant of the existence of such a document as our canonical 'Matthew,' a fact which does not make for the genuineness, or the authority of that book. If he did, he has shown that he does not care for its authority on a matter of fact of no small importance; and that does not permit us to conceive that he believed the first Gospel to be the work of an authority to whom he ought to defer, let alone that of an apostolic eyewitness.

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I pass by the description of the Sermon on the Mount as a 'collection of loosely connected utterances,' though it is a kind of begging of a very important question. But supposing St. Luke to have been ignorant of the existence of St. Matthew's Gospel, how does this reflect on the genuineness of that book unless we know, as no one does, that St. Matthew's Gospel was written before St. Luke's, and sufficiently long before it to have become known to him? Or, if he did know it, where is the disrespect to its authority in his having given for his own purposes an abridgment of that which St. Matthew gave more fully? Professor Huxley might almost seem dominated by the mechanical theory of inspiration which he denounces in his antagonists. He writes as if there were something absolutely sacred, neither to be altered nor added to, in the mere words of some old authority of which he conceives himself to be in possession. Dr. Abbott, with admirable labour, has had printed for him, in clear type, the words or bits of words which are common to the first three Gospels, and he seems immediately to adopt the anathema of the book of Revelation, and to proclaim to every man, evangelists and apostles included, 'if any man shall add unto these things . . . and if any man shall take away from the words' of this 'common tradition' of Dr. Abbott, he shall be forthwith scientifically excommunicated. I venture to submit, as a mere matter of common sense, that if three persons used one document, it is the height of rashness to conclude that it contained nothing but what they all three quote; that it is not only possible but probable that, while certain parts were used by all, each may have used some parts as suitable to his own purpose which the others did not find suitable to theirs; and lastly, that the fact of there having been one such document in existence is so far from being evidence that there were no others, that it even creates some presumption that there were. In short, I must beg leave to represent, not so much that Professor Huxley's conclusions are wrong, but that there is absolutely no validity in the reasoning by which he endeavours to support them. It is not, in fact, reasoning at all, but mere presumption and guesswork, inconsistent, moreover, with all experience and common sense.

Of course, if Professor Huxley's quibbles against the Sermon on the Mount go to pieces, so do his cavils at the authenticity of the Lord's Prayer; and, indeed, on these two points I venture to think that the case for which I was contending is carried by the mere fact that it seems necessary to Professor Huxley's position to dispute them. If he cannot maintain his ground without pushing his agnosticism to such a length as to deny the substantial genuineness of the Sermon on the Mount and the Lord's Prayer, I think he will be found to have allowed enough to satisfy reasonable men that his case must be a bad one. I shall not, therefore, waste more time on these points, as I must say something on his strange treatment

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of the third point in the evangelical records to which I referred, the story of the Passion. It is really difficult to take seriously what he says on this subject. He says:

> I am not quite sure what Dr. Wace means by this—I am not aware that anyone (with the exception of certain ancient heretics) has propounded doubts as to the reality of the Crucifixion; and certainly I have no inclination to argue about the precise accuracy of every detail of that pathetic story of suffering and wrong. But if Dr. Wace means, as I suppose he does, that that which, according to the orthodox view, happened after the Crucifixion, and which is, in a dogmatic sense, the most important part of the story, is founded on solid historical proofs, I must beg leave to express a diametrically opposite conviction.

Professor Huxley is not quite sure what I mean by the story of the Passion, but supposes I mean the story of the Resurrection! It is barely credible that he can have supposed anything of the kind; but by this gratuitous supposition he has again evaded the issue I proposed to him, and has shifted the argument to another topic which, however important in itself, is entirely irrelevant to the particular point in question. If he really supposed that when I said the Passion I meant the Resurrection, it is only another proof of his incapacity for strict argument, at least on these subjects. I not only used the expression 'the story of the Passion,' but I explicitly stated in my reply to him for what purpose I appealed to it. I said that 'that story involves the most solemn attestation, again and again, of truths of which an Agnostic coolly says he knows nothing;' and I mentioned particularly our Lord's final utterance, 'Father, into Thy hands I commend My spirit,' as conveying our Lord's attestation in His death agony to His relation to God as His Father. That exclamation is recorded by St. Luke; but let me remind the reader of what is recorded by St. Mark, upon whom Professor Huxley mainly relies. There we have the account of the Agony in Gethsemane and of our Lord's Prayer to His Father; we have the solemn challenge of the High Priest, 'Art Thou the Christ, the Son of the Blessed?' and our Lord's reply, 'I am; and ye shall see the Son of Man sitting on the right hand of power, and coming in the clouds of heaven,' with His immediate condemnation, on the ground that in this statement He had spoken blasphemy. On the Cross, moreover, St. Mark records His affecting appeal to His Father, 'My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?' All this solemn evidence Professor Huxley puts aside with the mere passing observation that he has 'no inclination to argue about the precise accuracy of every detail of that pathetic story of suffering and wrong.' But these prayers and declarations of our Lord are not mere details; they are of the very essence of the story of the Passion; and whether Professor Huxley is inclined to argue about them or not, he will find that all serious people will be influenced by them to the end of time, unless they can be shown to be unhistorical.

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At all events, by refusing to consider their import, Professor Huxley has again, in the most flagrant manner, evaded my challenge. I not only mentioned specifically 'the story of the Passion,' but I explained what I meant by it; and Professor Huxley asks us to believe that he does not understand what I referred to; he refuses to face that story; and he raises an irrelevant issue about the Resurrection. It is irrelevant, because the point specifically at issue between us is not the truth of the Christian creed, but the meaning of Agnosticism, and the responsibilities which Agnosticism involves. I say that whether Agnosticism be justifiable or not, it involves a denial of the beliefs in which Jesus lived and died. It would equally involve a denial of them had He never risen; and if Professor Huxley really thinks, therefore, that a denial of the Resurrection affects the evidence afforded by the Passion, he must be incapable of distinguishing between two successive and entirely distinct occurrences.

But the manner in which Professor Huxley has treated this irrelevant issue deserves perhaps a few words, for it is another characteristic specimen of his mode of argument. I note, by the way, that, after referring to 'the facts of the case as stated by the oldest extant narrative of them'—he means the story in St. Mark, though this is not a part of that common tradition of the three Gospels on which he relies; for, as he observes, the accounts in St. Matthew and St. Luke present marked variations from it—he adds:

> I do not see why anyone should have a word to say against the inherent probability of that narrative; and for my part, I am quite ready to accept it as an historical fact, that so much and no more is positively known of the end of Jesus of Nazareth.

We have, then, the important admission that Professor Huxley has not a word to say against the historic credibility of the narrative in the 15th chapter of St. Mark, and accordingly he proceeds to quote its statements for the purpose of his argument. That argument, in brief, is that our Lord might very well have survived His crucifixion, have been removed still living to the tomb, have been taken out of it on the Friday or Saturday night by Joseph of Arimathæa, and have recovered and found His way to Galilee. So much Professor Huxley is prepared to believe, and he asks 'on what grounds can a reasonable man be asked to believe any more?' But a prior question is on what grounds can a reasonable man be asked to believe as much as this? In the first place, if St. Mark's narrative is to be the basis of discussion, why does Professor Huxley leave out of account the scourging, with the indication of weakness in our Lord's inability to bear His cross, and treat Him as exposed to crucifixion in the condition simply of 'temperate, strong men, such as the ordinary Galilean peasants were'? In the next place, I am informed by good medical authority that he is quite mistaken in saying that 'no serious

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physical symptoms need at once arise from the wounds made by the nails in the hands and feet,' and that, on the contrary, very grave symptoms would ordinarily arise in the course of no long time from such severe wounds, left to fester, with the nails in them, for six hours. In the third place, Professor Huxley takes no account of the piercing of our Lord's side, and of the appearance of blood and water from the wound, which is solemnly attested by one witness. It is true that incident is not recorded by St. Mark; but Professor Huxley must disprove the witness before he can leave it out of account. But, lastly, if Professor Huxley's account of the matter be true, the first preaching of the Church must have been founded on a deliberate fraud, of which some at least of our Lord's most intimate friends were guilty, or to which they were accessory; and I thought that supposition was practically out of account among reasonable men. Professor Huxley argues as if he had only to deal with the further evidence of St. Paul. That, indeed, is evidence of a far more momentous nature than he recognises; but it is by no means the most important. It is beyond question that the Christian society, from the earliest moment of its existence, believed in our Lord's resurrection. Baur frankly says that there is no doubt about the Church having been founded on this belief, though he cannot explain how the belief arose. If the resurrection be a fact, the belief is explained; but it is certainly not explained by the supposition of a fraud on the part of Joseph of Arimathæa. As to Professor Huxley's assertion that the accounts in the three Gospels are 'hopelessly discrepant,' it is easily made and as easily denied; but it is out of all reason that Professor Huxley's bare assertion on such a point should outweigh the opinions of some of the most learned judges of evidence, who have thought no such thing. It would be absurd to attempt to discuss that momentous story as a side issue in a review. It is enough to have pointed out that Professor Huxley discusses it without even taking into account the statements of the very narrative on which he relies. The manner in which he sets aside St. Paul is equally reckless:—

> According to his own showing, Paul, in the vigour of his manhood, with every means of becoming acquainted, at first hand, with the evidence of eyewitnesses, not merely refused to credit them, but 'persecuted the Church of God and made havoc of it.' . . . Yet this strange man, because he has a vision one day, at once, and with equally headlong zeal, flies to the opposite pole of opinion.

'A vision'! The whole question is, what vision? How can Professor Huxley be sure that no vision could be of such a nature as to justify a man in acting on it? If, as we are told, our Lord personally appeared to St. Paul, spoke to him, and gave him specific commands, was he to disbelieve his own eyes and ears, as well as his own conscience, and go up to Jerusalem to cross-examine Peter and John and

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James? If the vision was a real one, he was at once under orders, and had to obey our Lord's injunctions. It is, to say the least, rash, if not presumptuous, for Professor Huxley to declare that such a vision as St. Paul had would not have convinced him; and at all events the question is not disposed of by calling the manifestation 'a vision.' Two things are certain about St. Paul. One is that he was in the confidence of the Pharisees, and was their trusted agent in persecuting the Christians; and the other is that he was afterwards in the confidence of the Apostles, and knew all their side of the case. He holds, therefore, the unique position of having had equal access to all that would be alleged on both sides; and the result is that, being fully acquainted with all that the Pharisees could urge against the resurrection, he, nevertheless, gave up his whole life to attesting its truth, and threw in his lot, at the cost of martyrdom, with those whom he had formerly persecuted. Professor Huxley reminds us that he did all this in the full vigour of manhood, and in spite of strong, and even violent, prejudices. This is not a witness to be put aside in Professor Huxley's offhand manner.

But the strangest part of Professor Huxley's article remains to be noticed; and so far as the main point at issue between us is concerned, I need hardly have noticed anything else. He proceeds to a long and intricate discussion, quite needless, as I think, for his main object, respecting the relations between the Nazarenes, Ebionites, Jewish and Gentile Christians, first in the time of Justin Martyr, and then of St. Paul. Into this discussion, in the course of which he makes assumptions which, as Holtzmann will tell him, are as much questioned by the German criticism on which he relies as by English theologians, it is unnecessary for me to follow him. The object of it is to establish a conclusion, which is all with which I am concerned. That conclusion (p. 501) is that, 'if the primitive Nazarenes of whom the Acts speak were orthodox Jews, what sort of probability can there be that Jesus was anything else?' But what more is necessary for the purpose of my argument? To say, indeed, that this *à priori* probability places us 'in a position to form a safe judgment of the limits within which the teaching of Jesus of Nazareth must have been confined,' is to beg a great question, for it assumes that our Lord could not have transcended those limits unless His disciples transcended them simultaneously with Him. But if our Lord's beliefs were those of an orthodox Jew, we certainly know enough of them to be quite sure that they involved a denial of Professor Huxley's Agnosticism. An orthodox Jew certainly believed in God; and in his responsibility to God; and in a Divine Revelation and a Divine Law. It is, says Professor Huxley, 'extremely probable' that He appealed 'to those noble conceptions of religion which constituted the pith and kernel of the teaching of the great prophets of His nation seven hundred years

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earlier.' But, if so, His first principles involved the assertion of religious realities which an Agnostic refuses to acknowledge. Professor Huxley has, in fact, dragged his readers through this thorny question of Jewish and Gentile Christianity in order to establish, at the end of it, and as it seems quite unconsciously, an essential part of the very allegation which I originally made. I said that a person who 'knows nothing' of God asserts the belief of Jesus of Nazareth to have been unfounded, repudiates His example, and denies His authority. Professor Huxley, in order to answer this contention, offers to prove with great elaboration that Jesus was an orthodox Jew, and consequently that His belief did involve what an Agnostic rejects. How much beyond these elementary truths Jesus taught is a further and a distinct question. What I was concerned to maintain is, that a man cannot be an Agnostic with respect to even the elementary truths of religion without rejecting the example and authority of Jesus Christ; and Professor Huxley, though he still endeavours to avoid facing the fact, has established it by a roundabout method of his own.

I suppose I must also reply to Professor Huxley's further challenge respecting my belief in the story of the Gadarene swine, though the difficulty of which he makes so much seems to me too trivial to deserve serious notice. He says 'there are two stories, one in "Mark" and "Luke," and the other in "Matthew." In the former there is one possessed man, in the latter there are two,' and he asks me which I believe? My answer is that I believe both, and that the supposition of there being any inconsistency between them can only arise on that mechanical view of inspiration from which Professor Huxley seems unable to shake himself free. Certainly 'the most unabashed of reconcilers cannot well say that one man is the same as two, or two as one;' but no one need be abashed to say that the greater number includes the less, and that if two men met our Lord, one certainly did. If I go into the operating theatre of King's College Hospital, and see an eminent surgeon perform a new or rare operation on one or two patients, and if I tell a friend afterwards that I saw the surgeon perform such and such an operation on a patient, will he feel in any perplexity if he meets another spectator half an hour afterwards who says he saw the operation performed on two patients? All that I should have been thinking of was the nature of the operation, which is as well described by reference to one patient as to half a dozen; and similarly St. Mark and St. Luke may have thought that the only important point was the nature of the miracle itself, and not the number of possessed men who were the subjects of it. It is quite unnecessary, therefore, for me to consider all the elaborate dilemmas in which Professor Huxley would entangle me respecting the relative authority of the first three Gospels. As two includes

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one, and as both witnesses are in my judgment equally to be trusted, I adopt the supposition which includes the statements of both. It is a pure assumption that inspiration requires verbal accuracy in the reporting of every detail, and an assumption quite inconsistent with our usual tests of truth. Just as no miracle has saved the texts of the Scriptures from corruption in secondary points, so no miracle has been wrought to exclude the ordinary variations of truthful reporters in the Gospel narratives. But a miracle, in my belief, has been wrought, in inspiring four men to give, within the compass of their brief narratives, such a picture of the life and work and teaching, of the death and resurrection, of the Son of Man as to illuminate all human existence for the future, and to enable men 'to believe that Jesus is the Christ, and believing to have life through His name.'

It is with different feelings from those which Professor Huxley provokes that I turn for a while to Mrs. Humphry Ward's article on 'The New Reformation.' Since he adopts that article as a sufficient confutation of mine, I feel obliged to notice it, though I am sorry to appear in any position of antagonism to its author. Apart from other considerations, I am under much obligation to Mrs. Ward for the valuable series of articles which she contributed to the *Dictionary of Christian Biography* under my editorship, upon the obscure but interesting history of the Goths in Spain. I trust that, in her account of the effect upon Robert Elsmere and Merriman of absorption in that barbarian scene, she is not describing her own experience and the source of her own aberrations. But I feel especially bound to treat her argument with consideration, and to waive any opposition which can be avoided. I am sorry that she too questions the possibility in this country of 'a scientific, that is to say, an unprejudiced, an unbiassed study of theology, under present conditions,' and I should have hoped that she would have had too much confidence in her colleagues in the important work to which I refer than to cast this slur upon them. Their labours have, in fact, been received with sufficient appreciation by German scholars of all schools to render their vindication unnecessary; and if Professor Huxley can extend his study of German theological literature much beyond Zeller's *Vorträge* of 'a quarter of a century ago' or Ritschl's writings of 'nearly forty years ago,' he will not find himself countenanced by Church historians in Germany in his contempt for the recent contributions of English scholars to Early Church History. However, it is the more easy for me to waive all differences of this nature with Mrs. Ward because it is unnecessary for me to look beyond her article for its own refutation. Her main contention, or that at least for which Professor Huxley appeals to her, seems to be that it is a mistake to suppose that the rationalistic movement of Germany has been defeated in the sphere of New Testament criticism, and she selects more

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particularly for her protest a recent statement in the *Quarterly Review* that this criticism, and particularly the movement led by Baur, is 'an attack which has failed.' The Quarterly Reviewer may be left to take care of himself; but I would only ask what is the evidence which Mrs. Ward adduces to the contrary? It may be summed up in two words—a prophecy and a romance. She does not adduce any evidence that the Tübingen school, which is the one we are chiefly concerned with, did not fail to establish its specific contentions; on the contrary, she says (p. 472) that 'history protested,' and she goes on to prophesy the success of other speculations which arose from that protest; concluding with an imaginary sketch, like that with which *Robert Elsmere* ends, of a 'new Reformation preparing, struggling into utterance and being, all around us.' 'It is close upon us—it is prepared by all the forces of history and mind—its rise sooner or later is inevitable.' This is prophecy, but it is not argument; and a little attention to Mrs. Ward's own statements will exhibit a very different picture. The Christian representative in her dialogue exclaims:

> What is the whole history of German criticism but a series of brilliant failures, from Strauss downwards? One theorist follows another—now Mark is uppermost as the Ur-Evangelist, now Matthew—now the Synoptics are sacrificed to St. John, now St. John to the Synoptics. Baur relegates one after another of the Epistles to the second century because his theory cannot do with them in the first. Harnack tells you that Baur's theory is all wrong, and that Thessalonians and Philippians must go back again. Volkmar sweeps together Gospels and Epistles in a heap towards the middle of the second century as the earliest date for almost all of them; and Dr. Abbot, who, as we are told, has absorbed all the learning of the Germans, puts Mark before 70 A.D., Matthew just about 70 A.D., and Luke about 80 A.D.; Strauss's mythical theory is dead and buried by common consent; Baur's tendency theory is much the same; Renan will have none of the Tübingen school; Volkmar is already antiquated; and Pfleiderer's fancies are now in the order of the day.

A better statement could hardly be wanted of what is meant by an attack having failed, and now let the reader observe how Merriman in the dialogue meets it. Does he deny any of those allegations? Not one. 'Very well,' he says, 'let us leave the matter there for the present. Suppose we go to the Old Testament;' and then he proceeds to dwell on the concessions made to the newest critical school of Germany by a few distinguished English divines at the last Church Congress. I must, indeed, dispute her representation of that rather one-sided debate as amounting to 'a collapse of English orthodoxy,' or as justifying her statement that 'the Church of England practically gives its verdict' in favour, for instance, of the School which regards the Pentateuch or the Hexateuch as 'the peculiar product of that Jewish religious movement which, beginning with Josiah, . . . yields its final fruits long after the exile.' Not only has the Church of England given no such verdict, but

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German criticism has as yet given no such verdict. For example, in the Introduction to the Old Testament by one of the first Hebrew scholars of Germany, Professor Hermann Strack, contained in the valuable *Handbook of the Theological Sciences*, edited, with the assistance of several distinguished scholars, by Professor Zöchler, I find at p. 215 of the third edition, published this year, the following brief summary of what, in Dr. Strack's opinion, is the result of the controversy so far:

> The future results of further labours in the field of Pentateuch criticism cannot, of course, be predicted in particulars. But, in spite of the great assent which the view of Graf and Wellhausen at present enjoys, we are nevertheless convinced that it will not permanently lead to any essential alteration in the conception which has hitherto prevailed of the history of Israel, and in particular of the work of Moses. On the other hand, one result will certainly remain, that the Pentateuch was not composed by Moses himself, but was compiled by later editors from various original sources. . . . But the very variety of these sources may be applied in favour of the credibility of the Pentateuch.

In other words, it may be said that Dr. Strack regards it as established that 'The Law of Moses' is a title of the same character as 'The Psalms of David,' the whole collection being denominated from its principal author. But he is convinced that the general conclusions of the prevalent school of Old Testament criticism, which involve an entire subversion of our present conceptions of Old Testament history, will not be maintained. In the face of this opinion, it does not seem presumptuous to express an apprehension that the younger school of Hebrew scholars in England, of whose concessions Mrs. Ward makes so much, have gone too far and too fast; and, at all events, it is clear from what Dr. Strack says—and I might quote also Delitzsch and Dillmann—that it is much too soon to assume that the school of whose conquests Mrs. Ward boasts is supreme. But, even supposing it were, what has this to do with the admitted and undoubted failures on the other side, in the field of New Testament criticism? If it be the fact, as Mrs. Ward does not deny, that not only Strauss's but Baur's theories and conclusions are now rejected; if it has been proved that Baur was entirely wrong in supposing the greater part of the New Testament books were late productions, written with a controversial purpose, what is the use of appealing to the alleged success of the German critics in another field? If Baur is confuted, he is confuted, and there is an end of his theories; though he may have been useful, as rash theorisers have often been, in stimulating investigation. In the same valuable Handbook of Dr. Zöckler's, already quoted, I find, under the History of the Science of Introduction to the New Testament, the heading (p. 15, vol. i. pt. 2), 'Result of the controversy and end of the Tübingen school.'

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The Tübingen school (the writer concludes, p. 20) could not but fall as soon as its assumptions were recognised and given up. As Hilgenfeld confesses, 'it went to an unjustifiable length, and inflicted too deep wounds on the Christian faith. . . . No enduring results in matters of substance have been produced by it.'

Such is the judgment of an authoritative German Handbook on the writer to whom, in Merriman's opinion, 'we owe all that we really *know* at the present moment about the New Testament,' as though the Christian thought and life of eighteen hundred years had produced no knowledge on that subject!

In fact, Mrs. Ward's comparison seems to me to point in exactly the opposite direction.

I say to myself (says her spokesman, p. 466) it has taken some thirty years for German critical science to conquer English opinion in the matter of the Old Testament. . . . How much longer will it take before we feel the victory of the same science . . . with regard to the history of Christian origins?

Remembering that the main movement of New Testament criticism in Germany dates not thirty, but more than fifty years back, and that thirty years ago Baur's school enjoyed the same applause in Germany as that of Wellhausen does now, does it not seem more in conformity with experience and with probability to anticipate that, as the Germans themselves, with longer experience, find they had been too hasty in following Baur, so with an equally long experience they may find they have been similarly too hasty in accepting Wellhausen? The fever of revolutionary criticism on the New Testament was at its height after thirty years, and the science has subsided into comparative health after twenty more. The fever of the revolutionary criticism of the Old Testament is now at its height, but the parallel suggests a similar return to a more sober and common-sense state of mind. The most famous name, in short, of German New Testament criticism is now associated with exploded theories; and we are asked to shut our eyes to this undoubted fact because Mrs. Ward prophesies a different fate for the name now most famous in Old Testament criticism. I prefer the evidence of established fact to that of romantic prophecy.

But these observations suggest another consideration, which has a very important bearing on that general disparagement of English theology and theologians which Professor Huxley expresses so offensively, and which Mrs. Ward encourages. She and Professor Huxley talk as if German theology were all rationalistic and English theology alone conservative. Professor Huxley invites his readers to study in Mrs. Ward's article

the results of critical investigation as it is carried out among those theologians who are men of science and not mere counsel for creeds;

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and he appeals to

> the works of scholars and theologians of the highest repute in the only two countries, Holland and Germany, in which, at the present time, professors of theology are to be found, whose tenure of their posts does not depend upon the results to which their inquiries lead them.

Well, passing over the insult to theologians in all other countries, what is the consequence of this freedom in Germany itself? Is it seen that all learned and distinguished theologians in that country are of the opinions of Professor Huxley and Mrs. Ward? The quotations I have given will serve to illustrate the fact that the exact contrary is the case. If anyone wants vigorous, learned, and satisfactory answers to Professor Huxley and Mrs. Ward, Germany is the best place to which he can go for them. The professors and theologians of Germany who adhere substantially to the old Christian faith are at least as numerous, as distinguished, as learned, as laborious, as those who adhere to sceptical opinions. What is, by general consent, the most valuable and comprehensive work on Christian theology and Church history which the last two generations of German divines have produced? Herzog's *Real-Encyclopädie für protestantische Theologie und Kirche*, of which the second edition, in eighteen large volumes, was completed about a year ago. But it is edited and written in harmony with the general belief of Protestant Christians. Who have done the chief exegetical work of the last two generations? On the rationalistic side, though not exclusively so, is the *Kurzgefasstes exegetisches Handbuch*, in which, however, at the present time, Dillmann represents an opposition to the view of Wellhausen respecting the Pentateuch; but on the other side we have Meyer on the New Testament—almost the standard work on the subject—Keil and Delitzsch on the Old Testament and a great part of the New, Lange's immense *Bibelwerk*, and the valuable *Kurzgefasster Kommentar* on the whole Scripture, including the Apocrypha, now in course of publication under the editorship of Professors Strack and Zöckler. The Germans have more time for theoretical investigations than English theologians, who generally have a great deal of practical work to do; and German professors, in their numerous universities, in great measure live by them. But it was by German theologians that Baur was refuted; it is by German Hebraists like Strack that Wellhausen and Kuenen are now being best resisted. When Professor Huxley and Mrs. Ward would leave an impression that, because German theological chairs are not shackled by articles like our own, therefore the best German thought and criticism is on the rationalistic side, they are conveying an entirely prejudiced representation of the facts. The effect of the German system is to make everything an open question; as though there were no such thing as a settled system of the spiritual universe,

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and no established facts in Christian history; and thus to enable any man of great ability with a sceptical turn to unsettle a generation and leave the edifice of belief to be built up again. But the edifice *is* built up again, and Germans take as large a part in rebuilding it as in undermining it. Because Professor Huxley and Mrs. Ward can quote great German names on one side, let it not be forgotten that just as able German names can be quoted on the other side. Take, for instance, Harnack, to whom Mrs. Ward appeals, and whose *History of Dogmas* Professor Huxley quotes. Harnack himself, in reviewing the history of his science, pays an honourable tribute to the late eminent divine Thomasius, whose *History of Dogmas* has just been republished after his death, and who wrote in the devoutest spirit of the Lutheran communion. Of course Harnack regards his point of view as narrow and unsatisfactory; but he adds that 'equally great are the valuable qualities of this work in particular, in regard of its exemplarily clear exposition, its eminent learning, and the author's living comprehension of religious problems.' A man who studies the History of Christian Theology in Harnack without reference to Thomasius will do no justice to his subject.

But, says Mrs. Ward, there is no real historical apprehension in the orthodox writers, whether of Germany or England, and the whole problem is one of 'historical translation.' Every statement, every apparent miracle, everything different from daily experience, must be translated into the language of that experience, or else we have not got real history. But this, it will be observed, under an ingenious disguise, is only the old method of assuming that nothing really miraculous can have happened, and that therefore everything which seems supernatural must be explained away into the natural. In other words, it is once more begging the whole question at issue. Mrs. Ward accuses orthodox writers of this fallacy; but it is really her own. Merriman is represented as saying that he learnt from his Oxford teachers that

> it was imperatively right to endeavour to disentangle miracle from history, the marvellous from the real, in a document of the fourth, or third, or second century; . . . but the contents of the New Testament, however marvellous and however apparently akin to what surrounds them on either side, were to be treated from an entirely different point of view. In the one case there must be a desire on the part of the historian to discover the historical under the miraculous, . . . in the other case there must be a desire, a strong 'affection,' on the part of the theologian, towards proving the miraculous to be historical.

Mrs. Ward has entirely mistaken the point of view of Christian science. Certainly if any occurrence, anywhere, can be explained by natural causes, there is a strong presumption that it ought to be so explained; for though a natural effect may be due in a given case to supernatural action, it is a fixed rule of philosophising, according to Newton, that we should not assume unknown causes when known ones

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suffice. But the whole case of the Christian reasoner is that the records of the New Testament defy any attempt to explain them by natural causes. The German critics Hase, Strauss, Baur, Hausrath, Keim, all have made the attempt, and each, in the opinion of the others, and finally of Pfleiderer, has offered an insufficient solution of the problem. The case of the Christian is not that the evidence ought not to be explained naturally, and translated into everyday experience, but that it cannot be. But it is Mrs. Ward who assumes beforehand that simply because the *Life and Times of Jesus the Messiah*, by that learned scholar and able writer, Dr. Edersheim, whose recent loss is so much to be deplored, does not 'translate' all the Gospel narratives into natural occurrences, therefore it is essentially bad history. The story has been the same throughout. The whole German critical school from the venerable Karl Hase—and much as I differ from his conclusions, I cannot mention without a tribute of respect and gratitude the name of that great scholar, the veteran of all these controversies, whose *Leben Jesu*, published several years before Strauss was heard of, is still perhaps the most valuable book of reference on the subject—all, from that eminent man downwards, have by their own repeated confession started from the assumption that the miraculous is impossible, and that the Gospels must, by some device or other, be so interpreted as to explain it away. 'Affection' there is and ought to be in orthodox writers for venerable, profound, and consoling beliefs; but they start from no such invincible prejudice, and they are pledged by their principles to accept whatever interpretation may be really most consonant with the facts.

I have only one word to say, finally, in reply to Professor Huxley. I am very glad to hear that he has always advocated the reading of the Bible, and the diffusion of its study among the people; but I must say that he goes to work in a very strange way in order to promote this result. If he could succeed in persuading people that the Gospels are untrustworthy collections of legends, made by unknown authors, that St. Paul's Epistles were the writings of 'a strange man,' who had no sound capacity for judging of evidence, or, with Mrs. Ward's friends, that the Pentateuch is a late forgery of Jewish scribes, I do not think the people at large would be likely to follow his well-meant exhortations. But I venture to remind him that the English Church has anticipated his anxiety in this matter. Three hundred years ago, by one of the greatest strokes of real government ever exhibited, the public reading of the whole Bible was imposed upon Englishmen; and by the public reading of the Lessons on Sunday alone, the chief portions of the Bible, from first to last, have become stamped upon the minds of English-speaking people in a degree in which, as the Germans themselves acknow-

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ledge,[2] they are far behind us. He has too much reason for his lament over the melancholy spectacle presented by the intestine quarrels of Churchmen over matters of mere ceremonial. But when he argues from this that the clergy of our day 'can have but little sympathy with the old evangelical doctrine of the "open Bible,"' he might have remembered that our own generation of English divines has, by the labour of years, endeavoured at all events, whether successfully or not, to place the most correct version possible of the Holy Scriptures in the hands of the English people. I agree with him most cordially in seeing in the wide diffusion and the unprejudiced study of that sacred volume the best security for 'true religion and sound learning.' It is in the open Bible of England, in the general familiarity of all classes of Englishmen and Englishwomen with it, that the chief obstacle has been found to the spread of the fantastic critical theories by which he is fascinated; and, instead of Englishmen translating the Bible into the language of their natural experiences, it will in the future, as in the past, translate them and their experiences into a higher and a supernatural region.

HENRY WACE.

[2] See the preface to Richm's *Handwörterbuch*.

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AN EXPLANATION TO PROFESSOR HUXLEY.

In the February number of this Review Professor Huxley put into the mouth of Mr. Frederic Harrison the following sentence: 'In his [the agnostic's] place, as a sort of navvy levelling the ground and cleansing it of such poor stuff as Christianity, he is a useful creature who deserves patting on the back—on condition that he does not venture beyond his last.' The construction which I put upon these words—and of which I still think them quite capable—was that the Professor meant to represent Mr. Harrison and himself as agreed upon the proper work of the agnostic, and as differing only as to whether he might or might not 'venture beyond' that. On this supposition, my inference that he had called Christianity 'sorry,' or, as I ought to have said, 'poor stuff' (the terms are of course equivalent) would have been perfectly correct.

On re-reading the sentence in question, however, in connection with its context, I see that it may more correctly be regarded as altogether ironical; and this, from the Professor's implied denial in his last article of the correctness of my version, I conclude that he intended it to be. I, accordingly, at once withdraw my statement and express my regret for having made it. May I plead, however, as some excuse for my mistake, that this picture of himself when engaged in his agnostic labours is so wonderfully accurate and lifelike that I might almost be pardoned for taking for a portrait what was only meant for a caricature, or for supposing that he had expressed in so many words the contempt which displays itself in so many of his utterances respecting the Christian Faith?

Nevertheless I gladly admit that the particular expression I had ascribed to him is not to be reckoned amongst the already too numerous illustrations of what I had described as his 'readiness to say unpleasant,' and—after reading his last article—I must add, offensive, 'things.'

With this explanation and apology I take my leave of the Professor and of our small personal dispute, small indeed beside the infinitely

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graver and greater issues raised in his reply to the unanswered arguments of Dr. Wace.

I do not care to distract the attention of the public from these to a fencing match with foils between Professor Huxley and myself. In sight of Gethsemane and Calvary such a fencing match seems to me out of place.

W. C. PETERBOROUGH.

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SOCIETY AND DEMOCRACY IN FRANCE.

It is proclaimed by men, and it is admitted by women, that men are superior to women not only in the masculine qualities of force, will, and productivity, but also in the privilege of expressing nationality, of setting forth the character of the race and of symbolising its type. The men of each country regard themselves, and are regarded habitually by strangers, as the natural representatives before the world of the idea of the fatherland; it is they who stand forward as the accepted model; it is they who are responsible for the judgment which others form about their community. In all this, generally, women are only subsidiary and auxiliary. They contribute, of course, in some degree, to the formation of foreign opinion, but not as independent agents who have shaped themselves according to their conception of what it fits them to become; their attitude is rather that of local products fashioned by the men according to their own needs, and therefore without personality. The woman is regarded, almost everywhere, from the national point of view, as a resultant of the man, as a secondary development, possessing only a reflected idiosyncrasy and not endowed with inherent originality. The adoption in former days of female figures to typify the land, the choice of Britannia or Germania as the emblem of the State, has given no similar station to live women. Men have steadily retained the front place for themselves.

And yet, notwithstanding the universality of this rule, there was a country in which it lost its application; in which, exceptionally, the women became recognised as superior to the men; a country in which the women exhibited such individuality, such worth, such fascination, that it was they, and not the men, who, for a time, personified the commonwealth; a country in which they burst free, in capacities and in uses, and where they created for themselves, by their sole skill and art, a position which was no longer collateral or annexed, but was nationally representative in the very highest measure, and was so regarded by the admiring world. That country was France.

The evolution which brought about this singular result may be

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said to have broken into light in the middle of the seventeenth century, when the Hôtel de Rambouillet, at the best moment of its work, had opened the first *salon* which was composed in Paris, and had begun to form the modern tongue of France and to lift wit and letters into honour; when the Fronde had shown the power that women could exercise in politics; when it had become possible for Madame de Sévigné to earn immortality by a process seemingly so simple as writing letters. The elevation of the Frenchwoman to the great place she won dated surely from the day when the Prince de Marsillac (the La Rochefoucauld of the *Maxims*) addressed to the Duchess of Longueville the two famous lines—

> Pour mériter son cœur, pour plaire à ses beaux yeux,
> J'ai fait la guerre aux rois; je l'aurais faite aux dieux.

Those words depicted a situation and commenced an epoch; they portrayed the advent of the modern Frenchwoman—the woman who, while she lasted, was capable of provoking men to combat against the gods.

The tendency to individualisation on the part of the women of France had certainly existed, in a state of latent potentiality, long before the date just indicated, for history is full of isolated signs of it. It had to wait, however, like most other seeds that long to germinate, until circumstances enabled it to come forth. Once in motion, it developed with such rapidity that the world beheld suddenly amidst it a nation in which, for the first time in the march of strangenesses, the women had sprung above the men. And as the victory was gained by the employment of feminine faculties exclusively, its first effect was to reveal the meaning and the value of those faculties, which, until that time, had been scarcely comprehended, and to place them, surrounded by the homage of Europe, on a throne which had never been occupied before, and which, indeed, had to be built on purpose for them. The work to be effected by the employment of these faculties was nothing less than the establishment of a new relationship between women and the world, of a condition of life which enabled 'society' to come into existence, and which necessitated the invention, as the basis of society, of the very curious modern product called a 'lady,' a product of which no previous times had supplied more than an approximate model, the most arbitrary, the most conventional, the least universally identical, but perhaps the most indispensable, of the social creations of recent times. All this was devised and worked out by Frenchwomen. The women of other lands have imitated, with more or less success, but they did not originate; it is to France that Europe owes the inspiration and the example which have engendered the present organisation of its social life.

That organisation under the general designation of 'Society,'

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has for its main object the direction of the totality of the action, whatever be its shape or nature, by which the upper classes of a country maintain the more delicate forms of national life. The function of society is not simply to provide amusement for its members (that is the meanest and least interesting of its many offices). Its true and great duty, the motive of its being, its privilege and its responsibility, is to stand forward as the natural representative of all that is good and useful in the national character. Its task is to serve as guide and pattern to the entire people in everything that, outside the action of government, can assist its healthy development; to watch over the application of the intellectual and moral elements which constitute the basis of our present system of associated life; to stimulate the art of conversation, to polish and purify the language, to regulate the march of ideas in all that concerns the great partnership between men and women; and also—and no less necessarily—to ensure the maintenance and perpetuation of its own more superficial and even artificial constituents, to keep up the brilliances, the graces, the courtesies, the refinements of taste and manner which ought to characterise the external manifestations of social relationship. The guard of these elements of modern existence has become confided, in every country, to those amongst us who appear to be the best fitted, by early contacts, education, and habits, not only to sustain the traditions of the past, but also to supply examples in the present. 'Society,' in its wide and noble meaning, implies obligations even more than satisfactions. The upper classes of every race owe account to the people round them of the authority they exercise and of the work they perform under the collective denomination of society; and though they do not always offer the example which the world has a right to expect from them, it is just to recognise that, in the aggregate, society is an institution which has worked very well, and that its operation and its influence have been and are distinctly advantageous everywhere.

The object here, however, is not to view the performance of society as a whole, but—after this rough definition of its general nature—to consider the effects obtained by Frenchwomen as the inventors of society, and the position which they now occupy. In their own land they were triumphant from the first. They seized their new functions as if they had always discharged them. Directly they came forward as a power, the management of the intellectual, the social, and even sometimes of the political, life of France fell into their hands. They stamped on all around them the impress of their aptitudes; their grace, their charm, their common sense, their taste, their wit, burst over Europe and took it all by storm. A force was born—the influence of brilliant women. Women made a new France at home; they raised her up abroad. The merits, the capacities which the best amongst them showed grew to be regarded

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as properties of the entire nation, and provoked a sympathy for France which was as universal as it was real. Frenchwomen created for their country a special place before the world.

That place was held for nearly two centuries: not always by the same methods, with the same objects, or with the same merit, but with the same general success. At first its character was, especially, intellectual. Its founders sought their satisfactions in the delicacies of the mind as well as in the graces of the body; in the refinements, and even sometimes in the affectations, of an eminently polished conversation; and, above all, in the glittering enjoyment of the Frenchest of former French endowments—in *esprit*. As time wore on the aspects of the situation slowly changed: the high intelligence which had marked its birth grew less essential, less abundant; a lower category of capacities and ambitions began to take its place. Then came the Revolution, the upsetting and the temporary disappearance of all the bases of society as its founders had established it, and of all the work that women and society had achieved together. And before they had recovered from this tremendous blow the First Empire laid hold of them and subjected them to fresh trials of another kind. At a moment when they needed all their independence and the free use of their supple inventivity to clear themselves from the wreckage of the Revolution, the dictatorial intolerance of the new Master refused to allow them to be themselves, and fashioned them for a while in a hybrid mould which cramped their efforts towards recovery. Then came the Restoration, and, at last, after the violently varied pressures to which they had been subjected for five-and-twenty years, they obtained a breathing time and the right to be themselves once more. But the hurtful experiences of that quarter of a century had made a mark that could not be effaced; the women of France had been torn down from the practice of their art and had been brought rudely into contact with new necessities and new conditions, many of which were lowering and subverting, and which, in the outcome, had misguided and weakened them. And later on, as if all this friction were not enough, the Second Empire appeared, and brought into play relaxing and disintegrating influences of a new kind, which produced immediately perceptible effects. It is true that those effects did not extend to the nation at large, as had been the case in previous trials, but the representative Frenchwoman, the woman that Europe knows, was particularly agitated by them. She became more physical and less psychical; she changed her processes of action; her higher properties began to fade and were replaced by almost ordinary coquetries, very elegant, very ingenious, very delightful to those who were the objects of them, coquetries which would have been remarkable in women of other races, but which in France, the mother-land of feminine perfection, seemed out of place, and which, most certainly, bore small resemblance to the noble ways, the grand

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graces, and the sparkling talk of the founders of French charm. The Frenchwoman continued to be amusing, but she ceased to be *spirituelle*; she remained intelligent, but she was no longer luminous; she retained her manner and her dress, and fancied, with a curious insufficiency of conviction, that they alone sufficed to keep her on her throne.

In addition to this long succession of direct causes of erosion, two other influences of an indirect nature have got to work in these latter days on Frenchwomen, and have contributed immensely to the total of their damage. The first of those influences has resulted from the general decline of France herself. She has come down because, amidst many other reasons, it is not given to nations to remain always at a high level of public ability; because the supply of capacities ebbs and flows; because generations do not reproduce, either permanently or regularly, the types and powers of their predecessors. In virtue of the law of oscillations it is now the turn of France, after her magnificent productivity of other days, to pass through a period of sterility and inefficiency, and women have to bear their share of the national impoverishment; their lessening corresponds with the general subsidence of France; the reign of mediocrity extends from men to them. The second of those influences has been the odious predominance which money has recently acquired. Frenchwomen have been even more affected by it, perhaps, than the women of any other race, for it has nearly driven out of them two qualities which in former days were most preeminently theirs—naturalness, and the faculty of rightly measuring the relative values of things. In virtue of those two qualities the French, in bygone times, extracted more joy from life than any other people were able to get out of it, because they were brought up to regard the most ordinary causes as being susceptible of giving out satisfactions of some kind, because they became competent to extract those satisfactions, and because they had the sense to be content with them when they got them. So long as they were nationally poor, so long as economy was, not only an imperious obligation, but a cheerfully accepted condition of life, applied by almost everybody, they naturally sought their pleasures within themselves, in the products of their own heads and hearts, and not in the outside sensualities that money could buy. And in this lay precisely one of the mainsprings of their individuality, for, in those days and under those conditions, every one of them was bound to do his best to contribute to the common fund of gladness. Now all this is changed. Now the simplest social gatherings have become almost impossible without expense. Simplicity of life has disappeared. The French are no longer either willing or able to amuse each other, as they still did forty years ago, and require that amusement shall be provided for them in some paid form. Their pivot of

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existence is displaced. All that is not money has little merit in their eyes.

Marriage is becoming, more and more, a commercial transaction, a process of buying and selling. New people, many of them foreigners, representing abundant money, are assuming the front place in Paris. That place has become suddenly accessible to rich outsiders because they are able to offer to the idle world the forms of costly pleasure which it now wants, and because, as the old French houses are, with few exceptions, closed, there is a gap to be filled up. All this signifies that the deification of money has gone very far in France, and as the women are, in general, the foremost adorers of the new god, the evil worked by faith in it has fallen particularly on them.

And yet, so fitted was the Frenchwoman for her place, so natural was it for her to continue in it, notwithstanding all the pernicious agencies at work upon her, that she held on to it, precariously but pertinaciously, until some ten years ago. Since then she has begun to lose it altogether. She has lost it in France for the reasons already given. She has lost it out of France because she has ceased to lead the world by pleasing more than others. Her empire at home was based on services rendered to her country. Her empire abroad was based on the admiration she provoked beyond the frontiers. Both empires have disappeared. Of course, the French deny that she has ceased to please; but it is not for them to judge the case; opinion on it can be expressed by foreigners alone, for the unanswerable reason that they alone can determine whether they are pleased or not. Now foreigners are beginning to tell each other, with sorrow but almost with unanimity, that they no longer find in French society the peculiar charm which, even in its decadence, it used to offer to them. That charm was so great that it carried them away in spite of a certain want of cordiality which the French have always presented to strangers, and which results mainly from their being so wrapped up in their own family affections (which are probably the strongest in existence) that little space for aliens is left vacant in their hearts. Yet still, notwithstanding the difficulty which foreigners have always found in establishing solid friendships with the French, their companionship was so buoyant, so delightful, so full of freshness and of gaiety, that the absence of real union was but little felt, and was, if felt, forgotten often in the gladdening agitation of unceasing, laughing talk. But now the talk is not the same; it has faded almost into emptiness, and it is especially amongst the women that the gloomy change is evident. The present generation of them does not possess, and does not even seem to wish to possess, the characteristics which have made the reputation and the power of their race. Alas, that it should be true—they have positively grown dull! As women were, in France, the bright con-

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ductors of enjoyment, all dwindling of their lustre is instantly perceptible, and it has so dwindled lately that it has ceased to shine at all. The women of other lands are now as pleasant as the French. The long monopoly of the latter exists no longer.

Now it may be very gratifying to the women of other lands to think that they have attained the level of their former models, and if the levelling had been produced solely by their own uprising, there would be cause for much rejoicing at the universal betterment which would thus be indicated. But, as happens almost always when social equalisation gets to work, one group has come down while another group has risen. That women have been improving everywhere in capacities and attractions is one of the most undeniably satisfying facts in the work of that great deceiver, progress: in every country they have attained extended powers of pleasing; they talk better than their mothers did; they handle their own languages with constantly increasing precision and ease; their interest in the greater questions of life is steadily developing; their faculties of production and of material usefulness have incontestably augmented; and, taking them as a whole, they deserve high praise for the advance they have achieved, and for their greater usefulness to men. But in all this there is nothing of the former special excellence of the Frenchwoman; there is general reform, but that reform is always, despite its generality, of a local nature, according to the influences of each country. No other woman has ever acquired what the Frenchwoman has lost. The secret has vanished out of sight; it has fled from its own home, but it has taken refuge nowhere else. Women in the mass have got onwards and upwards, and we all have largely gained in consequence. But we have also largely lost by the disappearance of the standard of brightnesses and of peculiar femininenesses, which once was set before us by France. The consensus of opinion will doubtless be that the world has profited more by the general advance than it has lost by the particular decline. But, all the same, the entire theory of graceful life must droop, the whole philosophy of charm must suffer, by the melting away of the teaching model from amongst us.

It is against experience to suppose that the extraordinary powers which Frenchwomen had acquired, and which had been practised by them through generations to the delight of all spectators, would have disappeared unless a very thorough change had occurred in their national surroundings and in the conditions of their public employment. The powers themselves seemed to be of a nature to endure indefinitely, for not only did they possess the rare double merit of attractiveness and utility, but they were declared, in every land, to be as serviceable to humanity at large as they were to France herself. The world continued to need an ideal of feminine efficiency; it saw one in France and it desired to preserve it for the common good. No jealousy,

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no enmity, no damage was therefore to be apprehended from the outside. And from the French themselves danger could not reasonably be anticipated, for who could suppose that they would ever attack one of their own national honours? Furthermore, the long and regular transmission of social powers from the mother to the child, their preservation as a precious privilege of the race, the love which Frenchwomen felt for such rare attributes and the pride with which they worked them, combined to produce an additional guarantee of duration. It is true that, as has just been said, those powers had become much weakened and much modified, and that the causes which have been enumerated had rendered them less real, less personal, less irresistible; but it may fairly be supposed, notwithstanding the grave and wide-spreading character of those causes, that if time had been accorded, and if the national situation had remained unaltered, Frenchwomen would have conquered difficulties as they had done before, have regained energy and discernment, and have lived on abidingly. Unhappily no time was given, and the situation swerved round completely; a new and relentlessly bitter home enemy, with suddenly acquired strength, attacked them in their enfeeblement, and has done its best to stamp them out for good. That enemy is Democracy. In its hate of all superiorities and of every merit, the present form of French democracy has set to work to smash society, and, consequently, to try to exterminate the influence of women.

It is possible that the Radicals of France may be ignorant of the true nature of their efforts in this direction, and of the fact that, in attacking society, they are attacking women too. But, as unconsciousness of the harm they are doing is one of the characteristics of their operations, their protestations of innocence, if they made any, would not be particularly convincing. It is manifest that the Republic, as the official agent of democracy, has applied itself steadily, since it became omnipotent after the resignation of Marshal MacMahon in 1879, to weaken, throughout France, every spring of action which is not fundamentally democratic, and the quantity of destruction it has wrought in the short space of nine years is scarcely calculable. Religion and society were supposed to be anti-republican and anti-democratic, so religion and society have been savagely assailed and grievously damaged. They could not be employed for the good of a Radical Republic; it was impossible to make allies of them and to utilise for the benefit of democracy the enormous national force which each of them represented, so democracy gave both of them to understand that it would do its best to crush them. We all know what it has effected against religion, because, in that direction, the Republic has proceeded publicly and officially, by laws and decrees; but the war against society has been carried on by less obvious means and has not been so visible to spectators. It has been a campaign of flanking movements, of ambushes and stratagems; assault in front was difficult,

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for even democracy could scarcely declare, in distinct and serious words, that it meant to attack women and their work; but the onset has been none the less determined and none the less successful because it has used trenches and covered ways and mines, and all the other artifices of subterranean tactics. If it were not so sad, it would be amusing to look on at the struggle between the two armies that are called, descriptively, 'the Government' and 'the French' (as if the Government were not French). The same sort of antagonism has been seen in other countries when Liberals were in power; it has always been vividly visible, for instance, in Belgium whenever the clerical party (which means society) has been in opposition. But it has never reached anywhere else such an intensity of acrimony, for never in other lands or at other times has society felt itself to be so beaten, so repudiated, so thrown overboard, as it is now in France.

It is a contest which interests all onlookers; for if democracy were able, in our day, in any country, to suppress the influence and the action of society as an element of national life, the world would be warned, by the evidence so supplied, that similar consequences will probably accompany the triumph of democracy elsewhere. The logic of democracy appears to be that, as society is the associated manifestation of the existence and the proceedings of the upper classes, and as the upper classes are opposed to democratic progress, therefore society is an enemy of democracy, and must be suppressed, wherever democracy has the upper hand. That society was one of the glories of France is a matter of indifference to citizens who would efface the whole history of their country if they could because there happen to be kings in it. They want equality, and they detest glories, for glories imply inequality.

The effect of their proceedings has been to give, for the present, a finishing blow to the already tottering fabric of French society. Its members continue to amuse themselves, though otherwise and in a far less degree than formerly; some of them still offer entertainments to each other, and appear to be under the impression that, because they do so, society is still alive. Alas! it is so nearly dead that it has become incapable of national functions; its former powers and its ancient influence have scarcely a pulsation left; paralysis has laid hold of it. It has always been dependent, for the healthy maintenance of its operation, on the continuous discharge by it of public duties, and on an intimate association and co-operation between it and the State. If the performance of those duties is rendered impossible, whether by debility from within or hostility from without; if all participation in government is denied to society; if it is reduced to the poor employment of giving parties—then society has ceased to be, and must remain inanimate until circumstances permit it to resume once more—if it can—its former mission. As things stand

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now, the upper classes are excluded from all share in the direction of the country; all authority has been snatched away from them; they have to bear the fate of the conquered. Some isolated members of society are still the holders of elective place: that is to say, some of them are still senators, deputies, departmental councillors, or mayors of their villages. No other political service of the State is open to them, for in all other directions the Republic has the power of nomination, and steadfastly excludes them. They are pariahs in their own land, and pariahs they must remain so long as democracy continues to be triumphant in its actual shape and with its actual tendencies. To foreigners who look closely at all this on the spot the situation seems so clear that there can be no doubt about it. It presents to them three formulas. The first is, that the Republic has, in substance, turned society out of public life, that society cannot subsist without public life, and that society is, therefore, temporarily extinct. The second that, as society in France has been essentially the product of women, as it has been developed and perpetuated by women, the extinction of society must, of necessity, entail the decadence of women. The third that, as the joint action of society and of women has, for two centuries, formed part of the national history, and has aided largely to determine the high rank assumed by France towards Europe, all damage done to French society and to Frenchwomen means a corresponding damage to France herself before the world. All friends of France deplore this situation, and feel that they may ask the Radicals to observe that, in crushing women as well as men, they go beyond the usages of civilised war and the rights of belligerents, as now defined, and that they owe account to neutrals of the use they are making of their victory.

That foreigners are right in the opinion that a share of the management of public life is absolutely essential to the perpetuation of society as an active institution, is proved not only by the evidence now supplied in France, but also by a similar example (though on a small scale and under very different local conditions) in Switzerland. Since the control of the affairs of the Swiss Confederation has been taken away from such of the patricians as were in the Government, and transferred to Liberals and Radicals, the patricians, as a class, have lost all position before the country and have virtually disappeared as a national element; their very existence seems indeed to be forgotten by their fellow-citizens. It may therefore be admitted as a principle that the higher superiorities which society has shown itself capable of developing are attainable only at moments when it happens that politics, literature, science and art, as well as manners, social intercourse, and charm, are all, for the time being, under the general superintendence and protection of the same category of enlightened persons. It is natural that it should

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be so, for in this case (as indeed happens often) the causes of progress react upon and mutually strengthen each other. It is an ambition of the classes to place their knowledge and their capacity at the service of their country, and, great as is the national function of society when truly understood and rightly exercised, the function of government is higher still, and the practice of it by the members of society has always extended and fortified the uses of society itself. But the combination of the two influences can only be realised in countries where there exists a governing class, prepared for politics by social teaching and by social contacts. It is unattainable when, as in France now, society is excluded from all State service, and when Radicals rush into government, not only with no personal preparation of any sort whatever, but also, in most cases, with the resolute intention to profit by their momentary authority to battle against all previous supremacies.

The enmity between democracy and society proceeds on both sides from such recognised, such solid, and such irremovable causes; it is such an inevitable outcome of the situation, that it would be idle to speculate about possibilities of arrangement. If democracy, in its present form, were to ally itself with society, it would cease to be democracy. The Republicans themselves proclaim, it is true, that *la république manque de femmes*; but that conviction, though it indicates that they have sense enough to perceive one of the weaknesses of their position, will never lead them to accept (even if they could get it) the aid of women outside the Republic. It is not therefore possible to hope that the antagonism can be stifled. Great as are the perceptiveness and the imitativeness of the Gallic race, it cannot be supposed that they will lead victorious Radicals—whatever be the softening influences of their Capua—to discern and to appreciate the merits of society. If they did so there would be an end of democracy, and aristocracy would rise again. Supposing that things continue as they are, the battle must go on. Democracy cannot make friends with pre-eminences, privileges, or elegancies; society cannot exist without them.

But will things continue as they are? Or can we allow ourselves to imagine that they will change, that the situation is only temporary, that it will pass away, as it did after the Great Revolution, and that society will come out again, as then, unconquered, and not gravely injured? So far as probabilities can be allowed to guide us there appear to be two reasons why neither of these questions can be answered in the affirmative. The first, that it is difficult to admit, in our day, that democracy is likely to fade away once more in France; the prospect seems to indicate, on the contrary, that it will become, in some shape—whatever be the nominal configuration of the Government—the permanent force of the future, and that all other forces must either live with it as they can, or disappear before

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it. The second, that if democracy endures, it will be obliged, as the price of its own safety, to cease to be destructive, for if it goes on destroying, as it is doing now, it will some day, in the huge ruin it will provoke, be itself crushed out, temporarily, by conservative reaction. It may therefore be inferred—if anything can be inferred in uncertain France—that the chances of the future point to the continuation of the struggle between democracy and society; but that, not impossibly, after a time, democracy may be led to recognise the impolicy of brutality, and to adopt relative moderation as the basis of its attitude.

And what will be, meanwhile, the fate of Frenchwomen?

Their present situation is saddening to see. To have been the founders of society in its actual form; to have rendered to the world the priceless service of teaching it the worth of brightness, talk, and charm; to have been its models and its guides; to have contributed, by all these means, to the constitution of modern character; to have been, for this good work, the object of the admiration and the gratitude of Europe, and—now—to be torn down from place and usefulness by the jealousies of democracy! *Ubi lapsus! Quid fecit?*

We have seen, however, that the decadence of Frenchwomen commenced long before the democracy of to-day had laid its desecrating hand upon them, and that they had shown clear symptoms of decay and had already lost, at a time when nobody foresaw the coming of 'the Republic for the Republicans,' the vigour which might have enabled them to struggle against adversity. We must remember, therefore, in trying to measure the perspective before society and women in France, that they have to fight, in the present and in the future, against two distinct adversaries; and that, if they mean to rise again, they must beat them both. It will not suffice to get the better of one of them. Democracy, which has been the final crusher, is the more immediate foe, but the causes of previous enfeeblement (causes in which democracy had no hand) would continue to produce their effect even if democracy disappeared or changed its attitude. It would seem, consequently, that the chances of recovery depend, at the bottom, on the possibility of getting clear of the various debilitating influences which have been at work, and of reacquiring enough of the old vitality to be ready to profit energetically by any favourable change that may occur in the dispositions of democracy. If the women of France simply wait in their present state until the Radicals are good enough to permit them to resume some share of public action, they will find, in all probability, when the day comes (if ever it does come) that they are unfit to realise the opportunity.

There lies, apparently, the true difficulty. It is conceivable that radicalism may become less savage, less venomous, less ugly, than it is now, not, of course, to please society, but simply because it may recognise that it is its interest to change. But it is less easy to

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imagine that the French upper classes will open their eyes to the immense reality of their decline, will perceive its causes, and will set to work with a strong will to reconquer the ground lost, and to win back the place once held by them before their country and the world. Of this, unhappily, there is at present little prospect. French society does not see in itself what most foreigners see in it. It is certainly discontented and humiliated; it feels vaguely that it has gone down; but it in no way realises the vastness of the fall, and especially it is indifferent. Its indifference towards its own situation, though real enough, counts however almost for nothing when compared to the utter unconcern which is now felt about it by the nation at large.

The French people, as a mass, care absolutely nothing, at this moment, about the upper classes, or society. Their indifference is so thorough, so complete, that some of the spectators whose eyes are fixed upon the question are beginning to ask themselves, whether the needs of France have not become so totally changed that society, in its public sense, is no longer wanted there at all. If this be true the chances of the future are poor indeed. The persons who put forward this very grave suggestion say that the nation has evidently lost all interest in the preservation of society, and that, in the mass of the population, the few persons who still give thought to it, use about it an argument which has been often employed of late with reference to religion:—they say that it is a worn-out lever, which has done useful work in the past, but which is incapable of effecting any now because it is no longer in harmony with the spirit of the age. The mere existence of such an impression as this is, in itself, a lamentable sign, but it would be childish to pass it by in silence simply because it is disagreeable. It points to an additional and infinitely grave difficulty in the way of recovery, but if recovery is to be achieved at all it can only be by looking all the obstacles in the face and battling with them. The final disappearance of society and women as public forces would constitute an extraordinarily violent rupture between the present and the past, and would, as foreigners believe, do immeasurable harm to France. But, as things stand now, that final disappearance must be regarded as a possibility.

FREDERICK MARSHALL.

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MISERY IN GREAT CITIES.

HOSTS of good men and women are constantly employed in learning the wants of the poor and ministering to their relief; money is spent on them in hundreds of thousands of pounds every year; but the general belief is a true one, that the worthier poor are little known, and have but a small share of the benevolence which, bestowed on them, would turn to the best account in all ways. And yet the worthy poor have more friends than are ever heard of. The hardships they endure, in an obscurity which is often concealment, are softened in many and many a case by the wisest help and the noblest sympathy. The greater charitable societies do a vast deal of good, if at the same time they are wasteful and do some harm. The dozens of open associations for benevolent 'work' in this or that district are most helpful too, especially when hysterics and the hysterical are kept out of them; and altogether they present a spectacle of eager, organised kindliness of which the most humble spirit may be proud. But it is better to know that in every city in the kingdom there are hundreds and hundreds of good people, who, working alone or in little family coteries, find their own way to perishing homes, and sustain them in the quietness which is the surest mark of heartfelt sympathy.

Of all the good work done by the charitable, none is so blessed as this. Some good husband and father, whose labour or whose skill has filled his home with comfort year after year, falls ill. But not in a slum. Knowing them a little more, though only a little more, than the gentlefolk who read about them in the newspapers, it has been the greatest effort and the greatest pride of his life to keep his children far away from all such places. He is not permitted to say, as another variety of poor man is, that, come what may, he is determined to bring up his boys like gentlemen; but he meant much the same thing whenever occasion arose for repeating to himself the quiet resolve that his children should be 'brought up respectable.' When his illness overtakes him he is living in no foul East-end quarter, in none of the gutter-byways into which not only the more hopeless poverty but the most inveterate idleness and most defiant vice naturally drain, but in some quiet little street where no sign of

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distress is visible, though a desperate struggle for the common decencies of life may be going on in every other house. To be obliged to 'break up the home,' to be compelled to turn out and shift nearer to the region of slums and slummers, that is his most poignant anxiety when he falls sick; and his wife must be a rarity among women of her class if her suffering at the thought of such a fate is not greater than her husband's. The very lowest grade being excepted, the women in every rank of life amongst the working classes are superior to the men in self-respect and wholesome pride, just as they are invariably a step above their husbands and brothers in matters of taste and refinement. And it is the woman who has first to confront the miseries which, in a steady procession of ever-increasing squalor, file into the home of which we are thinking.

The poor man's wages stop; his savings go, pound by pound; they all go; and then the watch of which he was so proud, and then the birthday brooch that was the wife's delight, and then the overcoat, and then the best gown: all the things that can best be spared, or the absence of which is least likely to be noticed. But luxuries like these are a resource that is soon exhausted, and the time comes when it is no longer possible to conceal from the children that there is neither food nor fire for them without the sale of their own clothes. The little ones are exhorted never to say and never to do anything that might reveal the worst of their privations; they understand; they are instinctively conscious of their parents' pain and shame; and even when the loaf has to be eked out by the inch, or there is no bread at all, they never clamour and complain as might be supposed from the story-books. And so the little family resign themselves in pallor and silence to the privations which the father is helpless to avert, and the mother can find no shifts to avoid for all her lying awake of nights. Aid they sometimes get from friends and relations, but not much or for long, because the relations and friends are scarcely richer than themselves. Nor will they seek help from this source till they have little left to pawn or to sell; while as to pressing their poverty on the notice of strangers, as for begging of them, that they might do after months of semi-starvation have broken them down, but in many a case there is a child in the coffin or a man to be buried before it comes to that.

But what if some of the good people of whom I have spoken get wind of these distresses when they come to the worst? It does happen. The parson has found them out; or the doctor drops a word; or the sorrows of the breaking home are revealed in the right quarter through some application for charing work; and then, if you are admitted to the secret, you may see charity at work to the utmost profit. No Lady Bountiful enters on the scene, to stare, and pry, and lecture as well as to give, but a kindly woman who knows by instinct what Lady B.

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will never learn, with all her 'vast experience of the lower classes;' namely, that in dealing with the poverty of the uncomplaining poor as much delicacy is needed, as much delicacy is due, as when the distresses of some broken gentleman have to be relieved. If the kindly woman is as wise as she is kind, she knows that to break down, by any violent intrusion on it, the harsh, rude pride in which the lowliest wretchedness is often fenced, is to destroy the only barrier against utter degradation. She knows that this pride should rather be hardened, to keep out the degradation; not only because otherwise another poor family may be sunk in shame as well as misery, but because the whole community must suffer with the individual. But the wisdom of kindness is little known to itself; and though an artful system of smuggling seems to be resorted to in getting food into the cupboards of our broken home, and blankets for the bed, and shoes for the children to go to school in, there is no calculation in the process and nothing politic. It is all pure kindness, though the wisdom is in it that it is unaware of; and the good it does is immeasurable. When the basket fares from one house to the other in the dusk of the evening, more goes in it than was knowingly conveyed, more than can be taken out by hands that yet tremble with the consciousness of its bestowal; and what it is that is so sent and so received is doubly blessed at the lowest reckoning. Poverty breeds obduracy in many a breast gentle enough by nature; what obduracy there may be melts before the wordless breath of true charity; inestimable moral good accompanies the relief of physical suffering; the pitying and the grateful heart are strengthened and exalted alike; and since so much more goes with the gift than can be seen, here we may understand the larger and more divine meanings of the saying, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.'

But of course there are ways of helping the poor which cannot be attempted by individuals, and which must depend for success upon open organisation. Hospitals, dispensaries, night-refuges, are of this order, as well as some other charitable institutions which beneficence makes no boast of, thinking them merely necessary. But in London, above all cities, means are needed for aiding poor men and women to keep their heads above water, as well as for fishing them up when they have sunk in sickness and exhaustion to its lowest depths. Means are needed more especially in one particular, the importance of which is well recognised, though its difficulties do not appear to be generally understood even yet. The housing of the poor in London—not in its slums, but where the better sort of working people dwell—is a very great matter to-day, and if the city grows at its present rate for only ten years longer; if the causes that contribute so largely to swell its population continue, difficulties already painful, while they seem all but insurmountable, will become a danger too. After all that has been said and all that has been written on the subject, I doubt whether

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its gravity and its magnitude are sufficiently understood. Obviously the hardships imposed upon the working people of London by the endeavour to be decently lodged are profoundly felt by the benevolent; but it is questionable whether those hardships are seen to be the business of the politician. Yet this they are now, if precaution is rightly expected of him; and this they will become ere long as a mere matter of compulsion, should the present conditions of life and labour in the capital of the empire continue. This portentous fact should be clear to everyone who has tried to work out a cure for the evils and the distresses which the overcrowded poor have to suffer already; for the reason that no sufficient remedy seems likely to be found by any of the keen and earnest minds that have been at work for years over its discovery. Something has been done, no doubt; something may yet be done; but the palliations so far applied, or even conceived as practicable and devoid of mischief, are so little proportioned to the disease that the most sanguine amongst those who know are driven to despair. There is no use in denying that it is so, and none in opposing to the hard facts of the case a merely cheerful hope that matters are not so bad as they seem.

What are the facts? Up to this time attention has been chiefly drawn to the frightful squalor of certain districts in the East-end of London, to the hideous 'homes' of Whitechapel and its neighbourhood. Impossible that they should be neglected, of course; but a grave mistake, as well as a sore unkindness, to think of these alone or even first of all. Among the many considerations that should be taken into account in dealing with this oppressive difficulty, one at least is too often overlooked. An almost inconceivable change must take place in the whole constitution of society, human nature itself must make a long, long stride towards perfection, before the horrors of the 'slums' can be diminished in any comforting degree. For they correspond far more than most kind souls are willing to perceive to the measure of depravity and weakness in the human mind; and at the same time to the proportion of incapables in a state of society which does not allow incapacity to perish, as it perishes where nothing like organised society exists at all. Outcast London, as it has been called, does indeed include upon its outskirts many sober, striving, capable, good men and women; though if these were all got together (as I wish they could be) it would be seen how many of them are irretrievably spoiled for the uses of this world by feeble health or broken spirit. Put all these aside, however, as folk to work upon hopefully, and outcast London will be found a mere multiplication of the 'bad lots' that are bred in every family, gentle and simple, rich and poor, educated or ignorant. In London we are a family of five millions, crowded together in the space of a few square miles. Being what we are in every grade, spite of all opportunity and all incitement to do well, the proportion of those who are vicious, heedless, idle, predatory,

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foul in mind and habit, or hopelessly incapable, must make up an enormous aggregate. If in a family of a dozen we find one lazy or one vicious blackguard, we are not much concerned for the family and not at all for the blackguard. If in a town of fifty thousand people we come upon an odious slum or two, we are neither surprised nor alarmed, painful as the sight may be; for in this case we are dimly conscious of the sad but unmanageable reason why. It is the mass in London that appals us—the mass (it all runs together, in 'pockets' as the miners say), which would be vast if it were composed of the average proportions of weakness and depravity, but is so composed with additions. If effort and enterprise are drawn to London from all parts of the country, so in far greater abundance are shiftlessness and failure, idleness either reckless or half-ashamed, and drifting or adventurous vice of all kinds; for here is a last hope, a surer hiding-place, the comfort of plentiful companionship, and all the luxuries of foulness cheap. Heaven forbid that we should take no heed of the result, but let us understand what it is. Taken where it excites the greatest outcry, it is an aggregate answering to the irreclaimable 'bad lot' in the family. It is a precipitate, for the most part, of the muddier elements in all societies—elements contributed by human imperfections of such a sort that ages of civilisation have done little to diminish them. Certain agencies—education being the one most relied upon—are believed to be reducing them, slowly. Let that slow work proceed; but, with all the acceleration that can be given to it, it must be very slow. The purgation of human nature is a tedious business, and even though it proceed at twice the pace we are accustomed to, those 'pockets' called 'outcast London' will be more abounding ten years hence than they are now, if the general population increases at the present rate. From the nature of the case, no machinery, legislative or municipal, is likely to improve them much; since the only means of doing anything in that way, or the only one that I can discover, is declared to be impossible. Though the world has been opened up in all directions since we were forced to abandon the system of transportation for criminals, it is understood that neither in Africa nor anywhere else can territory be found to plant our convicts out where work is imperative and robbery difficult, thereby giving them the best possible chance of reformation. So what we do is to return them from the jails into the population over and over again; which is nothing less than the deliberate propagation of vice. Criminals there will always be in every community: our method of dealing with such persons spreads the infection and provides us with criminal classes.

What I say, then, is, that the districts the sight of which excites the greatest horror and the strongest compassion are the most hopeless of all to deal with. I repeat, they are like the 'bad lot' in a family; and though it is a hard saying, yet I believe it true,

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that, just as it is commonly found mere waste to endeavour to reclaim the one by spending money on him, so it is mere waste in the general to spend money on the other. Moreover, compassion itself, when compassion is restricted to feelings of pity for the discomforts of those who live amidst the squalors of the show slums of London, is largely thrown away. A very large number of the inhabitants of these places are like the cotters in some others, where the men bask in idleness day after day, while the roofs which a little turf would mend are rotting over their heads and the filth of a midden creeps over the floor. The filth and the rottenness is no such distress to these people as many suppose. All's well with them when there is food and drink enough. That it should be so is a most shocking thing; and I am very far indeed from meaning to suggest that we should be content to leave it alone, or that nothing should be done to draw from these veritable sinks of humanity the thousands of decent poor who are driven to camp upon their borders. But I know what I am writing about, I believe, and I say that not even these borderers deserve more compassion than others who are farther away from the kennels that will exist as long as the city exists; that these others have been too much neglected for the show slums; and that in this field of improvement there is infinitely less likelihood of wasted effort. But that is not all. While constant growth and constant influx add every year to the civic dangers which are visible enough in the slums already—dangers that can only be kept down by the police while the slow processes of civilisation go on—new dangers of a similar kind are accumulating in the homes of the most honest, hardworking, and capable artisans all over the metropolitan area.

Education—general education, that is to say—has one certain consequence, if no other. It creates tastes and adds to the number of absolute wants. And if that is not the greatest advantage of it most people are mistaken. To be sure, there are others greater yet: such as the sobering of the passions, the fining away of brute instinct, the strengthening of judgment, the enlarging of tolerance, and the half-divine habit of making allowances. These also are among the fruits of education; but they are not to be counted on with so much certainty as the others I have named, and even on the best soils are rarely an abundant growth in the first generation. But what we expect in every case, what we hope for and are never disappointed in, is the creation of tastes and the multiplication of absolute needs. And where do these tastes begin? what needs are they which come first into existence, imperatively demanding to be satisfied? They begin where we wish and are precisely what we wish; though in many individual cases the perversity of human nature turns them all awry. But we need not take much account of the perversities which mainly afflict the young and vain. The tastes begin with a liking for fresh linen, with order, brightness, sweetness in the home.

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And even when these tastes are not cultivated by attainment and enjoyment, they are soon felt as crying wants, the denial of which is degradation. This is good. Rebellion against abasement, emulation in the lowlier refinements of home-life, the decencies elevated into sheer necessities of existence—this is the first best good that can be got out of what is called education for the masses; and while it is the consequence most desired, it is also the most certain.

But the need being created, what about the satisfaction of it? The answer is that the means of satisfaction are cheap and simple in every particular but the most important one of all. If the well-paid artisan has decent rooms to live in, all else that makes a home bright and fair is easy of attainment in these days. But the decent rooms must be got first, to make a beginning; and in London they are only obtainable at a rent that puts all the rest beyond acquisition. The result is, indeed, that the well-paid artisan with three or four little children to keep cannot lodge them in London as he knows they ought to be lodged, and feed them and clothe them with decency too. He is a lucky man if all the year round he earns thirty-three shillings a week, or even thirty; and if he lives within three or four miles of St. Paul's he will have to pay eight or nine shillings a week for house accommodation that is neither too scanty nor too squalid for any man with a taste for the merest decencies of life. This is an enormously disproportionate sum to pay; and all that is left barely suffices for the commonest food and raiment, let alone the little comforts which were luxuries yesterday and are needs to-day. And then all artisans are not well paid. Moreover, thousands of men of the labourer class also are taking on those first great blessings of education we so earnestly wish them to share, loathe their foul and narrow homes, and are emulous of brighter surroundings. As it is, a full fourth of their earnings has to go to pay for lodgings which, to the complete satisfaction of the rest of the community, they are learning more and more to abominate. Besides these, there is the multitude of poor women who live by various kinds of needlework who because they are women are more keenly sensible of the squalor that is so fatal to respect and self-respect, and who have even more difficulty than other London workpeople in fighting clear of it. I know what the social emulation which education strengthens is doing for the best of them. They are paying higher rents at the cost of a cupboard which is thought well-filled if there is enough of bread and tea inside; for the fact is, that if any workwoman living alone, and compelled to reside within walking distance of the West End shop that employs her, is determined to have one fair-sized room in a decent neighbourhood, she has to pay five or six shillings a week for it; while an average earning of fourteen shillings is as much as she can look to, even if she is never out of employment three days together.

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But there are the suburbs, where rent is lower, and the streets more cheerful, and the air brighter, while at the same time communication by railway or omnibus is cheap. True; the suburbs are a resource, but not at all what they are fancied to be by those who are unacquainted with the restrictions imposed upon the working class population of London, or who are unaware of their small economies. A very large number of them—nearly all who are employed by the owners of such shops as abound in Oxford Street, for instance—must live near their work. There is no residing in the suburbs for them, and to their vastly increased and increasing numbers the rise of rent over a very wide area is chiefly due. To give another instance, all who have to do with the thousands of horses that throng the streets of London must live near their work; and it must be remembered that when we talk of the suburbs in this connection we must not include crowded places like Islington, Kennington, or Clerkenwell, because rent is nearly as high there as it is in the workman quarters of Marylebone. It is true, however, that a very large proportion of London workpeople are free to live in wholesome suburbs where rents are lower. But now let us descend to certain particulars which, though they may be offensively small and mean, yet govern the lives of many thousands of our fellow-creatures in this city alone. A working man resolves that his family shall live in a suburb, clean out of London. He can make such arrangements as will enable him to house his children far more comfortably and wholesomely than they can be lodged in the town, with a saving of half-a-crown a week, or even more. These are very great advantages, but now the drawbacks. To save expense, and for the good of his health, he will walk part of the way to and from work when the weather is not very bad; but he must pay something in railway fares, and fourpence a day is two shillings a week. So far, a clear balance of sixpence a week, and the additional health and comfort. But the man must dine away from home, and that makes a very great difference. On most days, perhaps, he will carry some cold food with him; but here some points of pride as well as some considerations of comfort come in. The man we are thinking of does not belong to the labourer class, but is very consciously above it; he does not like carrying that little bundle with him, and when his wife makes it up she shares with him a certain feeling of humiliation. As it is eaten in the presence of his fellow-workmen it must look and be as nice as possible, and never can be part of the cheap though savoury messes which even the most prosperous housewife amongst the working classes has to make up, in order that there may be a punctual payment of rent and a decent provision of boots and shoes. This means a more frequent supply of joints from the butcher—which costs. But at the best, these cold meats in a bundle are very comfortless; yet if on one or two days in the week the father is

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treated to a hot dinner in town, that meal will cost as much as the good wife would spend upon one of those cheap, obscure, but wholesome and savoury dinners for the whole family. Away goes that sixpence, then, and much more, while the balance of comfort becomes less considerable. Again, London offers cheaper markets for all that the wife has to buy than any suburb does. Some of the things that poor people make shift with she cannot get at all; while as for the rest, it is no excessive calculation that every purchase in her whole system of housekeeping costs a penny in a shilling more than would be paid in such districts as Camberwell or Kentish Town. Nor have we yet come to an end of the disadvantages which deter the working man from living in a suburb, or drive him back to his old unwholesome quarters after experience of them. Just as the agricultural labourer is never so prosperous as when his boys are able to earn a little money, so it is with the artisan. The willing labour of a couple of lads will add a dozen shillings a week to the household fund; but if their employment is in town, while the family they belong to dwells in a suburb, one third of their earnings must be spent in journeying to and fro—not less than a third, if again we take each railway fare at twopence only.

It seems pretty clear, then, that living in a suburb is no adequate solution of the difficulty, nor even an appreciable mitigation of it. Command a reduction of railway fares, and you may make a difference of sixpence or eightpence a week for each traveller—no inconsiderable sum in a poor family, but not enough to counterbalance any one of the disadvantages enumerated in our imperfect list. Carry legislative interference further, and we come almost at once upon the provision of lodgings for the poor by State aid; but for half a dozen reasons, every one of which is fatal, this expedient has to be dropped the moment it is taken up. Enough that it would be useless without workable effective laws against the competition of labour and the reduction of wages. Such laws are impossible; yet without them the advantages bestowed on the labourer by the Government or County Council would very soon pass to his employer, upon whom they would be thrust in the competition for work. And even if this difficulty could be got over, and the rest of the half-dozen also, there would be no toleration for State aid that began where it is most deserved, and where relief to the individual would be most profitable to the State; for though the pinch is felt most by the more emulous, more worthy members of the working class population, to all appearance they are the best off. But perhaps the thing could be done by some great and well-planned combination of private benevolence? Hardly. It would have to be a prodigiously rich and never-failing combination to be of much use; and the fact remains that, if by any means whatever the cost of lodging for the poor in London were artificially reduced, the difference would immediately become a temptation to

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offer work at lower wages. In short, the better we understand this difficulty, the more remote seems every chance of reducing it by exterior effort; and yet if no relief comes to the class of which we are thinking, what may we expect? In all likelihood, the diminution of employment on the land, and the ever-nearing seductions of town life, will continue to draw thousands of families into London, there to swell the population of native growth; overcrowding will not diminish; and, decade by decade, the suburbs will be pushed to yet more inaccessible distances. Meanwhile, education will proceed in its work of creating wants out of the cravings it excites; and it will operate to that effect upon a larger number, and with greater force, year by year. These are the facts—and another has now to be added to them.

The new system of local government gives power into the hands of whatever discontent may arise from the causes we have sketched. So much the better, perhaps. Indeed, I hear a dozen voices exclaiming, 'That is just as it should be. Here you see one of the beauties of the Local Government Act. The power you speak of is strictly constitutional, it will operate by purely peaceful means, and its bestowal on the people will have the happy effect—it had, perhaps, the beneficent design—of precluding all need and all thought of resorting to demonstrations of violence.' This would be a very comfortable argument if any salutary way of solving the problem had been discovered, and if all that was needed to secure its adoption were an overpowering vote at municipal elections. But that is not the case. All that the aforesaid argument comes to is that, while society has been guarded against certain provocations to self-destruction by firearms, it has been supplied with the gentler and more decent means of poison. The people will be able to vote in overwhelming numbers for any scheme that may be commended to them; but if that scheme is neither trivial nor vicious, it will be a discovery of which wisdom and science have never yet caught a glimpse. Trivialities, however, will not satisfy, and are not likely to be attempted. Therefore, the only question is, whether the demagogue, working upon ignorance, impatience, desperation, may not bring on an overwhelming clamour for destruction in the guise of remedy; and whether he may not do so all the more effectively because the clamour he excites is not the mere raging of a mob, but the sanctified voice of the people speaking from electoral urns.

If we now review the ground we have been traversing, we shall see that our position is this: the lack of house-room, the enormous rents that have to be paid for accommodation which is insufficient for decency, let alone for comfort, is one of the greatest grievances of the poor in London; that by none is it felt so heavily as by the more intelligent and provident of the working classes; that the education we are at such pains to provide them does, by its most

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certain and most desired consequences, promote rebellion against the costly squalors of the workman's home; that while education constantly enlarges the longing for some share of the refinements of life, the overcrowding which renders common decency impossible, even when a cruelly disproportionate part of the workman's income goes for rent, increases; that the causes of discontent are likely to grow while indisposition to bear with them grows also; and that while no legislative remedies that are not worse than the disease can be found, yet some that are plausible may be forced into experiment by mass votes at County Council elections. This is what I was thinking of more particularly when I said, above, that if certain social hardships endured by the London poor have not already become the business of the politician, they soon will as a matter of compulsion, should the present conditions of life and labour in the capital of the empire continue. At one and the same time the legislature has conferred upon those who suffer a keener sense of their privations, and organised for them a powerful constitutional means of insisting on the trial of any scheme of relief that they may be persuaded to believe in. I am not so foolish as to complain of its having done the one thing, whatever I may think of the wisdom of the other; my intention simply is to point to the facts as they stand, and to what will grow out of them almost to a certainty. Nor can it be said that these growths are likely to begin in a time so distant that we need not trouble ourselves about them. They have begun already. The ground was cleared for them by the dissemination of that perplexing socialist doctrine which would be denied by none if it were not so disastrously impossible of application; a doctrine, however, which ignorance and distress may readily accept at the hands of men who are willing to make a ruin to mount upon rather than rise to no eminence at all. To such men the new system of local government is a delight, and they have shown already that they mean to work it as without doubt it can be worked.

But it is far more easy to show to the politician what difficulties and what dangers lie before him here than to suggest any hopeful means of dealing with them that are at the same time adequate. In short, despair sets in when we look for such means. After the widest search, the most competent minds have come to the conclusion that there are no such means, and none that can be attempted without unsettling the foundations upon which all society has grown up, wherever it exists in any stage of development. This conclusion may be called pessimist, but it is nothing more, perhaps, than acknowledgment that for some diseases there is no remedy; and that just as the unchangeable conditions of life in the human being include progress to decay, so the only possible conditions of human society, of growth in all that we understand by civilisation, forbid the hope of continuous stability. Certain it seems to me at

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any rate that it is as vain to look to legislation for any means of avoiding such evils as we are now considering as it ever was to seek in chemistry for the Water of Life. But there are medicines if there is no elixir; and palliatives are not forbidden, though there can be no cure. These we should try to discover all the more earnestly if there is any danger that quacks will gain access to the patient's ear, which is precisely what we have to dread. Not much has been accomplished in this way hitherto, though there has been no neglect of the difficulty. Yet something was done by the institution of Peabody Buildings and model lodging-houses. The Government itself took the matter in hand a little while ago, when we heard that the site of a prison was to be given up for the building of workmen's dwellings—a well-meant but a wasteful expedient. The prison site is at the west end of London, on the side of the Thames where land is most valuable. Sell it, and much more ground than the gaol covers could be bought on the southern side—ground now encumbered by festering courts and alleys which ought to be razed on account of their own abominations alone. Nevertheless, some good will come of a grant which accidental circumstances allow the Government to make; and if no palliative of a similar kind has since been offered, spite of Lord Salisbury's interest in the matter, we know how that may be explained. Help must be sought in other ways. Though direct means of relief are all but impossible of attainment, invention and organisation may provide indirect means, which though of small effect singly, would make up a most serviceable aggregate. State reward might well be given for any discovery or any plan that would brighten the poor man's dwelling, speed his labour, or cheapen the comforts that are limited by the rate of rent. All these things were done for him at a stroke by the introduction of mineral oil for purposes of light and warmth. That was no discovery stimulated by benevolence, but it might have been; and the blessing it has brought to every hole that is called a home passes all computation. A great company has been formed for cheapening coal for the consumer by more direct buying and selling. This company can do nothing for the poor in London, but a similar association might do a vast deal. After bread and tea, fire is the greatest need and greatest comforter in every poor home. When retailed in small quantities coal wastes enormously; and this the buyer has to pay for, as well as the inevitable difference of price when a ton of coal is sold at once and when it is measured out in fifty small parcels. What, then, must be the loss to them who have to buy coal in pen'northe, as thousands do because of their poverty? But even when the London artisan is sufficiently well off to share the economy of riches, and buy his fuel by the ton or half-ton, he is forbidden by the fact that he has only a small cupboard to store it in: a separate cellar, however small, cannot be provided for all the three or four families that are crowded into most London houses

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in poor neighbourhoods. Can organisation, working on a large capital, do nothing here? I think it might do much, with profit to the organisers; only they must go out of the accustomed route to find some new means of storage and distribution. That is one thing that might be done with a little ingenuity. I have thought of another which shall be described at sufficient length; because, though it may seem trivial in itself, its details will enable me to sample, for those who have more pity than knowledge, the pathetically small-great troubles of the poor which are not without remedy, maybe.

Upon the whole, the working people of London who are most comfortless in their high-rented rooms are those who have to earn their bread at home. This is equally true whether we take the case of the tailor or bootmaker who earns 'good money' in an apartment of two or three rooms, or of the solitary sempstress in one. And nearly the worst of their discomforts proceeds from the domestic hearth itself. Cooking is the cause of it. Every appliance for that purpose is of the most inadequate kind; for all have to be adapted to a fire-grate which may be fit to throw out warmth, but which is a masterpiece of inconvenience for cooking, though for that it was never intended. Not only is it an encouragement to shiftless cooking, with which the working man's housekeeper is so often and so severely reproached, but in many and many a case nothing much better can be attempted. Where the work is done, and where the little family has to live all day, every preparation for every meal, afterwards the dressing of it and then the serving of it, have to be carried out; and now let the adequately imaginative person say what disturbances, what irritations, what confusions and foulnesses must be the consequence; and how they must be felt by men and women who have been taught to appreciate decent living. But not only do these squalid little miseries spoil the poor enjoyments that labour earns, not only do they embitter but they hinder work. The workman is 'bothered' by the muddling that degrades his home; which from the mere economical point of view is loss of time. What help his wife may be to him in piling up the week's wages is diminished; and if the material he works upon be of a delicate kind, it sometimes suffers in the general muddle, and he has always to be on the watch lest it should be spoiled. Very trifling, but yet very serious. Only women work alone, and if we take the case of the solitary sempstress we shall find it no better —even worse, perhaps. In summer she could do without fire altogether but for the need of cooked food. Breakfast is no difficulty; that can be prepared at all times by help of a little kettle (I hope nobody is shocked by these details), fired in a speedy and cleanly way from a mineral oil reservoir beneath it. Dinner? If any small morsel has to be cooked, a fire must be made; the cost of the first hour's fire is the heaviest; the sempstress must rise from her work to prepare the fire and the morsel; every time she touches pot or pan during the

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process she must wash her hands, for the material she works upon is almost always delicate, and to soil it may be loss as well as vexation. What follows? It follows that she takes the course to which she is further prompted by hopes of a new frock, and goes on from morning to night sustained by tea and bread-and-butter. In winter, of course a fire must be had, for warmth; but if any cooking is done, it must be done under the same disabilities.

By dwelling on these things a little they could be made more clear and more appealing; but enough has been said to show that if by any means cheap, hot, well-cooked food could be prepared for the poor, and conveyed to them, it would be a great blessing. It might be done, I think, in many neighbourhoods on a considerable scale. The only question is whether the poor would take to it, considering their strange and unexpected points of pride. But experiment might be made. Suppose a kitchen built, of fair amplitude and with every appointment of economy and cleanliness visible at a glance. From this kitchen (or a dozen such) a smart van moves off at the midday hours to go its rounds. The van is broad and deep, like those that are employed in moving furniture from one house to another. Glaringly clean, it is fitted up with trays or other receptacles heated by mineral oil or portable gas. The various receptacles contain three or four kinds of food appropriate to the dinner hour; which kinds are not the same every day, but are always wholesome, always savoury, and such as are well liked of those for whom they are provided. Milk is distributed from door to door in cans, as beer used to be: why not close-covered cans of hot newly-made soup or 'Irish stew'? Small puddings—meat puddings, plum puddings, puddings of half a dozen varieties—might be served in like manner from the hot coffers in the van. Fish, fresh drawn from the bubbling pan; potatoes roast, potatoes fried—(at noon, one day, I saw a peripatetic vendor of this commodity calling from house to house with great success: this was at Folkestone)—portions of well-cooked beef; portions of mutton stewed in rice;—might not such viands as these be carried round, hot and good, with dishes of cold meat and salad in the summer time? If it could be done acceptably, and without loss, the advantage would be very great indeed, as I have shown upon the preceding page.

It is saddening to have to deal with so grave a matter in ways so small, and of course the socialist will continue to laugh all such means to scorn. But it is not the magnitude, it is the hopelessness of every grand remedy yet proposed that compels its rejection. With all their hard thinking, with all their earnest preaching, the whole tribe of socialists of every generation have done less for the good of their fellow-creatures than one illustrious lady in one corner of Ireland alone. The man for imitation in this region of affairs is not he who would perform the grand feat of withdrawing his own

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shadow from the sunshine, but he who was praised for making two blades of grass grow where one grew before. Magnificent as may be the things that cannot be done for mankind in the mass, meagre as may be the help that can be given to equalise the sum of prosperity and contentment, it needs no genius to discover that all effort should be drawn from the one, and all devoted to the other; and what cannot be done may be sufficiently learnt by ten minutes' contemplation of a single fact, which is this. All human society wherever it has come together, in any land, at any time, and under any conditions, has taken the same growth. Needs, instincts, passions as common and as little variable as the shape of our hands, have cast every known association of human beings into the same form, and marked out the same undeviating lines of development. In every case these centre in *property*. Property in one shape or another (wife, child, food, house, land) is the object of all the needs, passions, and instincts aforesaid. It is the origin of all human community, whether it is seen in wandering tribes or the complex organism of cities. The economic system that obtains in every town has grown up out of it as naturally and certainly as the oak from the acorn; and though that system may be hateful for some of its attendant results, it is as useless to cavil at it as it would be to scout that awful law of nature which gives every living thing a prey to some other. The economic system under which the daily affairs of this world are carried on does undoubtedly leave a vast number of blameless creatures in misery so great that they might almost as well have been left in barbarism. But no other system is possible, none can ever be, till the needs, the instincts, the passions of which it is the outcome suffer some such change as the Believer looks for after death. But that unalterable state of things does not leave us altogether hopeless or remediless quite. Human kindness, fellow-feeling, is also a growth of human association, and it is growing still. Religion has been its great inspirer; but though religion is said to be dying out in all the more civilised communities, I see no decadence in sympathy for suffering, but more and more desire to redress the miseries of the poor and a greater readiness to think of them as wrongs. Societies are but units drawn together by the need of mutual help and forbearance. The stimulus originated, both branches of it, in pure selfishness, but it has not stopped there. Mutual help and forbearance have gone some way beyond the selfishness that determined their adoption when savagery began to take thought; and I do not know what bounds might be set to their extension if the existence of every community, like the life of every man, were not too short for any near approach to perfection. But neither is it of any use to sit down and mourn over that fact. Let us do what we can upon the solid grounds of hope and endeavour that lie beneath our feet, and leave the rest to whatever denies us more. As units we are

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drawn together into societies based from end to end on a footing that cannot be changed, because we ourselves cannot be changed altogether at one and the same time. But though society cannot destroy and rebuild itself on any better design, the individual heart and conscience does become more pained and more oppressed by the miseries that no human law can abolish; and as ever-multiplying units of pity working on neighbouring units of distress, like atom upon atom in the physical world, the good we may do in the mass is no small thing. I hear of a religion of humanity which I do not understand; I know of a religion of humanity (consonant with every wholesome creed, and more than consonant with the Christian faith) which has no more to do with the State than the Wesleyan Connexion has, and yet one from which everything may be hoped that human nature is capable of, and nothing feared. It is in existence, it is advancing, and it has taken such a hold in this country that to preach it is one of the most hopeful things as well as the most blessed thing that can be done. To show precisely what it is in practice, the first pages of this paper were written. To illustrate the need of it, to show the exigence and the danger to which that need has been advanced by legislation itself, all that about education and the Local Government Acts was written, as well as a repetition of the reasons why no help is possible from socialist theory, and how little from any sort of organised endeavour: though not even the feeblest means of that kind should be neglected that invention may discover or ingenuity apply.

FREDERICK GREENWOOD.

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ARE WE MAKING WAY?

ARE we making way? is the question which in the temporary lull of the holidays each of the three parties has been asking of their inner conscience, so far as they recognise such an organ in the party organism. Tadpole and Taper have wrangled themselves hoarse over the figures of by-elections, and have explained 1885, 1886, and 1889 'by algebra.' Rigby really does know, and for the ninety-ninth time has put the party right. And journals after their kind rant and rave, snarl and crow, the regulation column expected of them day by day, week by week, night by night. Like butchers' dogs they are expected to bark, and are kept to bark, and to fight other dogs. But sensible people, who are not parts of a machine, will ask themselves fairly and honestly—Are we making way?

This great Home Rule issue is far the largest, most momentous, and most complex question which has ever divided England since the Revolution. Foreign wars, religious disabilities, parliamentary and municipal reform, free trade or protection, were all minor questions compared with the principle of Home Rule. This goes down to the roots of the very constitution and life of the Empire. It could not but be that a question affecting interests so vast and so vital should involve obstinate, protracted, and bitter antagonism. It is, perhaps, well that it should not be decided without ample time for reflection; for the decision must be final and of far-reaching import. It is quite certain that it will not be settled in a hurry. And we, on our side, are ready to give a whole generation, if need be, to carry it through.

Where the issues are so momentous it is in vain to expect that opinions will change except by slow steps. For years the vast mass on each side goes on doggedly holding their own view and closing the mind against argument, evidence, even against the notorious exposure of imposture, or the certain proof of atrocious acts. The royalists stuck to Charles Stuart and even to James Stuart, in spite of royal treachery, tyranny, and folly. Tories clung to rotten boroughs, Protestant tests, and protection up to the hour of their surrender, and long after their surrender. No proof, no reasoning, no emergency can break down the prejudices of dogged partisans.

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Though one rose from the dead, and spoke with the tongues of angels, they will repeat the old cries and discover some loophole for evading the inevitable or for believing the incredible.

Englishmen, therefore, will go on as their fathers before them, will set their teeth when they have made up their minds on a vital matter, believe any absurdity, accept any evil, and approve any crime which they can be brought to think necessary for the end they desire. Thus it comes that men otherwise sane, well-informed, and of just minds, can mutually regard the opinions and acts of the other side as criminal madness or culpable delusion. In civil wars the crimes, follies, and vices of either party count as dust in the balance on their own side. We are not yet got to civil war, but we are steadily approaching the temper of dogged antagonism out of which civil wars take their rise. Those who can keep their heads cool must do all they can to restrain this temper in the mass. Reason in the long run will prevail. But reason plays so small a part in politics that we have a long struggle before us yet. In the meantime,—Are we making way?

No man ventures to say that the Home Rule cause is losing. However little store we set by the by-elections and the calculations of the electoral wizards, what indications there are in by-elections are manifestly favourable. The sensational collapse of an infamous accusation could not be without a potent effect. Whatever else may come of the Special Commission this much is certain, that at the close of the Attorney-General's speech there was jubilation in the Unionist camp, whilst at the close of Sir Charles Russell's speech there was jubilation three-fold greater in the camp of the Irish party. For the Commission one question alone will suffice. Is it Mr. Walter or Mr. Parnell who to-day would rather that the Commission had never been? Is it Mr. Walter or Mr. Parnell who to-day desires it to complete its task to the end? Sir Charles Russell's speech, the most important in its scope ever heard in an English Court, is itself the greatest single event in the history of this movement since Mr. Gladstone's speech of 1886. When the great advocate said in his peroration, 'We are to-day the accusers—the accused sit there!' he put into words a fact visible to all men. Accusers and accused have changed places. The invectives and complaints which for years have been poured on Home Rulers, it is now their turn to urge against their accusers. Telling speeches have been made by Unionists, but they have been speeches of defence, exculpation, or apology. They have scored successful divisions; but they have been party divisions to save the party from catastrophe. For the first time vast London audiences have welcomed Mr. Parnell and his colleagues with an outburst of cheers the like of which few men living have seen. On the face of it, it cannot be gainsaid that the Home Rule cause is making way.

All this, say the superior people, as the superior people always do

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say, is the ignorance of the vulgar, the silly excitability of popular sentiment. The cold intellect and dry light of logicians such as Lord Salisbury, Lord Derby, Lord Hartington, and Mr. Courtney can see nothing in all this but the shallowness of the sentimental view. What can it signify to us, says Lord Salisbury in his true *Saturday Review* manner, if one Irish Nationalist forges lies about another Irish Nationalist? Suppose the letters forged, does that make Mr. Parnell a statesman? says Lord Derby. There are all the other charges, says Lord Hartington, still to be considered. Ireland will have local county government in good time of course, says Mr. Courtney. So far logic, shrewd sense, the robust mind, and the higher intelligence.

But the six millions or so who elect the House of Commons are not all Lord Derbys and Mr. Courtneys; very far from it; they are not logicians, and are guided by much beside pure reason and dry light. Like popular masses everywhere, they are moved by their feelings, by impulses of indefinite kind, and rough conclusions formed in block. The distinctions, refinements, and detachments which are so clear to the superior mind do not affect them in the least. A man, a party, or a nation seem to them to be going wrong, and they turn against them. A man, a party, a nation seem to them to have had less than fair play, and they turn for them. That is how the masses vote; that is politics; and such is the representative system: four fifths of it being feeling, not often made articulate. To popular masses in such a mood the shrewdness of Lord Derby, the cool logic of Lord Hartington, is as the whistling of the wind. And Lord Salisbury's *Saturday Review* gibes and flouts no more affect an election than dead cats and rotten eggs in an open-air meeting.

Looked at from the broad point of view and as ultimate result, nine tenths of what delights the party men inside the arena is mere stage-play and assault-of-arms to the general public. That smashing *tu quoque* to Sir W. Harcourt, that triumphant defence of the Attorney-General, that 'unanswerable' argument of the Argylls, the Derbys, the Diceys, the Goldwin Smiths, proving for the hundredth time that Home Rule ~~spells ruin~~—all this does not touch the average elector, except by way of mild amusement. They say much the same on both sides (he thinks); and of course politicians are bound to make furious invectives and unanswerable syllogisms. That is their trade, as it is the trade of prize-fighters to fight and of acrobats to balance themselves on the top of a pole. Slowly, gradually, the truth, the good sense, the practical judgment, filter down and permeate the mass. And what ultimately decides the mass is not logic at all, but a rough undefined sympathy, guided in the long run by judgment, but consisting in the main of all those complex moral considerations which form the ground for giving or withholding *confidence*. Confidence is the soul of politics, just as much as of trade.

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From the point of view of confidence there has been an immense change in favour of the Home Rule cause. In 1886 Mr. Parnell and his Irish colleagues were neither known, nor understood, nor trusted, nor liked by the average British voter. Home Rule, he was taught to believe, meant the handing over of Ireland to men who were the allies of criminals, Fenians, and dynamite conspirators. And the average British voter would have none of it. Three years have now passed, and a great change is visible. Very much of the ignorance, the distrust, the dislike of the Irish members has disappeared on closer acquaintance. Irish members have been welcomed on a hundred platforms, and have been potent allies in a score of British elections. Mr. Parnell, Mr. Davitt, Mr. O'Brien, Mr. Dillon, Mr. Sexton have been received by typical British meetings with an enthusiasm such as is usually reserved for the principal party leaders. Those who saw the welcome given at St. James's Hall, first to Mr. Parnell and afterwards to Mr. Sexton, agree that it was of a kind rarely seen in London. It is all very well for the superior intellects to sneer and scoff, and to tell us that this only shows how many silly people there are in the world. The logicians may go on repeating that there is no cause for shouting because a man is not proved to be a murderer, and because he has been maligned by a rascal. The practical point for us is this. Has the elector changed his mind? Without saying that he has adopted Home Rule as a policy, we may say this: that the great liberal mass, and especially the London liberal mass, has made an immense advance in the way of sympathy towards Mr. Parnell and his friends, has begun to know them, to respect and to like them, has heartily acquitted them of all alliance with assassins, and has come to see that they have been most shamefully calumniated and ill-used. This may not yet amount to actual *confidence*; but it is going some way towards confidence.

Even this most moderate estimate of the situation will be of course contested by the superior intellect. They have a dozen explanations at hand for every awkward fact, and a dozen more to follow as fast as the first are refuted. Politics would not be the subtle and complex thing it is unless every incident admitted of explanation by the score. It is mere beating of the wind for logical minds to continue repeating that Pigott has nothing to do with an Irish Parliament, that *The Times* has nothing to do with Lord Salisbury, that the forged letters have nothing to do with the secret policy of the Land League, that the Commission Court is not a State Trial, but a private libel case between a newspaper and some members of Parliament, that the Attorney-General has simply been employed in his private practice, that the Government had no right to interfere with his private practice and have not done so, that the Commission judges have made no report, and consequently nothing whatever has been decided. 'Words, words, words!' Mere form, husk of the

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matter. Literally exact perhaps in word, and as a syllogism, or a legal plea, technically right. But in substance, in effect, how utterly futile is all this. It is not a court in *Nisi Prius* which has to decide this matter, but many millions of electors, who are strangely indifferent to such quiddits and quillets. It makes one wonder that the superior intellect can waste its time over such futilities.

My learned friend, Sir Frederick Pollock, has been taking me to task, it seems, in an obscure organ, where I fear that his great learning and elaborate sarcasm are somewhat wasted, for overlooking these very points. I have spoken of the Commission Court as a State Trial. That cannot be, he tells me, since they have no power to send Mr. Parnell to the Tower! There is no prisoner before the Court, no sentence can be pronounced, and when 'one looks into the Act,' the judges are only empowered to inquire and report. Again I have said that the Government had adopted and assisted the prosecution and had thereby become responsible for the Attorney-General, as he was for the prosecution. This could not be, says my friend, because it was simply a matter of 'private practice.' With all respect for my most learned friend these technicalities of his are only another proof that it is easier for a cable to pass through the eye of a needle than for a political idea to pass into the head of a lawyer. Address these artificial pleas and legal surrebutters to an average meeting of carters, tinkers, and tailors, and they would receive them with peals of laughter. And the carters, tinkers, and tailors would be right, and my learned friend would be wrong.

If ever there was in substance a State Trial it is this now pending in the Commission. Since the Revolution, no State Trial, not even that of Warren Hastings, has approached it in importance. The accusation of some sixty members of Parliament on charges which, if proven, would drive them from public life, charges exclusively connected with their political life for the last ten years, charges notoriously bearing on the great political issue of the day, a Court unlike any Court known to legal practice, a Court to try a case of libel without a jury, though libel cases of all others are peculiarly the business of a jury, a Court constituted by special Act of Parliament *ad hoc*, and that Act of Parliament the result of violent party debates and critical party divisions, an inquiry which in any case must have an important effect on a great national policy—if this does not constitute a State Trial nothing can.

Nor is it even technically true that to make a State Trial there must of necessity be a prisoner, a penal sentence, and a Government indictment. There are scores of cases described as State Trials in and out of the law books which have not these elements;—civil cases like *Calvin's Case*, *Somersett's Case*, *Ashby* v. *White*, *Redford* v. *Birley*, *Stockdale* v. *Hansard*, and the *Claim of Queen Caroline*. A 'State Trial' in the popular, as well as in the legal sense, is the

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trial before some regular tribunal of any issue, criminal, civil, or constitutional, which affects State officials, which concerns the Executive or the Legislature, or which determines great questions of State. A trial which must practically determine whether a tenth of the whole House of Commons have or have not been engaged, under colour of constitutional agitation, in a murderous and treasonable conspiracy, which must practically decide whether or not the representatives in Parliament of one of the three nations shall henceforth be able to take part in public life—this is not only a State Trial, but is the greatest State Trial that England has seen since the Revolution. My learned friends who are so ready to deny this out of the four corners of the Act, you really should leave politics alone!

This is not a verbal question, but the root of the matter, and it disposes of the legal wriggling which is supposed to be the triumphant defence of the Attorney-General. What that defence amounts to is this. That the Attorney-General, having taken a brief for a private person in his 'private practice,' did nothing which in a running-down case of *Smith* v. *Jones* the benchers of his Inn could be asked to sit upon. Perhaps not: the benchers of an Inn seldom sit upon any one, and at *Nisi Prius* one has a pretty free hand. And the voice of both branches of the profession, we are assured, has declared that everything the Attorney-General did and said was strictly in accordance with legal etiquette. That is not the judgment of public good sense. The public sees that this was not a running-down case, but a momentous State Trial, with the Government on one side and a national party on the other; it laughs at the rubbish about 'private practice' and the private prosecutor, and the ordinary course of a civil action. On a great political issue like this, it knows the voice of the 'profession' to be worth as little as the voice of the licensed victuallers or any other trade, with its trade interests and its trade morality always dominant.

What strikes the public mind is this, that day by day and month after month these triumphant defences of the party in power are an endless series of excuses upon excuses and apologies of apologies. The tipsy coachman who has smashed his master's brougham has not a more voluble string of inconsistent excuses. He is a Blue-ribbon man—and therefore could not have been drunk. Besides it was freezing hard—and he refused a third glass. And a railway van drew up on his wrong side; and he was standing still at the time; and his fingers were so frostbitten he could not hold 'Thunderbolt;' and he has seven children and a sick wife, and nine months' character from his last place, which was a widow lady of nervous disposition. Just so, the excuses of the Government pour out. The Attorney-General is a fine fellow and every one likes him; he has a right to take private practice, and Mr. Walter is a private gentleman. An advocate cannot know anything outside his instructions, and he is bound to do his best for his own client. The Cabinet has nothing

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to do with the Attorney-General's private briefs, and cannot busy itself with the libels which a journal may bring against a member of Parliament. 'Words, words, words!' as the Prince of Denmark says, but he adds a little later, 'Tis as easy as lying.'

That which has really happened is as follows. The Government, seizing its opportunity in the long struggle over this great Home Rule issue, forced upon the Irish party in Parliament a trial in which their political existence as a party was in jeopardy, before a Special Court constituted in an exceptional mode. It was so devised that the Government could secretly give to the prosecutors the whole of the enormous resources at the command of the Executive in a formal State prosecution; would reap the whole of the advantages of the extinction of their political opponents if the plan succeeded, and could disclaim all official responsibility whatever the issue might be. The English public never refuses its sympathy to men who have been shamefully calumniated, and when the sting and centre of the calumny is known to be forgery, perjury, and subornation of false witness, the public mind in its revulsion of feeling is wont to swing round somewhat heavily.

It will be in vain for the Prime Minister to repeat his *Saturday Review* sneers about Pigott, for Mr. Balfour to chuckle about Mr. O'Brien in prison, for their journals to reiterate these technical apologies and elaborate excuses, to misrepresent, abuse, and make mouths at every one who is not afraid to express his opinion freely. The electors, who in the end have this matter in their hands, will take a very broad view of the equity of the case, and will not trouble themselves much about professional etiquette, private practice, or the words of the Special Commission Act. If they come to think that a grievous wrong has been done, they will simply ask: Who had a share in it? who stood to gain by it? what may we reasonably suppose men like Lord Salisbury and his colleagues to have done?

The superior intellect, in and out of journalism, never can be brought to understand that in politics things are not decided by affidavit, and are not conducted with the technical rules of an action at law. In politics reasonable suspicion takes the place of legal proof, and probable acts are reasonably inferred as likely to flow from a recognised character. A great man has said that it would be as ridiculous to expect mathematical proof in politics, as it would be to rely on simple persuasion to establish a problem in geometry. What in the old Oxford slang used to be called the *ethikè pistis* is all-important in things political—the confidence which men inspire by a favourable view of their character. No man can deny that this has enormously changed of late in favour of the Irish leaders. Each separate incident in that sense may possibly be minimised or explained. In the sum, they constitute an array of significance that cannot be gainsaid. The combined effect of so many recent elections,

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the election for the London County Council, the enthusiastic welcome of the Irish leaders, the continual exposure of one misdeed after another, the growing violence of the attack on the Government, the increasing incoherence of its defenders, the tardy and grudging apologies of Unionist journals and Unionist politicians, the pitiable collapse of the calumnies in Court—these things ingenious men try separately to explain away; but in the sum of them cool heads will find a pretty safe answer to the question—'Are we making way?'

There will be hard knocks yet, and bitter words enough, and we may have a rough time before it is over; but the great change in the public mind is manifest and it is final. The Home Rule cause has lived down the most systematic assault of calumny ever brought to the service of politics. The rest we can afford to despise.

The real basis of our confidence after all is the rooted conviction we have that the coercion policy can only be enforced by means which it is impossible to make permanent. The one great fact which determined the change of front of the Liberal party, and forced Mr. Gladstone and his friends to accept Home Rule—the overwhelming majority of the representatives of Ireland in Parliament who follow Mr. Parnell—this fact remains unshaken and undiminished. The Liberal party accepted Home Rule, suddenly if you like, because suddenly it became the demand of the legal representatives of Ireland. Mr. Gladstone and the Liberal party declined to govern a nation in defiance of its parliamentary representation. There is not the slightest sign of change in the character of that representation. On the contrary, its force and cohesion increase every day. And the Liberal party rests in unshaken confidence that any attempt to govern a nation in defiance of its parliamentary representation must inevitably recoil on its authors.

The coercion policy has been so elaborately plastered over with forms, contrivances, evasions, and all sorts of legal and parliamentary figments, that its real character is still perhaps concealed from many of its supporters. They hear day by day—'Such is the law,' 'These are the prison rules,' 'So-and-so was done under the provisions of an Act of Parliament,' 'The Chief Secretary has no power to interfere,' 'The forces of the Crown have been engaged in support of the law;' night after night they find Mr. Balfour calmly repeating any official *démenti* which is put into his mouth; day by day they are told that everything that is done is quite in strict conformity to law, precedent, and the rules of the service. Twenty-four members of Parliament have been so ill-advised as to commit offences against the criminal law. In prison they have been all treated with scrupulous attention to the prison rules. The prison rules err, if anything, on the side of laxity and indulgence. The resident magistrates are models of learning, judgment, and scrupulous fairness. The evictions are simply ordinary legal formalities which the Executive is bound to

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enforce. The battering-ram is required for the protection of the police, and petroleum is a convenient means of destroying an empty cabin. Such is the picture painted by Law and Order.

The picture as we see it is very different. A party, essentially representing the claims of wealth, having been accidentally placed in power by a great political cleavage, made itself the tool of the owners of the soil in Ireland to crush and, if possible, extirpate the agrarian combinations of the petty tenants. If their real aim had been to cement the Union of the two kingdoms or even to combat Home Rule, they would have striven to follow and develop the Land policy commenced by Mr. Gladstone in 1870. By this they might possibly have weakened the authority of the Parnellite phalanx. But the Union was not their main object. Their special care was to secure the ascendency of the Irish landlords, to obtain for them their rents unreduced and their arbitrary authority unimpaired. Under Lord Salisbury and Mr. Balfour as leaders the party steadily, craftily, and remorselessly set to work to root up the trades associations of the cotters, making new crimes by Act of Parliament out of innocent acts, suppressing the jury, and practically establishing arbitrary rule under direct control of the police. All who assist or countenance the cotters in their trade combinations by word or by deed were treated as criminals. The prefect system, the police dragooning system, the spy system, the police tribunal system, the press prosecution system, were all established with the regular machinery so carefully elaborated under the French Empire, in Russian Poland, and in other European countries 'under a state of siege.' Twenty-four members of Parliament and many others were thrown into prison and condemned in severe sentences for no other offence except that of abetting and counselling the cotters how best to maintain their trade combinations. In all this there was not a pretence of political disaffection, of attack on the authority of the Queen, or even of agitation in favour of Home Rule. It was a purely money question, a strictly trade dispute, from first to last economical and not political.

All this elaborate scheme of tyranny was carried out, not in the blundering ways of Strafford, or Cromwell, or the Stuarts, but by an ingeniously dovetailed apparatus of Acts of Parliament, secret understandings, official hints, official denials, and judicial interpretation. There was always a ready answer to show that everything was done with scrupulous legality—on the surface. No blood was shed, or but very little blood. In arrests, in condemnations, in the treatment of prisoners, in the dragooning of the country, the forms were observed and a warrant of law was always forthcoming for everything. But the people of this country are not long to be hoodwinked by forms, when all the substance of justice is cast aside. Oppression becomes even ranker when the oppressor has been

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cunning enough to arrange a set of cloaks to conceal the oppression.

We are of good cheer then, for we *know* that such complicated scheme of oppression cannot possibly endure in the United Kingdom of to-day. But two years, as yet, have passed of Lord Salisbury's twenty years of resolute government, and already the country revolts from it. What chance is there of another two years of resolute government? The permanent defiance of parliamentary representation, the permanent imprisonment of Members of Parliament, the arrest of priests, English tourists, mere observers, of every one who is obnoxious to the police, the permanent instalment of the police system of government, the systematic attempt to crush the trade combinations of the whole labouring class, the systematic effort to concentrate the whole forces of government in enabling the landlord to wring rent from the tenant, the permanent suppression of trial by jury, the making it criminal to interfere even by words or by reporting a public speech in a trade dispute—in a word the systematic attempt to govern Ireland as Russia governs Poland, and that not in the interests of England or the English Crown, but in the interests of the landlord class—all this with a firm faith we will not believe to be destined to succeed.

It would be idle to ask what may be the mode, what may be the date of its inevitable collapse. With our ancient habits of party discipline and our national ways of dogged long-suffering, a party which is utterly rotten within and has lost all public confidence without, will long maintain a bold front and a fair array in presence of the foe. There is no machinery in our constitution whereby a discredited Government can be forced to appeal to the nation. But we need not be greatly troubled about that. By some unexpected incident, at first sight trivial enough, a discredited Government mysteriously breaks up, and a party that is odious to the nation gets mutinous, disorganised, and craven. A single false step, a scandal more outrageous than others, the blind zeal of a reckless partisan, the guilty conscience of some of its agents, brings about a sudden explosion or a secret panic—and all is over. We will bide our time, knowing well that a sneaking parody of Continental tyranny is not going to succeed in 1889, and being well assured that when the hour comes the reaction will be tremendous and lasting. In the meanwhile, for our parts, we have good reason to think that we *are* making way.

FREDERIC HARRISON.

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ITALY IN 1888–89.

I VISITED Naples, exclusively for reasons connected with the health of my family, in the winter of 1850–51. I saw it no more until the winter of 1888–89. The change, which has passed upon the city during these thirty-nine years, may without exaggeration be called enormous. At the earlier epoch, the reaction, which followed the abortive efforts of 1848–49 for national deliverance, was celebrating not only its triumph, but its Saturnalia. Personal liberty was deprived of every guarantee; and the trial of Poerio and his associates, who had assisted the King eighteen months before in establishing, as he solemnly swore, by his own free will and deliberate conviction, a free constitution, was proceeding, under a Government of perjury and violence, to its predetermined issues in the judicial condemnation of the patriot culprits. But at the later period, there lay upon the surface every sign not only of change but of transformation. There was a free press, free speech, free worship, and freedom of person, with every sign of a vigorous municipal life, replacing the stagnant uniformity of a despotism both local and central. The notes, indeed, of material progress surpassed everything which could have been expected. The basking, loitering, lolling, loafing population, so peculiarly Neapolitan, seemed to have become extinct. The filth, which formerly made the city offensive to eye and nostril, had disappeared in great measure. In all the frequented parts of the city, the population was well-clad. I made it my business to look for stockingless and shoeless feet; and I found them, between young and old, in four cases only during my whole stay. An excellent service had been organised, through the main streets, of omnibuses, trams, and steam-trams; and it was largely used, not only by the middle, but by the working class. Of the butchers' shops, as the measure of the consumption of animal food by the people, I cannot speak in the exact language of statistics; but from the evidence of the eye I should say, that they were multiplied in some proportion approaching five to one. Mendicity, formerly amounting to a public nuisance, had become comparatively rare: the most importunate beggar that I encountered was a Sister of Charity. A supply of water, faulty alike in quality and quantity, had been replaced at great cost by one of first-rate purity and abundance; and, as a result, typhoid fever, formerly

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endemic, had been expelled from the place. In the old quarter, or *città vecchia*, another vast operation was about its beginning. Lying below the level of the sea, it was still a constant or frequent nest of disease. But municipal enterprise had the remedy prepared in a great evisceration (*svisceramento*). The peccant part was sentenced to disappear altogether; and, partly with change of levels, partly with a system of powerful pumping, a new quarter was to rise. Considerable spaces have been recovered from the sea; and more aggression of this kind is in immediate contemplation. The old frontage of Santa Lucia is to disappear; with every provision, let us hope, for a new and better one on behalf of its picturesque and well-known groupings. Much has been done in opening and enlarging thoroughfares; but the movement and traffic of the great streets cry out, and that loudly, for more. The spirit of independent enterprise is also alive; and more than one project is at work for piercing through the *Vomero* with a view to a new quarter in that direction. To appreciate adequately the character and significance of these changes, we must bear in mind that Naples, under the Bourbons, was the capital of a kingdom of eight millions of souls, having a Court with all establishments civil and military fully organised around it, and with the social attractions which of themselves generate no inconsiderable population. The withdrawal of this great apparatus unquestionably caused an enormous vacuum. Many establishments have disappeared, and a soldier is rarely seen in the streets, while Royal visits to the vast and imposing Palaces are necessarily rare. The whole of this vacuum has, however, been filled since the Revolution. The population has even grown. The town, too, has been beautified even more than it has been enlarged. The site was always noble; but we have now a noble city on a noble site. Splendid gifts have been made to the public by distinguished citizens; for instance the Museum presented by Prince Filangieri. Life is opening up for the artisans who have formed themselves into unions, and are attending lectures and schools. Art, likewise, has lifted up her head; and I had the satisfaction of witnessing an exhibition of sculpture and painting for the year,[1] which appeared to me full of life and promise. Is it too much to say that all this remarkable development, in so many directions, affords an unanswerable proof of the energies which thrive, as in their native atmosphere and soil, under a system of freedom and self-government?

It will readily be understood that these visible results, with which the modern Birmingham or Manchester may be well contented to compare, have not been achieved without the aid of loans; to the extent, as I have understood, of between four and five millions sterling. I have not been led to believe that other municipalities of the greater Italian cities have been behind that of Naples. It would be a mistake to suppose that these great operations, even if in

[1] Fostered by the care and liberality of the Duke of San Donato.

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all cases prudent, indicate a corresponding advance in the rural districts of Italy. Nay, Naples itself has been cited by a writer of the highest authority, Professor Villari, as exhibiting, in the quarter now condemned, an example of the extremest distress. The economic spectacle exhibited by Italy as a whole since the Revolution, is of a mixed character. On the one hand, the increase in her taxation has been vast; so vast as to reach the formidable dimensions of a political danger. On the other hand, it has not sapped the loyalty of the people to the new state of things; and, concurrently with the aggravation of the public burdens, there has been a large growth in the aggregate of national wealth. The subject is one of enormous interest both to the student of political philosophy, and in its direct and practical connection with the affairs of Europe at large.

Some readers may possibly remember or have learned that I became a public meddler in the concerns of Southern Italy thirty-eight years ago. This interference was due to what would be called accident, and was of no intrinsic importance. But there was a peculiar combination of time and circumstance; and it received a marked countenance, in different forms, from the two contemporary British statesmen who were of the greatest European weight, Lord Aberdeen and Lord Palmerston. Thus it grew to be a matter of notoriety, and even in some small degree of consequence. I found it stereotyped in the memory of Southern Italy in particular. It was at the same time fresh as an event of yesterday. The construction to be put upon this vivid recollection is not hard to supply. Meantime, I plead it as my apology for public reference to a subject, which well deserves to be handled more at leisure and at large. But, rightly or wrongly, I felt at Naples as if I had in a manner mortgaged a portion of myself to Italian interests, in such a sense that if I received deep impressions upon matters, which seemed in my deliberate view to pertain to the vital interests and honour of the country, it would become a duty to bear my witness, without fear or favour, to the actual state of facts.

So far as my historical recollection serves me, no country, except France between 1789 and the Empire, has ever undergone in a like space of time such changes, as have passed upon Italy in the last twenty years. Fourteen hundred years ago she lost empire, and empire which had been the proudest that the world had ever seen. With it, or shortly after this first catastrophe, she found that she had also lost the two essential conditions of national vitality, her unity and her independence, as well as those other blessings of which I will not now discuss the relative value, liberty, tranquillity, and law. The Italian republics indeed offer us a splendid episode. They may claim to be the only, or the most formidable, rivals in history to the states of ancient Greece, especially in the proof they supplied that, where liberty is dearly prized, even a state of almost continuous turbulence

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and struggle need not preclude the attainment, on the one hand of wealth and splendour, on the other of superlative pre-eminence in literature and art. But these little states by degrees gave way to encroaching dominations. And for many centuries that had been a fact, which in the mouth of Metternich became a sarcasm: Italy was simply a geographical expression and no more. Dependence, division, despotism, seemed to have become, with the rarest and most partial exceptions, a second nature to her, which overlay, absorbed, and exhausted the first. For the historic student, and for the imaginative visitor, a halo of the known past, with a hope perhaps of a possible future, still lay about her, and she did not seem to them

> Less than archangel ruined, and th' excess
> Of glory obscured.

Nay, the French war, as a whole, had apparently brought her not good but evil: for example in the ruin of a remnant of local liberties,[2] and in the pestilent institution of such a police, as stifled liberty without repressing crime.

All this has been changed as in a transformation scene. As against the stranger, by fair fighting, with timely and decisive help given by those who found their interest in giving it. As against the tyrant, by long, patient, indomitable endurance, and by a course of action hardly more than on one single and sad occasion (in the case of Rossi) stained with crime. On the surface, the French war had injured her, for it stimulated by its after action and improved the craft of despotism; but there was this compensation, that it for once had suggested the idea, and had even lighted the lamp, of liberty, a vital flame which through a sad and wearisome half-century never was put out.

> Siam servi, sì, ma servi ognor frementi.[3]

And now, seven absolute governments have been expelled, supplanted, or transformed: the dissevered fragments of the country have united themselves by a process, not of art or violence, but of nature: and a nation of near thirty millions has taken its place, by an unquestioned title, among the great and ruling Powers of European Christendom. Surely this is one of the gigantic achievements which of itself suffices to make an epoch in the history of the world.

Nor was the process less rightful than large. Under the old system, the lawless element, according to the highest sense of law, had its seat in the governments; and the work of the Revolution was truly a work of order.

But it remains to ask, has the process been as thorough as it was legitimate: is the surface at all points a just indication of the interior: is the fabric as durable as it is fair and brilliant? Is there

[2] Farini gives interesting particulars on this subject, in his *History of the Roman State*.

[3] Alfieri.

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any new danger, now in the course of being conjured up from the unfathomable depths of vicissitude, which may come to threaten, in whole or in part, the costly acquisitions of the last thirty years? Not only have we to take into view that waywardness of our nature which so often neutralises our best blessings, or converts them into mischiefs: we have also to bear in mind that the gigantic nature of the work achieved leaves room, even amidst general success, for much local failure and miscarriage.

The Italian case cannot be fairly judged without taking into our account the special features of the problem. The unification of Germany was a vast operation, but it differed from that of Italy at least in three vital particulars. The central force of what is now united Germany, in Prussia, was more than equal to the whole of the auxiliary and subordinate forces: whereas Sardinia could only be reckoned third among the Powers planted in Italy, and contained less than a fifth of the population. Secondly, the principal units, now happily formed into a German Empire, passed into it as they were, without the severance of government from subject, or radical change in the methods of rule; whereas the Italian change began by convulsing what it sought to unite, through six local revolutions. Armies had to be taken over, to serve not only under new masters but for new purposes; and myriads of civilians had likewise to be dealt with, whom it would not have been safe by a rude and general dismissal to convert into conspirators. Last, and not least, Italy had to face and solve the deplorable question of the temporal power attached to the Popedom; and the political controversy was in her case envenomed by the introduction into it, though happily under milder conditions, of the very same spirit which in other days afflicted Europe with the wars of religion. Under such circumstances, I conceive that those who love Italy may well be amazed at what she has done, and need not be disheartened if there be anything which as yet she has been unable to do.

The Revolution, which made Italy a nation, has been hailed by the mass of the community, and accepted in the main by every class. Disaffection might perhaps have been anticipated from the aristocracy and the clergy. As to the aristocracy, I found no sign of it either in Florence or in Naples. It is singular, if in Rome the adhesion of the nobility to the Italian throne has been slower than elsewhere; because it was here that under the old system the nobles were the most completely excluded from all but an honorary share in the government. But the explanation would probably be that as, in the individual man, organs unemployed tend to atrophy, so in this class the privation traditionally accepted starved out the appetite for public duty; until at length Edmond About was led to write of the Roman nobility (among whom, however, there were splendid exceptions), *Hélas les pauvres gens! ils n'ont pas même des vices.*

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As regards the clergy, it is more difficult to judge. Their numbers, in the secular branch of the order, do not seem to have undergone inconvenient diminution. Two priests of Ischia, which has a population of only 30,000, assured me that, independently of the teachers in an ecclesiastical seminary, the island had two hundred of their brethren. In Naples the Church is ruled by a Cardinal Archbishop (San Felice), whose praise is in every mouth for his holy living and devotion to his work. He 'does not meddle in politics;' which I take to be an accepted phrase for signifying that he has a strong Italian feeling. In the streets of the city I saw at least ten priests for every soldier; and, notwithstanding the abolition of the monastic corporations, there was a fair sprinkling of monks, who are retained, apparently in not illiberal numbers, for the service of the conventual churches. In these apparently flourishing circumstances, the policy of non-interference, avowedly adopted by the Italian Government, has left the clerical body largely dependent upon the Pope for countenance and promotion. But they spring from the people; and the national sentiment appears to be by no means extinct among them. Doctor Antenori, a well-known and respected Neapolitan physician, who unites the characters of Liberal and believer, and whom I shall have occasion again to mention, assured me that the Italian clergy was frankly liberal (*francamente liberale*): probably an over-sanguine but yet not an unimportant testimony. I have before me an excellent tract[4] by a South Italian priest, which, while perfectly dutiful in a religious sense to the Pope, entreats him once for all to abandon and denounce 'the unnatural marriage of the crosier and the sword' (p. 64), and has some lines (p. 65) on the concord generally prevailing between the civil and the ecclesiastical authorities, which are not unworthy of attention.

> Everywhere we have living in harmony the prefects and the archbishops, the sub-prefects and the bishops: and in the small country towns, as a general rule, there is no sort of estrangement between the syndics and the parish priests, among whom the *Don Pacificos* are innumerable, while the *Don Belligeros* may be counted on the fingers.

It should also be borne in mind that, before the new state of things had arrived, a body of ten thousand Italian clergy, under the auspices of Passaglia, had declared against the temporal power. And, upon the whole, the most rational conclusion seems to be that the Italian spirit has still a widely spread representation among them. In the community at large, the national sentiment appeared to be universal. Indeed I must own my astonishment as well as pleasure at the wonderful manner in which it seems to have taken hold of the masses even in rural and secluded districts, though they have never had the advantage of any sort of political education: nor have I been

[4] *Il Santuario e la Conciliazione*: pel Sacerdote Arcangelo Ratunna. Padula: December 1887. A case has recently been stated in a London journal where a bishop has been called to account for publishing similar opinions.

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without some special means of forming a judgment on this subject from popular manifestations, of which I have been a witness.

Upon the whole I take it to be a solid and established fact that the unity, nationality, and independence of Italy are not the mere upthrow of a political movement, which some following convulsion may displace, but are the long-prepared and definitive results of causes permanent in their nature; and are, notwithstanding dangers, some of them most subtle and others visibly alarming, to be reckoned with on the same footing as the unity, independence, and nationality of other great European countries.

No writer dealing, as I am now dealing, with the favourable side of the Italian account, can omit to acknowledge the large and invaluable contribution which has been made by the personal conduct of the King and Queen to the great national cause. On this subject, there is not a voice, nor so much as a whisper of dissent. The Queen had, long before her accession to the throne, taken a high place in the public estimation. The King is prized for his absolute good faith and loyalty to the constitution. He has the reputation of being at once generous with his own means, and sparing of the public treasure. The outbreak of the cholera in Naples afforded to the King an opportunity of which he made noble use, and the courage and humanity, with which on that occasion he confronted infection and the risk of death, have left a deep impression on the grateful memory of the people, and have shown the world that the courage of the House of Savoy is not confined to the battle-field, but finds congenial exercise where danger is encountered not to destroy life but to save it.

But there is one sign which, in my mind, surpasses all others in establishing the genuineness of the Italian reconstruction, and as a promise of its permanence. It is the absolute freedom of speech and writing. I do not mean merely the freedom of journalism, although that is a note of constitutional liberty alike indispensable and invaluable. But every journal is a power, and moreover belongs to a fraternity of associated powers, certain or likely to resent an assault upon one member of the family as a menace to the liberties of all the rest. Now in Italy it is not the periodical press only with its network of defences, it is also the solitary and undefended writer who appears to possess an immunity as large, and as secure, as he could enjoy in lands where freedom is traditional and hereditary, and where its prerogatives or privileges have been imbibed, so to speak, with the mother's milk of every one of us. I must own I expected to find that in a country where popular right has hardly yet emerged from infancy, it would have been not indeed withheld, but yet granted only after a fashion, and beset with cautions and reserves.

Of all the evils marking the domination of the Bourbons in the South of Italy, the most aggravated was the Camorra. The word,

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happily incapable of translation into English, may be paraphrased as meaning a sub-government, lodged in the hands of criminals, and administered by them throughout the country. It was, I apprehend, far worse than the Nihilism of Russia. Farther north in Italy, the secret societies were limited to political objects. In Ireland they had their origin in the tyranny of the landlord class. In both these cases, they had in view remedies, of whatever kind, for definite evils which had brought them into existence. The Camorra was so secret, that to this hour its character is not perfectly known. But it was worse than the others in this, that it had no more of a remedial character than the rule which Milton describes as established in Pandemonium. It was simply a wanton excrescence of evil; the lawlessness of Power towards the subjects, reflected and repeated in another lawlessness, organised by one portion of the sufferers against the rest, and highly efficient at least in the business of taxing them. Evidently the Camorra, such as I have described it, indicated that the social disease, due to misgovernment, had reached its extremest phase. As far as I have been able to learn, it has so far felt the influence of recent changes that it has passed into a milder phase, and is now chiefly to be traced in combinations more or less violently repressive of individual freedom, but less venomous than the old gangrene in this, that they may aim at remedies for mischiefs, and do not simply confront government with anti-government.

Perhaps I attach to this subject I am now touching, what may be thought an exaggerated importance. But I am one of those who believe that true civilisation largely consists in, and may be absolutely tested and measured by, the substitution of moral for physical forces. Of these moral forces, there is one which specially falls within the domain of statesmen, and of general opinion. That force is publicity. It is the establishment of a state of things, wherein the word spoken, written, printed, is not punishable except by the known conditions of the laws; and where, in the interpretation of those laws, the doubtful case is habitually ruled in the sense and interest of freedom. It is perhaps the only force, of which it can be said that, although of course it is in human hands liable to abuse, its abuse has never in history been recorded as intolerable. It is the force which, beyond all others, keeps the atmosphere of a country sweet and pure. It is like some favoured medicines, which are gentle no less than they are effective. For its power is a vast and effectual power, a power which no scheme of tyranny, in these islands or elsewhere, can permanently withstand. I rely upon its existence in Italy, more than upon any other single incident of the great transformation, to assure the permanence, and complete the range, of the new order of things. Pervading as it does British thought and life, as it is among the greatest, so is it, I conceive, among the latest of our acquisitions; and it is a cause of marvel not

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less than of delight that in Italy it should write itself a contemporary with the birth of freedom, and among the guardians of its cradle.

If it be permitted me to suggest a special cause which has helped the new-born kingdom to maintain a right policy in this delicate matter with so much firmness and consistency on behalf of all its subjects, I think it may have been at least partially due to a very peculiar and prime necessity of the case. Before the Popedom had lost its European status as a sovereignty of no mean antiquity, Italy had claimed and exercised freedom of speech in the very highest matter by proclaiming, as the priest Ratunna now proclaims (ibid. p. 62), that she could not remain a headless Italy, an Italy bereft of her natural as well as historical capital. The Government of Pius the Ninth yielded in 1870, but yielded only to sheer force. The permission to abide in Rome, and to possess the Vatican in an isolated and silent, but, as far as I can understand, complete independence, was a permission to which no parallel can be found in the annals of conquered states. The Italian Government would have been juridically justified in expelling the rival sovereign. But then Italy would also have been forced into contradiction with her own rules of religious liberty, in expelling the Bishop of the Roman Diocese. Not on this ground only, but on other grounds too obvious to require mention, a high expediency bound that Government to endure, to respect, to invite the presence of a great personage within its borders, and at the very centre of its public life, from whom it knew that it was not to expect a reciprocity of toleration. The temporal Popedom had had many chances: the chance of presiding over an Italian Confederation; the chance of ruling in the Leonine City; the chance of the Treaty of September, which was understood to contemplate the civil sovereignty of the King in Rome, but to couple it with a condition, expressed or implied, that the second sun should never set or rise except in Florence, and that the Pope should remain the only and august object offered to the eyes of the Roman people. All these chances had escaped. The Piedmontese, as the whole force of the Italian nation was then, but is no longer, called, corporally and materially held the city. But Pius the Ninth remained fast in his determination to carry on the war of words, and denounced the occupation of Rome, not only as a civil usurpation, but as an impious offence to be punished by excommunication. It was obviously either impossible, or in the highest degree impolitic, to check by civil means the denunciations which ostensibly proceeded out of the spiritual sphere, however much they may have invited and implied a readiness, even an eagerness, to receive the assistance of the secular arm. May it not possibly have been found that the necessity thus established of the extremest tolerance in the very highest circle entailed, if not in logic at least in policy, either a like necessity or a sufficient inducement for giving sanc-

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tion to the like freedom on all the lower social levels? This is offered as a conjecture only. It is offered to explain a remarkable phenomenon. If it be a sound conjecture, then that chain of cause and effect is indeed one of curious interest, which has made the Pope the efficient cause of an untrammelled freedom in speaking, writing, printing, which cannot be without its analogue in the faculty of thought that has these outward operations for its vent.

It is right, however, that I should supply an example of such freedom as it is now actually at work, and enable the reader to judge for himself whether I have been picturing fairly this feature of the case. For this purpose I revert to the work of Dr. Antenori. Its contents are various, and include a chapter which copiously and stoutly defends indissoluble marriage, still the uninvaded law of Italy. But the portions of the work with which I have here properly to do, are of a more daring kind. They describe abuses of judicial administration especially in Sicily, and also the lives and manners prevalent in a high circle at Rome, with a strength of language not to be exceeded in the freest country of the globe. I do not at this moment either question the sincerity or assert the truth of the charges. But I think that the reference, which I have now to make to them, will render it easy to form a judgment as to the convincing testimony they bear to the existence of a freedom in speech and in printing, which undoubtedly satisfies in full the extremest demand of liberty, and which, on the other hand, could not be exceeded without the establishment of something like a public nuisance.

Dr. Antenori, in the work to which I have already made a brief reference, brings[5] a broad accusation of social immorality against the governing and administrative class. He charges a reintroduction of torture into judicial processes upon the authorities entrusted with the administration of the law of public security; a law due without doubt to the perilous condition of the country, from middle Italy southwards, when it was taken over from the former Government, overrun with brigandage. Indeed it came into the hands of the newly constituted Power not without risk of aggravation to the mischief from the discharge of the incurable portion of the old servants of the State, military or civil. Further under this head, he alleges widespread pecuniary corruption. Most of these charges are general, and inaccessible to legal challenge, yet not on that account, in some points at law, to public discussion and confutation. In the case, however, of processes tried at Naples in 1867, and another at Turin in 1880, he comes nearer to the mark, in associating local and subordinate agents of Government with a work of pure plunder.[6] Finally, he shifts the scene to Sicily, and widens the ground of the impeachment. Here, according to him, the courts of justice are absolutely subservient to the functionaries

[5] *Studii Sociali.* (By) Giuseppe Antenori. Napoli: 1885. Chap. vii. p. 315.
[6] *Ibid.* pp. 317–22.

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of the executive,[7] nor does he exempt the Court of Appeal in Rome from his imputations as to a portion of its officers or members not very distinctly defined, while high honour is paid to the rest. The juries, as he declares, are sometimes chosen from the most worthless persons, or those most dependent on the governing authorities; sometimes made the subject of persistent inquisition and of persecuting pressure. Growing more and more particular as he proceeds with the case of his native island, he indicates places and persons[8] either without any disguise or with one so slight as evidently, and I assume consciously, to run all the risks of being called to account. I must observe in passing that he calls Sicily 'the Ireland of Italy' (*questa nuova Irlanda d'Italia*),[9] and regards the case of our sister island as the common property of all who desire to illustrate by a familiar instance the evils of old and continuing misgovernment. In two detailed narratives of processes against individuals, from which even the element of torture is not wholly absent, not without support from verifying evidences, and prolonging his details through twenty or twenty-five pages with abundance of names, times, and places, Antenori draws a picture which, so far as it goes, might be thought to be a description of the Bourbon times, in the excesses of the executive, and the degradation of the judicial organs, against which, as he properly observes, the simple existence of good laws, a fact he never dreams of questioning, does not of itself afford a sufficiently operative guarantee.

My first purpose in referring to this impeachment, as free and as daring as if it proceeded from Burke in his assault on Warren Hastings, is to note its importance as a conclusive proof of the liberty now accorded to speech and printing in Italy. The work of Antenori was published in 1885; and it has remained as free from censure by authority or law as if it had been protected by the privilege of Parliament. But more than this. I can refer to some personal details, which appear to show that the freedom of comment on the acts of authority, of which Antenori's book exhibits the *ne plus ultra*, is not a thing grudgingly tolerated by the authorities of the country, but is on the contrary either regarded by them as a normal and inseparable feature of a constitutional system, or is even welcomed as a valuable aid in pursuing to their hiding-places, and tearing out of the soil, the last relics of old and ingrained corruptions.

On quitting Naples in the beginning of February, it was my agreeable duty to return thanks to the Syndic of Naples, as head of the municipality, and to the Prefect as the representative of the central government, for the unwearied and profuse courtesies with which, on account of incidents long gone by, both the one and the other had been pleased to greet me. I felt myself unable to acquit myself of this duty, so far as the Prefect was concerned, without saying a few words as to the impression which had been made upon

[7] *Ib.* pp. 326, 328–9, 331, 344. [8] *Ib.* 346–70. [9] *Ib.* p. 349.

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me by what I had seen of the new system, and of its contrast with the old. For me there was no difficulty in assuring the Prefect of my strong hope and firm belief that all the essential objects of the great Italian revolution were likely to be effectually attained. But I thought it would be less than honest, were I to omit all reference to remaining imperfections and drawbacks, if it were even for this reason, that they were an old and evil inheritance in Southern Italy from the Bourbon period, which I myself had so actively endeavoured at a former juncture to hold up to European reprobation. I therefore wrote, on the 8th of February, not, of course without the use of apologetic expressions, to the following effect. That the work of national regeneration was a gigantic one, and that it could only be completed by a protracted struggle with evil habits and traditions, certain to linger among the agents, as well as the subjects, of power. I could not hope, though much had been achieved, that something did not still remain to do. I had read in the work of Antenori statements bearing upon the administration of justice especially in Sicily, and on the relations between the political and the judicial organs of the constitution, which appeared to be of grave import. Finally, how much gratification it would give me if he could assure me that these charges either had been, or were capable of being, refuted. In writing this letter to the Prefect, Count Codronchi, I took into account his high character and reputation, but I was sensible that, on the most favourable showing, I must rely largely on his indulgence, and that I had given to any person so predisposed a specious title to condemn me for officious obtrusion. The utmost I could expect in the treatment of my letter was leniency, with some delay. But instead of this, a few hours after it had been delivered, I received at Amalfi, forty or fifty miles from Naples, a telegram from the Prefect, which thanked me for the letter, and requested permission at once to publish it as it stood. I cite this as a signal proof that to the chief agents of government in Italy, publicity, though it may entail occasional inconveniences, has become not only an habitual but an elementary and vital principle of public life.

And now I come to deal with the drawbacks and shortcomings of the Italian Revolution. The most serious of them all has reference to the subject opened by Dr. Antenori; and it reminds us that where inveterate evils have prevailed, it may be more easy, on a transfer of power, to recast the laws than to reform the administration of a country. To reform the laws, nothing more is required than the gathering together, with the sanctions of parliamentary freedom under an honest sovereign—and never were sovereigns more honest than Victor Emmanuel and Humbert—of a limited number of the ablest and most upright men, who have to act together in the eye of day, under the notice and, if need be, the censure, of their constituents, of their countrymen, and of the world.

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But when we come to the civil and judicial administration of the country, in its lower ramifications, and in remote provinces, where the atmosphere is little stirred by the breath and movement of free opinion, it is a very different matter. It must always be borne in mind that oppression, which may sanctify an individual, invariably degrades a people. The continued exhibition of contempt for right in the Government and its agents, combined with impunity, corrupts and eats away the very notion of right, as to public matters, in the community at large. Nothing seems, for example, more plain than that in all the early stages of the French Revolution good intentions very widely and generally prevailed; but the abominable government, with which France had been cursed since Henry the Fourth, had so enfeebled the sense of public justice, that there was no force adequate to repress the turbid elements which of necessity exist in every community, that occasional outrage and excess left here and there a stain upon the cause of liberty from the first, and that fatal facilities were thereby furnished to its ever-watchful enemies. Even so in Southern Italy, an ingrained corruption, which had become the ruling motive power of public transactions, could not but exhibit itself after the Revolution. There were many old agents of administration whom it must have been necessary to retain, and there were doubtless crowds of new ones, who had been bred in an atmosphere of prevailing laxity, and amidst a general absence of public spirit and of civil manhood. Yet more than this: they had been reared under a *régime* that abhorred and proscribed that publicity, to which I have assigned such an inestimable value, and by which the light is now let in, and the endemic mischiefs of the body politic will be first abashed and eventually expelled. On the charges of Dr. Antenori I give no opinion beyond this, that I believe it was well there should be a state of things in which they could be made. I do not look to his very respectable testimony alone, or even principally, when I say that evidently a great, which must probably be a gradual, process of reformation and purgation is required in judicial operations, and in the influences brought to bear upon them, especially in the South; for in the North, the public life of the country, before the Revolution came about, had been more kept alive by practice and had a better fibre. If I am to point to a part especially peccant, I should name the manner in which some secondary members of the legal profession have made seats in the Chamber into an instrument for corrupting the judicature through their real or supposed power over the Government, and through the pressure which its agents may thus be supposed to exercise over the judges in the provinces. Antenori cites a letter written to his clients by a zealous advocate, who fears he shall lose his cause unless he is provided with some coadjutor who is a member of Parliament. And I have heard on unquestionable authority, and with reference to an important sphere,

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of an instance in which a briefless barrister has acquired great power and large practice by becoming a member of Parliament, and by the fact or the idea, whichever it may be, of the influence he can bring to bear through executive agency on the determination of causes. Evils of this kind bear upon the face of them the hereditary mark of their association with the bygone despotism. Free institutions are their deadliest foe; and if these work freely, as they must work where publicity prevails, they will put an end to judicial corruption in Italy, as they put an end to it in England.

Like the relics of Bourbonism and of despotic rule in general, the ecclesiastical difficulty, so far as it is held to embrace ecumenical considerations, is one which it is not within the power of Italy or her Government summarily to dispose of. I shall not attempt to discuss it at large. I will simply observe that real progress has been made in papal circles towards the acknowledgment of an Italian royalty and nationality; but that the claim to a temporal dominion, in Rome and we know not how far beyond it, is steadily maintained; and is prosecuted by some means which are indirect, as well as by manifestoes from time to time. I conceive it to be evident that this territorial question is one in which no foreign power can rightfully interfere. But there is, in most European countries, a party which maintains, strange as it may appear, the right of Roman Catholics as such to determine by what government a portion of the Italian people shall be ruled. In some cases it is conceivable that contingencies may yet arise, in which this party may exercise an appreciable influence on the government of those countries, if not to the extent of avowedly instituting a crusade for the re-establishment of the Papal throne, yet by promoting a policy hostile to Italy as a penalty for her refusal to entertain for herself the question of its restoration. This party may also stimulate the organisation, within Italian borders, of a combination hostile to the established order, and disposed to undermine it. A friendly observer might be inclined to think that this state of facts seems to recommend to Italy a general policy rather of modesty and reserve than of ambition or display, so as to open no avenue of assault to the ill-disposed.

I turn however to a subject, which appears to be one for more grave and urgent anxiety, that of the Italian finance.

In a case like that of Italy, where the chains of a nation have been riveted by the continuity of tyrannous practice through many centuries, the process of escape from them is of immeasurable difficulty, and liberty is a jewel for which a high price has to be paid. Consequently we may learn without surprise that, for much of the period since 1860, years of peace, as well as years of war, were years of deficit, that a huge public debt was unavoidably accumulated, and that it was only by great sacrifices on the part of the people and by heroic efforts that statesmen were enabled at length to establish an

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equilibrium between revenue and charge.[10] But unhappily the ground, acquired with so much labour, has again been lost.

Upon this subject I shall present some details, which will be principally taken from a clear and able report by Mr. Kennedy of the Roman Embassy, presented to our Parliament in March last. The National Debt of Italy, which on the 31st of December 1861 stood at one hundred and twenty millions, has reached the portentous figure of five hundred and twenty millions; with an annual charge of twenty-three millions, which considerably exceeds that entailed by the Debt of the United Kingdom, and constitutes nearly two-fifths of the entire expenditure of the country.

That expenditure, for the current year, is taken at sixty-three millions: but if we add to this amount the special credits of five millions for the army and navy, it rises to sixty-eight millions, a sum never reached by our own peace expenditure until the year 1868, and considerably exceeding the (Federal) charge of the United States, a country which has more than double the population of Italy, and has the largest aggregate of estimated wealth in the world. To this charge of sixty-eight millions, there will, according to a return issued from the Finance Department, be an addition, already foreseen, for the five years 1889–94, rising from 1,160,000*l.* in the first year, to 5,200,000*l.* in the last, and averaging three millions and a quarter.

Deficits are again following one another in portentous sequence, like wave on wave, at the rate of several millions a year; that of 1887–8 nearly touched three millions, and the promise of the present year is even less favourable. Mr. Kennedy takes it, from the Budget speech, at 7,850,000*l.* The present anticipation for 1889–90 is 3,800,000*l.*

The methods of covering these deficiencies appear to present mere expedients: except that, for the coming year, the minister proposed new taxes to the amount of two and a quarter millions. The proposals, not of expenditure but of taxation, led to a Parliamentary crisis. And indeed the taxation of the country has reached a point so burdensome to the population[11] as to excite wonder at the patience with which it is borne, and also to suggest the question, if such be the strain of peace, where is the margin for the doubled or trebled impositions which war might bring about; and are these vast outlays the way to power, or to impotence?

To all this we have to add that the produce of the existing taxes,

[10] Mr. Probyn, in his excellent book upon *Italy from 1815 to 1878*, has to note this happy state of things, and (p. 351) very naturally assumes that after such a vantage-ground had once been reached, it would be steadily held.

[11] On this subject much may be gathered from the work of Mr. Beauclerc on *Rural Italy* (Bentley, 1888)—a book which would be still more valuable if the particulars in which it abounds were more carefully arranged and classified.

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instead of growing, has begun to diminish, that a great calamity has happened in the lapse of the commercial arrangements with France, and that the imports and exports of the country have shown in 1888 a decrease exceeding twenty-one millions sterling. Finally; Italy, not from caprice or economical illusions, but from the pressure of fiscal necessity or occasion, has come to be more and more a country of protective laws: even the import of corn is taxed, and in January I noticed the price of bread in Naples to be higher than in London.

The printed speeches of various deputies have been before me, who in recent years have endeavoured to rouse their constituencies or the Chamber to a sense of danger. And when, in February last, the Budget of the year 1889–90 was produced, it led to a ministerial defeat, and a political crisis. For some days Signor Crespi was out of office; but, in the character of the indispensable man, he was restored. It seems difficult in Italy, as elsewhere, to make the individual elector, who has there the excuse that his class is new to its duties, aware of his responsibilities, as the ultimate corrector or source of mischief. And there has not appeared in the Parliament any widespread disposition to go to the root of the matter in searching out the causes of the vast expenditure, so that the crisis and the partial reconstruction have silently passed by without the introduction of any vital change in the financial situation. The Italian practice is to refer the Budget to a Committee (*Commissione*) of the Chamber, which proposes such changes as it thinks fit either in the revenue or the charge, and which is at liberty to prejudge the case of any tax proposed without suggesting other means of supplying the public needs.[12] In December last (if I read its figures rightly), it augmented an estimated deficit of 54,000,000 francs to one of 68,000,000.

Now this condition of the finances, which is of course open to the friendly or unfriendly criticism of the world, is not, like the surviving corruptions of the administrative system, or the problem which has its centre in the Vatican, an inherited, and for the time inevitable, burden. In the main it lies within the control of the Italian Government and people. They can if they please extract the sting; so that in respect to it, and to its possible consequences, they have on the one hand power which they may turn to account, and they have, on the other, responsibility from which they cannot escape. The day of half measures seems to have gone by.

Let me conclude with a few words on the general position and office of Italy as a European Power. By the favour of Providence she is, to use a Scottish phrase, eminently self-contained. She does not indeed now, as in Dante's time,[13] embrace the Gulf of Quarnero on the east, and she has suffered on the west the loss of Nice and Mentone, which England certainly regrets. But there lies a

[12] *Relazione della Commissione Generale del Bilancio.* Roma: 1888. P. 74.

[13] *Inf.* ix. 113.

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sublime barrier between her and the body of the European continent in the Alpine chain, which some even deem to be more effectual, as a defence, than the Channel which severs us from France. What a blessing it might on the whole have been, if some other great countries had been similarly fenced! It was natural fondly to expect, in contemplating the formation of a European Italy as it dawned upon the horizon, that she would find for a time, perhaps for a long time, more than sufficient occupation in the development of the vast resources which she possesses in her soil and climate, her sea coast measured by thousands of miles, and the great and varied gifts and admirable disposition of her people. And, having known something of Italy in the official relations of former years, I bear a willing testimony to this truth: that, so far as I may presume to speak, in the transactions of collective Europe she has acted as a conservative and as a philanthropic Power. In the complicated and difficult arrangements consequent upon the Treaty of Berlin, her voice was ever for the right, and her influence was materially felt in that direction. Nor should our countrymen forget that she has acted all along in special concord with ourselves. It is true that she declined to take part in the settlement of Egypt after the revolution effected by Arabi, when the British Government in 1882 deemed itself bound in honour by inherited obligations to undertake it. But she judged the matter, as it was her duty to judge it, from her point of view; and in my opinion she gave us no title whatever to complain of her abstention. It would, perhaps, be presumptuous in me to express the wish that, as she abstained from joint action at Alexandria, so she might have foregone sole action at Massowah. But I cannot help feeling a strong conviction that her true strength lies, at any rate for our time, within her own borders. She is still an infant state. What is hereafter to become bone is for the present gristle. Horses prematurely run not only lose the stake, but compromise their future. I am persuaded that Italy has not an enemy in the world. There is, indeed, on the surface as represented by the Press of the two countries, much uneasy feeling between France and her great Transalpine neighbour. Causes of complaint, some of sensible and some of lesser moment, are alleged on her behalf. But do they cancel the service rendered in 1852 by the Franco-Austrian war; and is it quite certain that, without that service, the national cause would at this date have reached its consummation in a free, independent, and united Italy, and a sixth member have been added to the European family of the greater States? In other generations, other centuries, there can be no doubt that, both from Germany and from France, Italy endured the most grievous wrongs. Since the Roman Empire (which requited conquest by introducing law), she has been always the sufferer, never the aggressor. But to impute to any one of these three Powers at this time a determined purpose of hostility to Italy, would be to imagine so strange a combination of

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wickedness and folly as does not usually happen, and as ought never to be presupposed, in human affairs. Neither does logic require, nor policy permit, records of obsolete offences to be kept. Nothing could be more senseless than that she should now cherish resentment against France, or Austria, or Germany. She has her own burdens to bear, her own problems to solve; and so have they. I have the strongest confidence that those who love her in this country heartily desire that she should live in equal and in lasting harmony with them all. If we are to place in the balance, and weigh with reference to their bearing upon Italian interests, firstly, Transalpine storms; secondly, the smouldering resentment that still nestles in the Roman Court; and thirdly, the vulgar and homely difficulty of pounds, shillings, and pence, with the suffering it entails upon the people and the perils of which it may be the parent to the State, possibly the dispassionate but friendly observer might give his judgment in something like the following terms. That the third and last-named problem impatiently awaits, and absolutely demands, its prompt and definitive solution from the temperance and courage of Italian statesmanship, and from the calm recognition of facts with the inevitable postulates following in their train. That the second, if it offers no present opening for the removal of all discontents, yet may, with a contented recognition of progress already made, and without intolerable mischief, await some more favourable conjunction of characters and circumstances. But that the first ought not to be in any sense a danger or a difficulty; that no peril can overhang the country from that quarter, unless she travel forth to seek it; and that to solicit gratuitously such a peril is to reverse the beneficent discovery of Franklin, and to invite the destructive rage of lightning into hearth and home.

We are all the debtors of Italy in the mental order. She it was who trained us up to the modern civilisation. We cannot repay the debt. But, if we are conscious of its existence, we can acknowledge it; and we can fit our conduct to that acknowledgment by the prayer that she may permanently discharge her high duties as a member of the European family by a steady regard to the welfare of that family as a whole, and by detecting and renouncing every temptation to sink back to the level of lower ideas and of narrower aims.

W. E. GLADSTONE.

The Editor of THE NINETEENTH CENTURY *cannot undertake to return unaccepted MSS.*

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THE

NINETEENTH CENTURY.

No. CXLVIII.—JUNE 1889.

AN APPEAL AGAINST FEMALE SUFFRAGE.

WE, the undersigned, wish to appeal to the common sense and the educated thought of the men and women of England against the proposed extension of the Parliamentary suffrage to women.

1. While desiring the fullest possible development of the powers, energies, and education of women, we believe that their work for the State, and their responsibilities towards it, must always differ essentially from those of men, and that therefore their share in the working of the State machinery should be different from that assigned to men. Certain large departments of the national life are of necessity worked exclusively by men. To men belong the struggle of debate and legislation in Parliament; the hard and exhausting labour implied in the administration of the national resources and powers; the conduct of England's relations towards the external world; the working of the army and navy; all the heavy, laborious, fundamental industries of the State, such as those of mines, metals, and railways; the lead and supervision of English commerce, the management of our vast English finance, the service of that merchant fleet on which our food supply depends. In all these spheres women's direct participation is made impossible either by the disabilities of sex, or by strong formations of custom and habit resting ultimately upon physical difference, against which it is useless to contend. They are affected indeed, in some degree, by all these national activities; therefore they ought in some degree to have an influence on them all. This influence they already have, and will

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have more and more as the education of women advances. But their direct interest in these matters can never equal that of men, whose whole energy of mind and body is daily and hourly risked in them. Therefore it is not just to give to women direct power of deciding questions of Parliamentary policy, of war, of foreign or colonial affairs, of commerce and finance equal to that possessed by men. We hold that they already possess an influence on political matters fully proportioned to the possible share of women in the political activities of England.

At the same time we are heartily in sympathy with all the recent efforts which have been made to give women a more important part in those affairs of the community where their interests and those of men are equally concerned; where it is possible for them not only to decide but to help in carrying out, and where, therefore, judgment is weighted by a true responsibility, and can be guided by experience and the practical information which comes from it. As voters for or members of School Boards, Boards of Guardians, and other important public bodies, women have now opportunities for public usefulness which must promote the growth of character, and at the same time strengthen among them the social sense and habit. All these changes of recent years, together with the great improvements in women's education which have accompanied them, we cordially welcome. But we believe that the emancipating process has now reached the limits fixed by the physical constitution of women, and by the fundamental difference which must always exist between their main occupations and those of men. The care of the sick and the insane; the treatment of the poor; the education of children: in all these matters, and others besides, they have made good their claim to larger and more extended powers. We rejoice in it. But when it comes to questions of foreign or colonial policy, or of grave constitutional change, then we maintain that the necessary and normal experience of women—speaking generally and in the mass—does not and can never provide them with such materials for sound judgment as are open to men.

To sum up: we would give them their full share in the State of social effort and social mechanism; we look for their increasing activity in that higher State which rests on thought, conscience, and moral influence; but we protest against their admission to direct power in that State which *does* rest upon force—the State in its administrative, military and financial aspects—where the physical capacity, the accumulated experience and inherited training of men ought to prevail without the harassing interference of those who, though they may be partners with men in debate, can in these matters never be partners with them in action.

2. If we turn from the *right* of women to the suffrage—a right which on the grounds just given we deny—to the effect which the

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possession of the suffrage may be expected to have on their character and position and on family life, we find ourselves no less in doubt. It is urged that the influence of women in politics would tell upon the side of morality. We believe that it does so tell already, and will do so with greater force as women by improved education fit themselves to exert it more widely and efficiently. But it may be asked, On what does this moral influence depend? We believe that it depends largely on qualities which the natural position and functions of women as they are at present tend to develop, and which might be seriously impaired by their admission to the turmoil of active political life. These qualities are, above all, sympathy and disinterestedness. Any disposition of things which threatens to lessen the national reserve of such forces as these we hold to be a misfortune. It is notoriously difficult to maintain them in the presence of party necessities and in the heat of party struggle. Were women admitted to this struggle, their natural eagerness and quickness of temper would probably make them hotter partisans than men. As their political relations stand at present, they tend to check in them the disposition to partisanship, and to strengthen in them the qualities of sympathy and disinterestedness. We believe that their admission to the suffrage would precisely reverse this condition of things, and that the whole nation would suffer in consequence. For whatever may be the duty and privilege of the parliamentary vote for men, we hold that citizenship is not dependent upon or identical with the possession of the suffrage. Citizenship lies in the participation of each individual in effort for the good of the community. And we believe that women will be more valuable citizens, will contribute more precious elements to the national life without the vote than with it. The quickness to feel, the willingness to lay aside prudential considerations in a right cause, which are amongst the peculiar excellencies of women, are in their right place when they are used to influence the more highly trained and developed judgment of men. But if this quickness of feeling could be immediately and directly translated into public action, in matters of vast and complicated political import, the risks of politics would be enormously increased, and what is now a national blessing might easily become a national calamity. On the one hand, then, we believe that to admit women to the ordinary machinery of political life would inflame the partisanship and increase the evils, already so conspicuous, of that life, would tend to blunt the special moral qualities of women, and so to lessen the national reserves of moral force; and, on the other hand, we dread the political and practical effects which, in our belief, would follow on such a transformation as is proposed, of an influence which is now beneficent largely because it is indirect and gradual.

3. Proposals for the extension of the suffrage to women are beset

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with grave practical difficulties. If votes be given to unmarried women on the same terms as they are given to men, large numbers of women leading immoral lives will be enfranchised on the one hand, while married women, who, as a rule, have passed through more of the practical experiences of life than the unmarried, will be excluded. To remedy part of this difficulty it is proposed by a large section of those who advocate the extension of the suffrage to women, to admit married women with the requisite property qualification. This proposal—an obviously just one if the suffrage is to be extended to women at all—introduces changes in family life, and in the English conception of the household, of enormous importance, which have never been adequately considered. We are practically invited to embark upon them because a few women of property possessing already all the influence which belongs to property, and a full share of that public protection and safety which is the fruit of taxation, feel themselves aggrieved by the denial of the parliamentary vote. The grievance put forward seems to us wholly disproportionate to the claim based upon it.

4. A survey of the manner in which this proposal has won its way into practical politics leads us to think that it is by no means ripe for legislative solution. A social change of momentous gravity has been proposed; the mass of those immediately concerned in it are notoriously indifferent; there has been no serious and general demand for it, as is always the case if a grievance is real and reform necessary; the amount of information collected is quite inadequate to the importance of the issue; and the public has gone through no sufficient discipline of discussion on the subject. Meanwhile pledges to support female suffrage have been hastily given in the hopes of strengthening existing political parties by the female vote. No doubt there are many conscientious supporters of female suffrage amongst members of Parliament; but it is hard to deny that the present prominence of the question is due to party considerations of a temporary nature. It is, we submit, altogether unworthy of the intrinsic gravity of the question that it should be determined by reference to the passing needs of party organisation. Meanwhile we remember that great electoral changes have been carried out during recent years. Masses of new electors have been added to the constituency. These new elements have still to be assimilated; these new electors have still to be trained to take their part in the national work; and while such changes are still fresh, and their issues uncertain, we protest against any further alteration in our main political machinery, especially when it is an alteration which involves a new principle of extraordinary range and significance, closely connected with the complicated problems of sex and family life.

5. It is often urged that certain injustices of the law towards women would be easily and quickly remedied were the political

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power of the vote conceded to them; and that there are many wants, especially among working women, which are now neglected, but which the suffrage would enable them to press on public attention. We reply that during the past half century all the principal injustices of the law towards women have been amended by means of the existing constitutional machinery; and with regard to those that remain, we see no signs of any unwillingness on the part of Parliament to deal with them. On the contrary, we remark a growing sensitiveness to the claims of women, and the rise of a new spirit of justice and sympathy among men, answering to those advances made by women in education, and the best kind of social influence, which we have already noticed and welcomed. With regard to the business or trade interests of women,—here, again, we think it safer and wiser to trust to organisation and self-help on their own part, and to the growth of a better public opinion among the men workers, than to the exercise of a political right which may easily bring women into direct and hasty conflict with men.

In conclusion: nothing can be further from our minds than to seek to depreciate the position or the importance of women. It is because we are keenly alive to the enormous value of their special contribution to the community, that we oppose what seems to us likely to endanger that contribution. We are convinced that the pursuit of a mere outward equality with men is for women not only vain but demoralising. It leads to a total misconception of woman's true dignity and special mission. It tends to personal struggle and rivalry, where the only effort of both the great divisions of the human family should be to contribute the characteristic labour and the best gifts of each to the common stock.

Dowager Lady STANLEY OF ALDERLEY, Dover Street
Lady FREDERICK CAVENDISH, Carlton House Terrace
Lady WIMBORNE, Arlington Street
Lady RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, Connaught Place
Lady FANNY MARJORIBANKS, Piccadilly
The DUCHESS OF ST. ALBANS, Bestwood, Arnold, Notts.
Lady ALWYNE COMPTON, The Palace, Ely
Lady LOUISA EGERTON, Piccadilly
Mrs. GOSCHEN, Portland Place
VISCOUNTESS HALIFAX, Hickleton, Doncaster
Lady REVELSTOKE, Charles Street, Berkeley Square
Hon. Mrs. MEYNELL INGRAM, Temple Newsam
Mrs. KNOX-LITTLE, The College, Worcester
Lady WADE, Cambridge
Mrs. CREIGHTON, Cambridge, and The College, Worcester
Mrs. WESTCOTT, Cambridge, and Abbey Gardens, Westminster

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Mrs. BOYLE, The Deanery, Salisbury
Mrs. WOODS, Trinity College, Oxford
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Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD, Russell Square, W.C.
Miss BEATRICE POTTER, The Argoed, Monmouth
Mrs. HOLFORD, Dorchester House, Park Lane
Mrs. J. R. GREEN, Kensington Square, W.
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Mrs. FREDERIC HARRISON, Westbourne Terrace, W.
Mrs. HUXLEY, Marlborough Place, W.
Mrs. HENRY HOBHOUSE, Hadspen House, Somerset
Miss LUCY GARNETT, Upper Bedford Place
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Mrs. BALDWIN, Wilden House, Stourport
Miss CURETON, Matron, Aldenbrooke's Hospital, Cambridge
Miss SOULSBY, High School, Oxford
Miss OTTLEY, High School, Worcester
Miss TOPPING, Superintendent, St. John's House, Worcester
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Mrs. JAMES KNOWLES, St. James's Park
Lady VICTORIA BUXTON, Grosvenor Crescent
Mrs. CHARLES BUXTON, Fox Warren, Surrey
Hon. Mrs. EDWARD TALBOT, The Vicarage, Leeds
Mrs. J. R. THURSFIELD, Montague Place, W.C.

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[In furtherance of the foregoing Appeal—which has hitherto been only shown privately to a few persons—the accompanying proposed protest is laid before the readers of the *Nineteenth Century*, with the request that such ladies among them as agree with it will be kind enough to sign the opposite page and return it, *when detached*, to the EDITOR of this Review.

The difficulty of obtaining a public expression, even of disapproval, about such a question from those who entirely object to mixing themselves up in the coarsening struggles of party political life, may easily become a public danger. Their silence will be misinterpreted into indifference or consent to designs they most dislike, and may thus help to bring them about.

It is submitted that for once, and in order to save the quiet of Home life from total disappearance, they should do violence to their natural reticence, and signify publicly and unmistakably their condemnation of the scheme now threatened.

The deliberate opinion of the women readers of the *Nineteenth Century* might certainly be taken as a fair sample of the judgment of the educated women of the country, and would probably receive the sympathy and support of the overwhelming majority of their fellow countrywomen.

EDITOR, *Nineteenth Century*.]

FEMALE SUFFRAGE:

A WOMEN'S PROTEST.

The undersigned protest strongly against the proposed Extension of the Parliamentary Franchise to Women, which they believe would be a measure distasteful to the great majority of the women of the country—unnecessary—and mischievous both to themselves and to the State.

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THE ETHICS OF POLITICAL LYING.

A LIE is defined by Dr. Johnson as a criminal falsehood. I do not know that any better definition can be given. To tell a lie is not simply to make a false statement, but it is to make a statement knowing it to be false and with the intention to deceive. The gravamen of the lie consists not in its being false in itself, but in its being made with a criminal intent. In other words, the iniquity of a lie, if iniquity there is, depends—in common, for that matter, with every other human act—upon the motive with which it is made. 'Thou shalt not kill' is one of the simplest and most universally accepted of the Ten Commandments. But homicide is only murder when it is committed with malice aforethought. In like fashion, a falsehood is only a lie when it is criminal—that is, told with an intent to deceive.

Of course this definition is open to all sorts of metaphysical objections. When once you enter on the domain of abstract principles you embark upon a controversy in which absolute certainty is unattainable. Hardly a Sunday passes in which from some pulpit or other poor Pontius Pilate is not belaboured for having asked 'What is truth?' Yet the question is one which never has been answered satisfactorily since the world began, and never will be answered till the world ends—if then. Still for practical purposes we know what truth, and duty, and honesty mean; and we are all agreed that as a general rule it is an honest man's duty to tell the truth. In our own country, amidst our own people, and in our own days, the virtue of veracity has had an exceptional importance attached to it, which was not assigned to it by our forefathers, and which is not assigned to it in most other countries at the present day. That this is so is due partly to the character and instincts of our race, partly to the influence of our Protestant religion: and even more to the traditions of the Puritan movement, which consciously and unconsciously have leavened the whole fabric of our society. According to the ordinary British creed, to tell the truth goes pretty near to fulfil the whole duty of man. It is well for us this should be our creed, though from any abstract point of view it would be excessively difficult to show that veracity is a higher virtue than justice, mercy, charity, or

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self-sacrifice, qualities to which in other lands and at other times a far higher value has been assigned.

The whole of our latter-day school of thinkers base their teaching upon the assumption that truth is something excellent and even sacrosanct in itself, and that to tell the truth, no matter what the consequences may be, is the first duty a man owes to his own conscience. The creed, pushed to its logical development, must land us in a manifest *reductio ad absurdum*. I never yet heard of the creed which, if treated in the same fashion, did not lead to the same result. But as a practical working creed it serves the purpose every creed is intended to fulfil—that is, to make men better. I have dwelt upon this point in order to meet the objection that in what I have to say as to the ethics of political lying I am taking for granted the main point at issue, namely, that to tell the truth at all times is an axiom of morality. I do nothing of the kind. All I do assert is, that according to English ideas and English convictions, to speak the truth is matter of honour, to tell a lie is matter of disgrace. Granted the truth of this assertion, it becomes a matter of interest to consider at the present day, and under the light of recent occurrences, whether the truth-telling creed of the British race does hold good, or ought to hold good, with regard to British politics.

I think it will hardly be disputed that in every department of our national life the accepted theory is that we are bound to tell the truth, or at any rate not to tell lies. I may be told that our practice does not conform with our theory. To a certain extent this is true. In real life practice and theory are never absolutely identical; but in the main it may be fairly said that with us to tell the truth is the rule, to tell a lie is the exception. My meaning will be best illustrated by referring, in a few instances, to the ethics of veracity which prevail amidst different classes and different professions.

In society there are any number of usages, conventions, and practices which are inconsistent with the strict rule of saying the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. As a man of the world, writing to people of the world, it would be absurd to deny that in various relations of life we have all at times said the thing that is not, and said it with intent to create an erroneous belief. Under like circumstances we should all do it again, and do it without compunction. But, while making this admission, I contend that, save under exceptional conditions, the rule of English society is to speak the truth. No man with us likes, even on trivial matters, to be convicted of having made a deliberately false assertion. The mere imputation of having told a lie is regarded as an insult. Cynics may argue that what we dislike is not the telling of a lie, but the being found out in a lie. It may be so. I do not propose to regard the code of society in matters of veracity as a very exalted one. But I do say our code does regard falsehood as a thing to be condemned.

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We may all at times be detected in a condition of moral nudity; we are ashamed, however, of being so detected. And I contend that to be naked and ashamed represents a somewhat higher tone of thought than to be naked and not ashamed.

Class morality is influenced by the tone of the general society to which the class belongs; but every class has also certain standards of its own. Take for example the world of trade. Here, more perhaps than in any other pursuit, various deviations from strict veracity are regarded as venial, if not absolutely defensible. It is easy enough to preach a sermon about the adulteration, the sham advertisements, the shoddy imitations, and the other tricks of trade which have done so much to discredit our old repute as a nation of shopkeepers, if you like, but a nation of honest shopkeepers. Still, when all is said and done, it is obvious our world-wide industrial organisation could not have held together if British traders and British manufacturers and British financiers could not be trusted, in the main, to speak the truth, if—to use the old saying—their word, in the great majority of instances, was still not as good as their bond. It may be said that the British trader only speaks the truth because it pays him to do so. I do not admit the statement, but to enter into a discussion of the motives which lead towards veracity is no part of my present purpose. All I assert is, that in the City and on the Stock Exchange to tell a direct lie is recognised as an offence against the ordinary standard of commercial morality.

The same assertion holds good with regard to the learned professions. As to the Church I need say nothing. The fundamental theory on which our Church is based is the sanctity of truth. It is with regard to the other professions that the contention that our theory and our practice as to the obligation of truth are not in harmony with each other may be supported with most show of plausibility. Nobody, it may be said, blames a lawyer because, knowing his client to be guilty, he does his utmost to prove his innocence. On the other hand, it should be remembered that the advocate is understood and admitted on all sides to be simply holding a brief. It is his duty to present the best arguments that can be adduced in favour of the hypothesis of his client's innocence; but he is not expected, he is not even permitted, to identify himself with his client. No rule is more strictly or universally observed in our courts than the one which forbids a counsel to express his own personal conviction, to pledge his own personal belief, as to his client's innocence. Indeed, in one well-known case, the discovery that an eminent counsel, carried away by the fervour of his advocacy, had appealed to the jury on the strength of his own individual belief to acquit a prisoner for whose life he was pleading, when he knew, or ought to have known, that the man was guilty, proved fatal to his professional career. By the code of the Bar, a counsel may try

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to mislead the court, but he must not do so by stating as of his own personal knowledge facts which he knows to be untrue.

A similar rule holds good with respect to doctors. By the code of the profession a doctor is not bound to tell the whole truth to his patients; but he is not justified in making statements on the strength of his professional knowledge and experience which he knows to be untrue. Diplomacy has been defined by hostile critics as the art of polite lying. But though a diplomatist may be called upon in the the discharge of his functions to make assertions which he is aware are false, he is not entitled according to our British standard to strengthen their force by giving his own personal guarantee of their being made in good faith. In games of hazard, again, it is allowable to play a false card so as to mislead your adversary; but it is not allowable to score points which you have not got, or to refuse to follow suit. Even in the racing world—where, in one form or another, the main object is to get the best of one's neighbour—to pledge your word knowingly and wilfully to a deliberate falsehood is a distinct offence against the morality of the turf—an offence, I may add, rarely committed, and when detected not lightly forgiven.

These illustrations of our code as to the duty of truth-telling might be very largely amplified. I think, however, enough has been said to show what is the practical standard by which our social life is regulated in respect of matters of veracity. As I have said before, I do not base my argument upon any abstract proposition as to the holiness of truth or the iniquity of falsehood. I confess frankly my own state of mind on this subject is very much that of the judge who, when a small girl stated in the witness-box, in answer to the counsel's questions, that she knew what would happen to her hereafter if she told a lie, remarked in an audible aside: 'Then, my little dear, you know very much more than I do.' But I, following in this matter the example of all thinking men who have considered the subject, have no doubt whatever as to the practical social utility of the convention which happily prevails amongst Englishmen, that an honest man is expected to speak the truth. It is the knowledge that as a rule we can place reliance upon our neighbour's statements which forms the basis of our whole social order. We all accept this view, we all admit it; we are all agreed that, to paraphrase the well-known saying of Robespierre, if the duty of truth-telling did not exist it would be necessary to create the obligation.

There is one department only of public life in which, of late, the obligation of veracity seems to be open to question. That department, I need hardly say, is the domain of politics. An impression appears to prevail in many quarters that politicians cannot be expected to speak the truth, or at any rate that to tell a lie in political matters is a more venial offence than in matters non-political. Except on this hypothesis it is difficult to understand the pleas

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which have been put forward by certain newspapers in justification—or, to say the least, in palliation—of a recent admission that on a memorable occasion a member of Parliament deliberately stated what he knew to be false in order to mislead the House of Commons.

We are told in some quarters that Mr. Parnell did not mean what he said. We are assured in other quarters that his object in desiring to defeat the passing of Mr. Forster's Act was so laudable and excellent a one as to justify a deviation from truth. We are asked, again, to believe that even if Mr. Parnell did tell an untruth, and told it with intent to deceive, he only did what others do—he only played the game of politics in accordance with its recognised rules.

To each of these pleas the answer is obvious. To the first the reply is that a man must be taken to know the meaning of his own words. As to the argument that the alleged iniquity of Mr. Forster's Act justified the telling of an untruth in order to diminish the chances of its passing, this is only a repetition of the old Casuistic dogma that it is lawful to do evil in order that good may come—a dogma against which all Protestant divines and moralists have steadily set their face. The answer to the third plea is that the assumptions on which it is grounded are not only erroneous in theory but false in fact.

It is not necessary to know much of public life to be aware that in party politics the standard of veracity is not as high as it is in private life. A variety of instances could easily be cited in which public men of eminence and character have made statements, in and out of Parliament, which they must have known to be untrue in the spirit, if not in the letter, and by which they intended deliberately to convey a false impression. Still it is not true to say all public men do this. There have been men, such as Mr. Forster, Mr. Bright, Mr. Fawcett, and Lord Iddesleigh, who would never for any party gain, or still less for any personal object, have consented to tell a falsehood. There are such men still in either party, and the respect and confidence they command show that in the judgment of the House the obligation to speak the truth is recognised as binding, even if it is not always obeyed.

But the code of party politics, lax as it may be, does not sanction the employment of the lie direct. In all other callings, as I have endeavoured to show, the line is drawn at a distinct misstatement of fact, to which the utterer demands credence, in virtue of his hearers' belief in his own good faith and loyalty. In politics, as I contend, a like rule holds good also. No doubt the distinction between lying that is permissible and lying that is prohibited is of a very arbitrary and artificial kind. As a question of abstract morality it might be difficult to show that the *suppressio veri*, and still more the *suggestio falsi*, constitute a less heinous offence than the lie pure and simple. But practically the distinction in question is intelligible

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enough. We do not live—we have no wish to live—in a Palace of Truth. We are quite prepared to accept any number of conventional falsehoods. We are aware that if we are to hold our own, we must not believe everything that is told us. But we still act on the assumption, that when a man commits himself to a positive statement of fact on his own authority, he does not make that statement knowing it to be false and with intent to deceive. This assumption may be a mere convention: but it is a convention which regulates our public and private life. Any one who offends against this convention is justly regarded as an offender against our social code, and anything which tends to upset the authority of this code is a public misfortune.

EDWARD DICEY.

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THE THÉÂTRE FRANÇAIS, AND ITS SOCIÉTAIRES.

THE object of this 'study' is to trace as closely as possible, through two centuries, the continuity of common interests and the solidarity of emulation which, from its origin to our days, has kept together in past and present the Sociétaires of the Comédie Française. We will endeavour in the course of these pages to explain what is the Sociétariat in itself, and principally what was Molière's aim in creating it. Before proceeding further, however, it should perhaps be stated that if the seventeenth century produced, as Mr. Ferdinand Brunetière writes, three philosophies[1]—'the Cartesian, the Philosophy of Molière, and the Jansenistic philosophy'—the austere view taken of their art by such tragedians as Baron,[2] Mesdames Clairon, and even Rachel, amply prove that the Jansenistic influence, introduced by Corneille in the Maison de Molière, has endured till our days. Lagrange owed his fame to Molière's training, for which he repaid him by a friendship worthy of the legends of antiquity. It is difficult to deny that Molière's own character is clearly portrayed in Alceste, the most uncompromising of men and a Jansenist by temper. Corneille, Baron, Alceste, and Phèdre (by her casuistical remorse) will go, then, to prove, in different degrees, but equally, the 'influence of Jansenism on the Théâtre Français.

Though it cannot, of course, be pretended that a Champmeslé, or, later on, a Contat or a Mars, regulated their private lives by the lofty examples of Chimène or Camille, still these characters had such reality and vigour in them as to impress the actors deeply, and the day after playing Pauline, Rachel[3] herself was to be found reading Bossuet.

[1] 'Étude sur le Jansénisme.' F. Brunetière. *Revue des Deux Mondes*, December, 1888.

[2] Baron was wounded while acting in the *Cid*. Gangrene supervened, and amputation was advised. Baron refused, saying, 'I have been the king of the stage; I cannot live with a wooden leg.' And he died.

[3] *Rachel*, by Mirecourt. The day after her triumphant achievements in Pauline, Rachel was still so greatly disturbed and moved that she used to ask for a volume of Bossuet, or for the *Imitation of Christ*.

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The institution of the Théâtre Français (barring slight infractions to which we will allude) is substantially now what it was at Corneille's death. This association, therefore, may be said to have subsisted in unbroken continuity from Baron down to M. Coquelin. It received its crowning reward when, on the 22nd of February this year, M. Claretie, its head administrator, was welcomed at the Académie Française.

It is to Molière's first success in Lyons with *L'Etourdi* in 1656 that we trace back the inauguration of the Sociétariat. In the year 1645 Jean Batiste Poquelin[4] had just returned from a journey to Narbonne with his head full of all the eccentricities he had come across in the south, out of which he manufactured such characters as Sotenville and Pourceaugnac.

But for Madeleine Béjart, Jean Batiste's uncle would have made an *abbé* of him. However, Jean Batiste met Madeleine,[5] fell in love with her; to enable himself not to leave her went to the stage, and to avoid offending his uncle, the canon, changed his name from Poquelin to Molière.[6] So the company became Molière, Béjart et Compagnie, opening then and there in the Rue de Nesles, 1645, the Illustre Théâtre, where Molière played frequently to empty benches *Le Maître d'École*, *Le Médecin Amoureux*, *Le Médecin Volant*, and several of his early comedies that were composed on the spot and only written out long afterwards.

While he was at college (where he most probably took the philosopher Gassendi as his model for M. Jourdain's professor of philosophy),[7] Molière had made the acquaintance of the Prince de Conti, who granted the poet permission to give the Illustre Théâtre the title of 'Théâtre de Monsieur le Prince,' a favour, however, which entirely failed to bring in money.

As the company was getting into difficulties in 1649, Molière packed up his 'properties' and started for the provinces with his troupe (very much in the style of Callot's *voyage comique*).

In 1656, just after Mignard, on his return from Rome, had met Molière at Avignon and painted his portrait, luck turned; and Lagrange, who was manager of a rival troupe at Lyons, came (after the success of *L'Etourdi*) offering his services to Molière. Lagrange brought with him Ducroisy, Mademoiselle Duparc and Mademoiselle De Brie. These four talented actors joined the Béjarts. His *enfans chéris*, as Molière used to call them, were the kernel of the Sociétariat.

[4] The Poquelins are of Scottish extraction; some of them were in the Scotch guard of Charles the Seventh in 1428. Seekers after atavism are pleased to trace to this ancestry the profoundly serious character of Alceste, in striking contrast to the scepticism of La Rochefoucauld, and strangely striking, considering the times and the surroundings.

[5] *Molière et son Théâtre*. By Larroumet. *Revue des Deux Mondes*, June, 1885.

[6] At that period actors were excommunicated.

[7] In the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*.

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They formed a society of enlightened minds, of sympathetic natures, and critical tastes.

For a Molière to make of them the family of his adoption they must necessarily have been gifted beings!

In order to bind his *enfans chéris* in the future and to found a dynasty of such actors, Molière united them by the double bonds of social interest and professional emulation. A Sociétaire's ambition would not be to rise merely for his own personal gratification, but for the general honour of a company forming in itself an *académie* of dramatic art. Hence, whilst the actor would be judged merely from the stage, the Sociétaire would be so from his attitude in the green-room, in the world of letters, in the *salons*. Every stage has had celebrities; the Théâtre Français alone has its Sociétaire. Cinna plays cards with Mascarille between the acts under the eyes of Mignard's, Lebrun's, Latour's, Nattier's, Fragonard's, or Chardin's models[8] with a decorum and reserve worthy of a La Rochefoucauld or a Noailles. The *foyer* (green-room) is the ancestral hall of the Sociétaire, as the Agrippines, Zulimes (Voltaire), Célimènes, Roxanes form his gallery of family portraits.

Just as Mademoiselle Champmeslé and beautiful Mademoiselle Baron[9] were courted, so were their successors. The title of such women to the 'attentions' of the world was not merely to be skilled 'actresses,' but above all to be daughters of La Maison de Molière as Madame de Longueville was daughter to the Maison de Condé. Hence the hospitable traditions of the *foyer* which have endured from Baron to M. Coquelin.

Surrounded, as he had been, by such women as Mademoiselle de Brie[10] and Mademoiselle Béjart, Molière was able to see Célimène receive her own guests and preside over a *salon* of her own in her own house.

In the preface of the *Précieuses Ridicules* referring to the *Grandes Précieuses*,[11] and the favourable influence they had exercised over literature, Molière says, 'Les Grandes Précieuses sont de

[8] All the portraits of the great actors and actresses are gathered at the Rue Richelieu—either originals or copies of the different masters to whom the artists had sat.

[9] The wife of Baron was a miracle of loveliness. One day Anne of Austria drove her ladies away by saying 'Here comes Mademoiselle Baron!' The dread of comparison made all the pretty women take flight.

[10] Mademoiselle de Brie consoled Molière in the darkest moments of his conjugal troubles, and he greatly appreciated her keen wit and delicate tact. Mademoiselle de Brie took the parts of *ingénues* up to sixty-four years of age. She retired at sixty, but the public, finding she was superior to all her rivals, insisted on her returning to the stage.

[11] The term *Grandes Précieuses* was applied (in opposition to their imitators) to the learned women of the Hôtel Rambouillet, Julie d'Anges, Mademoiselle Paulet, strict latinists, who jealously kept up the niceties of the French tongue and constituted themselves into voluntary guardians of the language, just as the Academy was its official guardian.

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ces choses excellentes aptes à être imitées par de mauvais singes;[12] these *mauvais singes*, not the wise *précieuses*, have been the objects of Molière's satirical comedy.

In becoming a Sociétaire, it should therefore be clearly understood that an actor not only pledged himself to use his best endeavours in the profession he had chosen, but also to conduct himself in that position according to what Molière's wishes might have been—namely, not merely to adapt his mental powers and every tone of his diction to the most intricate exigencies of the 'stage,' but also to maintain through centuries the 'worldly' impetus given to the Sociétariat from the moment of its foundation. Though Molière was a 'Bohemian' partly through poverty, partly from choice, the same genius that inspired him with the unique conception of Célimène led him to appreciate the importance of keeping up an interchange of social relations between actors and courtiers.

Armande Béjart had made a start by receiving her guests, sumptuously attired and reclining on a state bed,[13] in imitation of the Marquise de Rambouillet, holding *levées* on the first-floor of her husband's house in the Rue Richelieu.[13] Marquises flocked to these receptions, and though the husband Molière made fun of these marquises on the 'stage,' Molière the founder of the Sociétariat did not think fit to banish such distinguished guests: he felt that it was important for Célimène to be surrounded by all sorts and kinds of people. According to Molière's views, the *salon* of the 'great artist' was to destroy the *boudoir* of the *courtisane*.

We gather from Lagrange's *Registre*[14] (our chief source of information) that after his return from Lyons, Molière's talent being greatly appreciated by Louis the Fourteenth, he and his troupe received the royal command to act at the Louvre no less than six times during the winter of 1658. 'We were sent for six times to play before the king,[15] and we went afterwards on a *visit* to some of the highest people in the land.' Lagrange calls a private representation a 'visit.' The troupe referred to by Lagrange was the one formed by Molière at Lyons, after the success of *L'Étourdi*. In the year 1600 the theatre of the Hôtel de Bourgogne had been purchased by the Confrères de la Passion, who had played formerly (1541) in the Hôtel de Flandres. The first *brevet* of these 'passionists' as strolling players dates back to Charles the Sixth in 1398;[16] only in those days they acted nothing but religious mysteries.

[12] In those days great ladies received visits, using their beds as reclining couches and the guests passed on both sides of the bed. This was called *faire ruelle*.

[13] See *Le Testament de Molière*. Auguste Vitu.

[14] This register forms a quarto volume of 400 pages, and consists entirely of details of the Comédie Française.

[15] *Registre de Lagrange*. Édité uniquement pour le Théâtre Français.

[16] *Archives du Théâtre Français*. Bibl. du Théâtre Français.

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In the Hôtel de Flandres they had played *Soties* and *Farces*, but it was not till the Hôtel de Bourgogne was opened that the first tragedy, Jodelle's *Cléopâtre* (1626), was put on the stage. Each of those classical representations might be followed by a ballet or an opera. Mademoiselles Champmeslé and Baron, therefore, were both bound by the terms of their engagement to sing and to dance as well as to declaim. When, in 1645, Molière founded the Illustre Théâtre, Paris could boast of only one other theatre, which was the Hôtel de Bourgogne.[17] In 1659 the king was so delighted with Molière that he allowed him to establish his troupe in the Hôtel du Petit Bourbon, at the inauguration of which the plays were the *Ballet des Ballets* and *L'Amour Médecin*. Unfortunately for Molière, these plays required musical accompaniments, and, what was still worse, the musical composer was Jean Batiste Lulli. We say unfortunate, not on account of the music, which was excellent, but because Lulli was a Florentine; and Molière's nature was so generous, that between the nationality of the former and the high-mindedness of the latter, Molière became the victim.

One day, whilst the poet was writing the *Femmes Savantes*, he suddenly found himself constrained by law to retire from his occupation at the Théâtre du Petit Bourbon! This is what had happened. The Florentine, charmed with the success of his music, wished to share his profits no longer, but to keep the Petit Bourbon all to himself, driving Molière out! Lulli, who amused the court, and Mademoiselle de Montpensier in particular, by his wit, succeeded. But nevertheless Louis the Fourteenth knew how to appreciate Molière, and gave him as a compensation, at once, the Palais-Royal (1660). In this manner it came to pass that if Paris in 1600 owned only one theatre, it possessed already two in 1658, three in 1661, after Molière's death four, 1676 (the Théâtre Guénégaud), and at the opening of the eighteenth century a fifth one—'the *Italian* Players,' but we will not anticipate. On the 20th of January, 1661, Molière inaugurated his entry into the 'Palais-Royal.' Here is the fact noted in Lagrange's *Registre* in his own spelling: 'La Troupe a commancé au Palais-Royal le 20 Janvier 1661, par le Dépit Amoureux.'

Three years after the death of Molière, which took place in 1673, his widow Mademoiselle[18] Molière, assisted by the faithful Lagrange, opened the Théâtre Guénégaud, but the company returned to the Hôtel de Bourgogne about the year 1680.

From the establishing of the Théâtre Guénégaud, under the combined management of Molière's best friend and his widow, we learn two facts—first that *Féeries* and ballets are not modern inven-

[17] The Hôtel de Bourgogne was situated in the Marais, at that time a fashionable quarter.

[18] It is well known that the title *Madame* was only conferred on duly qualified *bourgeoises*, such as the wives of provosts, magistrates, sheriffs, &c.

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tions, as Armande Béjart made her greatest hit in the *Féerie* called *Circé*, and the 'correct' style of her costume caused the play to run six months, from October to March. The second conclusion we are justified in arriving at is that the Béjart-Lagrange combination throws a favourable light on the character of Molière's widow, as Lagrange would never have remained the faithful and devoted friend of Armande if she had proved herself both cynical and ungrateful. Armande's nature was unquestionably a frivolous one, but we may fairly consider that Molière's peculiarly sensitive and superior nature had at least as much to do with his conjugal unhappiness as Armande's defects.

One night, a few days [19] after the death of her husband, when Armande [20] was playing the part of Angélique in the *Malade Imaginaire*, in the scene where Argan's daughter throws herself at her father's feet, believing him to be dead, the despair she was feigning became real. The public understood, and applauded in deep sympathy! The *Registre* furnishes us with some details of the receipts. On Easter Monday, the 11th of April 1679, for instance, the representation of the *Misanthrope* brought in 630 francs. In October 1682, the same piece only realised 360 and 450 francs.

These were indeed meagre resources compared with the takings at a modern theatre, but in those days the stage properties were not costly. The celebrated Mademoiselle Champmeslé played such classical parts as Roxane and Bérénice in a brocade gown, and the part of Cornélie simply veiled in mourning. The stage mountings were of corresponding simplicity. Though Mademoiselle Champmeslé was a pupil of Baron's it cannot be doubted that her love for Racine was the origin of her happiest inspirations.

To a Diana-like [21] grace and majestic bearing Mademoiselle Champmeslé joined a captivating smile and a commanding expression. If to physical advantages so fully reproduced by Petitot's burin we add the charm of 'a voice full of tears,' so extolled by Lafontaine, we are enabled to understand everything in Racine's relations with her, except his being able to leave her.[22]

For six and twenty years, from 1670 to 1696, Mademoiselle Champmeslé reigned supreme in Paris, and as the muse of dramatic art her traditional talents have been handed down to posterity through centuries. 'Elle est divine,' says Madame de Sévigné, 'et sans rivale dans la passion.'

[19] Mourning was not then allowed actors. Armande had to appear the third day after Molière's death.

[20] Armande married a second time an actor named Guérin, who treated her shamefully, and repaid by his cruelty all she made Molière suffer through her coquetry.

[21] See the prints in the *Bibliothèque Nationale*.

[22] M. de Clermont Tonnerre having taken Racine's place by Madame Champmeslé the *bon mot* of Paris was, 'C'est le Tonnerre qui l'a déraciné.'

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The seed sown by Mademoiselle Champmeslé bore ample fruit in Mademoiselle Dumesnil (1717), Mademoiselle Lecouvreur (1723), and specially in Mademoiselle Clairon (1740). There was no break in the dynasty of the queens of the Théâtre Français!

Le contemplateur, as Boileau used to call Molière, had taken the son of the elder Baron out of the troupe of juvenile players of Raisin[23] the organist, and trained him for the stage. Baron and the Sire de Brécour succeeded Lagrange and Ducroisy. Actors and actresses followed one another in direct succession. Mademoiselle Champmeslé (a pupil of the elder Baron) was the trainer of Mademoiselle Dumesnil's teacher. Mademoiselle Molière had been the model for Mademoiselle l'Estoile (1697). Mademoiselle l'Estoile in her turn was the instructress of Mademoiselle Dangeville (1720), to whom Mademoiselle Contat in 1750 was indebted for her happiest achievements; whilst Mademoiselle Mars in 1779 was on her side the pupil of Mademoiselle Contat, and the model for Madame Plessy (1830). As to Monsieur Samson, Mesdames Rachel and Brohan's teacher (1838), he derived most of his knowledge from the study of Mademoiselle Clairon's *Leçons* and from Mademoiselle Champmeslé's *notes*, as well as from the written experiences of Lekain, Talma, Brécour, Armand, Fleury, La Thorillière, Môlé, and others. In M. Coquelin we therefore see the pupil in direct descent of Molière himself.

Racine had died in 1639,[24] out of favour with the king and with the public. It was all in vain that Madame de Sévigné assured her readers that 'the only tiresome thing about *Esther* was that it came to an end.'

The marquise stood alone in her opinion of *Esther*. A play so far written for young people that Esther's husband Ahasuerus calls her his 'sister'[25] and asks for her 'friendship' in order to avoid the mere mention of the word 'love'—such a play could only exist through favour.

As for *Athalie*, Madame de Maintenon's testimony will prove that even patronage and court *bienveillance* failed to make it a success. Writing to Madame du Caylus, she says: 'On a donné *Athalie* hier, et Madame d'Ayen à très bien joué son rôle [Josabeth] sans relever la pièce.'

[23] Raisin had four very fine children, and he trained them to act juvenile comedies in private houses; but before he had recourse to this means of livelihood, he had shut up one of his children in a spinet and caused him to sing there. The instrument was thought to be enchanted. Marie Thérèse, queen to Louis the Fourteenth, believed there was magic in the matter, but the deception was discovered, and Raisin started his juvenile company.

[24] Racine's last hours were the noblest of his life. Touched by the miseries of the people, he addressed a memorial to the king, and Madame de Maintenon presented it. But Louis the Fourteenth owed Racine a grudge for returning to the Jansenists, and the petition was rejected. Racine was deeply mortified, and only attached himself more closely to Port Royal, requesting that his body might be buried beside that of his old friend the Abbé Hamon.

[25] Acte 3. 'Parlez, madame—suis-je pas votre *frère*?'

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Athalie, however, was revived (1719) by the Regent, who made a great sensation in the part of the High Priest. The appearance of the Regent, of all men, in such a character was at least a novelty. The Regent of Orleans wanted at that time variety of occupation. The Scotch speculator, Law, 'ce joueur arrogant,' as St. Simon called him, had nearly ruined France with his financial schemes. The mob of the Rue Quincampoix [26] was beginning to disperse. Noble backs [27] were no longer being let as tables for the speculators to make their hasty calculations upon.

Still *Athalie* only creating but a very short diversion, the Regent turned to the Mississippi [28] scheme. Moreover, he had the *Reine soleil* and her six black attendants brought over from America. But . . . the queen became a Christian, was married in real earnest at Notre Dame, and took her departure accompanied by her husband, the handsome Sergeant Dubois. Reaching home, however, she decapitated Dubois to prevent his wearing the crown for which he had married her.

'Exotics' were turning as bankrupt as Racine in the effort of pleasure-giving! Paris was weary of the marvellous, of the incredible—weary of the gambler Law, of the 'nigger ballets,' of 'clowns' of all kinds! Paris then, deserting the *cabaret*, rushed to the 'Muse'—Adrienne Lecouvreur.

About the year 1705 Adrienne Lecouvreur was born in Paris. Her father was a carpenter, her mother a laundress. In defiance of atavism, however, Adrienne's carriage, her walk, the repose and dignity of her movements, were envied by great ladies, and many a queen might have been proud to appear before her people as Adrienne appeared before the public. Adrienne's wit was as ready as her acting was classical. Lord Pembroke, in drawing up the terms of a love contract as he would a matter of business, having said 'What *I* want is plenty of wit combined with plenty of love,' Adrienne's reply had been, 'I never give the latter, my lord, without the former, so *you* will possess neither!' In her two-sided nature the *tragedian* was strangely at variance with the *woman*.

Scribe has combined the two in the play called *Adrienne Lecouvreur*, but he has scarcely given sufficient predominance to the personal note. Capricious in matters of love—a true Manon

[26] In 1694 Law arrived in France. He startled the financial world and turned people's heads by successful speculations. A Savoyard, who came to Paris a beggar, suddenly found himself master of forty millions. The valet of a great financier won sixty millions at one stake. See *Law*, by André Cochut. 1 vol. Hachette.

[27] The smallest window in the Rue Quincampoix was rented for fabulous sums; but there were no tables on which to make out the profit and loss accounts, and impecunious noblemen gained a living by letting their backs by the hour. A hunchback, with a hump happily placed, made a fortune at this business, says M. André Cochut.

[28] This was one of Law's most considerable operations.

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Lescaut and a true Carmen—her desertion of the Duc de Richelieu for a comic actor led up to her final passion for Maurice de Saxe.

Her nature was more tender than strong, more capable of fascinating than of enthralling. Her conception of Phèdre, for instance, closely resembles Mademoiselle Sarah Bernhardt's reading of the same *rôle*. Phèdre is the touchstone of the classical drama, and when this part is not played in accordance with Mademoiselle Rachel's interpretation it can only be so on Mademoiselle Lecouvreur's lines.

The actress must either exercise a powerful fascination as Rachel did, or else touch the hearts of the audience like Mademoiselle Lecouvreur. In fact, Phèdre must meet her fate as a queen or submit to it as a woman.

Mademoiselle Lecouvreur's pale countenance and naturally agonised expression, devoid of all facial contortions, was admirably suited to her reading of Phèdre.

Adrienne had made her *début* the very year the Regent died (1723). She was succeeded by Mademoiselle Dumesnil, 'thunder-voiced' as Mademoiselle Clairon describes her, born in 1715, and who died only in 1803. It was said of her that 'she made a great noise in the world for a long time.' It will be from her impartial pupil, Mademoiselle Clairon that we shall learn the character of her predecessor's talents. 'Mademoiselle Dumesnil's declamation was very sonorous, but wanting in flexibility,' writes Mademoiselle Clairon, 'and her movements were often masculine and deficient in grace; very natural and full of feeling, she excelled in depicting the paroxysm of maternal grief—where the form of her inspiration attained to sublimity. But as I continued to study her, I saw with sorrow that she noticed and was pleased at the "bravas" of fools! From that moment she sank in my estimation. She became commonplace, affected in her delivery and undignified in her gestures. I spoke to her upon the subject.'[29] The tone in which Mademoiselle Clairon, then a mere *débutante*, ventures to reproach an already consecrated celebrity such as Mademoiselle Dumesnil, is one of such austere devotion to idealism and to art, that M. Nicole or any others of the 'Solitaires' of Port Royal could not have used a more rigorous one in the name of the highest morality.

Corneille's own entirety of purpose finds here expression at a century's distance, through one of his interpreters: 'You started on such admirable lines, mademoiselle,' remonstrated Mademoiselle Clairon, 'that I am at a loss to understand you now. What is the meaning of your present folly? What right have you to confound, as you do, the character of Sémiramis with the wife of Sganarelle? What is the meaning of your exaggerated energy? What object have you in acting in a manner that is at variance with your brilliant

[29] *Mémoires de Mademoiselle Clairon.* 1 vol.

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intelligence and your common sense? My addressing you thus is sufficient proof that you distress me.'

'I have listened to you, my dear,' Mademoiselle Dumesnil replied, 'and I will even answer you. You are seeking after truth, poor child, which of course you will never find, and, did you find it, none would appreciate it. You may be sure that, in a full house even, there is never more than *one connoisseur*: he is generally old and cold, and keeps his admiration to himself. As people come out of the theatre and disperse in Paris they say: "I heard Mademoiselle Dumesnil this evening; she was sublime!" "How about Mademoiselle Clairon?" "She was cold." I say again that your real *connoisseur* holds his tongue; and so you see, my dear child, that is why I am extolled to the skies, while you remain below in the ditch!'

'I flatter myself,' replied Mademoiselle Clairon, 'that the very reverse of this is the case. As the public is not so stupid as you suppose, some day you will find, if you continue your loud tones and extravagant gestures, that the balance will be exactly the reverse of what you have predicted.'

Mademoiselle Clairon, who in 1749 did not hesitate at the beginning of her career to speak thus to her instructress in dramatic art, did not write less freely thirty years later to the brother-in-law of Frederick the Second of Prussia.

Her great mental attainments, not even diminished by her inordinate vanity, have made her so distinguished that in this brief sketch we are induced to give her a place of honour; for as an *artiste* she achieved successes never dreamt of by her predecessors. And to this day her criticisms and commentaries are a guide to her successors in all the *rôles* of her classical *répertoire*.

Neither Mademoiselle Riccoboni's ready pen nor Sophie Arnould's wit ever acquired for them the 'social' situation of Mademoiselle Clairon.

Mademoiselle Arnould never had the same influence, never held such a *salon*, as her instructress, for Mademoiselle Clairon had not only what Voltaire called *de la machine à Corneille*[30] in her voice, but had some of the same fiery qualities in her brain. When Louis the Fifteenth spoke of her as *la sage Mademoiselle Clairon* he meant not that adjective to apply to her private conduct, but to the wisdom and intelligence she brought to bear on the characters she impersonated. Making her appearance as a tragedian just a century after the founding of the Sociétariat, and a hundred years before Mademoiselle Rachel, Mademoiselle Clairon bequeathed to M. Samson the teachings he bestowed on Rachel. As a Sociétaire she was the model for Mesdames Mars and Brohan.

[30] A favourite expression of Voltaire, when speaking of the heroic transports of Corneille's characters.

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According to the rule that, up to the time of the Revolution, obliged one actress to possess various accomplishments—singing, dancing, elocution, music &c.—Mademoiselle Arnould the singer had for sole instructress as an 'opera singer' the tragedian Mademoiselle Clairon.

'L'esprit sert à tout, même à chanter,' it had been said of Sophie,[31] her voice being as thin and meagre as her wit was abundant; that wit, wrote the Goncourts, was 'a thought, a word, a flash; it was a heavy blow, it was sheer malice, it was torture.[32] A combination of sublimity, mischief, and good taste!' No sooner had she appeared on the stage than she was carried off by the Duc de Lauragais. After ten years of stormy constancy, M. de Lauragais, who had as much wit as herself, used to say of her, 'There is more subtlety in her little finger than all the hooped ladies [ladies at court] have in their body.'

'I will marry you to-morrow,' Sophie had said to the Comte de Malezieu, who, madly in love with her, and in order to induce her to make up her mind, talked to her of Mademoiselle d'Aubigné—'I will marry you to-morrow, provided you promise to be Scarron first and then Louis the Fourteenth!' After many attempts at a rupture, when the 'two million kisses of Lauragais had always proved successful in wiping away the "four million tears"[33] of Sophie,' the two lovers always made it up, and even when old these two kindred spirits were bound together in mind! Mademoiselle Arnould died in the early days of the Empire; and if her social success was due to her personal attractions and intellectual gifts, her triumphs as an actress were certainly chiefly the result of Mademoiselle Clairon's teaching. Now in 1750, just as Mademoiselle Arnould made her *début*, Mademoiselle Clairon had reached the zenith of her fame. She was the daughter of a Flemish seamstress, who in her early years was extremely bigoted, but soon became too liberal in her morals. Mademoiselle Clairon had been taught by her mother only how to sew, and as the child hated needlework their wranglings were perpetual. Mademoiselle Clairon has left an autobiography in which she describes the difficulties she had to contend with in her childhood and the stumbling-blocks she had to overcome in the course of her career. She will now speak for herself:

I was born in the small town of Condé in Flanders, in 1723 (wri es the future queen of tragedy), but as I did not seem likely to live, my parents, who were very

[31] The Abbé Galiani—one of the keenest wits of the eighteenth century, a friend of Voltaire and of Madame du Deffand—used to say of Sophie Arnould's voice, 'C'est le plus bel asthme que j'aie jamais entendu chanter.'

[32] *Études sur Sophie Arnould.* By the Goncourts (Hachette).

[33] Sophie Arnould did not hesitate to admit that M. de Lauragais had given her two million kisses and caused her to shed four million tears.

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devout, took me at once to the *curé* to be baptized. The *curé*, however, not being at his post, the water necessary for my christening was hastily taken from the sideboard in his house.

A martyr to stitching at one time, the poor child became a martyr afterwards to interested motives, as her mother desired that she should adopt a more lucrative but less reputable way of getting a living.

Mademoiselle Clairon's mother was in the habit of locking her daughter up in her room. Now this mode of punishment it was which ministered precisely to the future triumphs of the actress. After the child had cried enough, she would look out of the window. One day, in doing so, she beheld a charming-looking girl going through her dancing steps. When this pleasing exercise was over, she saw the mother of the dancer clasp the girl in her arms and embrace her affectionately.

I perceived (writes Mademoiselle Clairon) the painful difference between us, for while my neighbour was the object of her mother's solicitude, I received nothing but rebuffs and punishments; and from that moment it became my object to get locked up in my room as frequently as possible, because from my prison window I could see my neighbour going through her pretty pantomimes and dances. I began to imitate her very soon. I tried to go through the same movements and to balance myself on the tips of my toes as she did.

This interesting neighbour was no less a person than Mademoiselle Dangeville, the 'coquette' of the Théâtre Français.

This circumstance decided my career (continues Mademoiselle Clairon). I told my mother I was resolved to go on the stage. At first there were tears, scenes, and stamping; but one day my mother returned from seeing one of her customers who had praised me very much, took me in her arms and kissed me, just as I had so long wished she would do.

From this day the mother's views altered. She rushed off with her daughter (then twelve years old) to Thomassin, the most famous 'harlequin' of his day. Only, Thomassin had two daughters, who naturally stood in Mademoiselle Clairon's way.

At fifteen, I was determined not to submit to further delay, and rather than pine away far from the stage I decided to make my *début* in the provinces—at Rouen. I succeeded in pleasing the public and also in enlisting the favour of the most respectable women in the city.

Mademoiselle Clairon's insistance as to the respectability of her patronesses was no doubt the result of the following incident. Her mother, who at Condé had been very devout, changed her tactics at Rouen, where her house became a kind of Temple of Eros, in which she evidently desired Mademoiselle Clairon to be the presiding priestess. It had transpired that a too eager neophyte had been driven away by Mademoiselle Clairon with the aid of a broomstick!

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The indignant gentleman wrote an infamous libel on Clairon, under the title of 'Frétillon,' and, adds the victim—

As I was nobody, and as I had no connections, I thought it best to remain silent on the subject of such a crime as the defamation of which I had been the victim, which ought to have been punished by the law without my having even to lodge a complaint.

Mademoiselle Clairon, when she writes about herself, is as sincere as she is vain. She hesitates not, after having stood up as a model of chastity, to show herself in a totally opposite character, if it is required by the exactness of her narrative. Hence Mademoiselle Clairon's avowal a little further on of the extraordinary stratagem resorted to by her to escape marriage, the confession she spontaneously makes *à propos* of her first *liaison*, which she declares was devoid of any interested motive, love, or even passion. The latter early passage in her memoirs throw into high relief the moral 'lecture' she addresses about the year 1768 to the Comte de Valbelle, her *ami* of twenty years' standing.

Valbelle had separated from Mademoiselle Clairon, and his mother was distressed to find that he did not marry, but made himself improperly conspicuous in public.

No! Valbelle (writes the tragedian in the Jansenistic mood of a true Pauline), you are mistaken, your mother does not hate the woman you love now, as you would have me believe, but she objects to your appearing in public with a married woman, who in her husband's lifetime exacts promises of marriage from you. Nowhere will you find a heart like mine, Valbelle; but in forgiving the *lover* as I have done, I did hope that the *friend* would console me by contracting a marriage worthy of himself, and that he would never make me blush for my generosity.

As a matter of fact, Mademoiselle Clairon's generosity did not stop at sentiment, for when Valbelle was ruined by his extravagances (1770), she sold all she possessed in order to assist him. Not even her collections as a naturalist (she was passionately devoted to science) were reserved—everything was sold for her faithless lover. It was after this affair that the Margrave of Anspach, the brother-in-law of Frederick the Second, invited her to his court, where she remained for seventeen years. The following letter from Diderot to Falconnet,[34] explaining to the sculptor that the friendship of even a Catherine of Russia was nothing in comparison with his love for Mademoiselle Voland, will show us, as well as the devotion of Mademoiselle Clairon to M. de Valbelle, that if the seventeenth century was the century of 'Reason' in France, the eighteenth century was that of Love—and of love combined with philosophy.

[34] Falconnet was established in Russia. Being intimate with Diderot, he wished to promote his fortune by bringing him over to Catherine's court; but in those days 'business' with the French went secondary to love. L'Abbé Prévost's Desgrieux (Manon Lescaut's lover) was to be found *surtout* amongst Encyclopædists—the generous Diderot, the devoted d'Alembert, the faithful Marivaux, and so on.

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My dear Falconnet—The true reason why I do not leave France is that I am attached by the strongest and tenderest bonds of affection to a woman [35] for whose sake I would sacrifice a hundred lives if I had them. I could bear to see my home reduced to ashes, my liberty and my life in jeopardy, unmoved—if she were left to me, I should be happy still. In her arms I have not sought my own happiness so much as hers, and I would sooner die than cause her to shed a tear, for she has a most sensitive heart and very frail health. She loves me, and the chain that binds us is so tightly welded with her life that it is impossible to touch one without destroying the other. It is at the end of ten years that I speak thus, my dear Falconnet, and neither time nor habit, nor indeed any of those things that usually diminish love, has had any effect on mine. Sophie is all the world to me, and you expect me to-morrow to take post-horses and to go a thousand miles away from her, leaving her overwhelmed with grief and despair; could you do such a thing yourself? Suppose she were to die?

Prévost, when he wrote *Manon Lescaut*, did so under the pressure of the prevailing sentiment of his time—a time when the Marquise de Sabran waited twenty years for the Chevalier de Boufflers, who had left her side, although he loved her, 'in order that he might become worthy of her and make a name;' [36] a time when the genius of Mademoiselle de Lespinasse was the result of M. de Guibert's caprices—when the Marquis de Brissac sacrificed his life for the delight of seeing the Comtesse du Barry for an hour! [37]

When (1743) Mademoiselle Clairon had first presented herself bearing the order for her *début* signed by Louis the Fifteenth, and when she announced her intention of playing Phèdre, as she 'knew' the part, the mirth had been general on the part of the *Semainiers*.[38] Short and slight, and but for her large flashing eyes (her chief beauty), Mademoiselle Clairon rather resembled Rachel. The old story of the contempt shown by those who were known to fame for the new-comer, which ended sometimes in grief and tears, was triumphantly overcome this time. The following notice appeared in the *Mercure Galant* of the 19th of September 1743:

The new actress, Mademoiselle Clairon, made her first appearance in Phèdre amidst general applause. She is a young person possessed of much intelligence, and who renders in a very beautiful voice the sentiments she has the power to feel and appreciate.

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[35] Mademoiselle Voland and Diderot carried on a correspondence that extends over ten or fifteen volumes; and Diderot's letters to her are, perhaps, the great philosopher's masterpiece.

[36] The Chevalier de Boufflers came from Lunéville, and was a brilliant ornament at the Court of Stanislas of Poland. Madame de Sabran was a widow when he fell in love with her. He left her and went to America to seek his fortunes and to 'make a name.' Their correspondence forms a very interesting octavo volume.

[37] The Marquis de Brissac, madly in love with Madame du Barry, had emigrated; but, as he could not bear the separation, he returned, and had an interview with her at Luciennes. He was betrayed, by the negro servant of the countess, to the revolutionary committee, and beheaded.

[38] The *Semainiers* were a number of actors who controlled the representation in weekly rotation.

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After her *début* in Phèdre she experienced the pleasurable sensation of winning more 'bravas' still by playing the part of Dorine in *Tartufe*. Then she turned her attention to Electre, and remained faithful to her classical impersonation. Racine's Phèdre is in reality a Christian who, though admitting that 'les Dieux ont allumé ses feux,'[39] fights and struggles against fate.

When Shakespeare's Julius Cæsar is warned to beware of the 'Ides of March,' it is evident that his attempts to combat Calphurnia's superstitious fears are not made under the *conviction* that those fears are groundless, for Shakespeare's psychology is in unison with the times he depicts. Shakespeare's Cæsar is a pagan, whereas every one of Racine's Phèdre's efforts to counterbalance 'fate' by 'will' make of her a Christian. To bestow upon Phèdre a touch at once of realistic barbarism and desperate fatality required therefore no less than the combined genius of M. Samson and the weird appearance of Madame Rachel. As to M. Samson's teachings, we can but repeat over again that he had received them mostly from Mademoiselle Clairon's writings; and that great artist's *Leçon* upon Phèdre is far too remarkable not to find quotation in these pages in Phèdre. Says Mademoiselle Clairon:

I adopted a simple diction, a dignified but low tone of voice, I shed tears abundantly, and my face wore an expression of profound sadness. In all the passages that touched on love I evinced a kind of delirious joy, just as a somnambulist might betray even in the arms of sleep the emotional fire that was consuming her. In the scene with Hippolyte in the second act I gave the first 'couplet'[40] in a low voice and without venturing to raise my eyes (this was the first victory of love over will). At the moment when I heard Hippolyte's voice, my countenance was seen to betray that gentle thrill that awakened memory produces in sensitive beings. From that moment my emotion increased up to the third 'couplet,' when a single glance full of passion, but instantly repressed, showed the nature of the conflict that was going on within me. In the fourth 'couplet' this inward struggle became more perceptible, but this time love got the mastery; in the fifth act it reigned supreme, and in my wanderings I preserved only the outward semblance of dignity and propriety.

If it be true that a turn for criticism is prejudicial to a votary of dramatic art, Mademoiselle Clairon is certainly an exception to the rule, and her comments on Roxane in *Bajazet* are no less admirable than those on Phèdre.

Be careful to bear in mind (she writes) that Roxane was educated through favour only. There was no innate nobleness in her character, and she was born a 'slave.' If there had been any originally, the life of the harem would soon have destroyed it, and substituted lying and servility in its place.

On the subject of stage dresses, which she insisted should be simple, and 'should not fit the figure too exactly,' and on the subject of

[39] Acte II. [40] *Couplet* is the ancient French word for a strain of verses.

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'making up,' her remarks are equally original. She considered that the time spent in painting and powdering would be better employed in studying the part, for she adds 'the layer of white powder that prevents the play of the facial muscles from being seen hides the expression as much as the masks did in antiquity.' Not content with writing commentaries on Racine, she identified herself with his work so far indeed as once to have corrected him. In *Mithridate*, Monime says:

> Les dieux qui m'inspiroient, et que j'ai mal suivis,
> M'ont fait taire *trois* fois par de sécrets avis.

Mademoiselle Clairon counted over and over again, and consulted every edition of Racine, but failed to discover more than two occasions when Monime was interrupted just as she was on the point of betraying her secret. Still, the lines certainly said *trois fois*. Perplexed, but unwilling to alter a word in Racine's lines or to repeat what had no meaning,

> I conceived the idea (she says) of creating a third reticence of my secret by a mere play of feature. In the passage where Mithridate says,
>
> '. . . servez avec son frère,
> Et vendez aux Romains le sang de votre père,'
>
> I stepped forward with the air of a woman who was on the point of telling all, and I followed this up by a gesture expressive of a fear that kept me silent. The public had never seen this bit of by-play before, but they showed their approval of it, and I was amply repaid for all my labours.

The public, to please whom the great *artiste* spared no pains, were not ungrateful, and had it depended on them alone Mademoiselle Clairon would never have retired from the Théâtre Français; but there were her comrades in art and their petty jealousies as well as the public admiration to be satisfied! In 1765 the treasury ran short, and the actors had to dispense with their salaries. Through the intervention of Mademoiselle Clairon, the Comte de Boulogne, the comptroller-general, agreed to put matters straight, to pay her claims and to arrange that the actors should eventually receive what was due to them. But she got no thanks for this intervention. Préville declared it was unfair to him, as being a *Sociétaire mâle* he took precedence of Mademoiselle Clairon; and that his claim and not hers should have been taken into consideration first. On another occasion it was the *petite Dubois*, a *protégée* of the Duc de Richelieu's, who was the cause of a cabal against Mademoiselle Clairon; and during the disturbance that ensued, when a fight worthy of *Les Horaces* took place in the wings of the theatre, a young officer of the *régiment de Fitz-James*, in love with Mademoi-

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selle Dubois, declared that the least punishment Clairon deserved was hanging—'to begin with!'

Mademoiselle Dubois was remarkably pretty—'C'est une jolie dinde!' said Mademoiselle Clairon—and the men who protected her were furious to find that in spite of all their efforts to crush Mademoiselle Clairon she still kept her hold on the public.

YETTA BLAZE DE BURY.

(To be concluded.)

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A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF INDIA.

THE huge peninsula which stretches from the backbone of Asia far into the Southern Seas, known to us by the rather misleading name of India, is, in many of its aspects, one of the most slowly changing countries in the world.

In others, more especially in all that are directly affected by the feverish energy of its British rulers, it changes with extreme rapidity. We may count it then a fortunate circumstance that, at brief intervals, persons who have administered large portions of our Indian Empire put their thoughts about it before their countrymen, and acquaint them with the successive stages of the great experiment which Great Britain is trying in those far-off regions.

We have listened, within the last few years, amongst others, to Sir Alfred Lyall, Sir Richard Temple, Sir Henry Maine, Sir George Campbell, and now there comes before us a book by Sir John Strachey, as to which, if I were only addressing Anglo-Indians, it would be enough to say that it is worthy of his great reputation. As, however, my object is to do what little I can to make it known beyond Anglo-Indian circles, I should like to speak of it at somewhat greater length.

The volume, which is dedicated to Sir James Stephen, who has himself done so much good service for India, had as its foundation a course of lectures given before the University of Cambridge, on the invitation of the Historical Board. The lectures were addressed to highly-educated hearers, but to hearers who had extremely little preliminary acquaintance with the subject about which they came to be instructed.

These conditions were sufficient to warn Sir John Strachey against the besetting sin of Anglo-Indians, the taking too much knowledge for granted. He begins his task accordingly at the beginning, by explaining what India really is. It is not a country, but a continent. There never was, there is not, and there is as yet no indication that there ever will be, a people of India.

Fairly well-informed persons in Europe think of our great dependency as a sort of much larger France or Germany, governed by the Secretary of State and his Council in London as those countries are governed from Paris or Berlin. That is an error. The

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India Office is a most important portion of the great machine of Indian Government, but its function is chiefly to revise. It is a regulating, not an initiating or propelling force.

What is known, in common parlance, as the Government of India —that is to say, the Viceroy or Governor-General in Council—has more of the character of a European Government; but its functions are also much more regulative than initiative. The great bulk of the people know nothing whatever about it. Their thoughts, in so far as they deal with Governments at all, very rarely pass beyond their own Provincial Governments, which initiate almost everything, and whose decisions, even in matters on which the two last words have to be said, the first by the Government of India, the second by the Secretary of State in Council, are, in the vast majority of cases, practically final.

The peoples who obey these Provincial Governments fall into huge subdivisions, according to religion, language, and race, while the subdivisions themselves are again split into sub-subdivisions, which are perfectly endless, and of which no human being has ever yet given an approximately adequate account. The rule of this far-off Atlantic island has produced and is producing endless alterations in India, but to suppose that our railways, post offices, and telegraphs are making a homogeneous India, is a vain imagination.

Having tried to impress the extraordinary diversity of India upon his readers, Sir John Strachey proceeds to sketch its main geographical divisions, and to warn against the fatal mistake of arguing from experience in one part of India to India as a whole.

He then passes to the climatic conditions of India, which he explains very clearly, and concludes his first chapter by some specially attractive pages on the great range which we call the Himălāya, but which, it is to be hoped, the next generation will learn to call the Himālăya or Himāliă—that is, the Abode of Snow.

Having sketched in broad outlines the area over which our direct activity in Asia extends, Sir John goes on to describe the constitution of our Government, telling first, very briefly, how that Government has been developed from small beginnings and then setting forth its existing condition. On that I need not dwell. Such information can be found in common books. It will be more interesting to note, in connection with his second and subsequent chapters, the opinions which so eminent an Anglo-Indian statesman incidentally expresses on various matters which are frequently discussed. He explains, for example, how it came about that the abandonment by Lord Lawrence of the terribly cumbrous system which had existed up to his time, and which Sir Henry Maine, who was a member of Lord Elgin's Council, has described from his own observation, rendered it necessary that the Members of Council should accompany the Governor-General when he left Calcutta, and made the annual migration to Simla a

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properly so called, falling annually on the population of British India is under two shillings per head.

Sir John deals first with those portions of the revenue which are not taxation proper. All persons authorised to speak on such a subject will agree with him in explaining the enormous difference between the land revenue raised by Aurungzebe and ourselves, by the fact that the Moguls took from their subjects almost all that they had over and above a bare subsistence, while we leave to them such large interests that land freely changes hands, subject to the demands of the Government, all over the country at good and often at gigantic prices. Where the mildest administration that preceded us would have taken a third of the gross produce, we take from 3 to 8 per cent. of it, and in return for this low quit-rent we do a thousand things of which the best administration that preceded us never even dreamt.

Sir John passes from the land to the opium revenue, on which he makes many judicious observations. I specially commend to the reader the fact that a single province of Western China produces more of that valuable drug than the whole of our dominions. That quantity could be immensely increased, so that the idea that by stopping the importation of opium into China from India we should be promoting the cause of total abstinence from the poppy is a mere delusion. Many of the ideas which are entertained about opium in this country descend from the period when it was smuggled into China. So far is that now from being the case, that for the last two years every chest sent from India pays more than three times to the Chinese Government, at the port of entry, what it did before February 1887.

Sir John pays a just tribute to the admirable management of the Post Office in India, which, while adding considerably to the revenue, confers vast benefits on the public. In Southern India, a generation ago, the management of the Post Office left much to be desired, while now it is about as good as it is in any part of the world. Like all enlightened Indian administrators, he rejoices also over the development of forest conservancy, which has added and is adding immensely to the wealth of the country.

Far the larger proportion of the revenues of India accrues under the heads of which I have been speaking. From these and sources akin to them, that is, from sources outside taxation proper, more than 56,000,000*l.* of our 77,000,000*l.* of gross revenue are raised.

By taxation proper is raised the remaining sum of something like 21,000,000*l.*

India is a country neither so rich nor so poor as it has been represented, but it is, all things considered, the most lightly taxed country in the world, the country in which the subject gets the largest amount of service from the State in return for the smallest

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reason, because the subjects treated by the Government of India often belong, from the nature of things, to the category of subjects about which persons at home are directly interested, and likewise because there are many more people at the India Office who have a right to have an opinion of their own about these matters than there are people familiar with the peculiar circumstances of Madras and Bombay. The Council of the Secretary of State has its defects; its existence makes the India Office an infinitely more cumbrous machine than the Colonial or Foreign Offices, but it preserves the traditions of administration and the lessons of experience in a country where the *personnel* is everlastingly changing, and where a Governor who stays only five years finds himself surrounded at his departure by hardly any of the faces which welcomed him on his arrival.

Next comes a brief sketch of the history and present condition of our Indian Army, which has been recently increased, and now stands at about 230,000 men of all arms, of whom some 73,000 are British. In addition, there is an active reserve now in process of formation, which consists of men who have served in the Native Army from five to twelve years. There are already, likewise, 23,000 Volunteers, almost all British, effective and well-armed, while in certain parts of the country some attention has been given, though perhaps hardly enough, to providing rallying-places in which shelter could be given to non-combatants, in case any such dangers as those which confronted us in the year 1857 were again to arise.

The Government of Lord Dufferin had the honour of bringing into a very advanced state a series of most important works for the defence of the North-West Frontier. All attackable points will soon be guarded by fortified positions and connected with the railway system of India. I was myself strongly opposed to advancing to Quetta; but that advance having become a *fait accompli*, I am entirely in favour of making the new frontier as strong as possible.

The recent arrangement by which we have undertaken to train and put in line from twenty to thirty thousand troops belonging to certain native states was made subsequently to the completion of Sir John Strachey's work.

The sketch of our military affairs is followed by an account of the finances. The gross annual revenue of British India at present amounts to more than 77,000,000*l.* When I had occasion, for the first time, to explain to the House of Commons, just twenty years ago, the position of our Indian finances, the gross amount of our receipts in the year of actuals—that is, in the year which ended on the 31st of March, 1868—was under 49,000,000*l.* Even then, although we had not so large an income as the United States, as France, as England, or as Russia, we had a larger income than any country except these four. Out of these 77,000,000*l.* of course only a small portion is taxation, properly so called. The taxation,

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and there blots are still to be found on our escutcheon, the export duty on rice being the most important, but they are very few. When the story of Indian free-trade is fully told, it is to be hoped that along with the names of the Stracheys, Lord Lytton, and Lord Salisbury, that of Sir Louis Mallet, the disciple of Bastiat and the right-hand man of Cobden in Paris, will find its due and very prominent place.

Of course the result of the abolition of the cotton duties was that the cotton industry of India immediately began to develop. The advantage to the manufacturers of England was great, but the advantages to the manufacturers of India were far greater.

Trade as a whole has during the last few years been expanding in that country with vast rapidity, and that even while the depression of trade here was at its worst.

Between 1873 and 1884 (says Sir John Strachey) the foreign trade of Great Britain was stationary, and even suffered a slight diminution; the trade of France and of Germany increased by about 7 per cent., and that of the United States by 21 per cent., while the increase was 60 per cent. in India.

In connection with the subject of Indian trade he points out that India does not receive value in commodities or specie for about 17,000,000*l.* which she annually exports. For the 17,000,000*l.*, however, she receives much the most valuable articles which come to her. For this, the so-called 'Indian tribute' of which persons who desire to mislead the ignorant write, is the price which she pays for English services and English capital, the two things without which she could not have obtained any one of the benefits which she now enjoys, saving that of her soil and her climate.

The fifth lecture is given to public works and to trying to explain the enormous task which we have taken upon ourselves in India in providing the first necessities of civilised existence for a country in which facilities of communication and great irrigation works are absolutely necessary to save the people from famine on a gigantic scale every few years. In a few pages even the ablest exponent cannot say much on so tremendous a subject, and I am amused to observe that two paragraphs are all that can be given to the innumerable and often colossal irrigation works of Southern India, the scale of which almost takes away the breath of a European observer when he beholds them for the first time.

Out of the Indian debt about ninety-two millions is practically no debt at all. It is the amount that has been paid by the people of India for their State railways and irrigation works, in other words, the money they have sunk in a hugely profitable investment. The ordinary debt is only some seventy-five millions.

Many of the most important railways are, as is generally known, not State railways, but railways constructed by the subscription of

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private persons in England on a guarantee from the Secretary of State in Council. For the advantages of these railways the people of India now pay only about 1,200,000*l.* a year, or in other words, they have got the advantages, direct and indirect, of an expenditure of 74,000,000*l.* of British capital for that comparatively trifling charge. Their investment in these guaranteed railways would naturally have been immensely more profitable than it is were it not for the fall in the value of silver. In fact, so far from paying at all for these 74,000,000*l.*, they would now be deriving a net revenue of close upon 800,000*l.* from them—a tolerably handsome present to be made by the capitalists of the mother country! In addition to all the public works which give a direct return in cash to the people of India for the money spent upon them, about 150,000,000*l.* have been devoted to other things absolutely necessary to a civilised country, but of most of which the pre-British India knew next to nothing, such as roads, bridges, telegraphs, hospitals, colleges, schools, and military works.

In the sixth lecture a clear and good account is given of the laws and administration of justice, but on this subject it is unnecessary to dwell, as other writers, who have been more concerned with that side of our affairs than Sir John Strachey, have told us what is most material to be known.

More important it is to observe Sir John Strachey's opinion about the controversy on the criminal jurisdiction of native judges, one of the most unfortunate events in the recent history of British India.

He says:

> I consider that the native judge of a court of session ought to exercise the same jurisdiction over Europeans and over everybody else which he would exercise if he were an Englishman. I therefore sympathise with the object which the Government of India had in view, but I think that the form in which its proposals were made was unfortunate. I have always believed that, if matters had been more discreetly managed, every amendment of the law that was essential might have been made without objection on the part of the European community.

The upshot of the discussion has been that the law has not been changed for the better, but remains in practice where it was, while a great amount of quite unnecessary bad feeling has been called forth about what was after all a very small matter.

Education is the next subject treated, the history of its rise and progress in India is briefly sketched, and attention called to the defects of the present system.

The three universities of Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay were founded in the year of the mutinies, just as the great university of Berlin dates from the darkest moment in Prussian history. In the ten years ending with 1886, 3457 youths took the B.A. degree, and a very few, about one in ten of these, became M.A.

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The great mistake that was made in arranging the subjects and methods of instruction in connection with these institutions, which, like the University of London, are merely examining bodies, was that far too much attention was given to literary as distinguished from scientific culture, and various tendencies of the native mind which required to be repressed by the discipline of fact and observation were not repressed but stimulated. This unfortunate result has attracted a great deal of attention everywhere, and in South India strenuous efforts have been made by the Government to introduce a more healthy state of things. In the same part of the country technical education has much engaged the attention of the authorities, and attempts have been made to explain to the students that if they would do any justice to themselves or to their country, they must cease to rush in flocks for employment in the Law Courts or the Government Offices, and distribute themselves amongst the great variety of pursuits which are open to intelligent men in civilised countries. We sometimes see it said that too much is done in India for the higher education, but that is not true; the so-called higher education should be made higher than it is: that is to say, the Indian universities should put a loftier ideal before the Indian youth; should try to inspire more of them with a desire to cultivate their minds for the pleasure of doing so and to increase human knowledge.

Sir John Strachey does justice to the excellent *educational* work which has been accomplished by various missionary bodies, Catholic and Protestant; explains the disadvantage at which the Mahommedans are put by theological views, which oblige their youth to give to Arabic and the Koran the years which young Hindus can give to Western learning; and he fully supports the modern policy of paying increased attention to elementary instruction. In the six years from the end of March 1880 to the end of March 1886, the attendance in primary schools in the Madras Presidency rose from under 248,000 to over 417,000, and there has been great progress from the Himalaya to Cape Comorin. Nevertheless the net of primary instruction ought to be spread, and will eventually be spread, very much wider both over boys and girls.

Sir John Strachey rightly points out that our medical colleges have been peculiarly successful; but here, too, the future will record, it is to be hoped, far greater results than any which we can yet boast. The natives trust the European doctor up to a point, but up to a point only. Some years ago the Madras Government was surprised to find that there had been a very serious falling off in the attendance at the dispensaries in the district of Tinnevelly. They asked the reason, and were informed that it was the result of the cholera. 'This is not understood,' they not unreasonably remarked, and asked for further light. The light came. It appeared that as long as merely ordinary diseases were to be combated the

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population came to the dispensaries, but when cholera broke out, they went back to the little devil temples which form so curious a feature in the moral and physical landscape of that interesting region.

In connection with the subject of female education Sir John mentions the scheme of the Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava for supplying female medical aid to the women of India. This movement began in the South about thirty years ago, when a school for nurses was opened at Madras which has sent its pupils all over the peninsula. Lord Hobart, who died in 1875 (in conjunction with Dr. Furnell, Dr. Balfour, and Mr. Sim), established a class for female students at the general hospital of that city, and the interest, which had long been excited in the subject there, culminated in the Victoria Caste Hospital, established under the initiative of Lady Grant Duff. In connection with it various native gentlemen, amongst them Mr. Rama Rao, the Rajah of Venkatagiri, the Maharajah of Vizianagram, and Sir Ramasamy Mudaliar, to say nothing of Mr. Webster, Dr. Cornish, Dr. Bidie and other Europeans, did, in various ways, excellent work. The arrangements connected with this institution were far advanced in 1884, and it began its labours with Mrs. Scharlieb at its head in December 1885. The Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava from the moment of her landing in India devoted herself to similar good work, and before she returned to Europe in 1889, had the satisfaction of spreading her beneficent organisation not over a single province only, but through all the far-extended territories which obeyed her husband.

The next three chapters of Sir John Strachey's book are given to a careful account of an Indian province, the province being that of the North-West. It would be exceedingly desirable that brief and telling sketches of this kind by persons who have ruled different parts of India should be multiplied. Nothing would bring home better to the general reader the extreme diversity of Indian life. I shall not follow Sir John Strachey into his clear and obviously accurate account, because I know the part of India with which it deals merely as a traveller, and it is curiously unlike that part of the country with which I am best acquainted.

Nature differs as much in most parts of Oudh and the North-West Provinces from the nature of Southern India, as does the noble Mahommedan architecture of Agra from the small mosques of the South, or as the wretched little Hindu shrines of Benares differ from such mighty results of misplaced human labour as the temples of Madura or Chilambaram.

In the plains of the Southern Presidency the cold weather is like a hot South European summer. On the plains of the North-West it is like the spring of Italy. In the South the European constitution is always on the strain; it never has the refreshment of a cold season, but on the other hand there is very little of the ex-

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treme heat which prevails for some months in such a place as Agra. In the South the punkah is an inevitable fixture in every European house; in the North-West it would be in winter as much out of place as in London. In the North-West, nothing through wide districts breaks the monotony of the crop-covered levels. In the South you are hardly ever far from mountains, and there is scarcely a district where the European officer cannot spend some of the hottest portion of the year in a relatively cool climate without neglecting his district duties.

The time and character of the rainy season, the differences of the vegetation and of the crops, are other broad distinctions. The most familiar words mean different things. The ryot of the South is in the vast majority of cases a small proprietor dealing directly with the officers of Government. The ryot of the North-West is often a mere tenant, and in all cases the Government looks to the corporation of the village, not to the individual landholder. The North-West collector and the Madras collector are totally different beings. The North-West collector rules over a crowded population occupying on an average perhaps fifteen hundred square miles. The Madras collector deals usually with a more sparse population, occupying on an average five to six thousand square miles, say a country nearly as big as Palestine, west of the Jordan. In the North-West the Mahommedans are numerous and powerful; in the South they are few and weak. In the North-West they speak languages which are full of Aryan and Semitic elements; in the South they speak mostly Dravidian languages which have as little to do either with Sanscrit or Arabic as they have with Chinese. In the North-West English has spread but little; in the South it is rapidly becoming the *lingua franca*.

The eleventh lecture deals with the communities which are commonly described as the native or feudatory States. Both these appellations are more or less misleading, for the feudal system never existed in India, and nothing can be less true than the popular notion that there are a large number of Indian nationalities organised as political communities in the midst of our great foreign dominion. A native state is merely a fragment of India managed not directly by the British, but often by a ruler who is both by race and religion alien to the ruled, and whose sway is more modern than that of ourselves in Asia. There are pieces of the country which are under princes whose families have been there for ages, and who were saved from the absorption of powerful neighbours by the British; but the rulers of native states of which we hear most, Sindhia, Holkar, the Guicowar, the Nizam, and others, are as much foreigners to the people whom they rule as are any natives of the British Isles.

Sir John Strachey points out the conveniences and inconveniences which result to us from ruling large tracts of the peninsula through non-European rulers, and discusses the question of the native

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armies, coming, as I should have expected, to the conclusion that apprehensions of dangers often caused by their large nominal numbers are exaggerated, but directing attention at the same time to various weak points, more especially to the foreign mercenaries at Hyderabad. I do not propose, for reasons similar to those which I have mentioned in relation to his account of the North-West Provinces, to follow him into his description of Bengal, which occupies the first portion of his twelfth and last lecture, but the latter portion of it deals with a large question on which everyone who has recently administered an Indian province has been obliged to form an opinion. This is the attempt which has been made by a few disaffected Europeans and a certain number of natives who have passed through our schools to set forces to work which may ultimately undermine British rule in India. It would be easy to make too much of this movement, though it might become troublesome by mismanagement; but if the Government of India is allowed to pursue the course which it will certainly be disposed to take, that, namely, of not moving one hair's breadth slower or quicker than it thinks wise for anything that the agitator can do or say, no real harm can come of it. There could not be a greater mistake than to imagine that it finds favour with anything more than a small section even of the natives who have acquired some of the ideas of educated men in England. The great majority of these condemn it strongly, for none know half so well that if their European rulers were to mistake the talk of a hardly perceptible fraction of the population for an indication of the feelings of their subjects at large, it would be the beginning of the end, the first step taken by India back to anarchy.

The following extract from a letter lately addressed to me by an excellent specimen of the 'educated native,' will show what he and his fellows are thinking:

> The Indian Congressionists argue that the country which does not take amiss proposals for the disintegration of a vital part of itself as Ireland cannot decently object to grant free institutions to India. Mr. Gladstone, who was guarded in speaking to a Hyderabad Nabob on the objects of the Indian Congress, has lately expressed himself as favouring the efforts of the educated natives of India to secure a share in the government of their country, and therefore of the Indian Congress. How specious are the words of the great statesman. The Congress desires a good deal besides what Mr. Gladstone gives as its objects. Most of their requests cannot be granted without a good deal of harm to the country. If these requests be granted, all that has been effected hitherto by the beneficent English rule will be reversed. Mr. Gladstone's words have raised the cup of hopes brimful to many an ardent Congress wallah. The rude awakening following the blasting of these hopes will be very bitter indeed.

I am sure, however, that the writer of this letter would be as anxious as I could be, and that is saying a great deal, that the policy of the Act of 1870, a policy which is as old as Mountstuart Elphinstone and the group of men whom he gathered round him,

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should be firmly and quietly carried into effect, and that persons born in India should have a larger share in the administration of our Asiatic Empire. Few have any idea to what extent they are even now employed and how small the number of the European superintending staff really is; still less is it generally understood in England how powerful in the administration are the widely ramified connections of native caste and cousinhood, or how absolutely indispensable it is, if for that reason alone, to place patronage in the hands of Europeans to whom the relationships or caste connections of their subordinates are a matter of supreme indifference. Some of the attempts that have been made to carry into effect the policy of the Act of 1870 have certainly not been felicitous. The 'Statutory Civilians,' the offspring of a perfectly legitimate and reasonable experiment on the part of Lord Lytton's Government, have certainly not strengthened the hands of the Administration. There are large departments which might with great advantage be almost entirely manned by persons born in India; but what are you to do if you find that you cannot get, except in rare instances, natives of India to show the qualities necessary for men who would be useful in some of these branches of the Administration? In the judicial services, most certainly in South India and I believe elsewhere, natives of India of many races have done excellent work. Let us by all means give to all the subjects of the Queen, white, black, and brown, a fair career in India, each according to his power of subserving the best interests of our Empire, looked at in a large and liberal way, by the only persons who have had a full opportunity of grasping the essential facts of the situation—that is, by those who have learnt their lesson both in Asia and Europe.

Let us dismiss from our minds all false analogies and all silly cant about 'ruling by love.' What we have to do is to govern always with more and more insight, as we get to understand better the facts of the swarming continent which we rule. Increased insight will inevitably make us more sympathetic. An omniscient prince would be the most sympathetic of rulers, since he would be able to make allowance for all circumstances. But while we may hope always to feel more sympathy for our subjects, it is vain to expect the great majority of them to feel sympathetic to us. Of course there will be exceptions, enlightened people who see that while India advances in arithmetical, England advances in geometrical progression, and that India is fortunate in being linked to so progressive a comrade. Such, however, will always be few. To the millions we shall be at best 'uncomfortable works of God' who keep disturbing the secular ways with all kinds of new-fangled notions. We save millions of lives from famine and myriads from death by disease or violence. Well, and if we do, I doubt not that many feel as I recollect M. de Montalembert told me his Burgundian peasants did when he talked to them of the

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losses in the Crimean war, 'Que voulez-vous?' said these practical philosophers; 'il y a trop de monde!'

In all but the most backward parts of India there are people who see that what the country most wants is material prosperity, and who are ready whenever the head of their Government appears amongst them to make to him suggestions, and often most sensible suggestions, about improvements which would render their lives and those of their neighbours happier.

I myself received such suggestions by the hundred in Southern India. I was often obliged to plead the impossibility of doing all that ought to be done at once without overburdening the taxpayer, but very often I was able to say, after the matter had been fully examined, 'Soit fait comme il est désiré.' These are the people we have to take with us, not the chatterers who have picked up, but only half understood, the political language of our home platforms.

If Elphinstone were to return to Bombay or Munro to Madras, they would not know where they were, so enormously has everything improved. That is a comforting reflection, but it would be a mischievous one if we did not determine to make the next sixty years as fruitful as the past sixty in useful changes.

To that end I think these things are necessary:

First.—We should try to bring it about that our successors of two generations hence should know as much more of the country than we do, as we know more than did our predecessors of it, two generations ago.

Secondly.—We should leave no stone unturned to stimulate the material prosperity of every corner of India.

Thirdly.—We should raise the age at which members of the Civil Service go to India, and give them a training before they go, in all those branches of administration which can be learned theoretically. For just in proportion as we admit more natives into the administration, we must improve the quality of the European superintending staff, paying even higher salaries if it is necessary.

Fourthly.—We must raise the standard of what is called higher education in India, so that the fraction which now separates itself from its countrymen, and asks for power on the ground of its being 'educated,' may understand that it is really not educated, but only half-educated.

Fifthly.—We must understand once for all that if we mean to stay in India, we must build steadily on the foundations which have been long laid, that popular government amongst 255,000,000 of Asiatics is absolutely incompatible with government by a handful of foreigners, that things cannot both be and not be, and that if we desire that India should be governed by the people born on Indian soil, 'on a frankly democratic basis,' we had better take our hats and say 'Good-morning.'

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In the happy phrase of Sir James Stephen, quoted by Sir John Strachey as the summing up of his own opinion in the end of his twelfth lecture:

> The English in India are the representatives of a belligerent civilisation. Should the British Government abdicate its functions it would turn order into chaos. No country in the world is more orderly, more quiet, or more peaceful than British India as it is, but if the vigour of the Government should ever be relaxed, if it should lose its essential unity of purpose and fall into hands either weak or unfaithful, chaos would come again like a flood.

M. E. GRANT DUFF.

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SIX GENERATIONS OF CZARS.

At this time, when the condition of the Balkan Peninsula, the abdication of King Milan, the troubles in Bulgaria, and the doubtful condition of Roumania, are throwing more and more power into the hands of the Czar, his personal character and the characteristics, moral and physical, which he inherits from his 'forebears,' male and female, become painfully interesting. The history of Russia does not form part of the curriculum of our education for any class (fortunately for our boys and girls), so that little is really known of the present ruler of ninety millions of human beings, five-sixths of them peasants.

In six generations—that is, two hundred years, a small enough period in the history of any other nation—we reach Peter the Great, before whose time 'the fights of the kites and the crows' may be said to be almost as interesting.

The record of these six[1] reigns is frightful: two Czars were assassinated with the connivance of their wives, one of whom, Catherine the Great, placed herself on the throne and raised the murderers, her favourites, to the head of affairs; another died of vexation and disappointment during the Crimean War, and was suspected of having made away with himself; while the present Czar's father, Alexander, the best of his race, was killed by a conspirator's shell, as is only too well known, in the streets of Petersburg.

Peter, the main pillar of the dynasty, was a strange mixture of high aims and lofty ambitions, with an amount of cruelty and barbarism which would have ruined the character of any other ruler. In 1689, when only seventeen, he deprived his elder sister Sophia of the throne and shut her up in a convent, and then proceeded to set aside his two elder brothers.

It is the fashion of history to speak of him as having carried out the reform of the laws and the public administration, indeed of every part of the Government, of having raised the army to a level with those of other European nations, created a navy, encouraged manufactures and commerce, and even attempted to introduce arts and letters into his barbarous country, which he seemed to think as easy as to

[1] The number of reigns is greater, owing to the perilous privilege given by Peter to himself and his family to name each his own successor.

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order the construction of a new dock. He took journeys into different parts of Europe, in order to study for himself the best means of civilising his people, and spent many months in England, working at shipbuilding with his own hands at Deptford: the leathern apron that he wore is still shown at Petersburg. His conquests began soon after his return. Russia had no opening upon the Baltic, and was hemmed in by the Swedes, but the power of Charles the Twelfth was destroyed by the battle of Pultawa, a great part of Finland and the river Neva fell into the hands of Peter, where he founded his new capital in a swamp.

The conquest of Livonia and Esthonia followed. In 1721 he created himself emperor, placing the Imperial crown upon his own head, and soon after on that of the Livonian peasant girl, whom he married, the mistress of his favourite Prince Menschikoff, once an itinerant vendor of meat pies: she afterwards succeeded Peter as the Empress Catherine the First. His merciless cruelty was shown early; on his return from his first journey, after putting down the revolt of the Streletz, a body of janissaries, who had risen to replace his sister Sophia on the throne, he executed 2,000 of them in cold blood. His only son Alexis, who had opposed his measures, and was accused among other crimes of 'defending the proscribed beards and caftans of the peasants,' had gone abroad with his wife, but was lured home by an offer of reconciliation, when he was seized and condemned to death by his father, and executed in prison.

His interference was as trying in small as in great things; one story of his didactic tyranny sounds like a lesson out of *Sandford and Merton*. It is told by a Frenchman, who heard it on the spot in Finland, where he was sent by Louis Philippe's Government to obtain blocks of red porphyry, which the Czar Nicholas had granted for the tomb of Napoleon under the dome of the Invalides at Paris. Peter was travelling incognito in part of Finland, just conquered, where he was executing some naval works; he met an over-fat man, who told him he was going to Petersburg. 'What for?' said the Czar. 'To consult a doctor about my fat, which has become very oppressive.' 'Do you know any doctor there?' 'No.' 'Then I will give you a word to my friend, Prince Menschikoff, and he will introduce you to one of the Emperor's physicians.' The traveller went to the prince's house with a note: the answer was not delayed; the next day, tied hands and feet, the poor man was dragged off on a cart to the mines. Two years after, Peter the Great was visiting the mines; he had forgotten the adventure of the over-fat man, when suddenly a miner threw down his pick, rushed up to him and fell at his feet crying, 'Grace, grace! what is it I have done?' Peter looked at him, astonished, until he remembered the story, and said, 'Oh so that is you! I hope you are pleased with me. Stand up. How thin and slight you have become! You are quite delivered from your

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over-fat; it is a first-rate cure. Go, and remember that work is the best antidote against your complaint!' Probably, as over-fat is a disease, the poor man died of his 'cure.'

'The impatient activity of Peter,' as a German writer calls it, attempted impossibilities; a perfectly barbarous people could not be dragged up to the level of the civilisation of other nations by mere force of a despot's will without passing through any of the intermediate stages. Accordingly the mass of the Russian people continues much the same in habits and education as they were when Peter began his reforms, and a sort of veneer among the official and military classes covers a degree of barbarism and corruption which the rest of Europe has long left behind. The restless ambition which he bequeathed to his successors has gone on to the present day. Cut off at first both from the Baltic and Black Seas, they conquered the intervening territory in each case, and now declare that they will never rest until they get possession of the Dardanelles; 'without which we have not the key to our own house,' said Alexander the First.

As long ago as 1800, Dr. Clark, travelling in Scandinavia, wrote that, 'unless the progress of Russia was stopped, Persia, Turkey, India, would become the prey of her devouring ambition. It will then be too late to curb the ferocious system of oppression which the other kingdoms of Europe might in due season have restricted.' Eighty-nine years have not diminished the force of the warning as to the dangers of her advance. 'The Russians are bearded bears,' was a favourite expression of Peter's concerning his own people; 'he shaved his bears and taught them with much cruelty to dance to the European fife;' but no native civilisation has been possible, and what they possess is merely the plastering of foreign manners over their indigenous barbarism; the germ of any national progress has been stifled by a cruel tyrannical system of show, imposed by force and the knout, carried out by Peter for his own glory, to create a splendid empire, not for the benefit of the Russian people.

In the next generation, though not the next sovereign, comes the daughter of Peter, the Empress Elizabeth, who adopted her nephew as her successor, Peter the Second, chiefly known as the husband of Catherine the Great. She was a woman of extraordinary capacity, married when a girl of fifteen to a cruel, licentious, drunken boor, who must have been insane as well as nearly an idiot. His great amusement as Grand Duke was in playing with a quantity of puppets, which he used to hide under the coverlet of his wife's bed whenever any one came to him from his aunt, the Empress, of whom he stood in great awe; he had a pack of six or seven hounds, which he kept in a room next to the unfortunate Grand Duchess, where he trained them with most cruel blows; 'their howls and moans, their noise and smell, were almost insufferable,' she writes in a memoir of herself. When the Empress put him at the head of a regiment, he

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drilled and punished his soldiers, much as he did his dogs, for the smallest infraction of his orders; this conduct grew so intolerable that six months after he became Czar he was deposed by the army and imprisoned in a palace about twenty miles from Petersburg, where he was murdered—imprisonment and assassination were always perilously near in Russia. Catherine's perfect self-possession on an occasion which would try the nerves of most women (it is to be hoped) may be seen in an account given by Gibbon, who heard it from a French officer: 'an attentive spectator of the Russian revolution in 1762, he dared not publish his journal, but he read it to large societies in Paris. Peter was poisoned in a glass of brandy: on his refusing a second glass, he was thrown down and strangled with a handkerchief by Orloff, Potenkin, and Bariatinski. Orloff instantly returned to Petersburg, and appeared at the Empress's dinner in the disorder of a murderer. She caught his eye, rose from the table, called him to her closet, sent for Count Panin, to whom she imparted the news, and returned to dinner with her usual ease and cheerfulness. The Czar's body was publicly exposed, the collar of his uniform being pulled up to conceal the manner of his death, which, however, was very visible in the features.'

The defenders of Catherine asserted that the dethronement and murder of Peter were necessary to prevent her own death, which the Czar was preparing, 'in order,' writes Catherine, 'to marry the very ugliest of my ladies, Elizabeth Woronzow!' The murderers, however, were her own chosen friends, and were placed by her at the head of affairs, when she took possession of the government, with the assistance of the Russian prætorian guard. Her ambition was unbounded, and she was utterly unscrupulous as to the means she used in attaining her ends. The partition of Poland, twice renewed, probably the most wicked public act ever committed; her conquests from the Turks of the Crimea, Bessarabia, and the country between the Dneister and the Boug, where she built the town of Odessa, and in the north the provinces of Courland &c., added an enormous outer circle to the Russian Empire on the side of Europe. In spite of her crimes, her solicitude for the welfare of her people, and the sound wisdom and policy of many of her measures, made her long reign of thirty-four years remarkable in Russian history. In her younger days she had dabbled in the ideas of Rousseau's *Contrat Social*, with which France was ringing before the Revolution. She corresponded with many literary men, particularly Voltaire, on a sort of mutual adoration system, and wrote to Fox asking him for his bust, which she afterwards told him she had placed between those of Cicero and Demosthenes!

In spite of her real desire to benefit the peasants, Dr. Clark describes the serfs during her reign as slaves bought and sold in the open market; they were, it is true, allowed to become artisans

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and mechanics, but their masters received the chief part of their gains. In spite of this they often amassed a good deal of money, and Catherine at one time wanting funds proposed to make a levy of one in five hundred of the Crown serfs, who were, however, allowed to buy themselves off for four hundred roubles; fourteen thousand out of the whole eighteen thousand purchased their immunity.

'The country serfs,' wrote Dr. Clark, 'had about forty acres allotted to each family, but the quantity varied in different parts of the country' (this was more than was given by the Emancipation Act of 1861); 'a new division of land takes place every ten years, and the elders of the village' (the Mir is not named) 'settle the internal regulations.' During one of the progresses of Catherine through her empire, to the Crimea, it is told how painted fronts of canvas houses and sham wooden pillars were put up in the villages to deceive her as she passed as to the condition of the peasants, whom, in spite of her good intentions, she left in quite as low a condition as she found them.

In a memoir of her early years, written by herself, much of the later part of which, it is believed, was destroyed, the picture of Russian customs and manners is curious indeed. Blows are the common order of the day; on one occasion when she displeases her husband, he gives her 'three hard blows with his fist,' and one day when she is angry with a servant, she says, 'I went down to the antechamber and gave him a box on the ear with all the force of which I was capable, so that he fell to the ground.'

Going into the Grand Duke's room once, I found a great rat hung up, with all the arrangements of an execution. I asked him what it meant. He told me that the rat had committed a crime deserving capital punishment according to the laws of war. It had climbed over the ramparts of a fortress of cardboard which stood on the table in his cabinet, and had eaten two sentinels made of pith, who were on duty in the bastions. He had had the criminal tried by martial law, after having been caught by his dog—a setter which he kept in the room. The rat was immediately hung, and was to remain exposed to the public gaze for three days as an example. I burst out laughing, which greatly displeased him; and seeing the importance which he attached to the matter, I retired, excusing myself, as being only a woman, for my ignorance of military law.

Her seventeen ladies lived in two rooms within her own, and even when she was ill had to pass through it on every occasion; there was no other outlet. She tells how after the birth of her son, the future Czar, while the capital and the Empire were resounding with rejoicings, the firing of cannon, processions and fêtes, she was left without the commonest care, help, or attendance of any kind, while the Empress Elizabeth carried off the baby, and her husband was drinking with anyone he met. She was not allowed to see her own child for forty days, when, after being churched, she found him in the Empress's room, in a cradle lined with black fox fur; over him was a coverlid of quilted satin, and above this one of rose-coloured

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velvet, lined with the most precious furs; the baby was in a profuse perspiration day and night, but the Empress allowed of no interference.

This unlucky child was the crazy Paul the Third, who succeeded his mother, and his character and conduct were so bad that it is only wonderful how any nation could have endured his rule for six years. Dr. Clark gives an account of the Reign of Terror that existed, 'worse,' he says, 'than that of Robespierre,' which was just at an end.

> The tyranny and caprice of the Czar were such, that a few days after our arrival 150 persons were banished without the smallest pretext. When he passed in the streets in an open sledge or on horseback, every person was obliged to take off his hat, gloves, great-coat, or pelisse. Ladies, old women, infirm and sickly persons, whatever the state of the weather, were obliged instantly to get out of their carriages and stand in the mud, snow, or rain. If this was not done as quickly as he thought proper, the owners were ordered into confinement, the servants were sent to the army, and the horses to the artillery. If a man had his hair short on the top of his head, if it fell over his forehead, or if he had any on his cheeks, a soldier was sent to shave him, according to the whim of the police officer. No one dared to speak of the most trifling subjects in the streets. It was an offence to be loud in laughing or singing. One man was ordered by the Emperor to be flogged severely by the soldiers because his cravat was too near his chin, and the cock of his hat not straight on his forehead. One day a carriage, as the Emperor was passing, did not stop as soon as was required, and no one alighted from it: the police were sent to the house of the lady to whom it belonged; she burst into tears with horror and alarm, and declared she had not been out for three days. A poor miserable cripple, an idiot, without the use of his limbs, had been allowed to go for an airing for charity; he was dragged, however, before the governor. Paul, on hearing the facts, ordered the idiot to be taken back to the lady; but the servants were gone, having been sent to the army, and the horses had been seized by the Government. 'His rage,' says a French writer, 'struck indiscriminately at all classes—courtiers, literary men, soldiers, shopkeepers, women, are punished by the knout.'

He detested the memory of his mother, Catherine, and sought to undo and counteract all her plans for the improvement of the Empire. One little piece of revenge may perhaps be pardoned him. When he came to the throne, he took up the body of his father and removed it to a larger church. Only two of the assassins were still alive, Orloff and Bariatinsky; these were commanded to attend the body as chief mourners, and remain near it night and day for three weeks. On one occasion he caned an officer, who went home and shot himself, leaving a note to the Czar saying, 'The man who does not fear to take his own life might have taken yours instead: let this be a warning to you.'

One of his mad freaks was to have the Imperial buildings painted a fresh colour according to the whim of the moment. A lady whom he admired appeared at a ball in red gloves, and the next day his palace was dressed in a coat of red paint. In 1802 he was assassinated by the chief nobles and officers of the army and with the connivance of his wife; the conspirators, comprising some of the first names

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in Russia, did not try to escape, and were none of them punished; indeed, an English gentleman present soon after at the coronation of his son Alexander the First, wrote: 'We saw the new Emperor, surrounded by the assassins of his father and his grandfather, and followed by men who may very possibly be his own.'

The painter Madame le Brun describes Petersburg as in transports of delight at the Czar's death; people were singing and dancing in the streets, and her acquaintances rushed up to her crying, 'What a deliverance!'

The advent of Alexander was welcomed indeed as the greatest relief, and hopes of improvement and reform from so kind-hearted and well-meaning a man were entertained all over the Empire. Instead of which, it was followed by the Napoleonic war, and in the complication of European politics the Czar found himself sometimes in alliance with Napoleon, sometimes sharing with Austria and Prussia in a crushing defeat such as that of Austerlitz.

In 1809 Napoleon invaded Russia without any declaration of war, which Alexander never forgot or forgave. 'I will never make peace so long as a single armed Frenchman remains on the soil of my Empire,' said he. The battle of Borodino, where the slaughter was almost as frightful on the side of the victors as on that of the vanquished, left the road to Moscow open. The capital was evacuated by a sort of national exodus, and the whole scene is admirably described by Count Tolstoi in *La Guerre et la Paix*. Amidst the pillage of the city by the French troops, the wooden houses of which it was chiefly composed were set fire to by the inhabitants who remained, so that, instead of a safe shelter at the beginning of winter, Napoleon found only a ruined town with the *levées en masse* of the Russians hovering near. His army was forced to retrace its steps amidst horrors of cold and starvation which made the retreat from Moscow one of the most fearful of national tragedies, while the chief himself left his perishing soldiers and posted off to France. 'The Emperor never was in better health,' wrote the *Moniteur* exultingly, to the disgust and astonishment of Europe.

The extremes of disaster and success which Alexander endured during the twenty-five years of his reign culminated in his triumphal entry with the Allies into Paris after the utter downfall of Napoleon. At this time he visited England, where his magnificent stature and appearance, and his good and handsome face, greatly contributed to the enthusiasm with which he was received. He considered himself at this time[2] as 'la Providence libérale of Europe and the protector of the independence of the peoples.' His projects of reform, however, which he was far too weak in character to carry out, faded away in

[2] There is a curious conversation recorded by Napoleon between himself and Alexander. 'Il était très rusé, and insisted to me that primogeniture was not good.' (Napoleon did not know that the custom did not exist in the Romanoff family.)

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the later years of his life, but there is an interesting account of his intercourse with Madame Krudener, a religious Protestant mystic, who had great influence over him in favour of religious and political liberty. His good intentions for mankind soon took the form of the Holy Alliance, which stifled freedom all over Europe, and in the reaction of men's minds after the horrors of the French Revolution, re-established the old despotisms everywhere and put back the world a generation at least. The end of his reign was darkened by conspiracies and revolts, with which he was quite incapable of coping; and he died in a far distant town, Taganrog, disappointed and almost alone.

His brother Nicholas succeeded at a difficult moment, and under his gloomy despotism 120,000 men and women were sent to Siberia in the first ten years of his reign. His hereditary determination to take possession of Constantinople and open a way for Russia into the great seas of the world, brought on the Crimean war, and the frightful tale of the miseries endured by hundreds of thousands of Russian soldiers, who perished in the winter marches to Sebastopol and in the defence of the city, will never probably be accurately known, or the wholesale slaughter of such battles as that of Inkerman, where the men had to be forced up to the attack by doses of the spirit vodki, and were mowed down one behind the other by the few British troops and fewer guns which we had posted at the top of the ascent. Nicholas died in 1855 of a broken heart at the utter failure of all his schemes of ambition, and was believed to have hastened his own end. Count Vitzthum, in his Memoirs, mentions that 'the Emperor was suffering from the mental disease hereditary in his family.'

Another Alexander now came to the throne, who like his grandfather began with the prestige of hopes that reforms of all kinds would take place after the peace with which he ended the Crimean struggle. His gigantic work, the emancipation of 50,000,000 serfs, was carried out in 1861; half the arable land of the Empire was given up to the peasants, the landowners were bought out at enormous expense, and three-fourths of the purchase money of the different small portions was lent by Government, amounting in 1881 to 95,000,000*l.*, while the local government of the Mir was confirmed and its power even increased, so that the peasants almost governed themselves. The resemblance to the measures proposed for Ireland by the late Government, and which are partially now carried out, is startling.

After a trial of a quarter of a century, the Emancipation Act is now acknowledged to have utterly failed. The reports of Russian officials, of statistical professors at Moscow, such as Jansen, and the Nihilists with Stepniak at their head, all alike agree that the misery of the rural class is greater than even in the days of serfdom; cultivation is at the lowest ebb, the yield is wretched and less than in any other European country. Each peasant must plough, sow, and reap

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as his neighbours do. The three-field system of corn, green crops, and fallow, which was abandoned in all good agriculture long ago, goes on with disastrous results. As the lots are changed by the Mir at their pleasure, after every year, the temporary owner does not care to manure, &c., or in any way to improve his land. Although the rent is sometimes as low as two shillings an acre, yet the peasant cannot live. Agriculture is a business requiring capital, knowledge, and a sufficient amount of land to enable different crops to be grown, so that if one fails it does not mean starvation, for another may succeed. The Russian peasant has none of these qualifications.

The peasant proprietors can neither pay the money owing to Government for their land, nor even the state and communal taxes, and are flogged by hundreds for non-payment. In one district of Novgorod, fifteen hundred peasants were thus condemned in 1887. Five hundred and fifty had already been flogged, when the inspector interceded for the remainder. Widespread famine is found over a great part of the country; usurers, the bane of peasant proprietors in all countries, are in possession of the situation; the Koulaks and Jew 'Mir-eaters' supply money on mortgage, then foreclose, and when the land is in their own possession get the work done for nothing as interest. These 'bondage labourers,' as they are called, are in fact slaves, and are nearly starved, while the small pieces of land are often reunited into considerable estates, and their new owners consider they have only rights and no duties. Meantime, as forced labour is at an end, and free labour is of the worst possible kind, the old landowners can get nothing done; they have tried to employ machines, bought by borrowing from the banks, and are now unable to repay the money. The upper class has been ruined, with no advantage to the peasant. 'The wasteful culture of the cottier,' as Stepniak calls it, 'on these small plots is so bad, that the general welfare of the country,' says Professor Jansen, 'is in danger by the small yield of the soil.'[3]

In spite of the philanthropic intentions of the Czar, he is believed to have aimed at diminishing the power of the nobles as much as of improving the condition of the peasants. He succeeded; the nobles in many districts are entirely ruined, and there is nothing now between the unlimited power of the autocrat and his 90,000,000 subjects, five-sixths of whom are peasants.

It was believed that Alexander desired to give some kind of constitutional freedom to Russia, but probably this was hardly in the power of even such a despot, and in their disappointment the plot of the Nihilists broke forth, when he was blown in pieces in the

[3] A curious example of the effect of great subdivision is told of the petroleum district in the Carpathians in Russian Poland. In a space of 150 hectares (*i.e.* 375 acres) there are nearly 2,000 pits, each surmounted by the cottage of the vigilant proprietor. Thefts, frauds, underground trespasses, quarrels, often terminated by the knife, in such close proximity, are the not unnatural custom of the country.

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streets of Petersburg as he drove by in a sledge; his suite were too much terrified to stop even to staunch the blood which poured from him, and although he probably could not anyhow have lived, he literally bled to death in his own carriage.

Everything has stood still under the present Czar; the bribery and corruption of the officials, the ignorance of the peasants, the interference with all private liberty, continue as under Peter the Great. Men are sent off by hundreds to Siberia, while it is never known by whom they were denounced, or what are the crimes imputed to them. The petty interferences in common life are almost incredible; no man can even alter the front of his house in Petersburg without special permission from the Czar. Foreign newspapers are received with broad splotches of printing-ink over any passages objected to by the censorship, which is stricter than ever and whose follies go on as of old. A machine was described as 'moving freely;' the dangerous word was scratched out—the 'revolutions' of a wheel were considered as suggesting wrong ideas.

The theory of personal government is carried out to its utmost extent; each minister is supposed to communicate directly with the Czar, and to take orders from him alone, so that there can be no concert between them, and nothing like what we call a Cabinet. In practice, however, this cannot possibly be carried out, and the majority of the affairs of the enormous Empire must necessarily be settled without the cognisance of a chief who cannot be ubiquitous or omniscient, and by a number of irresponsible petty officials with enormous power of doing evil.

The peasants still conceive that the Czar can do no wrong, and believe in him as in a God; this forms indeed one of the chief points in their religion, which consists in prostrations, genuflexions, and crossings during a service conducted in old Slavonic, which is a dead language both to priests and people, in the keeping of fasts and festivals during 165 days in the year, and in a fetish worship of the holy icons (or images) as degrading as any to be found in Central Africa. There is an utter divorce amongst the peasants between the ideas of morality and religion. In the upper class, as described by Count Tolstoi, it is the fashion to profess complete unbelief in everything, and Stepniak glories in the Nihilism of the middle class as including every subject: 'We are more advanced than other nations, as we have disposed of religion, the next world, and all such rubbish.'

The small remains of free institutions still left in the local boards of the country have been lately attacked by the Czar; everything, in fact, instead of advancing, is retrograding in measures for self-government and liberty of any kind. It is scarcely true that 'it is a despotism tempered by assassination'—the Russian edition does not seem to be 'tempered' at all, though periodical attempts by

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bombs, dynamite, &c. continue to recur; the terror of Nihilistic outbreaks is constantly in the background; and reports are believed of the way in which the officers of the army are mixed up in the different conspiracies, 270 of whom are said to have been cashiered at Odessa not very long ago for having dabbled in something of the kind. Yet the whole machine continues to go on as before, with the best possible intentions of the Emperor.

The enormous army can be recruited amongst the peasants to any extent; and though it was said at the time of the Crimean and of the last Turkish war that the number of recruits who died of starvation or sickness on the road, or escaped conscription, was so large that to put 100,000 men into the field three times the number was obliged to be called out, and although the peculation[4] of the Russian officers continues open and glaring from the highest in command downward to the lowest official, yet that an engine of such enormous power for mischief can be turned on Europe at the will of a single man must be a continual menace of the worst kind.

The advance of Russia might have been stopped at Plevna during the last Turkish war, if there had not been treachery among the pachas, for the Turks fought extremely well. If Roumania, however, had not stepped in to her rescue, there was no doubt that Russia would have been repulsed before the town. Her gratitude was shown by taking away Bessarabia from her small ally, and the little states of the Balkan Peninsula now seem once more at her mercy, to be consumed 'like the leaves of an artichoke,' one by one. She is also said to have learnt a great deal by her failures in military matters during these past years.

To be *assis sur les baïonnettes* is not a safe or commodious position; and to use the bayonets in some other manner must in such cases be always a great temptation; there have been two good harvests in Russia, moreover; the sale of corn has eased the finances, and its consumption has fed the peasants, which makes war easier.

This is the ruler and these are the people upon whose action the future of Europe, for peace or war, may be said at this moment almost absolutely to depend.

F. P. VERNEY.

[4] On the Black Sea not long ago preparations for victualling the army were supposed to be made; a quantity of rubbish was collected and set fire to, and an enormous bill sent in to Government for provisions burnt, particularly hay!

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THE GREAT FRENCH REVOLUTION AND ITS LESSON.

On the 5th of May last the celebration of the centenary of the French Revolution began by the commemoration of the opening of the States-General at Versailles, at the same date, in the memorable year of 1789. And Paris—that city which in January last so clearly manifested its dissatisfaction with Parliamentary rule—heartily joined in the festivities organised to celebrate a day when parliamentary institutions, crossing the Channel, went to take firm root on the Continent. Must we see in the enthusiasm of the Parisians one of those seeming contradictions which are so common in the complicated life of large human agglomerations? Or was it the irresistible attraction of a spring festival which induced the Parisians to rush in flocks to Versailles? Or was it a manifestation intended to show that Paris proposes brilliantly to commemorate the Revolution, and the more so as the monarchies of Europe do not conceal their disgust at the very remembrance of such an event? Let it be as it may. At any rate, one who surveys the whole of the great commotion which visited France at the end of last century and exercised so powerful an influence upon the development of Europe during the next hundred years, cannot but look at the gatherings of the States-General on the 5th of May, 1789, as a decisive step in the development of the great revolutionary movement.

True that long before that date France was already in full insurrection. It is known that the advent of Louis the Sixteenth to the throne was the signal for a series of famine outbreaks which lasted till 1783. Then came a period of relative tranquillity. But from 1786, and especially from 1788, the outbreaks began again with a new force. Famine was the leading motive of the former series; it played an important part in the new series as well, but the refusal to pay the feudal taxes was its distinctive feature. Small outbreaks became all but general from January 1789; from the month of March the feudal rents were no longer paid, and Taine, who has consulted the archives, speaks of at least three hundred outbreaks which took place since the beginning of the year. The first 'Jacquerie' had thus begun long before the gathering of the States-General, long before the memorable events by which the

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tiers état announced its firm resolution of no longer leaving political power in the hands of the Court.

However, a Jacquerie is not a revolution, though it be as terrible as that of Pugatchoff; nor is a simple change of government, like those which took place in 1830 and 1848, a revolution. The concurrence of two elements is necessary for bringing about a revolution; and by revolution I do not mean the street warfare, nor the bloody conflicts of two parties—both being mere incidents dependent upon many circumstances—but the sudden overthrow of institutions which are the outgrowths of centuries past, the sudden uprising of new ideas and new conceptions, and the attempt to reform all political and economical institutions in a radical way—all at the same time. Two separate currents must converge to come to that result: a widely spread economic revolt, tending to change the economical conditions of the masses, and a political revolt, tending to modify the very essence of the political organisation—an economical change, supported by an equally important change of political institutions. The convocation of the States-General at a moment when the French peasantry was already in open revolt gave the second element. Ten years before, the meeting of the representatives of the nation might have prevented the revolution; it would have certainly given it another character; but now, amidst the peasant revolt, it meant the beginning of a revolutionary period. The revolt of the middle classes joining hands with the revolt of the peasants was a revolution.

The history of the French Revolution has been written and rewritten. We know the slightest details of the drama played on the stages of the National Assembly, the Legislative Assembly, and the Convention. The parliamentary history of the movement is fully elaborated. But its popular history has never been attempted to be written. So we must not wonder that even upon such a simple subject as the condition of rural France before 1789 opinions still remain discordant.

The fact is, that it was not the Revolution which abolished serfdom in France, as is sometimes maintained. Serfdom—that is, the bondage to the soil—had already disappeared long before. In 1788, there remained no more than 80,000 *mainmortables* in the Jura, and less than 1,500,000 all over France; and even these *mainmortables* were not serfs in the real acceptance of the word. As to the great bulk of the French peasantry, they no longer knew the yoke of serfdom. But, like the Russian peasants of our days, they had to pay, both in money and obligatory work, for their personal liberty. These obligations were exceedingly heavy, but not arbitrary: they were inscribed in the *terriers* which, later on, became the subject of such fury on the part of the peasants.

Besides, the manorial jurisdiction had been maintained to a very

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great extent; and when an old woman was bequeathing to her heirs 'an old woollen skirt and two chestnut trees'—I have seen such wills—she had to pay to the bailiff of the *noble et généreuse dame du château*, or the *noble et généreux seigneur*, a heavy tax.

True, that since the time of Turgot many of the feudal obligations were paid no longer. The governors of the provinces refused to support those claims of the landlords which they considered as mere exactions. But the heavier taxes, which represented a real value for the landlord or his sub-tenant, had to be paid in full, and they were ruining the peasants, just as the redemption-tax is now ruining the Russian peasantry. So there is not a word of exaggeration in the dark pictures of village-life which we find in the introductory chapter of nearly every history of the Revolution; but there is also no exaggeration in the assertion that in each village there were individual peasants who were on the road to prosperity, and therefore were the more anxious to shake off the yoke of feudality. Both types represented by Erckmann-Chatrian—that of a *bourgeois du village* and that of a misery-stricken peasant—are true types. From the former the *tiers état* borrowed its real force; while the bands of insurgents which from January 1789 were extorting from the nobles the renouncement of the obligations inscribed in the *terriers* were recruited among the down-trodden masses who had but a mud-hut to live in, and chestnuts and occasional gleanings to live upon.

The same was true with regard to the cities. The feudal rights existed in the cities, as well as in the villages, and the poorest classes of the towns were as burdened by feudal taxes as the peasants. The right of patrimonial jurisdiction was in full vigour, and the houses of the artisans and workers had to pay the same feudal taxes on inheritance and sellings as the peasants' houses; while many towns were bound to pay for ever a tribute for the redemption of their former feudal submission. Moreover, most cities had to pay the king the *don gratuit* for the right of maintaining a shadow of municipal independence, and the whole burden of the taxes fell upon the poorer classes. If we add to these features the heavy royal taxes, the contributions in statute labour, the heavy tax on salt, and so forth, the arbitrariness of the functionaries, the heavy expenses in the law-courts, and the impossibility for a *roturier* of finding justice against an hereditary *bourgeois* or a noble, and all kinds of oppression, we shall have an idea of the condition of the poorer classes before 1789.

I need hardly mention the great intellectual movement which preceded the Revolution. No other period in the history of thought has so much been discussed, or is so well known, as that glorious era of revival which was born in this country, and after having been systematised and popularised in France, exercised so powerful an influence upon the minds and actions of the political leaders of the period. Full freedom of analysis; full confidence in humanity, and

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complete disdain of the inherited institutions which spoil human nature; the equality of all men, irrespective of their birth; equality before the law; Roman veneration for the law, and obligatory submission of every citizen—be he king or peasant—to the will of the nation, supposed to be expressed by its elected representatives; full freedom of contract and full freedom of religious opinions: all that, carefully elaborated into a system by the eminently systematic French mind, professed with the fanaticism of neophytes, ready to transport the results of their philosophical convictions into life—all this is well known. But what chiefly interests the historian is not so much the development of thought itself as the causes which determined the transition from *thought* to *action*—the circumstances which permitted men of thought to pass from mere criticism and theoretical elaboration to the application in life of the ideal which had grown out of their criticism. To induce men to pass from mere theory to action, there must be some hope of being able to realise their ideas. That hope was raised by the peasants' outbreaks, by the discontent of the middle classes, and by the thus resulting necessity of making an appeal to the nation for the reform of its institutions.

It is well worthy of note that the writings of the most popular philosophers and political writers of the time were imbued to a great extent with what now constitutes the essence of Socialism. The word was not known then, but the ideas were much more widely spread than is generally believed. The writings of Rousseau and Diderot are full of socialistic ideas; Sieyès expressed some of them in most vigorous terms; and the saying *la propriété c'est le vol*, which later on became the beginning of the fame of Proudhon, was the title of a pamphlet written by the Girondist Brissot. Nationalisation of land is not unfrequently met with in the pamphlets; the toiling masses are unanimously recognised as the real builders of national welfare, and 'the people' becomes a subject of idealisation, not in Rousseau's romances only, but also in a mass of novels and on the stage. All those writings had the widest circulation; their teachings penetrated into the slums and the mud-huts; and, together with the promises of the privileged classes and many secondary causes, they maintained in the masses the hopes of a near change. 'I do not know what will happen, but something will happen some time soon,' an old woman said to Arthur Young as he was travelling over France on the eve of the Revolution; and that was the expression of the state of minds all over France. Hopes of change were ripe amidst the toiling masses; they had been maintained for years, but they had always been deceived. They had been renewed by the declarations of nobility during the *Assemblées des Notables*—and deceived again. And so, when the terrible winter of 1788 and the famine came, while the revolts of the Parliaments were stimulating hopes, the revolt of the peasants took the character of a general outbreak.

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The French Revolution already has its legend, and that legend runs as follows:—

> On the 12th of July [I omit the facts anterior to that date] the fall of Necker's Ministry became known. That foolish step of the Court provoked the outbreak in Paris which led to the fall of the Bastille. As soon as the news reached the provinces, similar outbreaks began in the cities and spread into the villages. Many castles of the nobility were burned. Then, during the famous night of the 4th of August, the nobility and the clergy abdicated their feudal rights. Feudalism was abolished. Since that time the struggle continued between the national representation and the Court, and terminated in the defeat of the aristocracy and the royal authority. As to the peasants' outbreaks which continued after the 4th of August, they were—the legend says—the work of mere robbers, inspired with the sole desire of plunder, when they were not instigated by the Court, the nobles, and the English. At any rate, they had no reason to continue since the feudal rights had been abolished, and the Declaration of the Rights of Man had become the basis of the French Constitution.

To begin with, the outbreak of the 14th of July was *not* caused by the fall of Necker's Ministry.[1] It was an outbreak of the starving masses of Paris, and it began, with the watchword 'Bread!' three days before the fall of Necker; but the middle classes, aware of the *coup d'état* prepared by the Court, took advantage of it, supported it, and directed it against the stronghold of royalty in Paris—the Bastille. When the danger was over, and the Bastille taken, their armed militia crushed the popular movement, which was taking the character of a general revolt of the poor against the rich. In that outbreak, which had so decisive a meaning for the subsequent events, Paris did not take the lead, but followed in the wake of the provinces. However, the success of the outbreak at Paris provoked many similar outbreaks against the privileged classes in the provincial towns, and it encouraged the peasants, especially in the province of Dauphiné; but the Jacquerie, as said, had already begun long before, and Chassin is quite right in saying that if Paris had been defeated on the 14th of July, the outbreak of the peasants would have continued nevertheless.

As to the night of the 4th of August, it is a pity to destroy so gracious a legend, but the fact is that during that night the feudal rights were abolished in words only. All that display of patriotic abnegation was not serious, even if it was sincere, because already on the 6th of August the Assembly re-examined its work and introduced the subtle distinction between the *personal*, humiliating obligations of the peasantry, and the *real* ones which represented

[1] One may see in the *Moniteur* that the disorders began on the 6th of July, amidst the twenty thousand unemployed engaged in relief-works at Montmartre. Two days later, the poorer classes of the suburbs, together with the same unemployed, attempted to burn the *octrois*. Encounters with the troops are mentioned in the *Moniteur* under the 10th of July; and on the 11th of July the people of the suburbs burned the *octroi* of Chaussée d'Antin. Next day, when the departure of Necker became known, the middle classes took advantage of the movement, organised it, and directed it against royalty.

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a pecuniary interest for the landlords. And while the decree of the National Assembly begins with the words 'The National Assembly entirely abolishes the feudal system,' we learn from the end of the same decree that the *personal* servitudes only are abolished, while the *real* obligations can be redeemed—on such conditions as will be established later on. And thus the peasants, miserable as they were, had to pay, in addition to all taxes old and new, a redemption the amount of which was not even fixed, but was left to an agreement between the peasants and the landlords. The decrees were thus much more like a declaration of principles than a law. Nay, even these decrees were not promulgated till the end of September, and the promulgation consisted in simply sending them to the Courts of Justice together with the observations of the king.

It is evident that such concessions could not satisfy the peasants. 'Our villages are most dissatisfied with the decree upon the feudal rights,' Madame Roland wrote in May 1790. 'A reform will be necessary, otherwise the castles will burn again.' But the longed-for reforms did not come. The question as to the feudal rights remained unsettled, and one who has grown accustomed to the legend is quite bewildered as he finds, under the date of 18th of June, 1790, a decree according to which 'the tithes, both feudal and ecclesiastical' (and we know that the tithes sometimes meant one fourth of the crop) had to be paid for the current year, 'in the usual way;' that is, in effects and to the usual amount; that the *champarts*, *terrages*, and *agriers comptants*[2] had to be paid in the same way 'until redeemed'; and that any attack upon these rights, 'either in writing or in speech, or by menaces' should be punished in the severest way—that is, in all appearance, by hard labour or death. In fact, the abolition of the feudal rights without redemption was voted only in June 1792, and that vote was simply snatched from the Legislative Assembly while two hundred of its members were not present.

The peasants thus had no other means of obtaining a real abolition of feudal rights than themselves to compel the landlords to abandon their rights, or to storm the castles and burn the *terriers*. So the Jacquerie continued for nearly four years. But as soon as the middle classes had obtained their first successes over royalty in 1789, and as soon as they had armed their militia, they began to suppress the peasants' outbreaks with a cruelty worthy of the old monarchy. The municipalities, at the head of the *bourgeois* militia, exterminated the bands of peasants. In the Dauphiné, where the revolt was severest, the *grand-prévôt* was travelling over the villages by the end of 1789, and pitilessly hanging the 'rebels'—the more so as those *brigands* did not respect the castles of the 'patriots' and

[2] The obligation of giving a certain amount of the crop to the landlord.

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attacked them as well as the castles of the noble supporters of the king.[3]

Another feature, relative to the common-lands, also must be mentioned under this head, because some of my readers may not be aware that the communal possession and administration of common-lands, the communal assembly of all householders of the village (the *mir*, I should say) and the common liability for the payment of taxes had persisted in France till the reforms of Turgot.[4] It was Turgot who substituted for the communal assembly (which he found 'too noisy') elected bodies of notables, which soon became, in the hands of the richer *bourgeois du village*, an instrument for taking possession of the common-lands. A good deal of the common-lands having been enclosed both in this way, as well as in former times by the landlords, one of the aims of the peasants' outbreaks was to restore to the commons the possession of their lands; but the National Assembly took no notice of that desire. On the contrary, it authorised (on the 1st of August, 1791) the sale of the common-lands, which simply meant the spoliation of the poorer inhabitants of the villages of their last means of existence, for the enrichment of the wealthier peasants. One year later the sale of the common-lands was suspended by a new law, but that law permitted their division between the richer peasants, to the exclusion of the proletarians; and it was not before the 10th of June, 1793, that the Convention, while ordering the communes to take possession of the lands arbitrarily enclosed in former times, enjoined them either to keep them undivided, or, in case the division be demanded by two-thirds of the inhabitants of the commune, to divide them between all inhabitants, rich and poor. The legislation about the common-lands was thus another cause of discontent which maintained the agitation, and continually resulted in fresh outbreaks till the question was settled in 1793. As to the towns, the outbreaks of the poorer classes became the more unavoidable since the National Assembly endowed the municipalities with wide powers, while the real power remained in the hands of a few privileged *bourgeois* and nobles.

I have been compelled to enter into these details—not always clearly understood—because the uprising of the peasants and the urban proletarians for the abolition of the last relics of feudal servitude was the real ground upon which the Revolution throve. That uprising permitted the great battle between the middle class and the Court to be fought; it prevented any solid government from being

[3] Twenty peasants were hanged in the Dauphiné, twelve at Douai, eighty at Lyons, and so on (Buchez et Roux, ii.). The National Assembly fully approved the summary justice of the municipalities. The version representing the revolted peasants as paid robbers already appears in the history written by the 'Amis de la Liberté,' as well as in the *Histoire Parlementaire*, by Buchez and Roux.

[4] For more details see Babeau's *Le Village sous l'Ancien Régime*, and *La Ville sous l'Ancien Régime*. The general assembly of all inhabitants was maintained in smaller towns till 1784.

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instituted for nearly five years, and thus enabled the middle classes to seize political power and to prepare the elements for its ulterior organisation on a democratic basis. The middle classes alternately favoured and opposed those uprisings. They used the popular discontent as a battering-ram against monarchy, but at the same time they were always anxious to maintain the popular wave in such a channel as not to compromise the privileges which they shared in common with the nobles or had acquired during the Revolution.

The National Assembly of 1789 boldly abolished in principle most of the odious privileges of the old *régime*. Proceeding in a most systematic way, it destroyed one after the other the old mediæval institutions and embodied its political principles in the shape of laws which are mostly distinguished by a remarkable lucidity of style and clearness of conception. It proclaimed the rights of the citizen and it elaborated a constitution; it elaborated also a provincial and a communal organisation based on the principle of equality before the law. It abolished for ever the distinction between the three different 'orders,' and laid the bases of a complete reform of taxation; the titles of nobility were abolished; the Church was disendowed, rendered a department of the State, and its estates seized as a guarantee of national loans; the army was reorganised so as to make of it an instrument of national defence; and a judicial organisation which could be advantageously contrasted with the present judicial organisation of France was promulgated. Over-centralisation had been avoided in all those schemes. The work was immense; it was performed by able hands; and many an historian, while passing in review the work of the National Assembly, has been brought to ask himself, Why the Revolution did not stop there? Why a second revolution was added to the first?

The answer is simple. Because otherwise all that symmetrical structure would have remained what it was, a dead letter, a simple declaration of principles, very interesting for posterity, but without any moment for the time being. Because there is an immense, often immeasurable, distance between a law and its application in life—a distance which is great even in the centralised, carefully organised States of our days, but was immense in a State like old France, which represented the most curious mixture of conflicting institutions inherited from several different historical epochs. Who was to execute those laws? In our modern States a law finds a ready centralised administration to execute it, and a whole army to enforce it in case of need. But nothing of the kind existed in 1789; the very organisation for enforcing laws had to be created, and the law had to be enforced before reaction could set in and annihilate all reformatory work. Therefore, the so-called 'second revolution' was not a second revolution at all; it was simply the means for transforming into facts the theories proclaimed by the National Assembly.

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As to the opposition which the new measures met with in the privileged classes, far from having been overrated by historians, it never has been fully told. The conspiracies of the Court are pretty well known. What formerly were represented as so many calumnies circulated by the liberal historians have now become historical facts. No serious student of the period will doubt any more that each of the uprisings in Paris was an answer to some *coup d'état* schemed by the Court. The appeal to the foreigner to invade France is no longer a matter of doubt. Besides, new materials are steadily coming to light to show the extension of the conspiracies planned to oppose the Revolution; and it is now known that if the Protestants in Southern France had not so heartily joined the Revolution, two Vendées, instead of one, would have had to be combated. But the resistance of the Vendées was but a trifle in comparison with the resistance which every act of even the National Assembly, (not to speak of those of the subsequent assemblies) met with in each provincial *directoire*, in each town, large or small. When asked by the German historian Schlosser, 'How was it possible that Robespierre could keep all France in his hands?' the Abbé Grégoire retorted: 'Why, in each village there was its Robespierre!' Surely so, but in each town, in each castle and in each bishop's palace, there was also its Coblentz—its centre of resistance of the old system. Hence the terrible struggles for the conquest of municipalities which we see all through the revolutionary period, the denunciations, the armed attacks, the local executions. Take, for instance, so simple a thing as the assessment of the income-tax, which had been entrusted to the municipalities. As long as the municipality remained in the hands of a few rich people from the privileged classes, the new taxation was not introduced; then, the proletarians took possession of the municipality, named their own men, and proceeded to realise the platonic declarations of the National Assembly. But if the royalists again obtained possession of the municipal power, they pitilessly executed the popular leaders, reintroduced the old system, and freed themselves from the burden of the taxes.

Moreover, the Revolution was far from universal. It had found warm followers in the east, the north-east, and the south-east of France, but over more than one-half of the territory either hostility or indifference prevailed, and in the best case men were waiting the issue of the events in order to take the side of the party which came out victorious; while the State expenses were growing every day, and the most strenuous efforts were required to cope with the foreign invasions.[5]

[5] I once drew a map on which I marked the localities the names of which occur in connection with insurrections in general works and works of local history of France during the Revolution. It appeared that only the north-eastern, eastern, and south-eastern parts of France were marked on my map, and that sporadic spots only

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So it becomes evident that the National and the Legislative Assemblies had merely expressed *desiderata*, and that in order to transscribe those *desiderata* into facts, the 'second revolution' was rendered necessary on account of the resistance opposed to any innovation by adherents of the old *régime*. Not only had the flight of the king and the conspiracies of the Court rendered the republic a necessity; but the proclamation of the republic was needful in order to guarantee to France that it should not return under the rule of the old aristocracy—just as the proclamation of the Commune in 1871 proved to be the means of preventing the return of Monarchy after the disasters of the German war. There was a moment of relaxation of revolutionary energy, especially in 1791. That moment could have been utilised for strengthening what had been elaborated by the National Assembly. If the nobility and the Court had understood the necessity of concessions, and made them, they most probably would have saved part of their privileges. But they admitted nothing save a return, pure and simple, to the old state of affairs. Instead of accepting the compromise which the middle classes were only too willing to come to, they called foreign armies in order to re-establish the whole system in full. They concocted their foolish schemes of the flight of the king, and threatened to take a bloody revenge upon those who had disturbed them in the enjoyment of their former rights. In such circumstances there remained nothing but to fight, and the fight was fought to the bitter end.

Nay, the terrible struggles between revolutionists themselves in the Convention, which have been often represented as an outcome of so many personal rivalries, were nothing but the logical development of the same necessity. The foolishness of the nobility and the Court rendered the very name of royalty hateful. Royalty meant no other programme than a destruction, with the help of foreigners, of even the modest reformatory work that had been done by the first Assembly of the States-General. A new enthusiasm only, a new revival of the revolutionary energy, could save the little that had been done; but the Girondists did not understand that necessity. They could not see that the return of Monarchy had to be prevented in order to give to the new institutions time to take root; that the peasant ought to plough for the first time his newly conquered field in order to be ready to fight for it; that the new judge, the new municipality, the new tax-gatherer had to be accustomed to their functions, and that the nation as a whole had to shake off its former habits of servility and submissiveness. The Girondists did

occurred in western and central France. When I saw, later on, the map on which the electoral districts which had re-elected 'the three hundred and sixty-three' (under McMahon's presidency) were represented by a special colour, I was struck with the likeness of both maps. Revolutionary traditions are transmitted, like all other kinds of tradition.

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not understand that, and they fell victims of their irresoluteness. Even so moderate an historian as Mignet, who, however, had the advantage of writing under the fresh impression of the epoch, judiciously remarks that a sure return to the old *régime*, a victory of the coalition and the dismemberment of France would have followed if the Commune of Paris had not taken the upper hand on the 31st of May, 1793, when the Girondists were arrested and sent to the scaffold. Without fanaticism, without the law of *maximum* and the requisitions, the young republic never would have succeeded in repelling the invaders and the old *régime* which found a refuge in their camp. The struggle between the parties in the Convention was not a struggle for personal domination: it was a struggle to settle the question how far the Revolution should go. Should it succumb, or live to insure its work? And without the temporary triumph of Marat and the Commune of Paris, the Revolution would have been terminated in May 1793.

In fact, the Revolution lived as long as the double current of popular outbreaks in the villages and the towns continued. When the feudal institutions were totally destroyed both in towns and the country, and the famous decree of the Convention ordered the burning all over France of all papers relative to the feudal system, the movement began to exhaust its energy. Those who had taken possession of the 1,210,000 estates (representing one-third of the territory of France), which had changed hands during the Revolution, hastened to enjoy the benefits of their newly acquired property. Those who had enriched themselves by all descriptions of speculations monopolised the fruits of the rich crops of 1793, and starved the cities. The proletarians of the cities thus saw themselves reduced to the same misery as before. The men who had never refused to respond to the appeals of the middle classes when an insurrection had to be opposed to a conspiracy of the nobles, were reduced to starvation again.

A third revolution, having a kind of vague Socialism for its economical programme, and the full independence of the communes instead of the dictatorship of the Convention as a programme of political organisation, was ripening. But it was not at the end of a revolution so vast as the preceding that a new movement could have a chance of success. Besides, the middle classes were decided not to part with the conquered privileges, and the Jacobins were too preoccupied with definitely establishing the building they had so vigorously defended against its enemies. The young Socialist party was defeated, and its chief representatives followed the Girondists on the scaffold.

From that moment the masses of Paris abandoned the Revolution. They unwillingly supported the Reign of Terror. The people can resort to massacres in a moment of despair; but it cannot support

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the daily executions performed in cold blood with the appearance of law. These legal executions weighed upon the Parisians. In fact, the Revolution had already come to an end, and when a last attempt was made to provoke an insurrection in favour of Robespierre and against the other members of the Committee of *Salut public*, the people of Paris did not answer to the appeal. The contre-révolution, headed by the returned royalists and the *muscadins*, had its hands free: the newly-enriched middle classes hastened to enjoy the fruits of their victory and began the orgies of the *Directoire*, and the urban proletarians could only do their best not to succumb to starvation in the expectation of a new revolution in which fraternity and equality would be vain words no more.

And now let us cast a glance at the consequences of the Revolution. Here we meet in the first place with the usual objection: 'What was the use,' it is said, 'of all that bloodshed and disturbance if it had to result in the despotism of a Napoleon and the restoration of the Bourbons?' The answer to that current remark has already been given in the preceding pages. The abolition of institutions which were doomed by history to disappear being so obstinately opposed, bloodshed and disturbances became an historical necessity.

As to those who would like to know what were the results of the Revolution, we would merely say to them: Go and travel over France, call at the peasants' houses, examine into the economical conditions of the peasantry for the last fifty years, and compare them with what they were a hundred years ago; and if you like to realise those conditions of the past in a concrete way, go to Russia; there you will see conditions very much the same as those which prevailed in France before 1789. Go especially at a time (like the year 1881) when a third part of the country is suffering from a scarcity of grain, and is feeding on bark and grass mixed with some flour. There, on the fertile soil of south-eastern Russia, you will understand the famous words of the French royal *intendant* who advised starving peasants to eat grass if they were hungry; because there you might see (as it was in 1881) whole villages living on mountain-spinach, and sending their people to fetch some of it from a neighbouring province. There you would see the ruined but arrogant nobility preventing the peasant from making use of the uncultivated land; the arbitrariness of the functionaries; the lawlessness of the ministers; you would find the Bastille at Schlüsselburg, and you would have an insight into 'old France.' Personal rule returned in France with Napoleon, but not the feudal institutions. Neither the laws promulgated under the Bourbons nor even the White Terror could take the land from the peasants, nor reintroduce the feudal servitudes, nor reintegrate the old feudal organisation of the cities. And if now, especially during the last twenty years, the French peasants have again to complain of

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the accumulation of land in the hands of capitalists, they have enjoyed, at least for more than fifty years, a period of relative prosperity which has made the real might of the French nation. More than that, the whole aspect of the nation has changed. The ideas, the conceptions, the whole mode of thinking and acting are no longer those of the last century. Instead of coming exhausted out of the Napoleonic wars, France came out of them a fresh, consolidated nation, full of force—a nation which soon took the lead of European civilisation. The period of reaction was soon over, and in 1848 France already made an attempt towards the establishment of a Socialist Republic. As to the degrading rule of Napoleon the Third, it was the necessary consequence of the unsuccessful revolution of 1848, and *bourgeois* Imperialism would appear in any other nation, if that nation repeated the errors of our French forerunners by attempting the State organisation of labour.

The influence exercised by the French Revolution on European thought and institutions was immense. The revolutionary armies of *sans-culottes* gave to serfdom a mortal blow all over Europe. Their astonishing successes were not due to the military genius of Napoleon, but to the abolition of serfdom inscribed on the tricolor flag. And they succeeded only so far as they brought with them the downfall of feudalism. Even the Russian peasants considered the approach of the French army as a message of liberation from the yoke of servitude. But Napoleon, when he approached Russia, was already too much of an emperor. Even in Poland the liberation of the serfs was merely nominal: it was not even attempted in Russia; and the bloodiest battle on record, taking place at Borodino, put an end to the victorious revolutionary campaign.

The military campaign did not extend the full abolition of serfdom far beyond the eastern frontiers of France. But the French Revolution had given the watchword to the century, and this watchword was: the abolition of serfdom, leading to capitalist rule; and the abolition of absolute power, leading to parliamentary institutions. The wave slowly rolled east, and these two reforms have constituted the very essence of European history during our century. The abolition of serfdom in Germany which was begun in 1811 was accomplished after 1848; Russia abolished it in 1861; the Balkan States in 1878. The cycle was thus completed, and personal servitude disappeared in Europe. On the other hand, the necessary corollary of the above reform, the abolition of Court rule, which took a hundred years to cross the Channel, took another hundred years to spread through Europe. Even the Balkan States have parliamentary institutions, and Russia is now alone in maintaining absolute rule—a phantom of absolute rule. The two fundamental principles enunciated in the Declaration of the Rights of Man have thus been applied almost in full. And if liberty, equality, and

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raternity do not yet reign in Europe, we must look for some important omission in that famous Declaration.

All the sufferings which France underwent during the Revolution and the subsequent wars necessarily suggest the question whether that revolution may not be the last of the series of revolutions which has marked the ends of each of the last five centuries.

One might wish it, but when we take into consideration the state of minds in Europe, the immense agrarian question which has suddenly grown up in all countries, the still greater social problem which imperiously demands a solution, the difficulties put in the way of that solution, the indifference of the privileged classes which does not fall far short of the indifference of the French nobility, and, finally, the great dispute arising between the individual and the State, we cannot but foresee the approach of a great commotion in Europe, with this difference, that it cannot be limited to one country only but is likely to become international, like the uprising of 1848, although it is sure to assume different characters in different countries.

As to France, its present system of government is so undermined that it can hardly be expected to live more than the usual two decades which represent the maximum duration of a government in France during our century. However, historical previsions cannot go so far as to foretell the dates of coming events. The character of the next movement in France is almost sure to be in the direction of independent federated communes trying to introduce a life based on socialist principles. The fundamental principle bequeathed by the French Revolution is full freedom of choice of occupation and freedom of contracts; but neither can be realised as long as the necessaries for production remain the property of the few. To realise those conditions will surely be the aim of the future revolutions. As to whether any of them will take the acute character of the great movement of the last century, all will depend upon the intelligence of the privileged classes, and their capacities for understanding in time the importance of the historical moment we are living in. One thing, however, seems certain: namely, that in no country can the privileged classes of our times be as foolish as the privileged classes were in France a hundred years ago.

P. KROPOTKIN.

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THE MYSTERIES OF MALARIA.

A FEW years ago a lady residing in a healthy part of St. Petersburg fell ill of malarial fever. There was no doubt as to the nature of the malady; the symptoms were characteristic, the disease had bred true. Nevertheless, a mystery hung over the case, for the lady had not lately visited Rome, nor any other malarial district, but had been living at home in a locality purely non-malarious. How, then, had this particular disease wandered so far from its native soil to spring into active life in the blood and tissues of this particular human being? As surely as the rose springs from the rose, and the cabbage from the cabbage, so does malarial fever spring from the germs of malaria and no other. But in this case there was no evidence of the proximity of the disease, no parent, no sign, no link wherewith to connect the two ends of the chain.

The mystery was further increased by the fact that so long as the patient remained in her bedroom the disease yielded to the usual remedies; but on removing to the sitting-room a relapse invariably followed, and fever with all the characteristic symptoms set in once more. For some months these alternations continued, until the doctor's suspicions were aroused by observing that while plants were growing in the sitting-room, they were absent from the bedroom. Inquiring into their history, he found they had been sent direct from a district known to be malarious. On getting rid of the plants a complete recovery followed, and the secret mystery was explained. This is no exceptional case, for its history, with many others from different quarters of the globe, was sent by Professor von Eichwald to Professors Tommasi-Crudeli and Klebs, on the publication of their researches on malaria in 1879. They had then proved that it was possible to produce malarial fever by placing malarial soil in conditions precisely similar to those of the garden mould in flower-pots. In the boudoir of this Russian lady all the conditions required for the active development of malarial fever were present. First, the seeds of the living cause were lying unsuspected in the mould. There they might have remained and died out but for the careful attention which supplied the life-giving moisture and necessary amount of heat. The oxygen was naturally provided in the air of the room; in fact, the three indispensable conditions of malarial activity—moisture, oxygen, and heat—were all there, and being co-existent, converted the

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boudoir into an excellent experimental laboratory. The result was natural, and interesting as a demonstration of how disease germs, artificially cultivated, may find an entrance into the human blood, to complete their existence there.

To follow up the clue, it is necessary to carry the inquiry into those lands which give rise to the living cause of this persistent and extremely fatal disease. For centuries this widespread malady has been shrouded in mystery through our ignorance of the nature of disease. For long the 'humours of the body' were regarded with superstitious awe. Disease was a weird something that found its way into the body somehow. It was an evil spirit sent by the powers of darkness as punishment for the wicked, and could only be exorcised by some magician possessing the necessary charms. Only in the last century was the plague solemnly buried by candle-light in Leith Wynd, Edinburgh, by a minister named Gusthard, at three o'clock in the morning.[1]

But although the magician gradually gave place to the barber-surgeon, and he to the educated physician, it is curious to reflect that it is to the scientific chemist, and the researches of the laboratory, after all, that we owe much of our present knowledge of disease.

What, then, is this invisible agent which carries sickness and possible death so far afield, and has the power to weaken the energy and stunt the growth of those who are doomed to live on malarious soil? 'We do not live,' said an inhabitant of the Pontine marshes to a stranger; 'we die.' Malaria constitutes the chief obstacle to the exploration and colonisation of the African continent, and threatens to reduce to the condition of a desert vast tracts of the Southern States of America, which flourished so long as they were cultivated by the negro race, which, better than any other, resists its action.[2]

Cicero, in allusion to Romulus having built Rome, remarks that he selected a healthy spot in a pestilential region ('locum delegit in regione pestilenti salubrem').

At one time a terrible epidemic visited Rome, which carried off multitudes of the inhabitants, including Camillus the Dictator. Towards the close of this visitation the earth opened in the middle of the forum (doubtless by volcanic action), which was probably also the cause of the poisonous miasmata rising from the bowels of the earth. Indeed, the volcanic nature of the Italian peninsula generally may be taken into the list of causes which contribute to its insalubrity.[3]

The volcanic soil of Italy, we are told,[4] acts as a sponge in absorbing and retaining an immense quantity of moisture. Hence

[1] *Life of C. Kirkpatrick Sharpe.*
[2] Memoir by Professors Tommasi-Crudeli and Klebs.
[3] Dr. Johnston's *Changes of Air*, 1833.
[4] William North: *Investigations for the Grocers' Company.*

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after a period of drought, the tropical rains, which fall steadily for days together, make but little impression on the surface of the parched earth till the underlying sponge is saturated. The overflow then becomes sudden, the brooks rapidly fill, every extinct crater becomes a lake replenished, every valley a bog, and the country a universal swamp.

So long ago as 300 years before Christ, the connection between the fever and the swamp was fully recognised in that region of the earth. But, although true that the disease is more prevalent in the low-lying grounds, it may also be found in the higher altitudes, where soil, temperature, and moisture favour its production. Still it does not haunt the damp and marshy places alone; for even in dry, sun-baked parts of the earth the malaria finds egress through the fissures of the soil, keeping its base of operations in the moisture far beneath. If the upper crust is unbroken and dry, it acts as a barrier against the egress of germs from below, just as a coating of water over malarious land neutralises, for the time being, the necessary conditions of activity. When the surface water is withdrawn by the heat of the summer sun, and the oxygen of the air comes into direct contact with the decomposing vegetation underneath, there, in all probability, may be discovered the home of the deadly malaria.

For miles around any natural centres of malaria, the germs of the disease may be carried on the pollen of marsh flowers, or on cryptogamic dust, along the valleys or up the mountain sides. Just as ordinary visible dust drifts into places here and there, leaving other parts free, so does the disease-laden dust settle in favourable spots. It is not always uniformly spread, but may be dotted in innumerable foci over the land. Thus a wayside hedge, or belt of trees acting as a filter, the leeward or windward side of a mound, is sufficient to make all the difference between security and danger. Mr. William North, in his lectures at the London Institution two years ago, accounted in this way for the fact that, in the Roman Campagna, one house will be fever-stricken while another, only a few yards off, will be free; the reason being that the one occupies the open line of route for malarial currents, the other being raised above the level, or otherwise protected. The consequence is that, throughout the plains, whole villages have been deserted, the peasants having taken refuge from the fever below by migrating to the higher lands.

In some of the upper provinces of India even birds and beasts have to migrate during the unhealthy time of year. The late Bishop Heber gives the following striking picture of the influence of malaria in that portion of the globe:—

I asked Mr. Boulderson if it were true that the monkeys forsook these woods during the unwholesome months. He answered that not the monkeys only, but everything which has the breath of life instinctively deserts them from the beginning of April to October. The tigers go up the hills; the antelopes and wild hogs

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make incursions into the cultivated plain; and those persons, such as dâk-bearers, or military officers who are obliged to traverse the forest in the intervening months, agree that not so much as a bird can be heard or seen in the frightful solitude.

Yet, during the time of the heaviest rains, while the water falls in torrents, and the cloudy sky tends to prevent evaporation from the ground, the forest may be passed with tolerable safety. *It is in the extreme heat, and immediately after the rains have ceased,* in May, the latter end of August, and the early part of September, *that it is most deadly.* In October the animals return. By the latter end of that month the wood-cutters and the cowmen again venture, though cautiously. From the middle of November to March troops pass and re-pass, and with common precaution no risk is usually apprehended.

Before the days of the microscope and the experimental laboratory, the only remedy known for malaria was that of prevention. The fever was then, as it is now, invariably associated with damp; and although Lucretius, B.C. 300, ventured to suggest that 'malaria was due to living organisms in the blood,' such an idea was regarded as too wild to be seriously considered. To hold the floods in check, or restrain the masses of water which burst from the porous sides of the hills, was the remedy which better appealed to the practical minds of the Cæsars. With truly marvellous engineering skill they devised and carried out an elaborate system of cunicular drains which penetrated the hills around Rome, and spread underground throughout the Campagna with ingenious web-like intricacy. The art of making these drains was said to belong through heredity to certain families, a few descendants of whom are still living in the Abruzzi.[5]

The work of drainage was further carried out by the cutting of canals, and the opening of the Appian Way across the land.

By these means malaria was rendered comparatively impotent; hence the healthy and thriving population, the luxurious villas, the abundant crops and farms of which we read. Life had become possible, and all was accordingly prosperous until political disturbances and ruinous wars brought about the fall of the Roman empire, and changed the whole face of nature. With the depopulation of the plains the land was left to itself, the drains fell into decay, all reverted to the former state of things; the saving conditions of health were withdrawn. Over the ruins the long-restrained malaria gradually and insidiously crept, to flourish once more on the forsaken land. In the vapours of night, in the dews of the morning, the germs of the disease maintain their vitality, and on the sultry breeze may be disseminated far and wide. In all malarial countries the tale is the same. The germs which are the fundamental cause of the disease originate in swamps, follow the course of rivers, and haunt jungles and those regions which are left to themselves.

In our own country the disease has long been known as ague or intermittent fever; and although James the First, Oliver Cromwell, and many others, fell victims to ague, the disease does not seem

[5] William North.

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ever to have been of so virulent a type as that of the tropics, or the 'perniciosa' of Italy. With the cultivation of the land it has almost died out, but shows a curious tendency to linger in certain places, and to lie long dormant in certain constitutions. Sir James Paget has found, in the course of his practice, that where patients have been exposed to malaria, a surgical operation will prove an exciting cause for the active development of that disease. He has always had to distinguish between the rigor of pyæmia (blood-poisoning) and that of malaria following a surgical operation. In several cases he found that the previous or earlier development of the malaria was checked by the constant use of quinine.

In many parts of Ireland and Scotland—indeed, wherever peat prevails—however damp and marshy it may be, malaria is unknown owing to the powerful antiseptic qualities of the peat. For the same reason it is unknown in the 'Dismal Swamp' of America.

Until recent years so little was known of the *vera causa* of this disease, that Sir Thomas Watson, in his book on the *Practice of Physic*, published in 1871, gives the following explanation:—

> The effluvia which form the sole exciting cause of intermittent and remittent fevers are believed to proceed from the surface of the earth, and are probably gaseous or aëriform; at any rate they are involved in the atmosphere. But they are imperceptible by any of our senses. Of their physical or chemical qualities we really know nothing.

At the very time these words were written the first streak of light was beginning to break through the darkness of centuries, for two scientific investigators—Drs. Lanzi and Terrigi, of Rome—were then devoting themselves to the subject. The results of their first observations were communicated to the Medical section of the eleventh congress of scientists on the 19th of October, 1873. Looking back, it is curious to notice the extraordinary difficulties of this research; for, though they had come to the true conclusion that malaria was caused by a parasite, yet, 'fearing to be misled by fallacious appearances,' they ultimately abandoned this theory, and maintained instead that 'malaria consisted in a cadaveric vegetable product, generated by putrefaction of algæ and other plants.'

In order to prove the direct connection between paludal poison and the infected blood of man, they undertook a series of experiments on guinea-pigs with mud from the marshes of Ostia. In this way they succeeded in producing artificial malaria in animals. The marked characteristic of malaria is the appearance of *black pigments* in the blood, with enlarged spleen, &c. The all-important black pigment was found in the blood of the inoculated animals; but, for various scientific reasons into which it is unnecessary to enter, the experiments were not considered conclusive.

It was therefore arranged, after a meeting of naturalists at Cassel in 1887, that Tommasi-Crudeli and Professor Klebs should study and

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define the foci of malaria in the Agro Romano in the course of the following winter.

Here, accordingly, we find them pursuing their perilous researches in the very heart of the deadly Pontine marshes.

Aided by the help of the Prince of Teano, they entered on their campaign with a complete *batterie de science*, including an ingenious instrument devised by Klebs, which enabled them to examine the air. By this means they were soon able to prove that 'in malarious districts the poison is raised above the level of the ground even before the time when the infection becomes manifest in man.'[6]

At beautiful deserted Ninfa they took specimens of air from land covered with vegetation, near a ruined church. At Tre Ponti they took it from marshy land, and from the lake of Fogliano near a dune, in a spot exhaling fœtid odour. On lakes Caprolace and Monaci they floated pieces of cork, across which glass slides were fastened, with a gelatinous surface towards the water. Over these contrivances they placed little roofs of wax-cloth to protect them from the rain. In a summer-house at Fogliano they examined all these specimens of air under the microscope, and found innumerable organisms, the length and breadth of which were duly recorded.

In the mud they also found bacteria of various kinds, diatoms, and filaments. Without entering too much into detail, it is sufficient to state that these were subjected to the usual process of elimination and cultivation in the laboratory of the micro-biologist.

To determine the parasitic nature of the malarial virus they inoculated some rabbits with fluid mixed with matter from the air, and found it was possible to infect them with true malarial fever. In some cases the quartan type could be transferred into the quotidian. In almost all cases the characteristic black pigment was found in the blood, the spleen was enlarged, and in the lymph they discovered many brilliant, *actively moving*, *oval* bodies.[7]

The result was, they considered that 'the air examined contained corpuscles capable of development, which, after multiplication in nutrient material, were rendered capable of producing attacks of intermittent fever in animals infected with them.'

In regard to the experiments made with the soil they adopted the plan of composing artificial marshes in the laboratory. They provided all the conditions of temperature, moisture, and access of air (oxygen) which are naturally found in malarious lands at the time of their greatest virulence. As the earth used for this purpose must necessarily be infected earth, they took one specimen from a marsh at the farm of Valchetta, another from a marsh near a hamlet, a third from the up-ploughed earth in the valley of Cremera, and a fourth from an artichoke ground. With the first three, artificial

[6] Memoir *On the Nature of Malaria*, by Tommasi-Crudeli and Klebs.

[7] In all probability the true organisms.

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marshes were formed and kept at a temperature of 30°–35° C. Having prepared the infected fluid and inoculated a certain number of rabbits, the same results followed as previously. Malarial fever was produced artificially; the characteristic black pigment was found, with many filaments of an organism which was taken to be the *vera causa* of the disease, and was forthwith designated the *bacillus malariæ*.

During these experiments, an unexpected opportunity arose for the examination of some recently disturbed soil on the Janiculum. Dr. Fleischl, a physician in Rome, sent them word that Signor W., proprietor of the Villa Spada, had been attacked by a grave form of fever, at a time when such had not yet appeared in Rome. This was owing to the recent disturbance of soil close to the bedroom of Signor W., which was on the ground floor. The excavations had been made in soil rich in *humus* (*i.e.* vegetable mould) which had long been used as a garden, and also penetrated a clayey soil lower down, where an orange plantation was being made. On the 2nd of May they brought to the laboratory specimens of both kinds of soil, taken from below the superficial layers, and proceeded to prepare their artificial marshes. In sterilised water mixed with these soils were seen many self-moving oval corpuscles, sometimes uniting in twos and threes, in rows which oscillated. In specimens of soil taken from the botanic gardens for experimental comparison, these bodies were found but sparingly, and never united in rows. On the 6th of May, two rabbits were injected with mixtures of these soils from the artificial marshes—No. 1 from the clayey soil, No. 2 from that rich in humus. The former had in eight days four febrile *accès*, with ever-increasing temperature. Even in the remissions of fever, the temperature went on increasing. In the following six days the fever assumed the quotidian type, and the maximum temperature rose gradually to 41°·1 C. No. 2 showed much less marked temperature rises. The maxima oscillated between 39°·9 and 40°·05; the first two, twenty-four hours, and others forty-eight hours apart. The results of these experiments point to the great difference of development of the agent in virgin soils—those deep below the surface—compared with those long under garden culture. It indicates, in fact, that the cultivation of the soil reduces the danger of fever to a minimum.

As the studies of the laboratory are extremely technical, and minutely elaborate, it would be out of place to attempt to explain the reasons which brought these distinguished observers to the conclusion that, of all the organisms found, the particular microbe they were in quest of was the *bacillus*. In all such researches it is interesting to observe how often truth comes within reach, only to recede again for a time.

Nevertheless, their researches were fruitful; and although they

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have since relinquished the *bacillus malariæ*, which was for some years universally accepted, their observations have proved to be of practical value to science.

After prolonged and close study of the changes produced in the spleen and blood of animals which died of malarial fever, Tommasi-Crudeli held 'that the degeneration of the red blood globules (which is always observed in this disease) occurred throughout the whole vascular system, and chiefly in the spleen and bone marrow.' He found that 'pigment was formed within the blood-vessels and in the circulating blood, and that it was derived from the colouring matter of the red globule, and was formed absolutely in the protoplasm of the same.'

While these experiments with the air and soil of infected lands were being conducted, other *confrères*, Marchiafava and Celli, were giving their attention to the clinical aspects of the disease. The effect of malarial poison on the blood of human beings was the immediate object of their research.

This branch of the subject brings us to the hospital of Santo Spirito, where lie the sallow victims of the disease. To this vast hospital a daily contingent is brought in omnibuses from the Campagna and outlying districts of Rome. Before treatment has been begun, and at every stage of treatment, symptoms are carefully noted, every rise and fall of temperature is recorded, and, most important of all, a little drop of blood is drawn from a carefully-cleansed finger, and examined under the microscope.

Unfortunately for our savants, they were unable to pursue their investigations with the completeness they desired, because 'for some years the malarious infection has in Rome and the Roman Campagna become mild, and consequently the grave forms of malaria have not been frequent in the hospitals, where, however, the slighter forms abound.'[8] Confirmatory evidence of this was found in the anatomical rooms, where, 'in the bodies of patients dead from other diseases, it does not happen so frequently as in the past to meet with melanosis of the spleen, liver, and bone marrow—the melanosis which testifies to previous melanæmia' (malarial fever, or pigmented condition of the blood). They could tell, by the after-effects on the blood, not only whether the person had ever suffered during life from malarial fever, but whether the attack had been grave or slight. This indicates a lifelong alteration of the blood produced by the disease.

It may be desirable to explain, for the sake of those unaccustomed to such studies, that the human blood in a healthy condition consists not of a mere coloured fluid, as might be supposed, but of innumerable round red cells, closely packed together like rouleaux of coins, and very elastic. These cells are called corpuscles, some-

[8] Marchiafava and Celli on *The Alterations of the Blood-globules in Malaria.*

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times globules. In perfect health they are rich in colouring matter. Under the influence of malarial fever, these beautiful normal blood cells go through a serious alteration, both in form and colour. In each individual case the alteration depends on the type of disease developed, for one of the remarkable features of this disease is its manifold types. There is the daily paroxysm quotidian, the every other day tertian, and quartan which disappears for two days and returns on the fourth. Then there may be double tertian, when two paroxysms come close together on the third day. Again, one type may change into another; and when typhoid supervenes and becomes complicated with malaria, it is found that the activity of malaria is suspended during the typhoid course, and starts into life again as soon as circumstances permit.[9]

To return to the observations of Marchiafava and Celli, the first change seen to occur in the blood is very minute, simply a speck which appears in the red blood corpuscle. Perhaps only one corpuscle in many may be thus affected; but, even so, it is terribly significant to the watcher, for he knows it is the cloud on the horizon which portends a storm, the small beginning of a possibly fatal end. That little speck is a living germ which has found an entrance into the human body through the air or drinking water, and finds suitable nourishment and conditions for reproduction in the corpuscles of the blood. At a later stage of the disease more corpuscles become affected, and two, three, or more specks may be seen in one corpuscle, which then begins to enlarge often to twice the normal size. Sometimes these specks form into circlets and take diverse shape. If we follow the life history of this speck or plasmodium, we shall see how it lives at the expense of the blood globule, and shall better understand how it is that the victims of malaria become pallid, anæmic, and during recovery often voraciously hungry.

Under the microscope the germ is seen to increase in size, and as it develops, the outer rim of the red blood globule becomes paler and paler as the colouring matter is drawn away from it, and converted into the black pigment which appears to be gathered up or stored in the centre. During this process the blood corpuscle goes through a series of changes not unlike those of the moon, for it generally ends in a crescent with a faint outline of the circle still adherent to the horns. When the crescent finally sets itself free, all that remains of the original red globule is a colourless orb. In the crescent is seen the store of black pigment, which, indeed, may be called the life-blood of the victim.

In cases where the deterioration of the blood is very rapid and the patient becomes comatose, little hope remains of saving life; but,

[9] Laveran.

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where the destruction is slower, recuperation has time to set in, and the healthy blood cells gain the day.

Tommasi-Crudeli well explains this disease when he calls it a *necrobiosis* of the red blood cells; in other words, death of the blood by the destructive agency of a parasite.

At the time these observations were first brought before the public by Marchiafava and Celli, I had the good fortune to visit Rome, and was taken by my friend Tommasi-Crudeli to the Institute to see the malarial organisms under the microscope. Here I was presented to Mr. Klebs, nephew of the professor, and two assistants, who awaited our arrival at the lecture theatre. It was a strange experience to find myself in this temple of learning, sitting on a student's revolving chair, gazing into the invisible world of disease. On a long table in front of me was a miniature tramway, on which wheeled microscopes were passed during class hours, noiselessly and rapidly, from student to student.

I was now to enjoy the privilege of seeing for myself the organism which caused the disease.

These were the days of the *bacillus malariæ*, and those were the organisms which I saw under the microscope. Looking back now, I can readily understand how the filaments so often seen in malarial blood were thought at first to be bacilli. Although I did not then see a fresh drop of infected blood, still all the changes which take place in the globules were fully explained to me, and excited the deepest interest.

Having thus heard at first hand all that was then known of this disease, and the lecture having come to a close, I was taken from the theatre and open light of day, down into a large and gloomy basement to inspect the mysteries below. Here all was dim and silent, no students being then at work to relieve the stillness which felt oppressive in so grim a place. All around were arranged microscopes and the innumerable mechanical appliances of science. Passing through this laboratory we entered another which was dark and heated. I was now in the presence chamber of the invisible, infinitely small beings which carry death in so many shapes to the active and visible of creation.

At one side of this chamber stood a row of curious stoves, the lids of which were raised to allow me to look in. There before my eyes were all manner of disease germs, living and multiplying on nutrient material, at a temperature suited to their existence. It is strange to think that the very lowliest organisms of the vegetable world should have the power to convey sickness and carry death to the human race and animals of the higher kingdom. So virulent is the poison, and so softly does it come, that we are stricken before we are aware by the little agent which is more powerful to slay than all the instruments of destruction ever invented. In war it is after

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the noise of the battle is over that the air-borne poison does its silent work impartially on both sides. But, thanks to Pasteur on the one hand, and Lister on the other, we can now hold this pyæmia, our most deadly enemy, at bay.

On my departure from Rome, the subject which had then interested me so much necessarily fell into abeyance in a land where malaria is gradually becoming extinct. Four years later, however, when visiting America last September, fresh interest was aroused by finding the work in full progress there. I then learnt that, simultaneously with the investigations already described, another pathologist, Dr. Laveran, had broken away from all preconceived ideas on the subject, and was carrying on independent researches at Bona in Algiers, and later at the military hospital of Constantine. Not hoping to discover the more distant causes of paludism, he occupied himself solely with the clinical (bedside) aspects of the disease.

It was in the military hospital, while examining a patient under treatment, that he recognised for the first time the existence of *mobile filaments* attached to the pigmented bodies or plasmodiums. He felt intuitively that he was in the presence of the true malarial parasite, the *microbe du paludisme* in its perfected form.

All further research only verified this impression. In the blood of thirty-two patients attacked with different forms of malarial disease he found the same organisms, while they were never encountered in subjects attacked with other diseases. He was always careful in making his investigations to *select* his case, and preferred a patient who had already suffered from previous attacks, and was consequently anæmic to start with. The parasites were always more numerous and easy to find where the red blood was already poor in quality, for it is well known that healthy blood is able to resist disease, while the unhealthy or weaker blood succumbs.

By giving minute attention to small matters of detail he was able to overcome many of the difficulties encountered in this research. In the first place he selected his case as already mentioned, taking into account the constitution of the patient and the district in which the poison had been absorbed. Then he found that the examination of the blood was easier after ten minutes had elapsed since it was drawn, owing to the tendency of the corpuscles to adhere to each other, thus presenting the edge of the circle instead of the flat surface.

In reading the accounts of this laborious work it is curious to note that no sooner is one difficulty overcome than another rises up. If it is necessary, for instance, to allow ten minutes to elapse, it is also essential not to permit half an hour to run away, for the life of the perfected organism only lasts that time *outside* the living body of the patient. Again, it is not every drop of blood that contains the organisms; and, although eight or ten may sometimes be found in the same field, infinite patience is required to find them.

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In the course of his studies Laveran was able to confirm the valuable observations of Marchiafava and Celli on the alterations which occur in the blood, while these pathologists in their turn were able to confirm the more advanced discovery of Laveran. To the latter fell the honour of discovering the microbe to be polymorphic (*i.e.* going through changes of form), thus explaining many of the previous difficulties.

The pigment granules which we have traced from the beginning of this history, and which are invariably associated with malaria, are the first indications of the disease, for the parasites in which they are imbedded are so transparent that they are scarcely visible.

The next stages in the evolution of the parasite are only to be seen when the weather is very warm, or when taken at the *accès* when the temperature is at 37° or 38° C. At this stage the microbe is found in its perfected condition, with active flagella attached to the amœboid body, which still contains the black pigment in its centre.

The publication of this fresh discovery was received with much scepticism, for instead of a bacillus, or any form of bacteria known in connection with human diseases, here was one belonging to a higher order of the protozoa. Only in rats and in horses (*surra*) had anything approaching in character to this morphological organism been previously found. The natural result of this was a fresh wave of energy throughout the biological laboratories of malarial lands.

In Philadelphia, Dr. William Osler, Professor of Clinical Medicine in the University of Pennsylvania, determined to devote himself steadily to the subject with a view to confirm or upset this extraordinary discovery. In six months he was able to recognise—to use his own words—'the folly of a scepticism based on theoretical conceptions.'

As many patients are brought to the hospitals in Philadelphia from the peach-growing districts suffering from malaria, he had ample opportunities for pursuing independent research. During my recent visit to that city he was good enough to show me a fresh-drawn drop of blood containing the parasite in the crescent shape (which is the most persistent), and to explain to me very fully the life-history of the organism.

It is necessary for really good observations to draw the drop of blood from the finger of the patient before quinine has been administered. This drug is so powerful a specific [10] that it soon destroys the microbe at the matured stages of its existence, leaving the crescents only, to disappear later. That this particular organism is the direct cause of the terrible changes which take place in the blood

[10] Dr. I. A. Corrêa de Carvalho of Extremoz (Portugal) has recently published a case where quinine could not be taken internally owing to gastric disturbance complicating the treatment of malaria. He adopted the plan of injecting the quinine under the skin, and succeeded in curing at once the dyspepsia and the malaria.

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there can be little doubt, as the symptoms prove grave or slight according to the amount of destruction occasioned by its presence. Moreover, the progress of the disease can be checked by quinine, directly influencing the living parasite.

Without entering too deeply into the *technique*, it seems that the first tiny speck seen in the blood corpuscle is the germ of the perfect monad. Here it dwells, as Richard [11] remarks, somewhat as the weevil in a pea. The food it affects is the red matter of the blood, which it converts into the black pigment. While this destructive process is going on, the microbe itself goes through a series of changes which end in a crescent, in the middle of which lie the stored-up pigment, and around which may be seen the faintly defined colourless outline of the once perfect blood globule. From this pale remnant of the feast the crescent now shakes itself free, to go through further stages of transition. After first shrinking slightly, the crescent now assumes an oval form, and begins to expand until it becomes an enlarged round body with the pigment still in the middle, and signs of segmentation cells forming all round.

This is called the rosette form, and is interesting to watch under the microscope, as the next stages in development are very rapid. In ten minutes from the first faint sign of segmentation a cluster of nucleated cells may be seen, with the little dark pigments in the middle. Twenty minutes later, the cells have taken definite and distinct shape, and in another hour have burst into free bodies, scattering forth the pigment granules in the general disruption. This is the hour of the fever *accès*, when the patient is in the agonies of prostration.

The flagellated forms are exactly the same as those just described, only with the addition of the flagella. As the flagella often become detached and move about independently, and as the complete form has but a short-lived existence outside the human body, it is more rarely seen than the other forms. Its presence in the field is usually suspected before it comes into vision, by the general commotion among the blood globules as it darts to and fro. Some have one, others two, three, and sometimes four flagella. The length is three or four times that of the body. They are exceedingly delicate, gently tapering, and with, in some instances, a knob in the middle, or at the end. Their structure is unlike that of any other organism ever observed in the human blood. They have no relation whatever with spirilla, micrococci, or bacteria of other acute human diseases. All attempts to cultivate these hæmatozoa outside the body in nutrient material have failed; therefore, in the human blood alone can they be studied.

I may add that these observations have been further confirmed by Dr. Vandyke Carter, Principal and Professor of Medicine, Grant

[11] *Comp. Rendu*, Paris, 1882.

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College, Bombay. His investigations on 'the blood organisms in ague' were published only last year,[12] and are of special interest from the favourable opportunities he has enjoyed for research among the natives who have come under his care.

Regarding parasitism as a whole, he considers

nothing definite has yet been learnt of the mode and time of the first introduction of germs into the blood, though, according to current views, the malarial infection can be acquired through both air and water, and this research would certainly suggest the channel of drinking-water by preference.

In referring to the prolonged duration of malarial fever and its occasional sudden subsidence, he describes the frequent presence in the blood of other organisms, called *leucocytes*, which prey upon the microbes of paludism. These creatures are frequently found in the blood, preying on white blood cells, and attacking the organisms of disease when present. Their function is thus an important one in preserving the balance in favour of health, and they may be described as the scavengers of the blood.

Those found in connection with malaria are of an extremely voracious nature, large and coarse-grained, and are seen at all temperatures equally whenever flagellated spheroids are present. This circumstance sometimes proves a positive hindrance to continued observation of the malarial organisms,

which seem to constitute a pabulum so attractive as speedily, in some occult way, to draw into the field one, two, or even three of the leucocytes eager to contend for the prize. The most violent and repelling contortions of flagella are then of no avail in opposing the overwhelming advance of the expanded end (mouth, so to speak) of the leucocyte, and always in the course of a few minutes the entire pigmented body becomes engulfed. This is carried off to be digested at leisure, leaving only at last dark pigment granules, such as are not uncommon in many leucocytes, and might hence serve as evidence of prior characteristic events.

For some reason the crescentic bodies are not so attractive, for Dr. Carter noticed that the leucocyte would turn from these and leave them untouched; and, such being the rule, he considers that this explains the longer persistence of crescents in the blood.

No sign appears of the spheroids and their flagella being able to protect themselves against attack. After they are engulfed and all but the central body disappears, he frequently saw the pigment granules move definitely, as if disintegration of the spheroid were delayed, the idea occurring that germ granules might be even preserved latent within the leucocytes for a certain period of time. On repeating these observations he was led to surmise that currents in the plasma might convey to the leucocyte intelligence of its more distant prey. Not all spheroids are equally attacked, neither are all leucocytes equally eager.

In reference to this part of the subject Professor Metschnikoff

[12] Reprinted from the *Scientific Memoirs* by Medical Officers of the Army of India, part iii.

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believes that the malarial parasite in its free crescent state is not devoured by leucocytes, possibly in consequence of its excreting a *succus* on its surface, which, as it were, paralyses the leucocyte, and thus may account for the observations of Carter just mentioned. He considers its proliferation in the blood may proceed uninterruptedly to a certain extent, but with its entrance into the red blood corpuscle the microbe loses its power of resistance to leucocytes. As these marauders are in the habit of devouring weakened blood corpuscles, they have little hesitation in devouring those also which are enfeebled by the parasite within them.

By a series of experiments Metschnikoff has shown that spirilla, in relapsing fever, which have been similarly engulfed by leucocytes, still retain their infecting power, and that this fact, 'with the occasional free appearance of the spirilla, is considered to explain the recurrency of the febrile attacks,'—a view which is equally applicable to malaria.

To return to the home of paludal fever, we must not expect to find there, in the soil, the active and matured forms of life which have just been described. Of that part of the life-history little is known, but from the researches of botanical science we may fairly assume that the spores are generated in the soil, and in that form find their way through the water or through the air into the blood of human beings. It is a popular error to suppose that the fever is caused by a chill. The chill is that which determines, not that which causes, the development of the disease. Many human beings who are living in, or passing through malarial countries, have the seeds of malaria in them; but in healthy conditions of the blood, and in constitutions not susceptible to that form of disease, they may lie dormant until passed off in the course of nature.

In the winter season there is little to be feared from a visit to Rome if proper attention be given to the ordinary rules of health. To avoid fatigue, and sight-seeing in warm damp weather; to avoid insanitary hotels, and to live inside the town rather than on the outskirts. In summer the natives never dream of incurring the risk of a stroll out to the Campagna, but gather in the piazzas, and sit under the colonnades protected from malarious breezes by the surrounding walls.

In visiting Rome it is difficult to avoid the dangers of freshly upturned soil; but the simple plan of wearing a cotton-wool respirator will enable any sightseer to watch the excavations, and be out after sunset, with impunity. If troops in passing through malarious countries were provided with mosquito nets in which they could envelop their heads at night, in all probability they would be as much screened from the dangers of malaria as are the scattered dwellings of the Campagna by a little belt of trees.

Subjoined is a classification of the countries of the world in respect to malaria, kindly sent to me by Mr. William North :—

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FIRST CATEGORY. HIGHEST DEGREE OF INTENSITY.

CLASS I.—Senegal; coasts of Gulf of Guinea; West Coast of Africa as far as the 20th parallel of S. latitude; Madagascar; the Guianas.

CLASS II.—India; Cochin China; Ceylon; Afghanistan; Burma; Siam; the whole of the Malay and Philippine Archipelago; New Guinea; Nubia; parts of Abyssinia and the Soudan, and Central America.

CLASS III.—The East Coast of Africa; Egypt; the coast-line of Arabia; Mexico; China proper; the Brazils and Peru.

SECOND CATEGORY.

CLASS I.—Tripoli; Algeria; Morocco; the Cape Verde Islands and the oases of the Sahara.

CLASS II.—Turkey in Europe; Greece; the Islands of the Archipelago; Sardinia; Malta; Sicily and parts of Italy.

CLASS III.—Roumania; Hungary; Italy; Corsica; Spain; Portugal; Southern Russia, and a large part of the United States.

THIRD CATEGORY.

Southern Sweden; Denmark; Belgium and Holland; Germany; France; La Plata; Chili and the Islands of Madeira; Bourbon and St. Helena.

FOURTH CATEGORY. NO MALARIA, OR INSIGNIFICANT.

The British Islands; Norway; the northern parts of Sweden, Finland, and Russia; all North America above the 50th parallel of N. latitude; Uruguay; the Argentine Republic and Patagonia; Northern China; almost all Siberia and the greater part of Japan; New Zealand and the southern parts of Australia.

ELIZA PRIESTLEY.

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A FEW MORE WORDS ON THE HAWAIIANS AND FATHER DAMIEN.

THE Hawaiian Islands lie in the Pacific Ocean, about halfway between America and Australia, and they were discovered a hundred and twenty years ago by Captain Cook. For fifty years they were visited by no white people except merchantmen and whalers, who often exercised on the people a pernicious influence which it makes one's blood boil to hear of. The natives were a fine muscular race, with brown skins and handsome countenances. They were wonderfully hospitable, and they welcomed the foreigners almost as if they had been gods, giving them freely the best of their food, their shelter, and their daughters. They numbered about four hundred thousand. Their visitors brought them vices—drink and wicked diseases—and now the number of natives has shrunk to forty thousand. Of these it is feared that two thousand are infected with leprosy. Their constitutions are often enfeebled, and their lands are largely held by their guests; but the same hospitable smiles adorn their friendly faces, and the same simple, dignified manners grace their behaviour. They bear no malice.

Happily there is a bright side, as well as a dark side, to the incoming of the whites to the Hawaiian Islands.

In the year 1809 a brown boy was found crying on the doorsteps of a college in America. His name was Obookiah, and he came from the Hawaiian Islands. His father and mother had been killed in his presence, and as he was escaping, with his baby-brother on his back, the little one was slain with a spear and he himself was taken prisoner. Circumstances brought him to America, and at last to the doorsteps of Yale College. In this extremity he was taken in and kindly used by Mr. Dwight, a resident graduate. Obookiah loved his people, and soon he asked that he might 'learn to read this Bible, and go back home and tell them to pray to God up in heaven.' Two other lads, Tennooe and Hopu, had come to America with him. They were all taken and educated by Mr. Dwight, and the result was that in ten years a band of twelve men and women started from Boston for the Sandwich, or Hawaiian, Islands, with Tennooe and Hopu as guides. Obookiah had died a peaceful Christian death, about a year after his arrival at Yale.

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When the party left Boston it was said to them, 'Probably none of you will live to witness the downfall of idolatry.' But when they reached the islands the downfall had already come.

Kamehameha the First—a king as great in his way, perhaps, as our King Alfred—had effected an immense revolution. He had, after long wars, united all the islands in one sovereignty, and he had abolished the degrading system of caste, or 'tabu.' 'By this system' (I quote from Dr. Bartlett's historical sketch of the Hawaiian Mission) 'it was death for a man to let his shadow fall upon a chief, to enter his enclosure, or to stand if his name were mentioned in a song. In these and other ways "men's heads lay at the feet of the king and the chiefs." No woman might eat with her husband, or eat fowl, pork, cocoanut, or bananas—things offered to the idols: death was the penalty. If any man made a noise when prayers were being said he died. When the people had finished building a temple some of them were offered in sacrifice. I myself saw a great quadrangular temple, on the coast of Hawaii, which contained quantities and quantities of skulls. A cord is preserved with which one high-priest had strangled twenty-three human victims. Infanticide was a common practice. Maniacs were stoned to death. Old people were often buried alive, or left to perish. There was no written language.

The missionaries reached Hawaii on the 31st of March, 1820, after a long, wearisome journey; and one can imagine how delightful the aspect of these delicious tropical islands must have been to them. The whole scene is so exactly described in the following lines of Tennyson that it seemed to me, when I was there last January, as if they must have been written to describe it:—

> 'Courage!' he said, and pointed toward the land,
> 'This mounting wave will roll us shoreward soon.'
> In the afternoon they came unto a land
> In which it seemed always afternoon.
> All round the coast the languid air did swoon,
> Breathing like one that hath a weary dream.
> Full-faced above the valley stood the moon;
> And like a downward smoke, the slender stream
> Along the cliff to fall and pause and fall did seem.
>
> A land of streams! some, like a downward smoke,
> Slow-dropping veils of thinnest lawn, did go;
> And some thro' wavering lights and shadows broke,
> Rolling a slumbrous sheet of foam below.
> They saw the gleaming river seaward flow
> From the inner land: far off, three mountain-tops,
> Three silent pinnacles of aged snow,
> Stood sunset-flush'd.

The mountains and the river are there, and the delicious streams are for ever falling by scores down the green precipices of Hawaii into the blue sea. How lovely that sea is can scarcely be told. One puts one's hand in, and all round it is the softest and most brilliant blue;

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below are growths of pure white coral, and among them swim fishes as brilliant as paroquets. Some are yellow like canaries, some are gorgeous orange or bright red. I tried to paint a blue fish, but no pigment could represent its intensity. The loveliest of all was like nothing but a rainbow as it sported below me. Groves of cocoanut trees rise from the water's edge. The gardens are rich with roses, lilies, myrtles, gardenia, heliotrope, and passion-flowers.

Near by is a great tropical forest, which I always feared as I entered: for there is an element of the terrible in this tremendous vegetation, and in the perfect silence of it all. The trees are wreathed with humid creepers; the ferns are fourteen feet high; even the stag's-horn moss grows taller than a man. Every foot of space is occupied with rank vegetation.

When the Bostonians reached the coast they sent Hopu on shore to reconnoitre. He soon returned, and as he came within hail he shouted: 'Kamehameha is dead. His son Liholiho reigns. The tabus are abolished. The images are burned. The temples are destroyed. There has been war. Now there is peace!'

This was news indeed. The great king had one day risen up from the table where he was feasting and had stalked over to his wives' table, and sat down with them to eat and to drink. The high-priest had followed his example. The people were aghast with apprehension: but no judgment from heaven followed, and soon the tabu was broken everywhere, and a new freedom spread through the islands.

Kamehameha's work was done; he fell ill, and took to his bed. As he lay dying he asked an American trader to tell him about the Americans' God. 'But,' said the native informant, in his broken English, 'he no tell him anything.'

The missionaries had arrived at the right moment, and they were cordially welcomed. The new king, with his five wives, came to call—straight out of the sea, and all undressed. The missionaries hinted that it would be better if they wore clothes, and the next time the king called he wore a pair of silk stockings and a hat. He threw himself down on the bed, the first he had ever beheld, and rolled himself over and over on it with extreme delight.

The Princess Kapuliholiho said to the missionary's wife, 'Give us your eldest son, and we will adopt him.' There were five dowager-queens, one of whom was dressed with great state in a robe made of seventy thicknesses of bark. The white ladies found favour in the eyes of the brown ladies, who described their visitors in the following terms: 'They are white and have hats with a spout. Their faces are round and far in. Their necks are long. They look well.' The royal feasts were on a large scale; sometimes as many as two hundred dogs were cooked on these occasions, and it was a favourite joke to put a pig's head on a roasted dog, to deceive a too fastidious white visitor.

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A majestic chieftainess, six feet high, named Kapiolani, was one of the first converts to Christianity, and a faithful ally of the teachers of the new faith. It was she who in 1824 broke the spell which hung over the great volcano, the supposed home of the terrible goddess Pele. She marched with her retinue across the plains of lava till she reached the lake of fire. Then she flung into it the sacred ohelo berries, and defied Pele to hurt her. There was a horror-stricken silence, but no calamity followed, and Kapiolani calmly turned to her people and told them of Jehovah and of her new-found faith in Christ.

It is said that a third of the population became Christians in consequence of this brave deed.

I have heard an interesting account of the first Sunday school held in Hawaii. The native monitor was found arranging the class into divisions of Christian and non-Christian. He asked every one the question—'Do you love your enemies?' If they said 'Yes' they were arranged with the Christians, if they said 'No' with the heathen. I have known less sensible divisions made in England; but the missionaries took a broader view, and checked their pupil—much to his surprise.

Only one thing was taught on this occasion to the scholars. They were asked, 'Who made you?' and they were taught to answer, 'The great God who made heaven and earth.'

It was a simple beginning, but great results soon began to appear. The most intense religious interest was felt all over the islands. Thousands of converts were baptised, a wonderful devotion became apparent, and in a comparatively small number of years the whole population became Christian, and has remained so ever since.

The first band of missionaries were Congregationalists, and to their zeal and godly living is due mainly the praise of changing the religion of the Sandwich Islands from heathenism to Christianity.

The Roman Catholic worship was established there in 1839, and the English Church raised its cathedral later still.

The coming to Honolulu is very pleasant. The country is strange and beautiful, the hotel is comfortable, and the inhabitants —white and brown—give visitors a hearty welcome.

I received unvarying kindness from every one in the Sandwich Islands, and it is pleasant to find what a high moral and religious tone is established there. The leading people are chiefly the children and grandchildren of the first missionaries, and they have held to the traditions of their fathers.

The leading banker, Mr. C. A. Bishop, married a royal princess, who was a woman of great power and goodness, and their charities have been at once wise and munificent.

There has been some annoyance felt in Honolulu at the sensational and exaggerated accounts which have been written about

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Hawaiian leprosy, and it is only right to say that visitors need have no fear of contracting this disease, as the Government removes all sources of danger far more efficiently than is done in Europe, Asia, or Africa. In India the opportunities of contracting leprosy are ten times greater.

Visitors are rightly discouraged, and even prevented, from going to the leper settlement, but owing to the kindness of Dr. Emerson, the President of the Board of Health, I at last obtained permission to visit it for a fortnight, and to take with me the remedy in which I was interested.

After my return from Molokai I proceeded as soon as possible to the volcano on the island of Hawaii, and after a voyage of thirty-six hours found myself at Punaluu, where I spent a very happy Sunday at the inn with Mr. and Mrs. Lee.

The time for the little native service was half-past ten; bells began their summons, but I delayed, thinking that, as I could not understand the language, it would be best to go only for the last part of the service. So I set out about eleven. When I got to church I was the only person there—so leisurely and late are the Hawaiians. By-and-by came in some tall, giggling school-girls, then three women with a baby, then three men and the minister. At last we were nineteen, and the service proceeded.

The women look just pleasant, good-natured creations, handsome, large, fat, with a ready smile; they have beautiful curving mouths, but cheap, unfinished eyes. They lolled freely, and did not feign more attention to the service than they felt. (This was, as it were, only a small country out-station. In Honolulu I found a large attendance of natives at church, and a keen interest and devout behaviour.) The manners of both men and women are simple and dignified.

They take no thought for to-morrow and very little for to-day. 'Why should we bother? What does it matter?' Mr. Sproull told me that a Hawaiian did not much mind even having something deducted from his pay when he shirked his work: for the man felt no poorer when threatened with the deduction, and when pay-day came he got a good bit of money anyhow, and felt rich. What a native does dislike is to be laughed at.

Their ways are very unlike ours. For instance, a white man wishes to buy a horse, but the native entirely refuses to sell it till a day comes when he wants some money, perhaps for his child's birthday feast. Then he accepts the price offered, and it is agreed that he is to bring the horse in a week and be paid. But in two days he comes back and says he cannot sell it after all, because his mother-in-law cried and did not want it to go. At a later stage he again agrees to sell, but the white man does not get the horse, for when the seller reaches home another buyer comes in and offers half the price that had

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been promised, and the money is paid down and the horse is gone away with its new owner.

Nearly all the natives make speeches, but with little matter in them, and full of negatives. 'What do I say of Queen Victoria? That she is a tall woman, with red hair and tusks? No. Do I say that she has only one leg? No.' And so on indefinitely.

On Monday morning I rode up to Kilauea. All down the mountain lie coils of hardened lava, sometimes grown over with vegetation and sometimes with enormous cracks and rents. Two years ago there was a most terrific earthquake here, and the lava flowed down to the sea in a river. My host, Mr. Lee, told me that his house rocked most awfully, and that everything was upset. The ground seemed hollow, and a hissing and whizzing kept going on underneath. There were twenty-five shocks in two hours, and they went on all through the night at intervals.

Three lady visitors, who had the day before been elated with their unusually brilliant experiences at the volcano, were now in abject terror, and sat screaming on the balcony-steps in their night-gowns for two whole hours. They even refused coffee. No lives were lost, however. The sea made a harmless bed for the dreadful lava.

It is a long, slow ride up the mountain, but when one reaches the highest elevation the view is sufficiently surprising. The traveller finds himself on a curious green plain, from which many tufts of white smoke are rising. It looks as if weeds were being burned—but no, it is the steam coming out of cracks in the ground, and when he goes up to the place he finds it both hot and wet, and crowds of lucky ferns grow there as thickly as possible. In the middle of this plain is the crater of Kilauea, which consists of a barren waste of lava, surrounded by precipices, about nine miles in circumference, and having in its centre a black burning mountain, from which continually ascends a volume of white smoke. By night this smoke is illuminated, and about a dozen fiery furnaces are seen.

There is a zigzag path down the precipice, which is clothed with tropical vegetation. The ferns and mosses are wonderful, and everywhere grow the scarlet and yellow ohelo berries, which are in season each month of the year, and which taste something like whortleberries.

At the bottom of the precipice the vegetation ceases suddenly, and the most absolutely abandoned place is reached. What looked a flat plain from the top is now discovered to be a wilderness of monstrous blackish lava, all solid, but in every conceivable form of mud wave and mud flow; often it is twisted into coils exactly like rope, and there are great regions where it seems as if some intelligence had been at work to shape it into tens of thousands of huge crocodiles and serpents and unnameable beasts. These horrors must

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be seen to be believed in. They often look positively wicked. In some parts the sulphur has its way, and the lava erections are bright lemon colour. One place is like a ruined tower, with a red-hot oven halfway up it, and a perpetual squilching and hissing and fizzing going on. Generally the lava is blackish grey in colour; sometimes it is iridescent, sometimes it has a sheen, like black satin, and glitters brightly in the sun.

A great deal of it is as hard as stone, but sometimes it is brittle, and is spread out in thin folds like drapery. Under a man's weight it breaks with a scrunch, and down he goes—perhaps for five inches only, perhaps for five feet. It is best to follow closely in the guide's footsteps. There are three miles of lava to be walked over before one reaches the black peaks of the smoking mountain. The ground is often rent with wide, deep cracks, and in some places I found that it was red hot only eight inches below the sole of my foot. Sometimes the crust has heaved and broken; under it is a hollow, and then more lava underneath. The ground is often almost burning hot. Somehow it is not as horrible as one would expect—the sun is so brilliant, the air is so good, and the guide is so cool.

By-and-by a very big, dreadful crack has to be jumped across—a horrid place to look down into; and almost immediately afterwards the lake of fire is visible and close at hand; and sensible people who are not silly and frightened climb down and stand at its edge, shading their faces and eyes from the burning heat.

It is round, like a cup, and is about three hundred feet in diameter (as large as a small circus). Its rim is about ten feet high, and it is full of boiling lava. The lava is as liquid as thick soup, and of a bluish grey colour, with occasional greenish tints. It keeps simmering and heaving, and then it breaks in all directions into most lovely vermilion cracks, changing into violet and then into dead grey.

Nearly all round the edge it shows scarlet, and tosses up waves which are not unlike the waves of the sea, only they are red hot, and the spray is the colour of coral or of blood. Above them there is often a beautiful lilac or violet effect. This violet atmosphere of the fire is one of the loveliest of the phenomena.

Sometimes the edge of the volcano gets undermined with its fiery caves, and topples over with a crash, and all the time a roaring sound goes on like the roaring of the sea.

And now, as one watches, one suddenly sees a scarlet fountain beginning to play in the middle of the lake. At first it is about two feet high, with golden spray, then it gets wilder and larger and more tumultuous, tossing itself up into the air with a beautiful kind of sportiveness—great twistings of fiery liquid are springing high into the air, like serpents and griffins. It really is exquisite, and almost indescribable. I visited the volcano six times, and generally saw some

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of these fire fountains, and the roaring, tossing waves at the edge of the volcano never ceased.

Sometimes a thin blue flame broke through the cracks or roared up through a chimney at the side. All round the lake is a deposit of 'Pele's hair,' a dun-coloured glassy thread that sticks into one's hand—with numberless little points. In some places it lies so thick that it is like a blanket of disagreeable tawny fur.

It is necessary to look out for a sudden change of wind at Kilauea. I had almost to run one day to escape being stifled with fumes of sulphur. I picked up a lovely scarlet honeybird which had rashly flown that way and met a sulphurous death.

My last view of the volcano was at night, when its colour was nearly that of a primrose. Enormous waves and fountains of fire were playing and tossing up wreaths of spray, which sometimes fell almost at my feet and lay like red-hot snakes till they cooled into pitchiness.

While I was there the sky at evening was generally very green, and peculiarly lovely in contrast with the orange of the fire. The calm, nearly level outline of the distant mountain (Mona Loa), and the young tender moon made a delightful relief from the fiery terrors in front of me.

I left Kilauea feeling that I had seen one of the most wonderful sights that the world contains, and I had learnt the lesson that even a lake of fire can be beautiful.

I was even more strongly impressed a few days later when I visited the great extinct crater of Haleakala, on the island of Mani. It is the largest crater in the world, nine miles in diameter, and it contains in its hollow fourteen great tumuli or extinct volcanoes—some of them 700 feet high. As I watched the scene at sunrise it seemed to me that I was not only in another planet, but in another dispensation.

Except the crater there was nothing to be seen around or below me but miles and miles of white clouds, slowly turning pink before the coming sun. Above them arose the two far-distant mountain-tops, Mona Loa and Mona Kea, and occasionally there was a rent in the great tracts of cloud and a bit of blue sea appeared. The vast crater yawned in the immediate foreground, a deathly, abandoned place, but not without the beauty which almost always marks Nature's works if we have but eyes to see them aright. The strange lights and shadows were unlike anything which I have ever beheld before or since. The colours of the tumuli were dim but splendid, going through the range of dull purple, dull pink, dull brown, dull yellow, dull green. The floor of the crater was grey and black, composed of the dust of lava accumulated through centuries, and probably never trodden by the foot of man.

But the reader will be wearied with descriptions of scenery. I cannot, however, end this account of Hawaii without adding some last words about the priest of Molokai. Friends have said to me

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since the news of Father Damien's end has come to us, 'You must be glad to think that he has passed away to his reward.' I feel that all that God does is best, and that therefore this is best. But I do not feel glad except from that highest point of view. Looked at with human eyes, it would have seemed to most of us that so useful and happy a life might have been prolonged with great blessing to himself and to the suffering ones among whom he worked.

I think that in the last few weeks he had himself begun to feel the desires for paradise quickened, as the weariness of the flesh grew heavier. Almost the last words he wrote to me were: 'My love and good wishes to good friend Edward. I try to make slowly my way of the cross, and hope soon to be on top of my Golgotha.—Yours for ever, J. DAMIEN DE VEUSTER.' Of course I feel glad and thankful that I was permitted to go to him. For it *was* a great cheer to him to find how much we in England cared for him and loved him, and he and I had always great pleasure in each other's company. His talk was simple and friendly and animated; but at any moment he could retire into his hidden life if the occasion arose. He impressed me very much when I stopped to bathe during my first walk with him by the quiet way in which he sat down and read and prayed till I was ready to walk on, and then by the delighted way in which he pointed out to me all the objects of interest.

Some of my happiest times at Molokai were spent in the little balcony of his house, shaded by a honeysuckle in blossom, sketching him and listening to what he said. Sometimes I sang hymns to him —among others, 'Brief life is here our portion,' 'Art thou weary, art thou languid?' and 'Safe home in port.' The lepers sometimes often came up to watch my progress, and it was pleasant to see how happy and at home they were. Their poor faces were often swelled and drawn and distorted, with bloodshot goggle-eyes; but I felt less horror than I expected at their strange aspect. There was generally a number of them playing in the garden below us.

One day I asked him if he would like to send a message to Cardinal Manning. He replied that it was not for such as he to send a message to so great a dignitary, but after a moment's hesitation he said, 'I send my humble respects and thanks.'

He was very anxious that I should attend his church services, though as they were in Hawaiian I could not understand what was said. He pressed me to sing in his choir, and was delighted when I sang 'Adeste fideles' with the boys, and some of the tunes that the ariston played. He had his own private communion in the church on Sunday morning, followed by a general service, at which there were about eighty lepers present.

He seldom talked of himself except in answer to questions, and he had always about him the simplicity of a great man—'clothed with humility.' He was not a sentimental kind of man, and I was therefore

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the more pleased that he gave me a little card of flowers from Jerusalem, and wrote on it, 'To Edward Clifford, from his leper friend, J. Damien.' He also wrote in my Bible the words, 'I was sick, and ye visited me.' He liked looking at the pictures which were in it, especially the two praying hands of Albert Dürer and a picture of Broadlands. I told him all the names of the friends who had given me presents for him, and he asked questions, and was evidently touched and happily surprised that English Protestants should love him.

I gave him on Christmas Day a copy of Faber's hymns which had been sent him by Lady Grosvenor's three children. He read over the childishly written words on the title-page, 'Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy,' and said very sweetly that he should read and value the book. He was notably fond of children, and solicitous about three little girls who had been removed to Honolulu.

Christmas Day was, of course, a feast, and in the evening the lepers had an entertainment and acted little scenes in their biggest hall. The ariston played its best between whiles. To English people it would probably have seemed a dreary entertainment, but the excitement was great. Belshazzar's feast was a truly wonderful representation, and not much more like Belshazzar's feast than like most other scenes. The stage was very dark, and all the lepers seemed to take their turns in walking on and off it. Belshazzar had his face down on the table, buried in his arms, nearly all the time, and it really seemed as if he might be asleep. Nobody did anything particular, and it was difficult to say who was intended for Daniel. I think the queen-mother was a little boy.

I obtained while I was in the islands a report Father Damien had written of the state of things at Molokai, and I think it will be interesting to give a portion of it in his own words.

By special providence of our Divine Lord, who during His public life showed a particular sympathy for the lepers, my way was traced towards Kalawao in May 1873. I was then thirty-three years of age, enjoying a robust good health.

About eighty of the lepers were in the hospital; the others, with a very few Kokuas (helpers), had taken their abode further up towards the valley. They had cut down the old pandanus or punhala groves to build their houses, though a great many had nothing but branches of castor-oil trees with which to construct their small shelters. These frail frames were covered with ki leaves or with sugar-cane leaves, the best ones with pili grass. I myself was sheltered during several weeks under the single pandanus tree which is preserved up to the present in the churchyard. Under such primitive roofs were living pell-mell, without distinction of age or sex, old or new cases, all more or less strangers one to another, those unfortunate outcasts of society. They passed their time with playing cards, hula (native dances), drinking fermented ki-root beer, home-made alcohol, and with the sequels of all this. Their clothes were far from being clean and decent, on account of the scarcity of water, which had to be brought at that time from a great distance. (The state of the sufferers was almost unbearable to a new-comer.) Many a time in fulfilling my priestly duty at their domiciles I have been compelled to run outside to breathe

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fresh air. To counteract the bad smell I made myself accustomed to the use of tobacco, whereupon the smell of the pipe preserved me somewhat from carrying in my clothes the noxious odour of the lepers. At that time the progress of the disease was fearful, and the rate of mortality very high. The miserable condition of the settlement gave it the name of a living graveyard, which name, I am happy to state, is to-day no longer applicable to our place.

When Father Damien first arrived at Molokai the lepers could only obtain water by carrying it from the gulch on their poor shoulders; they had also to take their clothes to some distance when they required washing, and it was no wonder that they lived in a very dirty state.

But in the summer of 1873 some water-pipes were sent them, and all the able lepers went to work to lay them and to build a small reservoir. Since then the settlement has been supplied with good water for drinking, bathing, and washing, and lately the water arrangements have been perfected, under Government auspices, by Mr. Alexander Sproull.

The water supply of Molokai was a pleasant subject with Father Damien. He had been much exercised about it, and was greatly excited one day at hearing that at the end of a valley called Waihanau, rather more than a mile from Kalanpaga, there was a natural reservoir.

He set out with two white men and some of his boys, and travelled up the valley till he came, with the greatest delight, to a nearly circular basin of most delicious ice-cold water. Its diameter was seventy-two feet by fifty-five, and not far from the bank they found, on sounding it, that it was eighteen feet deep. There it lay at the foot of a high cliff, and he was told by the natives that there had never been a drought in which this basin had failed. So clear, sweet water was henceforth available for all who needed it.

The housing during those first years was terribly bad. The lepers had nothing but small, damp huts, and nearly all of them were prostrate on their beds, covered with ugly sores, and looking perfectly miserable. In 1874 a 'cona' (south) wind blew down most of their wretched, rotten abodes, and the poor sufferers lay shivering in the wind and rain, with clothes and blankets wet through. In a few days the grass beneath their sleeping-mats began to emit a 'very unpleasant vapour.' 'I at once,' said Father Damien, 'called the attention of our sympathising agent to the fact, and very soon there arrived several schooner-loads of scantling to build solid frames with, and all lepers in distress received, on application, the necessary material for the erection of decent houses.' Friends sent them rough boards and shingles and flooring. Some of the lepers had a little money, and hired carpenters. 'For those without means the priest, with his leper boys, did the work of erecting a good many small houses.'

In those days the poorer lepers had scarcely enough to cover

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their nakedness. They often suffered greatly from cold and destitution. They were feverish, and they coughed badly, terrible swellings began, and often the poor creatures were so hopeless that they quietly gave themselves up to the ravages of the disease without an effort to stem its progress. They presented a downcast appearance, and soon became total wrecks. When they were not disabled they passed their time in drinking and playing cards. Only a few cultivated the fields.

They had almost no medicines, and it was a common sight to see them going about in lamentable want of a few rags or a little lint for their sores. Sometimes women and children prostrated by the disease were cast out to die with no shelter but a stone wall.

Father Damien was not hopeless about the discovery of a cure for leprosy. 'But, to my knowledge, it has not yet been found,' he said. 'Perchance, in the near future, through the untiring perseverance of physicians, a cure may be found.' He felt very strongly that it was not right to forcibly separate husbands and wives. He said that to do so gave the sufferers pains and agonies that were worse than the disease itself. And when they ceased to care it was worse still, for then they plunged into a vicious course of life. When new-comers arrived at Molokai there were plenty of old residents ready to preach to them the terrible axiom, 'Aole kanawai ma keia wahi'—'In this place there is no law.' With the greatest indignation Father Damien heard this doctrine proclaimed in public and private, and with the whole force of his being he set himself to combat it.

Along the base of the cliffs there grows very abundantly a plant which the natives call 'Ki' (*Dracæna terminalis*), and from the root of which, when cooked and fermented, they make a highly intoxicating liquid. When Father Damien arrived he found that the practice of distilling this horrible drink was carried on largely. The natives who fell under its influence forgot all decency and ran about nude, acting as if they were stark mad.

The brave man, having discovered that certain members of the police were in league with the evil-doers, set to work and went round the settlement with 'threats and persuasions,' till he had induced the culprits to deliver up the instruments which were used for distilling. Some of the most guilty persons were convicted, but they were pardoned on giving a promise that they would never offend again.

As there were so many dying people (says Father Damien) my priestly duty towards them often gave me the opportunity to visit them at their domiciles, and although my exhortations were especially addressed to the prostrated, often they would fall upon the ears of public sinners, who, little by little, became conscious of the consequences of their wicked lives, and began to reform, and thus, with the hope in a merciful Saviour, gave up their bad habits.

Kindness to all, charity to the needy, a sympathising hand to the sufferers and the dying, in conjunction with a solid religious instruction to my listeners, have

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been my constant means to introduce moral habits among the lepers. I am happy to say that, assisted by the local administration, my labours here, which seemed to be almost in vain at the beginning, have, thanks to a kind Providence, been greatly crowned with success.

Father Damien is now called to join that mystical body of Christ which is the 'blessed company of all faithful people,' and I think it will surprise him little when among them he meets men and women of other Christian bodies than that to which he belonged, who have given their lives, as he has done, to the leprous, the foul, and the evil. All were filled with the same divine life; all were inspired with the love and the faith of God; all are counted worthy to walk in robes of white. Differences of creed separate us, pitifully here, but some day we shall perhaps find that the church's dictum, 'quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus,' is true in a deeper and broader sense than that in which she has generally used it, and that a great family is ours of too long unrecognised brothers and sisters.

Of Damien's last hours we as yet know nothing, but we are sure that he met his end with a holy calm and with perfect resignation to the will of God.

All that is mortal of him lies in the little graveyard by the blue sea, where one by one his beloved flock have been laid. The long sad wail of the lepers has been heard day after day for their friend, and many hearts are sore.

The strong, active figure and the cheery voice are no longer to be found at Molokai. God's will be done.

EDWARD CLIFFORD.

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TWELVE MILLIONS PER ANNUM WASTED IN THE SEA.

(A REJOINDER.)

ABSENCE from England until the month of April prevented my either seeing or making any answer to Mr. Thomas Scrutton's reply to my paper in the March number of this Review, in time for its appearance in the May number.

Mr. Scrutton's high position as chairman of the Chamber of Shipping entitles all he says on the subject of shipping to careful and respectful consideration; it also affords reasonable ground for thinking that when he has spoken, all that can be said has been said in support of the shipowners' views.

He dissents strongly from what he describes as the two leading assertions of my paper: (1) That twelve millions per annum are wasted in the sea. (2) That the conditions on which insurances can be effected make such a result possible, and that to remedy this, underwriting by individuals should cease to exist.

Mr. Scrutton endeavours to prove the alleged loss of twelve millions as double the real loss, by taking the tonnage of vessels *totally* lost for the year 1886–7 and multiplying it by 25 (10+15, ship and cargo), which gives 5,250,000*l.* He also takes 'registered' tonnage instead of 'British' (this explains the discrepancy between his tonnage and Mr. Mulhall's), as 'tonnage registered' by no means includes all British shipping, and the figures he gives are for one year only. I prefer to take what Mr. Mulhall gives as the average, 260,000 tons. As this, however, would only give (as two authorities in the City triumphantly write) six millions and a half, instead of twelve, I am considered by all three as utterly routed; and so I should be, if there were no other loss of property at sea than such as occurs when ship and cargo are both totally lost.

But that is not the case. What is the precise value of the property thus lost apart from cases of total loss cannot, in the absence of authentic official returns, be stated; something, however, may be gathered from the fact that out of 10,670 casualties to ships in the year 1886–7, only 1,082 were *total* losses, the remaining 9,588 having sustained loss of various degree, but all stopping short of

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total loss. I cannot, of course, explain how Mr. Mulhall gets his figures, but presume that the minor losses, as serious damage to ship, damage to and destruction of cargo, cargo thrown overboard, and the like, owing to their much greater number (ten to one), may make up the difference, or at least much the greater part of it, a view which seems to be taken by an authority whose opinion I shall give further on.[1]

That the loss, apart from total loss of both ship and cargo, constitutes a very large factor in the question will be seen from the following extract from a letter written (May 7, 1889) by a gentleman who manages the insurance business of one of the best managed steam fleets we have: 'There is a practice adopted by some owners of insuring their vessels on a low valuation against all risks' (total and partial), 'and then taking out an additional policy recoverable in the event of total loss only on a certain additional sum described as "Equipresent."' . . . 'The policy effected against total loss in such cases costs 40 or 50 per cent. less than the ordinary policy—e.g. supposing the premium on the latter to be eight guineas per annum, the policy against total loss only might be effected for 4*l.* 10*s.* per cent.'

It will thus be seen that the sum total of total losses only is by no means the same thing as the sum total of all losses.

So far as this letter enables us to judge what sum the aggregate of the 9,588 partial losses amounts to, it stands thus: As 6,500,000*l.* is to 4*l.* 10*s.* so is 5,633,000*l.* to 3*l.* 18*s.*, the latter sum being the difference in the two rates of premium. These two sums amount to 12,133,000*l.*

It is difficult to think that Mr. Scrutton was ignorant of this vital point, and still more difficult to think that a man in his position would, for the sake of a temporary victory, condescend to a 'suppressio veri.' I am compelled therefore to suppose this grave omission to be an inadvertency—that he forgot it. It is, however, at least clear that his omission of this important factor in the case is altogether fatal to his objection to Mr. Mulhall's figures. Lest any doubt, however, should remain, I will cite an authority whose opinion the shipowners themselves will hardly dispute.

[1] A side-light may, perhaps, be considered to be thrown on this subject by the case of collieries. When the winter explosions take place, and a great number of men are killed (the details of which appear in all the papers), it is frequently said by writers that this loss of life is the price at which our fireside comforts are obtained; and it is assumed that the total of losses by explosions which for the time engross and sadden the public mind would represent the total loss of life connected with coal mining, or at least well on to it. But it was found by the Royal Commission on Accidents in Mines that, taking the ten years 1875-1884, less than 23 (22·9) per cent. of the lives lost were caused by explosions, the remaining 77 per cent. consisting of the ones and twos and threes killed by falls of roof and other miscellaneous accidents, which excite no general interest at all in the public mind.

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The editor of the *Nautical Magazine* says on this point: 'In the present case, however, it is possible that Mr. Mulhall is more sinned against than sinning. If Mr. Plimsoll had asked Mr. Mulhall, he would probably have been told that the 18,900,000*l.* did not only represent the value of vessels and cargoes which were totally lost, but also the extent of all damage sustained by vessels and their cargoes, on voyages which were ultimately completed.'

I think it will be admitted that unless Mr. Mulhall's figures are disproved by better evidence than Mr. Scrutton's, there is no need to abandon them at present at least, for it would certainly be unwise to discard an estimate formed by an unbiassed statist because it could be said of it that it was open to doubt, in favour of another estimate which is demonstrably wrong.

Here I venture upon a suggestion. I am trying my utmost to bring about that we shall be supplied in future by the Government with accurate, authentic, and official returns of the sums actually paid in respect of all claims for loss or damage to property at sea; there is no difficulty, the Board of Trade already requires returns from farmers, bankers, and limited companies of many kinds. Yet losses of property at sea are surely of equal importance. Will Mr. Scrutton use his great influence with the Chamber of Shipping to induce the Chamber to memorialise the Board of Trade to obtain these returns for us? At present the odd thing is that I alone ask for this; not one of my four hostile critics who denounce my figures has yet uttered one word in favour of really trustworthy information being collected.

I will now take Mr. Scrutton's second point, viz. that I assert 'the present conditions on which insurances can be effected make such a result possible, and that to remedy this, underwriting by individuals should cease to exist.' That was and is certainly my contention, and I supported it by many considerations and statements of fact, which I hope have carried more weight with most people than they appear to have carried to Mr. Scrutton's mind.

Inter alia, I gave in four brief paragraphs these results: the first, that in the case of eleven steamers the entire actual loss per cent. per annum was less than one per cent.; in the second, that where 34,000*l.* had been paid for premiums the claims had not exceeded a few hundred pounds; in the third, that in a fleet of nearly one hundred vessels the claims were for less than one per cent.; and in the fourth, that with an aggregate value of steamers over one million sterling, the annual loss averaged only 7*s.* 2*d.* per cent. I venture to submit that this was weighty evidence of what can be accomplished by care to diminish loss, but Mr. Scrutton disposes of it all by saying: 'An average of the result of three years' working is too limited a time within which to form a correct estimate as to the profitable working of an insurance account. A period of at least

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ten years is needed to draw any reliable conclusion, and on this ground I feel bound to reject the inferences drawn in the illustrations 1 to 4.' (Yet in the opening page of his paper Mr. Scrutton gives the tonnage lost in *one year only* as sufficient evidence to upset Mr. Mulhall's estimate of loss, and the result which he considers these one year's figures sustain he states in italics to give it emphasis.)

Mr. Scrutton proceeds: 'and also the illustrations numbered 5 and 6, which, as they deal only with the experience of two firms, are consequently on too narrow a basis to prove a general statement.' Well, the limits of space in this Review prevent multiplication of instances; yet, as in one of these two cases the experience of the firm instanced extended over more than twenty years, during which they had had no loss, and in the other extended over a similar time, with thirty ships, and only one lost (by fire), I submit they afford at least a valuable indication of how safety may be promoted by needful care.

As, however, the evidence I adduced seems to Mr. Scrutton insufficient to establish my contention that the system of insurance ashore conduces much more to safety than that of insurance on property afloat, I will just glance at the former system in one only of its sixty-one aspects. A millowner in Lancashire seeks to insure his mill; he applies to an office stating his object, and is supplied by the office with a form of 'proposal for an insurance of a cotton mill,' which contains nineteen diagrams of mills, showing the relation of the parts more liable to risk from fire with the other parts of the mill.

It was found that fires originated in the scutching or cleaning room more frequently than elsewhere, therefore insurance companies quoted much lower premiums where the millowner consented to put up an outhouse entirely apart from the mill for this purpose, and where this was not possible, then at least outside the main building, with or without a passage, which must have iron doors at each end, &c., and the diagrams illustrate the various degrees of isolation and show the rate of premium charged in each. Very numerous, too, are the other differentiating conditions of the mills, and the consequent variation in the amount of premium.

To give another instance. A friend of mine, who held a large stock farm, was using a steam-driven disintegrator for grinding oyster-shells for his poultry; the insurance agent strongly objected, as the particles of shell getting into the journal boxes or bearings would create great heat, &c., and the result was a condition endorsed upon his policy that nothing harder than locust beans should be fed to the disintegrator. Instances could be indefinitely multiplied.

Now I submit that all this care greatly diminishes risk of fire, and that similar inquiry and examination beforehand, and similar continuing conditions, would greatly diminish losses at sea.

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I think it commends itself to one's common-sense that, if risks were covered in large amounts only, so as to compel careful previous examination and the adoption of certain precautions, vessels would proceed to sea in an infinitely better condition to meet bad weather than some of them do at present, and that our losses of property all round would be reduced to the small amount found necessary to cover them now by Messrs. Wilson and many other firms and companies.

Mr. Scrutton next says: 'It is an error for Mr. Plimsoll to assume that the premium required by underwriters on the steamers managed by Sir Donald Currie runs up to eight or nine guineas per cent.' My answer is, that I have not done so, either expressly or by implication.

On the contrary, I wrote these words: 'eight or nine guineas are the prices which are charged per cent. per annum for insuring steamers under ordinary management;' and further on these: 'the average loss on cargo-carrying steamers was such that underwriters found it necessary to charge from eight to nine guineas per cent. per annum.'

I next note: 'It is a great mistake, however, to assume, as Mr. Plimsoll does, that large shipowners in the regular "lines" are free from losses.' I assumed nothing; but I did give in very many instances their extremely low rate of loss.

Mr. Scrutton says: 'I have only now to examine the underwriting record. I am virtually asked by Mr. Plimsoll to believe that private underwriters are born fools—that they write risks, not knowing what they underwrite. . . . They have in Lloyd's Register Book,' &c., and on page 337 he repeats: 'in Lloyd's Register Book underwriters find the fullest information as to the state of the vessel.' My reply is, that I expressly referred to Lloyd's Register Book, and said that they could and did obtain from it certain valuable information, enumerating every detail Mr. Scrutton says they get, and actually says it as a reply to me. I said, however, that Lloyd's Register Book was necessarily silent upon many important factors in the question of unseaworthiness —as surplus buoyancy, number of crew, nature of cargo and voyage, &c.—all of which would be ascertained and stipulated for if a ship were insured for the whole amount covered with one company, whose self-interest would then lead it to make the special investigation which is not now made.

I adhere to every word used and every statement made by me in describing the *modus operandi* of insuring a ship, as true and as accurate; and I do so, it is needless to say, with added confidence, seeing that Mr. Scrutton does not destroy any part of my statement, but indulges in talk about born fools, and then quotes a long list of rates paid for insurance of goods to Calcutta.

The next statement of Mr. Scrutton's which seems to call for remark is as follows:—

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Mr. Plimsoll says, 'Underwriting by individuals should cease to exist.' This is like crying for the moon; no power on earth (!) can give it you. The private underwriter is as rooted in the commercial system of England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales as the British Constitution itself is rooted in the national system. It is merely wasting breath to talk about such a thing.'

Well, I do not agree with him that the private underwriter's business is as unassailable as the British Constitution; but even if it were, the British Constitution itself has, within my time, survived many much more serious attacks upon it than would be involved in regulating the business of underwriters.

If it is shown to the satisfaction of the public mind that that business, as at present carried on, is responsible, as I firmly believe it is, for very much of the enormous loss of property and life which annually occurs at sea, no talk about the British Constitution or of crying for the moon will long stand against its reformation.

It must not be lost sight of that, whilst through the agency of insurance all losses at sea are ultimately paid for by the public, the profits remain with the shipowners; if, therefore, it can be shown that the shipowner works without any fear of loss because it is all transferred to the taxpayer in increased prices, the latter will certainly demand that, failing the shipowner, then somebody, with an influential voice in the management of the ship, shall assume a pecuniary interest in her safe arrival at port.

With the exception of one important point, with which I will deal later on, the remainder of Mr. Scrutton's paper comments upon some of my statements separately, and in one case at least refutes my statement fully. It is in relation to the number of ships 'broken up.' I was entirely wrong, and Mr. Scrutton is as entirely right, if the figures he gives are, as I have no doubt they are, correct. I had not seen the returns he quotes, but I admit that this is no excuse. I ought to have known more or else have been silent on the matter, and I accept his castigation with promises of amendment. Moreover, I am glad Mr. Scrutton is right, for it shows that there is a great improvement going on in a department where I supposed erroneously that things had relapsed into 'as you were.' The Act (with its amending Acts) passed on the occasion of my 'unpardonable violence' in the House has borne a better crop than I was aware of. I suppose I was too intent upon what remained to be done to think of what had been accomplished, and Mr. Scrutton shows that 3,146 unseaworthy ships have been broken up under its operation.

(N.B.—In passing I may remark that this Act, the operation of which is quoted with approval by Mr. Scrutton, was, like all reforms, bitterly denounced when it was under consideration.)

In writing the words, 'Shipbreaking has gone out entirely many years ago,' I had in my mind the state of matters before the sitting of the Royal Commission which was the result of my first appeal.

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To show that I correctly described the then existing state of affairs, I cite Mr. M. Wawn, who was examined by the chairman of that Commission (the Duke of Somerset):—

'You are a surveyor under the Board of Trade?'—'Yes.'

'Have you known many ships broken up on account of their age; because we have been told that in the case of colliers they are hardly ever broken up, but that they go on till they sink?'—'I cannot say that I know of any cases where they have been broken up.'

'What becomes of these old vessels? Do they go on till they are lost?'—'I suppose so.' (Minutes of evidence, p. 123.)

I believe one witness stated that he had been a surveyor of Lloyd's for twenty-five years, and had never known an instance of a vessel being broken up, but time fails me to discover the particulars.

However, Mr. Wawn's evidence is sufficient to show the correctness of my description of affairs, at least up to the appointment of the Royal Commission on Unseaworthy Ships.

Mr. Scrutton next quotes me as saying (p. 327), 'A certain class of shipowners opposed Mr. Chamberlain's Bill of 1884,' and he replies, 'As a matter of fact we *all* opposed it. No evidence has yet been produced that, *excepting in a few very exceptional instances, vessels are over-insured, in the hope of their being lost.*' The italics are mine, and I have marked the words as containing a very remarkable admission by high authority: it is, that in a few 'exceptional instances' vessels *are* '*over-insured in the hope of their being lost.*' Who, I ask, ever alleged more? Who said these instances were other than exceptional? Mr. Scrutton admits my whole contention on the point. If my proposed reform of underwriting is carried, which I earnestly hope it will be, even Mr. Scrutton must admit that these 'exceptional cases' could not possibly occur. What insurance company would have insured for 36,000*l.* a vessel which the owner had bought for and valued at 15,000*l.*? Yet this case is given on the high authority of the late Lord Iddesleigh.

He next notes this passage of mine: 'The several underwriters are not in any case incorporated; they are thus unable to take joint action.' And he replies, 'Nothing, as a matter of fact, is more common than for private underwriters to take joint action.' This point I most emphatically deny, and gladly remit, even to the underwriters themselves, to decide whether Mr. Scrutton is right or whether I am. Mr. Scrutton's language, however, implies approval of joint action, and this only it is I want to make inevitable.

Mr. Scrutton's next criticism is very peculiar, and makes one think his usual shrewdness must have deserted him for the time. He quotes from my paper: (p. 333) 'Mr. Mannering says, "Bare indemnity for property destroyed is the very backbone of our business—it is our sheet-anchor"'—i.e. in fire as opposed to marine insurance. Mr. Scrutton adds these words:—

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This instance occurred in my own experience. A few years since I was personally interested in the purchase of a public hall, which was found to be badly built; a fire broke out in a warehouse adjoining, and the hall was burned; the insurance company elected to reinstate the building, and had to comply with the Building Acts when doing so, thus giving me a much better hall than I originally held. What becomes of Mr. Mannering's 'bare indemnity' theory in an actual case of fire insurance of this kind?

Upon reading this I went into the City and called at random at a fire insurance office, and asked the first gentleman I saw who was disengaged, 'If a man insures a building against fire with you, and the building is afterwards burnt, what happens?' He replied, 'The owner gives us notice and we send our surveyor, and the owner then sends in his claim.' 'What then?' 'Well, if it is a reasonable claim, or anything like reasonable, we pay it.' 'You don't then rebuild the premises?' 'Not if we can avoid it, for it involves a good deal of trouble, and besides, the money payment is better for both sides, as the owner can vary the plan and height of the building if he thinks fit; but if the demand upon us is excessive, or at any rate such as we do not think it right to pay, we exercise our reserved right, and decide upon reinstatement, but this is not very common.'

I thanked my informant and went to another office, where the dialogue was repeated in nearly the same language.

It is evident, however, that in any case the incident does not afford a shadow of evidence that the principle upon which claims for damage by fire are settled is not that of indemnity merely.

Mr. Scrutton's next criticism is upon the following statement, p. 348: 'The number of missing ships shows a very large increase,' to which he replies, 'The official returns absolutely negative this random statement.'

Now as Mr. Scrutton introduces this part of his paper in the following impressive words:—

I have now only to respectfully submit that Mr. Plimsoll does himself an injustice and his cause an injury by many of his remarks, some of which (and some only) I will subjoin and briefly comment upon:

I thought the statement in question must have been made by me, though I could not recollect having made it. I therefore took the trouble to re-read my paper throughout, and do not find that I have anywhere used these words. At last, however, I found the following passage, containing a quotation from the *Economist*, which reads as follows:—

Although a small number of shipowners would object, they would be only of that class described by the *Economist* when it says, 'The number of missing ships shows a very large increase, and the question arises, "To what is the growth due?" That it is in some measure attributable to the nefarious practices of a few shipowners, who traffic in human lives by sending coffin-ships to sea, there is, unfortunately, little reason to doubt.'

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My share of blame here is, that I failed to give the date of the *Economist* (the 1st of December, 1883), but as my only object was to quote the opinion of the *Economist* of 'a few shipowners,' and not at all to call attention to missing ships, perhaps I thought the date of an opinion unimportant. I see the omission was not unimportant, and accept the full blame for it. But as to Mr. Scrutton, was there not something rather more serious than a want of candour in his treatment of this quotation? He first curtails it so much as to make it meaningless in the sense of its writer, and then, knowing it was the *Economist* speaking, attributes the truncated words to me, and lastly uses them to put a statement to the front which the whole context shows it was not in my mind to advance.

I now come to the last of Mr. Scrutton's criticisms on my statements. It is headed, p. 350:—

> What, then, about the *ninety* (! ! !) which every year sail from or for our shores, each with its twenty or thirty men, as full of life, of purpose, of hope as yourself, and are never heard of more—never more?

Such is the quotation from my paper. Now for Mr. Scrutton's comment:—

> If Mr. Plimsoll is speaking of the mercantile marine 'registered in the United Kingdom,' this is mere wild talk. His statement cannot be justified. Vessels 'never heard of more' must be 'missing vessels;' ninety vessels with twenty or thirty men would mean from 1,800 to 2,700 lives lost annually in missing ships. But the official returns of the lives lost in missing ships completely disprove this statement. Such a sentence ought never to have been written. It does harm alike to Mr. Plimsoll and the cause he has so much at heart.

Well, Mr. Scrutton takes exception to my undoubtedly inaccurate expression, 'twenty or thirty.' I might perhaps plead that the statement is obviously not intended as precise, and would not probably mislead a candid reader, but I will not shelter myself thus. It was an almost unpardonable want of care. I ought to have spared no trouble to get the precise figures, and I can scarcely forgive myself for not doing so.

But how stands the case on Mr. Scrutton's own showing? He says, in a footnote, that the average annual loss of life in missing steamers for the eleven years ending in 1885 was 265, and the average annual life loss in sailing vessels was 629. He is dreadfully shocked that, instead of giving the actual number of lives lost, I spoke of twenty or thirty per ship; but as to the ghastly fact, that 894 precious human lives are lost yearly in missing ships alone, he has not a word to say on it, but dismisses my whole statement with the impressive words, 'such a sentence ought never to have been written. It does harm alike to Mr. Plimsoll and the cause he has so much at heart.' I claim that *mutato nomine de te fabula narratur.*

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Eight hundred and ninety-four lives lost *per annum* in missing ships alone! Mr. Scrutton thinks it decent to dismiss the whole matter with the words, 'such a sentence ought never to have been written,' &c.

But I take leave to say that the subject shall not be so dismissed, at least with my acquiescence; neither do I believe that the people of England will allow it to be so dismissed. What! are not 894 lives, violently terminated, per annum—with all the attendant misery to wives and children—enough for Mr. Scrutton? Are we to wait until they amount to 2,000 or more yearly before he can condescend to one word of comment upon it? And at whose door does a very large proportion of this awful loss of life lie? It lies in part at the doors of the people Mr. Scrutton refers to when he speaks of 'the very exceptional instances in which vessels are over-insured in the hope of their being lost;' it lies in part to those he again refers to when he says: 'I have, however, always been ready to admit that, after every reasonable allowance has been made for the state of the weather and other causes, which, I fear, must always occasion loss of life at sea, *a margin remains which is clearly preventible.*' It lies in part at the doors of those referred to by the *Economist*, when it speaks of 'the nefarious practices of a few shipowners who traffic in human lives by sending coffin-ships to sea;' it lies in part at the doors of those shipowners referred to by Mr. Laing, the member for Leith (see *Hansard*, vol. 288, p. 713), when he says: 'Neither the lives of those on board, nor the thought of desolate homes, affected the cupidity of such owners.' And in part it lies at the doors of the men designated by a cabinet minister formerly at the Board of Trade as ship-knackers, but it does *not* lie at the doors of the great majority of the shipowners of this country, for whom I again express my respect for the manner in which (in spite of the temptation arising from the competition in freights by less scrupulous men) they conduct their business.

It is to check the death-dealing work of these people that I write, and I now add gladly that, having read and carefully considered all that a chairman of the Chamber of Shipping can urge against the reform of underwriting, I find the position I took up in March absolutely untouched, and I say now to the people of England, with all the confidence of assured conviction, that, if we once secure that underwriting be reformed in the sense indicated, our losses at sea will be enormously diminished. I now come to the point reserved in the earlier part of this rejoinder.

Mr. Scrutton cites Sir Thomas Farrar as stating, in regard to missing vessels, 'It will be, I am quite certain, very misleading indeed to attribute these losses [missing vessels] to preventible unworthiness or to overloading.' Yet one of the Annual Reports of the Board of Trade (his own department) says that 'no less than forty [ships]

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appear to have foundered from unseaworthiness:' this refers to one year only. (Had these vessels been insured as cotton mills are, chiefly in one sum, would the offices taking the risks have allowed a single one of them to have sailed in an unseaworthy condition?)

Of course it would be misleading to attribute 'these losses' &c. Who doubts it? I never for a moment so attributed them, but as to *a part of them*—and I fear a considerable part—it would not only be misleading, but contrary to ascertained facts, to attribute them to anything else. It is the old story, however carefully you may limit your statement to a portion of the shipowners, and to a part of the losses—however careful you may be to state, as I stated in March, that I referred only to a small portion of the shipowners; that I held the great majority of shipowners in high honour for that, with many facilities for wrongdoing, they were superior to all temptation to do wrong—the next time you are criticised you are charged, directly or by implication, with slandering the whole body, or, as in this case, with speaking of 'these losses,' implying that one's remarks were applied to the whole. If Sir Thomas Farrar were to visit Newcastle or Swansea, North or South Shields, Cardiff, or any of the ports where deadweight cargoes are loaded, and were to talk to pilots and harbourmasters as to the seagoing condition of some of the ships that pass under their notice, he would find that the probable loss of many ships has been frequently spoken of from their condition —which ships have subsequently never been heard of.

As, however, he is not likely to do this, I can tell him of some at least. On one occasion I was told of a ship (I suppress her name, I am neither so young nor so strong as when I stood, without backing-down, before twelve actions at once) which had sailed the day before. My informant told me he was in great fear she would be lost, she was so deeply loaded; let it be borne in mind the vessel was not then lost, but that she would be he was convinced. That vessel was never heard of again.

A dockmaster in Wales—whose name, of course, I don't give—spoke to me of a ship he had passed out of the dock a day or two before. Her condition, he said, was shameful: she was very deep and had a list upon her; he expressed great fear of the result. That vessel was never heard of more.

An Admiral (I fear it is now a late Admiral) wrote to me from Constantinople, telling me that the captain of a grain-laden steamer from the Black Sea, which had recently sailed from Constantinople for England, was so sure his vessel, from her heavy load, could not contend successfully with bad weather in the Bay, that he had made a parcel of his watch and spare clothing and consigned them to his wife by the captain of another ship, in case 'anything happened' to his own. Something did happen, for that was the last which was heard of her.

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One of the officers of a steamer which was sailing from Leith was hailed by a friend from a boat alongside, who had come to the ship for the express purpose of urging him not to go in her, she was so very deep in the water. The officer answered that if he did not go he should never get employment in another ship, that he had a family, and dare not throw himself out of employment; but, just as they were saying good-bye, the officer asked his friend to wait a few minutes, went below, made a parcel of his best uniform, his money, and his watch, and sent them by his friend to his wife: it would be something, he said, if they met bad weather (bad weather to ships loaded as this was is almost certain loss). Poor wife! it was the last proof of love and care she was ever to have from him—for that ship was not again heard of.

A late secretary of Lloyd's (Underwriters') Room showed me a letter which he had received from a lady. It was from a young ship's-officer, to whom she was engaged to be married. He speaks of the dreadful way in which the ship was loaded; says it's almost certain death if the weather is rough; but says if it's good enough for the captain it's good enough for him—that he 'won't be the man to show the white feather,' &c. &c. I remember well that he told me that he had either shown the letter to Mr. Gladstone or told the story at Mr. Gladstone's dinner-table, who said: 'What! will a man go to sea in a ship which he has such strong reasons for thinking unsafe?' (I am not quoting Mr. Gladstone's *ipsissima verba*, only the sense of what he said.)

I answer 'Yes.' He will, and very many do, every week. What can they do? To throw up their employment, if they have not private means, is starvation, as no other shipowner would employ them. Many of them have families, 'little Dicks' at home who would be hungry when there was nothing to feed them with. And, so, taking comfort from the reflection that hitherto they have pulled through, and feeling 'All men think all men mortal but themselves,' they go, but often with heavy heart, poor fellows.

I could fill pages with instances, but will content myself with only one more. It was comprised in a letter I received from a dead man (not the only one of the kind). His ship was laden with copper ore—she was *terribly* deep in the water, and the season winter; *inter alia*, it contained these words, 'For God's sake, sir, don't relax your efforts for us . . . we *can't* get home unless we have fine weather.'

When I read that letter the writer and his ship were at the bottom of the sea, for she was amongst the 'missing.'

The same distinguished witness (Mr. Scrutton adds), speaking of Sir Thomas Farrar, when examined before the same select committee, uttered these weighty words: 'The argument I want to put forward is this, that the British shipowner has not got the carrying trade of the world into his hand by doing what we are

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sometimes told he has done—by recklessly exposing life and property to loss. This commercial success is consistent with the figures I have produced, showing that, with the vast increase of the British mercantile marine, safety has not diminished, but has increased.

It is deplorable that such loose and careless language should have been used. 'The British shipowner!' If Sir Thomas Farrar had spoken thus of the great majority of shipowners the most ardent advocate of reform would have gladly endorsed it, but when he applies it to all shipowners, as he does by implication, he shields the bad and careless ones and their defenders as also deserving of this high eulogy, a course which fills reformers with discouragement, and which, I venture to think, his official knowledge must entirely disprove.

There has not appeared for twenty years a report from the Marine Department of the Board of Trade which does not contain ample evidence that a minority of reckless shipowners exists, and it seems to me almost unpardonable that Sir Thomas Farrar should utter, in a matter where life and death are in the balance, such a pernicious generality, one which was sure to be instantly seized upon by the opponents of reform to screen the bad shipowner under language which is true only of the good and careful.

It is to be hoped that when next he speaks on this subject he will be more discriminating.

SAMUEL PLIMSOLL.

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AN AGRICULTURAL PARCELS POST.

WITH something like 20,000 miles of railroad in active operation, how small are the facilities afforded for the distribution of home-grown produce! To my mind it can hardly be made a question that railroads, however great their benefits as regards passenger traffic, have hitherto operated disadvantageously as regards the distribution of food. Recent legislation upon railway rates, when present differences are adjusted, may benefit the general public, but it leaves without adequate remedy the wrong which from the first the introduction of railways brought upon the producers and consumers of home-grown food. It is in the interest of these two large and increasing classes that I venture to offer 'a suggestion,' which at the same time may be worth the consideration of the Postmaster-General and our railroad companies.

There was a time before money became the medium of all mercantile transactions when producers and consumers stood face to face with each other. Then barter, or the interchange of commodities, supplied all the necessaries of life, and even down to a very late period before railroads became general a direct dealing was carried on between them. At fairs and markets these two classes met, and in a few remote places still do meet, and make their bargains. To these fairs and markets on set days and at stated seasons small farmers and market gardeners brought their produce, and from them direct the townspeople and others supplied their wants. There was no other way of doing so. Evidences of this wise provision on the part of our ancestors meet us everywhere. How many noble market places are to be seen throughout the country—monuments of architectural taste and local prosperity, but as regards their original purpose existing now only in name—sheltering, it may be, a few old women with apple-stalls, a seller or two of oranges and sweets, 'fricti ciceris et nucis emptor,' sole representatives of a once busy and profitable trade.

These markets have fallen into disuse mainly from two causes. The small farmers who attended them, falling upon good times, made money fast, and their wives and daughters naturally enough disdained

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the drudgery of sitting through a long day's market; consequently supplies fell off, and though the local shopkeepers struggled hard to keep for themselves the home-produce trade, they failed; for wherever a railroad came near, it swept away all traces of any local market and made desolate the small country towns, bringing about a system of centralisation and creating a monopoly in traffic. Through them all other conveyances were displaced—coaches and carriers driven off the road. Cities and certain large towns connected by the rail have undoubtedly enjoyed a better and speedier mode of communication than formerly, but all the producing districts, and all small towns and villages at any distance from a line, are far worse off than they were.

Again, this system of centralisation introduced by the railroad has given rise to another evil. It has brought into existence a large class of middle-men in all departments of produce, who absorb the profits which are extorted from consumers, and of which the producers themselves receive no remunerative share. To small growers who live at any distance from a railway these middle-men have become a necessity. Now that local markets no longer exist, they are their only means of disposing of their produce. And even to those who live at a convenient distance from a railway, the great disparity in the cost of conveyance between small quantities and large renders the intervention of middle-men necessary also.

Though hitherto next to nothing has been done to cheapen the distribution of home-grown food, much has been gained by other departments of trade. The large luggage vans that may be seen following each other daily through the streets of London, on their way to the Great Western and other lines of railway, under the name of 'Sutton's Dispatch,' are made up, as every one knows, of numberless small packages, which are thus converted into heavy goods traffic, conveyed at truck-load prices, and are delivered at far less cost to the receiver than the companies' ordinary charges for each separate packet. What this Dispatch can do with profit to itself and benefit to the public, it must seem strange to every outsider like myself that these great companies, which were first in the field, have hitherto failed to do. It is the heavy and uncertain charges of conveyance which interfere with the profitable cultivation of small farms in this country, and give the foreigners so great an advantage over us. What is grown will not pay the expenses of marketing. It frequently happens that some places are overstocked with a particular produce, while in others—not far distant—scarcity prevails. This is yearly the case with fruit. Damsons have been selling at 4*d.* and even 8*d.* a pint in London and Brighton, and plums at three to six a penny, while in the vale of Evesham and other places they have been left to rot on the ground. I have known apples so great a drug in Norfolk that they have been shaken from the trees and given to the pigs—no one

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cared to have them, for every one had enough and to spare. Elsewhere they were wanted and would have been most welcome, but the cost of conveyance for small quantities was far too high.

That something must be done to remedy this wrong is now generally admitted. All small produce, especially fruit produce, is greatly on the increase, and likely to continue so. The tendency, indeed, I may say the necessity, of the present times, points to a very great increase in the number of small occupations. Small farms and allotments cultivated on market-garden lines will be the rule, and not the exception, in the future of British agriculture. With this change which self-interest on the part of landlords as well as tenants induces, and which men of all parties are helping to bring about, it is absolutely necessary that there should be combined some speedier and more economic system of distribution than at present exists.

No one can doubt the importance of this great increase in the number of small occupations who will take the trouble to compare a year's produce of an acre of market-garden land in his own neighbourhood with a year's produce of an acre of the best cultivated farm land under ordinary cropping. Lord Carrington has publicly stated that the average nett produce of the land farmed by his 800 allotment tenants on his estate in Buckinghamshire was 40*l.* per acre. Where is the large farm that can show a return anything approaching to this? In a sea-girt country, such as ours, the acreage of land under cultivation cannot be increased to keep pace with the increase of population.

Land under ordinary farm cultivation has utterly failed to keep pace with the demands made upon it. In proof of this we are yearly paying for foreign food about 120,000,000*l.* to make up our deficiencies. It has been calculated, upon data that no one has attempted to gainsay, that at the present rate of increase town populations will be doubled in forty years and country populations in fifty years. It is startling to learn that during the present century the density of the population has increased from 153 persons per square mile to 446, and that if our present population were spread evenly over the soil, the average distance between individuals would not exceed ninety yards. It is obvious that for the mere housing of this increase large quantities of land must yearly be withdrawn from cultivation to be cropped with food consumers and not food. Let any one, whose memory will carry him back far enough, just compare the suburbs of London with what those suburbs were fifty years ago. How much farther off from the Standard in Cornhill are the nearest cornfields —north, south, east, and west of London—at present than they were half a century ago! Hundreds and thousands of acres that then grew wheat and other articles of food are now studded with houses that are filled with consumers of food thick set almost as the ears of corn that

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once waved over them. How are they and the teeming populations elsewhere to be fed unless some steps are taken to cheapen the distribution of food? With the single exception of wheat, the country can raise all the supplies that are required; the great drawback is, it will not pay to distribute them.

It is in vain to look to the railroads to solve a difficulty which they themselves have mainly created. What is needed is the bringing together, for purposes of direct dealing, of producers and consumers as in the old marketing days. A line of communication must be opened between them. Though the railroads cannot effect this, I have little hesitation in hazarding the assertion that the Parcels post can. Here the requisite machinery exists, and all that is needed is a larger development of it. Parcels of a specified size and weight are now distributed by post throughout all parts of the country. The most remote rural districts enjoy the same advantages as the largest cities and towns. Though size and weight are limited, there is no limit to the number of parcels that may be sent to and from the same places on the same day; and the local authorities are empowered to arrange for the safe transmission of any amount. Under the present arrangement manufacturers, shopkeepers of a certain class, and their customers are those mainly benefited by the Inland Parcels post. It confers little or no benefit on the producers and consumers of home produce. The fact is, the limits of size and weight are too low to make the service generally useful.

What is wanted is a branch of the same service to be worked by the same machinery, and under some such title as 'Home Produce Post,' to undertake to carry direct from growers to customers packages of a limited weight of articles of general consumption—articles many of which are now a loss to the producers, and always exaggerated in price to the consumers, by extravagance of conveyance charges, and by the multiplicity of middle-men, of whom Lord Beaconsfield once shrewdly remarked that 'they bamboozle one party and plunder the other.'

If it will pay, there can hardly be any objection raised against such a special service. The Government now for many years has undertaken by a special Book post to supply food for the mind at a reduced charge, and with a positive gain to the revenue; why should not equal facility be given, and like results gained, by a cheap distribution of food for the body? No one can say that the claims of the latter are less urgent than those of the former. To the starving the most appetising literature has no chance of success against food of any sort. Feed the masses first by some cheap and easy distribution of food now wasted, and then the task of mental and moral culture by cheap literature may hope for appreciation and success. That such a scheme would pay, if worked somewhat in accordance with the suggestions following, there can be little doubt.

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By an extension of the same machinery that now disseminates parcels of goods and books, packages of home-grown food should be carried, of a specified size and weight, at a reduced tariff, certified and prepaid, as 'Home Produce Parcels.' To start the service the cost might be 6*d.* for packages not exceeding 14 lbs., 9*d.* for 28 lbs., and 1*s.* for 56 lbs. However, a uniform charge of 6*d.* for all such packages not exceeding 56 lbs. would be a greater boon, and I feel persuaded that, when the service is in full working, that low uniform charge would be found sufficient to cover expenses and leave a profit. If the G. E. R. can carry three-gallon cans of salt water, in weights, I apprehend, much exceeding 56 lbs. each, over their entire system, delivering these cans within a large area in London and elsewhere, and collecting all 'empties,' at an inclusive uniform charge of 6*d.*, is it too much to expect that the Post Office can manage the same weight at the same cost, taking into consideration that the G. E. R. have a large outlay of capital and cans and wear and tear to provide for?

It is pitiable to think how greatly the necessaries of life are increased in price owing to the number of hands they are made to pass through, and how much good and wholesome food in fruits, vegetables, &c., is positively wasted because the cost of sending it to those who want it is so great.

By such a service as is here suggested small farmers and their customers would be brought close together. Farm produce would be cheaper to the consumers and more remunerative to the growers: both would be fairly treated. A package of 56 lbs. or under containing meat, poultry, butter, eggs, bacon, &c., once or twice a week from the country at the small charge of 6*d.* for delivery, would give a sufficient supply of such articles of food for the general run of families, and make a marvellous reduction in the yearly household expenditure. Moreover what a boon would it be to the cottagers who have large gardens, and to the allotment holders—a class now so greatly on the increase! It would enable them to get rid of their surplus produce; and without something of the kind—some better and cheaper means of distribution—there can be little doubt that this rural allotments scheme must prove a miserable failure. The poor man who grows more than he wants for his own consumption can neither sell his surplus nor give it away. Many of my own villagers, who have all good gardens of from thirty to forty rods, would gladly send away the fruit and vegetables they can so well spare to relieve the wants of others of their families who live in cities and crowded districts where fresh fruits and vegetables are seldom seen.

The limits as to size of the packages of the 'Produce Post' would, of course, require much consideration. It will, however, somewhat surprise those who have never tried it, to find in how small a cubic

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space 56 lbs. of such articles of food as are now contemplated can be stowed away. A packing case 2 ft. 3 inches × 2 ft., and 1½ ft. deep, will allow ample space for the largest bulk that would be ordinarily required. No doubt it would be a great convenience if the cases used for transmission were all made to scale, either squares or parallelograms. They would pack better, and could more easily be dealt with. Three sizes only would be required—full size for 56 lbs., half size for 28 lbs., and quarter size for 14 lbs. These packages should be made very strong (but not too weighty) for constant use, and it would tend to the general benefit if a certain number of the different sizes were kept at the different receiving offices for sale, or to be let out at a small charge. They might be constructed so as to collapse when empty, in which way they would take up less room on a return journey. They should also be stamped with the name of the office to which they belong, and to which they would be returned. At first it might be desirable that all the 'Produce Post' service should be limited to the larger offices, such as the postal telegraph and money order offices, which are now dispersed at regular intervals throughout the country. These, as far as the producing districts are concerned, would give sufficient facilities for testing the merits of the suggestion. They could be made the depots for packing cases, either for hire or purchase, and would be able to arrange for the conveyance of any larger amount of packages than usual, which must occasionally occur.

Happily there are those connected officially with the management of the postal affairs of this country far more competent than I am to express any opinion on matters of detail. I do but make the foregoing 'suggestions,' trusting that they may open the way for discussion, and be the means of bringing about some real relief to those two important classes of the community who are suffering so much from the length of the line of separation between them.

If this scheme were once started it would, I anticipate, not be long before the two Parcels post services would amalgamate. Small parcels of any kind of goods up to 11 lbs. as at present, or far better, up to 14 lbs. weight, being carried for 3*d.*, and above that weight up to 56 lbs. for 6*d.*

It appears from the Postmaster-General's report that the largest part of Parcels post business at present is in 'small parcels of light weight,' and there is little reason to fear that they would be fewer on a further development of the service.

From a financial point of view there can be no antecedent objection to the 'suggestion' here made. In one of the earliest reports after the introduction of the Parcels post, the Postmaster-General observed: 'Time seems always required before any new service offered by the Post Office is fully taken advantage of by the public. The increase in

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the correspondence which took place on the introduction of the penny post was not sufficient to enable as large a revenue to be obtained for several years as that which had previously been secured.' The result is far different now. So again 'when the new postal orders were introduced it was estimated that the number that would be issued weekly would be about 50,000. For some time this estimate was scarcely realised, but gradually (within the space of four years) the public so largely availed themselves of the facilities these postal orders offered, that in 1884 the weekly number issued exceeded 350,000.' By the report of 1888 the issue has now reached the enormous weekly average of nearly 700,000. In the same report it is stated that 'the Parcels post business has increased largely. The total number of parcels posted during the year was 36,731,786, an increase of nearly 12 per cent. on the year previous.' A parcel service by coach, established between London and Brighton, works so satisfactorily that we are told 'the system is about to be extended.' The Parcels post, it is added, 'continues to be used for the transmission of flowers, game, &c.' This Parcels post, as a parcel-carrying agency, has already proved itself superior to all others. Some time ago, in order to test the comparative advantages to the public of the different systems, an experiment was made by sending 100 parcels by post, and 100, bearing like addresses and despatched simultaneously, by railway or carrier. These parcels were sent from all parts of the country, and in the majority of cases the places of origin and the places of destination were on different railway systems, the parcels being what are technically known as cross-post parcels. It appears that 71 per cent. of the parcels were delivered earlier by post than by any other means. The average time occupied in transmission was 20 hours 21 minutes by post, against 25 hours 50 minutes for parcels forwarded in any other way.

A future of unlimited usefulness lies before this admirable institution—an institution which has already proved itself equal to bear the full burden of whatever may be placed upon it for the public good, and not only to bear, but to thrive under it. Its organisation is marvellous: it spreads as a network over the entire surface of the country, connecting all places, however remote. In it, to my mind, are to be found the means—the only true means—of correcting the evils of agricultural distress. The cultivators of the soil, more than ever in these days of small farms and allotments, need that speedy and cheap method of food-distribution which the postal service alone seems competent to supply. It will be a grand thing for the country when the line between the producing and consuming classes is thus shortened. Tenants will receive their fair share of profits, landlords their fair rent; prosperity will return to agriculture, and the depression of all other trades will be relieved; for it cannot be

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too strongly insisted upon that an impoverished landed interest is the very worst state for any people, since all other trades must necessarily suffer if agriculture be depressed. The land—its surface produce and its minerals giving full occupation and good wages to its labouring population—is the only true source of national wealth.

HENRY PETER DUNSTER.

Wood Bastwick Vicarage.

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SARDINIA AND ITS WILD SHEEP.

NOTWITHSTANDING the perpetual struggle to make life more comfortable, it is a master passion with some of us to escape from time to time from this complex civilisation to some barbarous land, there to become for a few weeks happy savages like our ancestors, emancipated from Babylon and babies. If, in addition, one can so far imitate those noble creatures as to spend the time in killing something, the deception is more perfect. One's happiness is complete if the animal to be hunted lives in a mountainous country, is difficult to obtain, but may be fairly stalked in the open. At least, that is my case.

I had a bad fit of this unquenchable thirst at the beginning of this year, and the particular excuse which served was the County Council Elections. I was personally responsible for the conduct of fifty-six of them, and I ask any candid person whether that did not justify the Buck-fever from which I was suffering. On January 18 I learned that the contests had all passed off without a hitch, and the anxieties of the previous weeks were forgotten. People congratulated the victors and condoled with the victims, but nobody pitied the High Sheriff, so he consoled himself in his own way. On the following morning I packed up my camping outfit, and, accompanied by two kindred spirits, fled to the land of the free. To a busy man the scope for this sort of thing is limited. If six weeks be the outside of his tether, dreams of Arctic bears or Ovis Polii are unattainable and unreal. Time and distance have to be considered; but Scandinavia, the Alps, the Pyrenees, the Mediterranean Islands, can be reached within six days even in their remoter parts, and open out possibilities of elk, reindeer, chamois, bear, ibex, and deer of several kinds. Of all these I possessed memories and trophies, and, besides, the season for them was over. But there is another land of forests which I had for long marked down in my agenda, and gathered stray scraps of information about it, as a squirrel harvests his acorns—no doubt, with all the pleasures of anticipation. This was the island of Sardinia, where dwell many wild animals—red deer, fallow deer, boar, ducks, and longbills innumerable; but, chief of all, in the wildest parts, the curly-horned mouflon, desired by many sportsmen, seriously hunted by a few, attained by but a very few.

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The old numbers of the *Field* had been ransacked, travel books searched, H.B.M.'s consuls resident on the island written to, still the information about these particular animals was meagre and contradictory. The authorities all differed as to what was the close season of the mouflon, but they all concurred in saying that it didn't much matter. They were also unanimous in declaring that the method of hunting them was by driving, whereas I was convinced that, being sheep, they must feed on the open, and therefore might be honestly spied and stalked. Possessed by this idea, I had engaged C——, keenest of chamois hunters, cheeriest of companions—though he knew no world wider than his own mountain valley. His friend Benjamin had begged to be allowed to come too, content to be a hewer of wood and drawer of water without pay if only he might see some new thing. These two joined us at Genoa, and were eyed suspiciously by the swallow-tailed waiters when their iron-clad boots clinked along the marble halls.

My immediate companions were G——, one of those overworked country bankers who are expected to shoot with their customers four days a week, and F——, of the numerous army of Anglo-American cowboys who return to Bond Street and Leicestershire when the autumn 'round-up' is over. After being clothed and in his right mind for two months, his soul hungered for scalps and the war-path. I was due back under six weeks to receive one of her Majesty's judges at Assizes. So there must be no avoidable delays—and of course delays occurred, perverse and irritating.

Instead of following my own instincts as to route, I took advice—always a mistaken thing to do—and thereby lost, for hunting purposes, three whole days. But, as every expedition has its share of bad luck, perhaps it was as well to take ours in this way. Our intention was to be landed at a small harbour within easy reach of the range where we desired to hunt; but when, the morning after leaving Leghorn, we got among the islands in the Straits of Bonifacio, the Tramontana wind blew so furiously that it became certain that no landing could be effected between the sheltered harbour of Terranova at the northern end of the island and that of Cagliari at the other extremity. Our plan of campaign had to be changed at an hour's notice, and a landing effected at Terranova, many weary leagues from our hunting ground. Not liking the look of the *trattoria*, where we supped, we got the station-master to lend us an empty room in his station. Here we spread our mattresses and waited for the morning train. Heavens! how the wind hissed all night! It was some consolation that no landing would have been possible on the open coast.

The early train took us through a broken rocky country, the little ravines covered with cork and arbutus. It would be picturesque if it were not marred by numerous straight stone walls, under which the

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little smoke-coloured cattle cowered from the storm. In some parts the landscape was dotted with *nuraghi*, the ancient fortified dwellings of primeval Sards—conical stone towers, yellow with the moss of three or four millenniums—into which they retired with their families on the approach of Phœnicians, Moors, or other predatory navigators. But this hypothesis is quite unauthorised, and very likely wrong.

As we rose to a higher level the snow fell heavily, driven before a raging gale, and the Highland Railway in mid-winter could not have presented a more desolate picture. I blessed my fur coat and reindeer-lined boots, if I blessed nothing else. It was merely a foretaste of the weather which we were to endure with few respites for a month.

Foiled in our first attempt to reach our destination by water, we now proposed to enter the hill country from a certain point in the railway, whence the map indicated a road of some sort in the direction we desired. Fortune, for the moment, seemed to favour us, as we found a fellow-traveller who knew the country we proposed to traverse. He warned us of *malviventi*, but my companions were a sufficient bodyguard, so we telegraphed inquiries for a vehicle. When we reached the station from which we hoped to start, a message met us that this road was blocked with snow-drifts, and that there were no means of entering the mountains that way. We could only bow to the perversity of fate which doomed us to spend our precious days in wandering round the charmed circle of our land of promise, while we gazed wistfully at the leaden clouds which covered our Paradise. There was nothing for it but to re-enter the train and continue the journey to Cagliari at the southern extremity of the island. We now descended to the great plain of Oristano—chocolate-coloured and dank—and traversed it from end to end. It is a pestilential hotbed which has helped to give the island a bad name for two thousand years. Miles away the mountains rose with sudden steepness from the plain, as they do on the Italian littoral. We passed several *stagni*, or brackish lagoons, covered with wild fowl, which would have stirred our sporting instincts if we had not been thinking of higher game, and cursing the fate which kept us at arm's length. The natives pop at them all day and sometimes kill them, for they brought ducks for sale to the carriage windows, along with fresh-gathered oranges.

The next morning saw us again on board the train—this time on a narrow-gauge railway which winds for fifty miles into the mountains. At the terminus we found the 'post' waiting—a small edition of a Rocky Mountain mud-waggon, already occupied by three passengers, and into which we were invited to stow our five selves. At first the conductor volubly refused all luggage, but by dint of heavy bribery we got our rifles allowed and such a minimum

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of equipment as would serve at a pinch. The rest was left forlorn on the platform, and did not rejoin us for a week.

Somehow we all squeezed in—six inside, two in the *coupé*, driver and conductor in front of that—and started for a twenty hours' continuous drive. We saved our lives by walking nearly all the way; and this was not difficult, as we were always either diving into a ravine or climbing out of one. The road continually returns upon itself, and short cuts were numerous. As we rose, the cultivation became scantier, and the *macquia* or scrub more frequent, till it covered the whole hillside. The population is exceedingly thin, and the houses are all huddled together for mutual protection in little towns, separated by long intervals. In the evening we stopped at such a one, and the conductor wired an inquiry as to the state of the road. Somewhat to our relief the answer came back that there was too much snow to traverse in the night, and six feet two inches was able to stretch itself on the flat. The padrone of the telegraph was hospitably inclined—as indeed we found all the Sards—and put bread and wine before us, and a room to lie in. We had rescued from our stores two bottles of that traveller's friend, British jam, and, with the padrone and his brother the priest, enjoyed a jovial meal. The jam took the priest's fancy immensely, and his conversation was confined to blessings on that condiment and curses on Garibaldi, whom he seemed to think still an enemy of the Church. One of the bottles was broken and the glass scattered among the contents, and we told the priest it was 'molto periculoso' for him to eat it, but I fancy he elected to chance it after we had left. In the room where we slept were the first signs which we had seen of the *caccia grossa* for which we were enduring so much—skins of boar, mouflon, red and fallow deer. It is not correct in Sardinia to offer any payment for such casual hospitality, but a little keepsake to the signorina, who waits in the background with curious eyes, is taken in good part.

In the morning we resumed our journey on the frozen road, and passed through some grand ilex woods—alas! rapidly disappearing before the charcoal-burner. Once in the snow we found tracks of mouflon, or were they tame pigs? I am not sure, but they served the purpose of raising our spirits. The horses, which are small but well-bred and wiry, did their work well, and in due course we reached the little town which was to be the base of our operations. It is piled on the steep side of the mountain, facing a lovely view of purple plain and distant sea. We were greeted by the kind-hearted sportsman who is familiarly known in these parts as Signor Carlo. Blessings on his head for the good things he showered on us, not only then and there, but during the whole time we were in the mountains! What bread, short in the grain, white and tender! what succulent kids, what honey, more divinely flavoured than that

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of Hymettus; and above all what Ogliastra wine, of which the tally *said* that we and our followers had drunk (shades of Sir W. L.!) six hundred bottles! But it was only twopence a bottle, so a fig for the expense!

The next morning, being Sunday, the whole male population were on the little Piazza. The women seem to be kept in almost Oriental seclusion. The national costume is peculiar. It has the appearance of being too hot above the waist and too chilly below it. A heavy Phrygian cap, fur waistcoat, and the universal hooded capote, constitutes the upper part, while below there is nothing but a short linen petticoat and gaiters. Nearly all wore a heavy knife, fully two feet long, across the stomach; this is used indifferently to chop wood, slice a sausage, or avenge a quarrel. Varied and strongly marked features seem to denote that every conquering nation of the Mediterranean has set its seal on the physiognomies of the island. Spaniards, Greeks, Moors, Arabs, and Jews reproduce, after many generations, their respective types, distinct, and apparently unmixed. Notwithstanding the very predatory appearance of some of these gentry, we found them universally civil, though we were advised not to carry a large sum of money with us, and it would probably be rash to go into the wilder parts unarmed. The island is well patrolled by police, and these carabinieri were, as we thought, needlessly solicitous about our safety. The only approach to marauding habits which we experienced was on one occasion when one of our party was walking, alone and unarmed, on the hill, when three sportsmen whistled to him to halt, and, approaching with their guns pointed at him from the hip, demanded cigars and then money. He turned out his purse, which contained an English shilling, with which booty they retired, apparently well pleased with the result of their little game of brag. When he wanted to examine their guns, they sprang back, spurred by guilty conscience. This very mild case of highway robbery came round to the ears of the carabinieri, though we had carefully concéaled the incident from them. They professed great indignation that we had not reported it, and the row waxed so hot, that at one time we thought we were to be locked up for having been robbed. Ultimately they offered to intern the whole countryside in their villages as long as we remained! The only recent crime of which we heard in the neighbourhood was recorded by a little cross on the road a mile from the cantoniera where we stayed. Here, a merchant, returning with the proceeds of a sale of wine, was murdered for his money last summer. There was a hue and cry and a demand for justice, and *somebody* was shot 'at sight' by one of the carabinieri a month afterwards. As far as I could learn there was only the barest suspicion against this man, but if he hadn't murdered the merchant perhaps he had 'booed the police.' The carabiniere was decorated!

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The custom of the vendetta has been almost stamped out, and what remains is merely a residue of commonplace sordid crime, and very little of that. As impulsive as children, the Sards are also as susceptible to praise or blame. If the least thing went wrong I have seen them blubber like overgrown babies, with heaving shoulders and streaming eyes. Our coachman, on one occasion having to get an extra load up a rather steep hill, was so overcome by such a paroxysm that he actually rolled off the box from sheer inability to hold himself upright. I am afraid it cannot be said that they are as simple as doves. Many of them are, it must be confessed, sad rogues and snappers up of unconsidered trifles; but their *bonhomie* covers a multitude of sins, and I confess I liked them.

The language bears traces of the same mixed origin as the people, and many Arabic words are used; but three hundred years of Spanish occupation has left the most marked impression. Some of our party who knew Spanish and no Italian had no difficulty in making themselves understood.

We had intended to establish a camp in some valley high up in the best mouflon ranges, but our camp equipage had had to be left behind with the bulk of our heavy luggage, so that until it arrived this scheme was out of the question; and though we began with two or three brilliant days, for the rest of our stay the weather was such as to make four walls and a roof a necessity of existence. I have said that there were no houses outside of the villages and towns. The exceptions to the rule are the cantoniere. These houses are placed about ten miles apart on the Government roads, which now traverse the mountains in various directions. They are used primarily for the accommodation of the cantonieri, who keep the roads in order; but they also contain, as a rule, a large empty barrack-room for the shelter of travellers, and a similar one for their horses. In one of these houses, at a height of nearly four thousand feet, and close under some of the highest peaks on the island, we took up our quarters, afterwards moving to the guard-house of a mine a few miles further on. The nearest habitation, a small village of five or six houses, was six miles off. This cantoniera contained a fairly comfortable room, reserved for the use of the engineer of the road on his periodical visits, and this, by leave of the head official at Cagliari, we used. It was furnished with a rough table and two camp bedsteads, and we soon felt quite at home. The two cantonieri quartered here had each his separate tenement under the same roof, and as their abodes contained the only fireplaces, we had to mix a great deal in the family circle. I dare say we were as great a nuisance to them as they were to us, but we made very free with the family hearth, and were always greeted with a friendly invitation to take the warmest place. Here every evening we had a jovial hunting symposium, as we dried ourselves and our telescopes. The man

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himself, with his wife and progeny, retired at night to an inner room; but the hospitality of the kitchen was extended indifferently to carabinieri, several of whom slept there every night, goats, dogs, and casual wayfarers. I used to get up early, and it was always a difficulty to pick my way to the fireplace across the floor, which was literally covered with the sleeping figures. As soon as we saw these surroundings, we of course expected to be devoured; but during our stay of four weeks I only once caught a flea, and that was a very little one—in fact, a mere kid, not worth hunting. Perhaps they were hibernating, and if the weather were warmer this kind of *caccia* would be more lively.

We had added to our party two Sards—Gigi and Enricetto—reputed to be knowing hunters. They were cheery companions and willing workers, and never lost their tempers, but their ideas of the art of venerie differed from ours. Gigi has lost a hand by an explosion of dynamite at the mines, but the remaining member was marvellously busy and useful. He was a capital shot and at odd hours would be out on the hill for partridges, seldom failing to score; but his favourite occupation was to draw a stocking on to his stump and darn it—I mean the stocking; the stump was sound enough. Enricetto had a mercurial temperament, which occasionally vented itself in irrepressible shouts when he saw any wild animal—an inconvenient practice when stalking. The worst thing he did was to break up one of my mouflon heads and take it out for his luncheon. After this we chiefly used him to fetch supplies from the nearest town, at a distance of seventeen miles; and he and his horse seldom failed to perform the double journey in the day, and to return laden with huge demijohns of wine and sacks of bread.

On the first evening our anticipations were raised to the highest pitch by the accounts which the carabinieri gave of the moufloni, or 'mufli' as they familiarly styled them, which they saw daily from the road—an account which we thought too good to be true, but which our own experience afterwards confirmed. And now arose a tremendous controversy as to how they ought to be hunted. One writer says, 'These animals are almost impossible to get except by driving them, and this is a very uncertain proceeding.' With the last part of this statement I agree. As to the first I believed there was a better way. I had come to stalk them, and stalk I would. The Sards on the other hand vehemently maintained that their method had always been pursued; that it was to fly in the face of Providence to try any other, and that none but a pestilent radical would suggest such a thing. Willing to humour them I stooped to conquer. On the first day we would go all together, and the Sards were to show us how to hunt mouflon, but I secretly determined not to let pass a fair chance of a stalk.

We started before daylight. Indeed, if I may make a harmless

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boast, I saw every sunrise during the five weeks I remained in the island—that is to say when there was one. Nor will any one be successful at this sport who does not do likewise. But I am bound to confess there were so many mornings that the sky shook out the feather beds, instead of producing any sun at all, that the conceit does not amount to much. We ascended a ridge immediately behind the house, and followed its crest. The snow, in spite of the three previous fine days, still lay everywhere except on some southern slopes. Alternate sun and frost had produced a crust upon its surface, in plunging through which our feet made a terrible noise, which did not promise well for 'still hunting.' However, whatever its disadvantages, one learns more of the habits of an animal in one day on the snow, than in three without it. And oh! the exhilaration of that moment! Here was fresh 'sign.' In the neighbourhood of one of these clear slopes there were unmistakable mouflon tracks. Telescopes were immediately busy, notwithstanding the impatience of the natives, who thought this a needless waste of time. A few minutes later those blessed words, 'I have them,' from C—— brought us all, eager worshippers, to his side. There they were sure enough—four brown spots on one of the southern slopes a mile or more distant. We had never seen mouflon before, but there was no mistaking the identity of the animal. The Sards were sceptical and said it was impossible to see mouflon at that distance, but that they might be pigs. It was worth the delay of a few minutes to give these gentlemen a lesson, so we carefully posed a telescope on the rocks, and presided over the peepshow. As each man came up to look, it was amusing to watch his face. He would apply his eye with an expression of supercilious pity for our credulity. After a long gaze this would suddenly give place to an eager look, while the glass was convulsively clutched; then a broad grin and a volley of smothered oaths followed. Ross's 30-inch stalker was a new revelation to them, and visibly altered their attitude towards us. From that moment they recognised that we did know a thing or two which they had not dreamed of in their philosophy.

These mouflon were close above the high road, and as they would obviously be put away by the first person that passed along it that morning, we did not attempt to stalk them, especially as they were all females or kids, and were separated from us by a deep valley. We went on along the ridge till we came to another favourable spying place, and again called a halt. Again the telescope, or rather the practised eye behind it, was successful. This time the mouflon were in a shallow hollow in the ridge upon which we stood, and by dropping down to our left and keeping along parallel to the ridge we could reach them in twenty minutes. The Sards assumed an air of profound wisdom and showed how they were to be driven. I pointed out how they might be approached with certainty if they

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remained where they were. We compromised. They were to place themselves and the other guns as though for a drive, and I was to make the stalk. A long tramp through drifted snow took us to the rock which we had marked as overlooking the macquia where they were. Lying flat on the top of it we scanned the slope below us with infinite precautions. There was nothing to be seen but the macquia, which was here so high and dense that it might have concealed a hundred. I sent C—— back to a point on the ridge three hundred yards further back, which commanded the slope from a different angle, and whence I hoped he might see them. But while he was gone I continued to watch the waving covert below me, and at last saw a little brown patch in the dark green. This presently developed into the head and shoulders of a mouflon. It was a long shot, but I had had plenty of time to get my hand steady. She fell stone dead in her tracks. At the sound another, darker and more conspicuous, jumped up and stood for a moment; I rammed in a second cartridge, and as he moved off I felt sure I had hit him. As a matter of fact he had received as deadly a wound as the other, and had fallen within ten yards, but the covert was so dense that I was some time finding him. This was a handsome young male. The other, I regret to say, was a female, but it was the first one I saw, and though this chance came thus early, I could not tell that I should have another. After this we always let the ewes alone. The natives make no such distinction, but fire a charge of slugs into the brown at short range, as they are driven by the 'poste.' Two of those subsequently killed by us had old wounds thus given.

So triumphant a beginning was beyond the dreams of avarice. Incidentally it raised us several pegs in the estimation of the natives, and proved to them the efficacy of our method. The great difficulty was to teach them the importance of finding the game before the game found you. But from this time C——'s superior skill was recognised, and brute force bowed to science. While at luncheon under a clump of fine ilex, F—— made a clever spy of a small herd of mouflon containing some good males, on the further side of the valley. They were lying in some thin covert and the master ram lay on the top of a rock, only his dark brown shoulder and fine head being visible. In accordance with our plan for the day, while two of us were 'posted' the third took the stalk, but this was a very different business from the first trial. For the first time we discovered the exceeding shiftiness of the wind among these hills. A back current carried a warning message to the herd, and F—— got only a long running shot. The Sards said it was all the fault of this beastly stalking.

I came home by myself, following the stream, where the macquia is tallest and the snow was most drifted. When these long flexible shoots are bowed down by masses of snow, and interlaced, it consti-

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tutes a temper-trying obstacle comparable only with the *leg-föhren* of the Eastern Alps. On the way I saw another lot of mouflon whom I had unwittingly disturbed in my struggle through the covert. Now let nobody suppose from this grand day's sport that it is easy to put salt on the tails of these wily beasts. To some extent, as often happens, we exhausted our luck on the first day, and we did not get another for many days.

To enable sportsmen to appreciate the difficulties of the sport, let me endeavour to describe this little wild sheep and his ways and surroundings. The mouflon is a small edition of the big-horn sheep of the Rocky Mountains. Though only about a fifth of the size, he carries the same sturdy body on short legs. Like that animal, his horns spring well back, and then curve downwards and forwards parallel with his cheeks; and like him, instead of the wool of a sheep, he has the close hair of a deer. The colour of the ewes is also the same grey dun as the *Ovis montana*, but the rams are distinguished by the rich dark brown of the shoulders and a black fringe of longer hair below the neck. On either side he bears a conspicuous grey saddle-mark, which some have supposed that nature intended as a target. If so, it is like the false portholes painted on iron forts to deceive the enemy—too far back and too high. The belly is a pure white. His meat is excellent when well hung, but in February very lean. I saw no herd of more than twelve. The old rams were sometimes solitary, but more often in small companies by themselves. The young rams were often in the company of the does. It seemed to us that there was a preponderance of males, and we were told that the shepherds who bring their flocks to the hills in the spring, kill many ewes and kids at that season; but this disparity may be only apparent, as the ewes are easily missed with the glass.

He stands about the height of a Southdown sheep, but he carries a head that seems large, out of proportion to his body. The following are the measurements of our two best heads:—

Length round outer curve . . .	29 & 28 inches
Span across horns	17 & 21 „
Girth of horn at base	9 & 10 „

It will be seen that as regards length and span they are not far inferior to big-horn sheep, but the girth and weight is much less. I had no means of weighing those we got, but our chamois hunter thought the weight of the best about twice that of a large buck chamois, which would bring it to about 100 lbs.

I believe the mouflon, as I know him, is confined to the islands of Sardinia and Corsica. There are mouflon in Cyprus, and also in the mountains of Tunis, but they are distinct species from the Sardinian animal, and from one another.

Take him all round I think the *Ovis musimon* is the best hand

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at keeping a whole skin of any wild animal that I have hunted, not excepting the chamois, whom I should place next. *Rusé* is not the word for him. He is up to all the tricks of the trade and several more. One writer states that to approach the rams is 'not unaccompanied by danger.' If to his other good qualities this sturdy little sheep added that of occasionally showing fight, he would indeed be perfect. To say that 'they frequent the precipitous bluffs, where even charcoal-burners find it difficult to set foot,' as another writer avers, conveys a wrong impression. Though he lives on ground more or less steep, it is easy, and he has no occasion for any remarkable feats of agility. On the other hand, his best safeguard lies in the dense macquia which covers the hills. At this elevation it is exclusively composed of the tall 'bruyere' heather, from which the so-called 'briar-root' pipes are made. This grows from two to six feet high. If this covert were continuous it would of course be impossible to see an animal which stands little over two feet, but much of it has been burnt, and there are natural openings besides. It is in these openings that he must be sought when feeding. As all wild sheep are constitutionally restless, and never remain long in one place, it will be understood how difficult it is, even when they have been spied, to hold them with the glass. They are constantly disappearing in the macquia, and have to be refound again and again before a stalk can be successfully effected. When they are alarmed or 'at gaze' they have a habit, or at least the rams have, of placing themselves in the middle of a bush of macquia, or at least in the shadow which it casts. The does, who are naturally less conspicuous, do this in a less degree. The mouflon are also assisted by the wonderful alertness of their eyes. I do not think that they see at a great distance, but they detect an exceedingly slight sign at a moderate range. On one occasion I got up to a small band at so high a level that there was no covert at all except that of rocks. They were two hundred yards off at least, and feeding away, and the ground being bare I could see that there were no outliers—that fruitful source of unaccountable alarms. Yet the moment I looked over with all the usual precautions, my cap, which closely matched the rocks, was 'picked up,' and the alarm communicated to the whole lot. No deer or chamois that I am acquainted with would have detected so slight a movement at that distance. This experience was repeated on several occasions. The Sards have a fable relating that a hair which fell from the head of a hunter was smelt by the wild boar, while the stag heard it, and the mouflon saw it. When startled they whistle as a chamois, and occasionally a Highland sheep does.

One of their favourite devices is to seek for spots on the lee side of a ridge where the currents of air meet. Here in otherwise favourable positions they are quite unapproachable. And the worst of it is there is no means of finding it out until the stalker, after surmount-

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ing all other difficulties, arrives within two hundred yards, only to find the treacherous wind tickling the backs of his ears. Well he knows that he will presently find their couches warm but empty. I also fancy, though I cannot prove this meanness against them, that they practise an artful dodge which is not unknown to red deer. This is to circle round an object which has excited some suspicion until they get the wind of it.

Many of our largest and most interesting days were spent in vainly trying to defeat craft of this kind, and to circumvent some strategical position that ultimately proved impregnable. At last they begin to feed; fading light compels us to do something, a flat crawl through thin macquia, a suspicious old ewe in the way, who will keep looking back instead of attending to her supper, finally a long running shot in the failing light without result—some such record was a frequent experience, but such days are not failure.

The ground on which we found them may be described as broken rather than mountainous. The valley in which we chiefly hunted is a wide tract bounded on either side by considerable ridges, and containing quite a maze of shallow corries, affording excellent shelter in all weathers, and where the wind was most aggravating for the stalker. Most of the valleys hereabouts contain groves of fine old ilex in the hollows. These ilex woods contain splendid timber of that species, as well as oaks. I saw one of the former in the hollow of which four men could easily have lain abreast. But the destruction of them is most melancholy. The pastorali seem out of pure wantonness to build their fires under the finest trees of the grove, and it was a common sight to see such giants thus done to death and stretching their gaunt arms to the sky, or overthrown by the wind. On the day following the one above described, I went some miles down the road and explored carefully a valley thus wooded. The ilex were splendid to look upon; but though I tramped for many miles through the snow, there was not a single track of mouflon to be found, and the reason was sufficiently obvious. The ilex produce an immense crop of acorns, and large droves of tame pigs are brought into the woods under the charge of 'pastorali.' The mouflon therefore quit the neighbourhood of these forests. Now our pet valley was free from such woods, with the exception of some small groves too remote for it to be worth while to bring the pigs so far, and which were given over to the wild boar. These had tracked up the snow, which lay there like a cattle-yard.

These boar lie too close in the daytime to stalk, and as a rule can only be driven; but on several occasions we caught glimpses of them, and once by a fortunate chance bagged one while stalking mouflon. We were all together on that day, and were spying for mouflon from some high rocks. One of our men was at the bottom of the slope four or five hundred yards off, and started a fine boar

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from a bunch of scrub. He came out into the open and stood halfway down the slope, unconscious of our presence as we were of his, until Enricetto jumped up, yelling 'Cinghiale! cinghiale!' (wild boar) at the top of his voice, and waving his arms. This was the Sard notion of the best way to get a quiet shot. The boar started at his best speed, and tore across the slope below us as if he had forgotten something, his stumpy black body ploughing up the snow at every stride. F—— was the first to get hold of his rifle, an American repeater, and began 'pumping lead' with it. I rushed back and laid hold of the first rifle I could find, which happened to be G——'s. He was twenty yards off and could see the fun, but not having his rifle could not get a shot in. When I got into position the boar was straight below us, going at a great pace through some burnt macquia, where he showed plainly against the snow among the black stems. I fired a length ahead of him. Some one said 'E ferrato,' and the beast seemed to slacken his pace. Before I could load my single barrel again, F—— got in two more shots, and at the last, as it appeared, piggy rolled over among the macquia. When we got down to him he was still sitting up, champing blood and foam. I got C——'s big alpenstock firmly planted against his side, so that he could not charge, and F—— gave him the *coup de grâce* with his hunting-knife. He was a fine boar, about as big as they make them in this island, which is less than they grow to on the mainland. Only one bullet had struck him, and passed clean through. Of course we assumed that this was F——'s last shot, but after the 'gralloch' we followed the track backwards and found that the blood began a hundred yards from where he fell. It was therefore plain that the fatal shot might have been fired by either of us, and the question would have remained for ever unsolved if it had not been for a curious piece of evidence. We carried the boar to the top of the ridge, and, some further cleansing being necessary, a small battered piece of copper was found in his liver. Now F—— shoots with a solid bullet, whereas I used an express, the bullet of which carries a copper tube in the hollow. The bullet had passed through, but it had left behind this unmistakable 'certificate of origin.' Poor cowboy!

We were obliged to bow down in the house of Rimmon, and, for the satisfaction of our Sards, devote a day or two to the *caccia grossa* which they esteem so much. A motley band of peasants, accompanied by a variety of dogs, appeared at an early hour one morning by agreement. Some who came from a distance had camped for the night in the woods. They were very keen and confident, and expected no pay beyond a supply of wine and a share of such game as might be killed. All had guns, but in a more or less rickety condition. The barrels of some were badly cracked; not to be wondered at, for the muzzles were 'stoppered' with plugs of grass when not in use, and doubtless these trivial obstacles were occasionally for-

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gotten. I was told of one man who shot with an ancient piece which had a distinct elbow in the barrel. This slight blemish, he said, had been made by his grandfather, so that only the owner should possess the secret of shooting with it.

Before each drive there was a great deal of voluble discussion, not to say quarrelling, as to how the drives were to be taken, and who were to act as beaters. About a third were told off for this purpose, while the remainder with ourselves occupied the 'posts' on the ridge above the drive, or on the slope which was to be driven. I confess I envied the beaters, for we were soon chilled to the bone at the posts. They did not appear to attach much importance to driving down wind. The beaters kept up a discordant din, but the dogs did most of the work. We took four or five drives that day; boar or mouflon were seen in most of them, but only one or two snap shots were obtained and the result was *nil*. They say a small pig passed within twenty yards of me without my knowing it. The following day we drove down to the little village whence most of these men came, and took some likely-looking places on another range. The result was no better. If we made any sceptical remarks as to any drive, we were greeted with, 'Cervi—altro!' (with emphasis) 'Anche moufloni —Anche cinghiale—Suro, suro!' (crescendo). This indeed was a formula with which we grew very familiar while we remained in Sardinia, but after this experience we did not trouble the native form of sport, if such it can be called. Perhaps we were unlucky; certainly many boar are killed in this way, but I believe very few mouflon. This is borne out by the following, which is given by Mr. Tennant as the average annual bag on the Marquis of Laconi's estate, which is one of the largest and best preserved on the island: Mouflon, 5; red deer, 10; fallow deer, 40; boar, 85; partridges, 500; hares, 150; rabbits, 300; woodcock, 160; snipe, 125; duck, 100; quail, 50; plover, 30; bustards, 5. There are a few red deer on these ranges, and the Sards would occasionally point out an old mouflon track in the snow which had been enlarged by the sun, and assert that it was a red deer. I saw no genuine fresh red deer's tracks myself, but the exceptionally severe weather had perhaps driven them away from the high ground. Fallow deer must also be sought at a lower level.

Returning from that expedition in the evening in the little waggonette we had hired, we had an object lesson in the obstinacy of Sard horses. Such a pair of jibbers I never saw before. After a series of tremendous struggles, during which we progressed about a mile in an hour, we gave it up and walked home. The driver arrived there at midnight leading his horses. The next day he made another attempt, but ultimately he was beaten, and had to walk twelve miles to fetch another pair.

After this we returned with renewed zest to our own methods,

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thanking our stars that we were not dependent upon a mixed rabble of Sards for our sport. It was not all plain sailing, however, for the weather again turned abominably rough, and remained so almost without intermission for the rest of our stay. One does not expect to find the Arctic regions within 150 miles of Africa. Daily we had to face heavy falls of snow and hail which condemned us to a voluntary imprisonment for hours together under some hospitable rock, waiting for such a clearance as would make it possible to use the telescope. But our worst enemy was the wind. So thrashing, hammering, persistent a gale I never tried to stand against. The windows of the cantoniera were partly blown in, and the fine powdery snow poured in through the broken panes for several days continuously, while outside nothing was to be seen but whirlwinds of snow and columns of spray a hundred feet high, torn up from the surface of the river. Even when the snow ceased to fall the wind was so high that it caught up the snow in wreaths and filled the air with the fine particles like a fog, so that no use could be made of the glass. Nor was this the worst of it, for, though we faced the weather, and by patience succeeded in finding the game, some shuddering current of air, whirling round the corries and rebounding from the cliffs, would carry a warning to their senses, from whatever quarter we attempted to approach, and time after time good stalks were spoiled. Still we were often reminded of our latitude, even on the worst days, by distant visions, as through a veil, of gleams of southern sun bathing in golden light the low country which lay beyond the influence of this centre of storms. More rarely we enjoyed a whole day's respite, which we thought heavenly by contrast, and in some sheltered corner we would pretend to take a siesta after the manner of these parts, with the head pillowed on a bunch of wild thyme, and its scent filling the nostrils.

On such a day we had one of the prettiest of stalks. We had spied from the top of a ridge two old stagers—rams of quite exceptional quality—on the slope below us. They were thinking of settling for the day, and the wariness with which they sought a retreat was highly instructive. After trying several spots they ascended the opposite slope, and at last lay down within shot of the top of it, but so carefully concealed that though they lay on snow and where the scrub was thin, if three powerful telescopes had not watched every move, we should certainly have lost them when they lay down. We had now to get down our side of the valley, which was, naturally, in full view; but the macquia, which generally favours the game, sometimes helps the hunter. Lying on our backs, and pushing ourselves down through the snow with our elbows, we slid in and out among the low bushes, as well concealed as our quarry, and reached the bottom in safety. Thence a shallow ravine led us easily to the top of the ridge under which the mouflon lay, and

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following it along to the well-noted point above them, and finding the wind there sure and steady, we felt pretty safe of a fair shot. I crept down the hill till I was nearly level with the rams, and could just make out a pair of horns. G——, who was to take the shot, got straight above them and much nearer. We stayed like this for twenty minutes waiting for them to rise, when suddenly, without warning, rhyme, or reason, they sprang from their beds and bounded down the slope without a pause. G—— got in a futile running shot. I was too astonished even to do that. The cause remains to this moment a mystery, but there is one hypothesis which fits the case. We had left Gigi forty yards behind on the other side of the ridge with strict injunctions not to move. I hope I am not doing him an injustice, but it is just possible that, as we had so long passed out of his sight, overcome by curiosity he came over the ridge to see what had become of us. If he did so it is certain that the rams would see him before he saw them. When we returned to the spot where we had left him, he wore an exceedingly innocent expression, but he did not inquire if the shot had been successful.

The cantoniera was not attractive by daylight. Even at the worst of the weather we went out on the off chance, and by sheer perseverance sometimes got a stroke of luck and conquered fortune against odds. On one of the most unpromising of days we struggled against the gale to our favourite spying-place. On the ridge we found that, even if the falling snow would have allowed a clear sight, the wind was too high to hold the glass steady. So we descended into a deep valley at right angles to the course of the wind, and sought a big rock. Here we built a huge fire, and, baking alternate sides of our bodies, waited to see whose patience would first give out.

For five hours we waited for a chance, and then gave in and followed the stream homewards, but kept a bright look-out as we passed certain deep hollows on the sheltered side, well knowing that in weather like this all the living things in the valley must be concentrated in such spots. We had passed several of these and were nearing the high road when C——, who was in front, dropped on the track. We followed his example and felt for our glasses, now almost useless from damp. High up the slope he had seen a mouflon, and we now made out four cunning old rams, the same, as we believed, whom we had seen on previous occasions, but who had always eluded us. They were sheltering under a steep slope where the patches of heather were quite six feet high, which accounted for their choice of the spot. Getting into a hollow we went straight up at them, with very faint expectation of getting within shooting distance. Perhaps they thought that nobody would be fool enough to be hunting on such a day. In any case they were less vigilant than usual. Though the wind seemed to be whirling about in every direction we got right up to them before they were 'jumped.' It

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was impossible to tell exactly where they were, and the first sign I saw was a pair of horns describing a series of arched curves. I had just time to shout to G—— to look out, when they bolted up the hill across a patch of open ground. The leader had his heels in the air before he could cross it. G——'s shot also seemed to tell. Then I tried to get into a sitting position for a steady shot when they should reappear in the next opening, but I forgot how steep the hill was, and rolled clean over backwards, heels over head, and only recovered myself to fire a futile shot. Again I got into position with the bead on the sky line, feeling sure that one or another would turn there to look for his scattered companions. Exactly so! A massive pair of shoulders and horns clear cut against the sky! Click —I had forgotten to put a cartridge in. Egregious duffer! fat-head! tender-foot! Pile on the epithets—you will never have such another chance. Casting a hasty glance at the dead mouflon we followed up the trail, and soon found blood on the snow, which quickly led us to the body of another. We had two beauties at any rate, but we ought to have had the lot.

These two had heads which are not easy to beat, but there were two or three veterans about, with heads as wide and strong, and in addition with the outward turn of the tips of the horns, which gives such a character to some of the Asian sheep, and, more rarely, to the American big-horn. We were greedy for one of these, and for many days counted all else as 'trash;' but they set quite as much value on their trophies as we did. One day we spied such a one, well placed on the opposite slope of a deep valley. He had others nearly as good in his company as well as some ewes, but we recked not of them. A solemn resolution was agreed to, to spare no time or trouble to get this fellow; and having so resolved, we immediately broke it. The first difficulty was to get down the slope below us, which was in view. We ought to have returned along the ridge for a mile to where a hollow would have covered us, but to save a quarter of an hour we clipped it. I fancied there was a little ravine below us, but the slope proved painfully smooth, and the covert was unusually thin and the snow abominably white. Having got a third of the way down in safety, slithering *dos-à-terre*, we could not slither up again, and had to risk it. Now these crafty sheep practised a dirty little trick, which we observed on more than one previous occasion. They really saw us all the time, but *pretended* that they did not, and remained apparently unconscious until we disappeared from their sight into the gully of the stream, when they instantly departed. Fortunately we had left Benjamin on the top of the ridge with a telescope to guard against such a contingency. Finding them gone we now signalled him to join us. He had seen that their heads were turned towards us, but they did not even rise from their beds until they thought their departure would be unobserved. They then separated

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into two parties, but B—— had kept his glass on the patriarch and two or three others who accompanied him. He reported that they had passed over a shoulder of the mountain towards a certain deep corrie which we knew to be a favourite sanctuary. We now made a big *détour*, as we should have done in the first instance, and at length reached the rim of this basin. From here, after a long search, we again discovered them. To approach was a different business in this concave hollow. For several hours we wound ourselves about among the low bushes, and horribly cold work was this flat crawling in powdery snow; but it was impossible to get nearer than a quarter of a mile. We had left Benjamin at the point where we had refound them, with instructions to hold them with the glass. Once he thought they had discovered us, for all their heads went up together; but, turning his glass towards the quarter at which they were looking, he discovered the cause in a large boar snouting about the scrub. In the meanwhile there was nothing for it but to wait till they fed into a more accessible place. This they at length did, feeding down the stream till a friendly shoulder hid them. Then we jumped up and ran along the hill as quickly as our stiffened limbs could travel, till we got right above them. The supreme moment seemed to have arrived. They were quietly feeding through some tall macquia towards a clearing. We slid down a hollow which faced this opening, and waited seventy yards from it. First came a suspicious old ewe gazing about. Now they were all in the open except the big one. Last of all he trotted out, and turned to graze on the edge of a steep bank, the whole length of his broad back exposed to us. What a grand trophy he will make set up in Ward's best style! It was just the loveliest chance I ever saw, and after such a stalk too! I whispered to F—— to take him so. There was a crash of lead on splintered rock—twenty bounds, and he was gone. Alas that the minute trembling of some superfluous misbegotten nerve should squander all that labour, forethought, endurance, and science! Well! I know whereabouts he is, and I hope to look him up again some day.

It would be extremely interesting to me, but I fear tedious for the reader, to describe other stalks, successful or the reverse. I will content myself with saying that notwithstanding quite an epidemic of misses we secured nine mouflon and one boar, all by fair stalking.

I will conclude this paper with a suggestion or two that may be useful to any one who may follow in our footsteps. If he understands stalking, by all means let him take a telescope, which must be used with industry and perseverance. Nor let him be content with looking the ground over once or twice. In such covert an animal may be hidden one minute and exposed the next. If he must drive let him avoid surrounding himself with a tribe of natives. Two or three are enough to drive a wide area for sheep. Let them drive,

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while he puts himself in the *best* post. His individual chance will be as good or better than if the ridge were lined with impetuous natives. The head quarters should be as far as possible from a town. A few Italian cigars carried in the pocket are the best passport. The best season for stalking mouflon would probably be the summer, when they are high up on the peaks where the rocks are nearly bare; but there may be danger of fever until October. Supplies should be fetched every two or three days from the nearest town by a man on horseback. To avoid the necessity of carrying much money, a sum should be deposited with some agent there, and everything paid for through him. If the sportsman carries a good stock of wholesome incredulity, and relies upon his own judgment, he will enjoy himself. If he discovers my particular preserve, I hope he will move on to some other equally good, or, should I find him in my quarters, there might be a bad case of *vendetta*.

E. N. Buxton.

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A BYE-ELECTION IN 1747.

EVERY debate makes its contribution to the mass of unfulfilled prophecies which must surely be strewn as thickly on the floor of the House of Commons as good intentions can be in another place; but I suppose that few measures of recent times have disappointed the prophets so much as the Corrupt Practices Act. Even its authors must be surprised at its success, and at the complete way in which it has destroyed the vile corruption of electors, which was so long almost a national institution, and which, even in the present generation, was often considered to be quite as venial as poaching.

Many families still feel the burden of the cost of elections fought by their ancestors in past days, and know to their sorrow that such a farm and such an estate had to be sold in consequence, but few probably are aware of the way in which the money went; so an account of some papers which were found accidentally at Castle Hill may be of interest, as showing how an unsuccessful candidate could spend between 3,000*l.* and 4,000*l.* in a borough which had but 323 electors. The candidate was Mr. John Fortescue, first cousin and son-in-law of Earl Clinton, of Castle Hill; the borough was Barnstaple, the occasion a bye-election in 1747, caused by the elevation of Mr. Henry Rolle, M.P., to the peerage; and the papers consist of three letters from and one to Frederick, Prince of Wales: a register, two canvass-books, which are always alluded to as 'Polls,' the account-book of the head agent, and a large number of bills and vouchers, both of his and the sub-agent's, neatly tied up with strips of white buckskin.

Politics, as such, do not appear to have entered much into the contest, though party feeling ran so high that, in the previous year, Gibbon the historian, then a schoolboy of nine years old, was, in his own words, buffeted and reviled because his ancestors had been Tories. The situation, however, was briefly this:—

The Parliament of 1741 had just been dissolved, Henry Pelham, at the head of the Broad Bottom Administration, having been Prime Minister since 1744; the Jacobite insurrection had been crushed at Culloden in 1746, but, notwithstanding naval victories off Finisterre and Ushant, we were getting the worst of the war with the French in the Low Countries, although the union with the Dutch Republic was

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never more cordial or better established. There had been a congress at Breda, but it led to nothing, and the King's speech dissolving Parliament on the 17th of June concluded by saying that, as the present Parliament would necessarily determine in a short time, and as nothing would give so much weight and credit to his affairs abroad in the present conjuncture as to show the dependence he had upon the affections of his people he had judged it expedient speedily to call a new Parliament.[1] So far the King's speech, which is borne out by the subjoined extract from Tatam's History, which is quoted in the same volume of Hansard; but the Ministry was really in the most disorganised condition, and the result of the elections aggravated rather than reduced the internal dissensions of which this vivid account is given in Ballantyne's *Life of Lord Carteret* (p. 323):—

Many councils were at this time held at St. James's with regard to the state of affairs abroad, particularly those in Holland, where the party of the Prince of Orange had a great ascendency, and everything seemed to co-operate towards a strict and hearty union between the States-General and Great Britain, provided the States could have been assured of her steady perseverance in the same system of public councils, which it was pretended they could not if the Parliament continued to sit. As the government of England had now effected so thorough a comprehension of all parties, both without and within doors, they determined by one bold stroke to remove this objection, and to advise his Majesty immediately to dissolve the Parliament, and to leave the people to their choice of new representatives. This was certainly a very wise measure, as it tended to show all Europe that the government of England was not afraid to part even with a Parliament that had so signally and successfully exerted itself in extinguishing a domestic rebellion, and in supporting at an incredible expense a foreign war. His Majesty took the advice; on the 17th of June he prorogued the Parliament, and on the 18th it was dissolved.

The elections all over Great Britain went on with unparalleled unanimity, and were attended with very few of their usual commotions.

The landed interest appeared to be as strong as ever in the counties, but a sensible alteration was found with regard to many of the borroughs (*sic*). The vast successes of the war, the prodigious prizes taken from the enemy, and the many advantages Britain had acquired in point of trade, enriched the marine and mercantile gentlemen to such a degree that numbers of them were enabled to aspire to seats in Parliament, and were supported with a greater effusion of money than ever had been known to be expended on such occasions.

The minister who was now generally looked upon to be Mr. Pelham was unable to stop the current of corruption which ran in some places where he thought the elections were secure in favour of the government. He appeared, however, perfectly easy, and declared on all occasions that all parties were indifferent to him, provided they were in the interest of their country, which should be his only object; and if he exerted himself, it was in favour of those whom he personally esteemed, and who he thought would agree to the wise and moderate system he had laid down.

In some places the disaffected endeavoured to revive the influence that had operated so powerfully in the latter part of Sir Robert Walpole's administration, and at the last general election. But in Westminster only 544 voters out of 14,000 could be found to vote against the Court candidates, and 'the spirit both of opposition and disaffection was found proportionately abated in all other places

[1] King's speech, 17th of June, 1747.

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in the United Kingdom; so it was easily foreseen the approaching Parliament would be of the same temper as the last.'[2]

In 1747, after the Congress of Breda, Harrington, one of the Secretaries of State, wished to put an end to the war: Newcastle, the other Secretary, terribly anxious to gain the King's personal favour, desired that the wretched military business should continue. The dispute was only closed by the dismissal of Harrington with a heavy pension. On the 29th of October, the day after Harrington's resignation, Chesterfield took the vacant place; anxiously pressed to accept by Newcastle, who feared that if he refused the King would again send for Granville (Lord Carteret). Chesterfield accepted, hardly, as he said, knowing whether he was on his head or his heels; and the chaotic condition of the Ministry became every month more evident. The King hated all his advisers; but, unable to get rid of them, left them to do as they pleased, bitterly saying he was not competent to assist them in cases of difficulty. 'No real business was done,' said Chesterfield to Lord Marchmont; 'there was no plan; and, in differences of opinion, the King bid them do what they thought fit, and continued very indolent, saying that it signified nothing, as his son, for whom he did not care a louse, was to succeed him, and would live long enough to ruin us all; so that there was no government at all.'

In October 1747, Chesterfield told Marchmont that he did not know where the government lived. There was no government; they met, and talked, and then said, 'Lord, it is late; when shall we meet to talk over this again?' In that same month, the differences between Newcastle and his brother were so extreme that they could not speak to each other without falling into a passion, and actually declined to meet. The leader in the House of Commons would not see the leader in the House of Lords. Pelham and Chesterfield were anxious for peace; Newcastle, not understanding what he was talking about, urged the continuance of the war. Before the year was out, Chesterfield, disgusted with his personal situation, and declaring that what might become of the other ministers was no business of his, resolved to resign.

Under these circumstances the public welfare was naturally the last thing to be considered, and the cynical views expressed by Horace Walpole in the following letter were no doubt universally adopted:—

The Hon. Horace Walpole to the Hon. Henry Seymour Conway.

Twickenham: June 8, 1747.

You will think I have removed my philosophy from Windsor with my tea things hither, for I am writing to you in all this tranquillity while a Parliament is bursting about my ears. You know it is going to be dissolved; I am told you are

[2] Ballantyne's *Life of Lord Carteret*, pp. 323-24.

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taken care of, though I don't know where, nor whether anybody that chooses you will quarrel with me because he does choose you, as ——— did; one of the calamities of my life which I have bore as abominably well as I do most about which I don't care. They say the prince has taken up 200,000*l.* to carry elections which he won't carry: he had much better have saved it to buy the Parliament after it is chosen. A new set of peers are in embryo to add more dignity to the silence of the House of Lords. I could tell you much election news, none else; through not being thoroughly attentive to so important a subject, as to be sure one ought to be, I might now and then mistake, and give you a candidate for Durham in place of one for Southampton, or name the returning officer instead of the candidate. In general I believe it is much as usual—those sold in detail that afterwards will be sold in the representation—the ministers bribing Jacobites to choose friends of their own—the name of well-wishers to the present establishment, and patriots, outbidding ministers that they may make the better market of their own patriotism: in short, all England, under some name or other, is just now to be bought and sold.[3]

History does not relate in what constituencies the Prince of Wales made use of his 200,000*l.*, but apparently it was not all absorbed in the general election, whereas Thomas Benson and Henry Rolle, Esq., were returned for the borough of Barnstaple on the 2nd of July, 1747. I do not think there was a contest there on this occasion: the dissolution seems to have come rather unexpectedly, and probably it was known that Mr. Rolle was to have a peerage, so it may have been agreed that the fight should take place over the vacancy thus created, when both sides would have plenty of time to marshal their forces and promote the prosperity of the town: but from this letter of the Prince of Wales it would seem that there was at one time some apprehension lest the arrangement might be upset:—

To Lord Clinton.

Saturday Evening.

My D^r^ Lord, I return Y^u^ my thanks for the very distinct account Y^u^ have Sent me, and I think things apear in a very good way; but my Opinion is to Secur 'em, which by making Free-men can't fail, as I do'nt doubt proper, and Safe People will be fix'd on by Y^u^. I can never imagine Role's so foolish, as to miss now his Peerage, which in all likelyhood is for him *l'heure du Berger*, so I can't doubt of the Vacancy, and in that case Y^r^ Brother in Law (Lord Lyttelton), might stop the Officers of the Revenue, of flying in Y^r^ face, but if his Christianity, Morality, or Servile Obedience to P^ham^ or to the recanting Pay Master (Pitt), Should hinder him of it, the Free-men will Set all wright. As to the 'expence I'll go as far as as I have engag'd, 1,800*l.*, which with the 2,200*l.*, I hope will do, and by the Book of the present expence, leav's no Room to doubt of it, unless the Treasury was let loose, which I think considering all, is not very likely. I have never Spok'n of this, nor Surely Sha'nt, tho' I should not be Surpriz'd if they'd Suspect something, my friendship to Y^u^ and Y^rs^ to L^d^ Granville not making Y^u^ a favorite of that pretty Clan. Every thing is here as usual, Y^r^ friends hope after this trouble of Y^r^ will be over, to see Y^u^, and I dare Say Y^u^ know, My D^r^ L^d^ that Y^u^ have no better friend than

FREDERICK P.

The conduct of Messrs. Rolle and Benson in the affair seems to

[3] Lord Orford's *Works*, vol. v. p. 28.

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have been rather peculiar. The former, though owing his peerage to the government, was so forgetful of his creator as to have supplied the opposition candidate with funds, while the latter changed sides in the course of the election, and was prepared to use his vote and influence against the gentleman to whose expenses he had made a substantial contribution; but, after all, he was not the only voter in the borough who altered his opinions; the papers show that some of them did not act without good reason, and the arguments may have been as cogent in his case as in theirs. But it is now time that I gave some account of the constituency and of the papers in question.

The parliamentary representation of the ancient capital of North Devon was at this time in the hands of the Corporation, consisting of the mayor, two aldermen, and twenty-four common councilmen—and the freemen, who obtained their privileges either by inheritance or in some unexplained way, of which more hereafter, through the magistrates. In all, there were 322 names on the register when the contest began, including three peers—Lord Clinton, Lord Gower, and Lord Rolle—but over a third were what we should call 'out-voters:' the 200 or so who resided in the town were very unevenly divided among the trades, there being no less than 36 weavers and woolcombers and 27 connected with the leather industry; hatters, carpenters, and butchers had each eight representatives; barbers, four, were as numerous as grocers; while excisemen, five, were more plentiful than either. The glove-makers, who still flourish at Barnstaple, had two of their body among the freemen, but there was only one tailor and one baker. Of innkeepers, however, and victuallers there were six, supported by three maltsters and four coopers. The general list including, beside the three peers, fourteen 'esquires,' six 'gents,' ten 'clerks,' nine mariners, seven soldiers and marines, one doctor and two apothecaries, one farmer and two husbandmen, with three schoolmasters—of whom two were Dissenters and non-resident—and three destitute freemen 'in y^e^ workhouse.' Altogether a very mixed lot—but unanimous, I doubt not—and ahead of their times, in disapproving the Septennial Act, inasmuch as a contest brought with it meat, drink, clothes, lodging, washing, medical attendance, and pocket-money for the free and independent elector.

In providing the above on this occasion, Mr. Fortescue spent, as I have said, between 3,000*l.* and 4,000*l.* Mr. John Exter, the agent, accounts for 3,398*l.* 18*s.* 7*d.*; but I am not quite sure whether or no this includes a sum of 398*l.* 18*s.* 7*d.* spent by Lord Clinton and the candidate himself for the purposes of the election. There is reason to think it does not; but apart from this the total is summed up as follows:—

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	£	s.	d.			
Sent by John Exter . . .	1,901	3	6			
Paid by do. . . .	787	4	8			
				£2,688	8	2
Sent by the agents . . .	216	4	5			
Paid by them	494	6	0			
				£710	10	5
				£3,398	18	7

Showing 2,117*l.* 'lent' and 1,281*l.* expended for other purposes—which is more than the authorised maximum for the present Barnstaple division of some ten thousand voters.

In examining the general account, the heaviest items of a modern election bill are found conspicuous by their absence. There is no charge for printing; the agents seem to have worked for nothing, Mr. Exter, who got 10*l.* 10*s.* for his trouble, alone excepted. Stationery is represented by four purchases of paper—at 1*s.* a quire—pens, sealing-wax, and wafers, amounting to 6*s.* in all, with books 4*s.* 6*d.* There is no rent charged for the committee-room, which was cheaply furnished with 13*d.* worth of dome, a mop and a utensil; nor is there a trace of anything in the shape of a public meeting, beyond a small charge for the expense of searching if any affidavit had been filed about *the* riot; in fact, the only portion of this large expenditure, equivalent to nearly 2,500*l.* at the present day, which was not corrupt, was the cost of the messengers and the sums given for journey money to those voters who came from a distance. Something over half of the general account went in liquor, while 'expenses on freemen'—which probably meant 'drinks round'—is a very common explanation of the minor entries, which begin on the 24th of June and are continued daily or at short intervals up to the 17th of September. From that day—the date, apparently, of the Pleasure Fair, a very great local institution—there is a break to the 22nd of October, and the payments cease in this account-book on the 7th of November, which was the time at which a certain letter from a great personage was received.

Some of the items are curious, and throw a good deal of light on the cost of living in those days. Anticipating the formal promotion of Mr. Rolle to the peerage, Mr. Fortescue commenced his campaign during the first election, and for ten days from the receipt of the writ till its conclusion entertained all and sundry with twelve bottles of ale, five of cider, 456 bottles of wine, and 25*l.* worth of other drinks of sorts; the only solids of which there is mention being a salmon, 10*s.*, and on the day he came into the town, 27*s.* worth of other eatables; which were washed down with 111 bottles of wine, besides punch, beer, ale and cider. Altogether 159*l.* was spent in this preliminary cultivation of the constituency. Up to this date little seems to have been done in 'lending' money, or bringing in out-voters; but both

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were now taken up in earnest, and food was distributed as well as drink. Thus, on the 10th of July, 184 lbs. of beef and mutton were supplied on the order of a sub-agent, at a cost of 2½*d.* per lb. for inferior and 3*d.* for superior joints, 2*l.* 2*s.* 0½*d.* in all; 10*s.*, I think, was the charge for dressing this. Again, on the 15th of September, four quarters of beef and five legs of mutton, 602 lbs., were purchased at 2½*d.*, and on another occasion there was a big dinner at an inn, the bill for which runs thus:—

	£	*s.*	*d.*
Nine dozen and one bottles of Port at 2/	10	18	0
Three dozen of white Wine	3	12	0
Two dozen and nine bottles of wine	3	6	0
Six bottles of sherry	0	12	0
Six pints of Reinish at 1/2	0	7	0
Sugar and nutmegs	0	7	0½
Two sticks of wax	0	0	6
Five dozen and nine bottles of cyder	1	3	0
Ale and tobacco	5	17	6
Glasses broken	0	5	6
83 ordinaries at 2/	8	6	0
33 Do. at 1/ for servants	1	13	0
	£36	7	6½

It might have been expected that all this drinking would have led to much disturbance and fighting, but any rows there may have been must have been of a very good-humoured character, judging by the doctor's bill for

A List of Freemen who have been under my care.

	£	*s.*	*d.*
July 15, 1747, Jn°. Peard, a Dislocated Shoulder, Reduct.: dressings, Attendance and Cure	1	1	0
Aug. 4, Henry Smale, a contus'd thigh and leg, dressings and Cure	0	7	6
Aug. 18, Nath. Blackwell, a sprained shoulder and thumb, dressings, attendance, and cure	0	10	6
Sept. 9, George Larkin, a Fractur'd Leg, Reduct.: 6 weeks Attendance and Cure	3	3	0
Oct. 20, Thom° Courtis of London, an Ulcer of his Leg, 3 weeks Attendance and Cure	1	1	0
Oct. 22,[1] Jonathan Balles, Bleeding	0	1	0
Nov. 6, Oliver Collybear, A dislocated Ancle (not yet Cur'd)	1	1	0
	£7	5	0

But, though so many potent arguments were brought to bear on the stomachs of the electors, other methods of influencing opinion were not neglected; and the procession which is so prominent a feature in modern American electioneering seems to have been fore-

[1] He also got 7*s.* 6*d.* from Atchison, a sub-agent, by 'impudent invention.' His 'meat, drink, washing and lodging, from 25th Sept. to 12 Nov., are charged in another bill at 3*l.* 6*s.* 3*d.*

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stalled at Barnstaple by a 'calvacade,' the drummers and trumpeters in which got a guinea and a half for their services. The Pleasure Fair also was utilised, and there is a charge of 19*s.* 6*d.* for expenses with Rev. Mr. ——, 'and severall other free voters and their wives, etc. at the puppett Show;' and female influence was further courted in more than one instance, a sub-agent expending as much as 6*l.* 6*s.* in 'a bauble for a freeman, J. B. his daughter.' The said J. B. was from his initials identical with the butcher who supplied all the beef and mutton before referred to, and was one of the forty odd 'common burgesses' on Mr. Fortescue's side who were not directly bribed; nearly half of these incorruptible people, however, are described as 'Esquire,' or 'Gent,' and I am afraid there are only about twenty-five of the rank and file who did not receive a loan, and two of them changed sides. The ordinary price was twenty guineas; in one instance there is the addition 'and which he denyed 3*l.* 3*s.*,' and a few of the out-voters got less; but otherwise it was a regular thing, and was paid impartially to a soldier in the Guards, to a 'Gent' (the only one, by the way, who seems to have taken money), and to a pauper in the workhouse; the out-voters of course got their journey money as well, 4*l.* 4*s.* being paid from London and 1*l.* 1*s.* from Exeter; and considerable expenditure was incurred in this way, and in finding them out and securing them.

This was the more necessary as the canvass returns show that the absentees were nearly as numerous as the doubtfuls, and able consequently to decide the election. There are two canvass-books among the papers, and four summaries of the progress of the canvass; the first three tell a hopeful if not a flattering tale, the latest of them, dated the 25th of July, giving

Mr. Fortescue	135
Sir Bouchier Wrey	128
Doubtful	25
Absent	29

This was sent with the annexed covering letter, and the substance of it forwarded very likely to London, as the time agrees with the next letter from the Prince of Wales. The anxiety expressed about the finances is not unnatural, seeing that Mr. Exter's expenditure for the month was 450*l.* exclusive of all the 'loans,' and exclusive of all the bills that were being run up in all directions by the other agents for the maintenance and refreshment of the freemen 'in their Labours,' the day's allowance of ale to each being two quarts beside spirits:—

Barum: July y^e^ 25^th^ 1774.

My Lord,—Inclosed you have the Poll as it now stands but I hope by next Week to send you a better Account and more to your Lordship's satisfaction, and am very sorry that your Lordship should be at such expense to forward this election.

John Coles Exciseman who is now ranged in the doubtfull List I find lives at

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Abington in Berkshire, he was preferred to be supervisor by your Lordship's or General Whethan's Interest, but is now reduced to a Common Exciseman.

I find that Mr. Rolle hath wrote to him, but whether he hath promised him or not I do not know, but I am persuaded that your Letter to him would secure him if he be not engaged, or keep him back if he be.

I am with all due Respect
Your Lordship's most obedient humble Servant,

JOHN ATCHISON.

My Lord,—I have The Honour of His Royal Highnesses Commands to convey the inclosed to your Lordship by a messenger that is going on to Mr. Pitt. You will probably observe that it comes much later to you, than from its Date you might expect, But that is owing to His R. Highnesses waiting for a proper opportunity of sending it to you.

I hear your Lordship is at present warmly engaged. I most heartily wish you success in whatever you undertake—and am with the Greatest Respect

My Lord your Lordships most obedient humble servt.

J. AYSCOUGH.

Gerrard Street: August 10, 1747.

Leicester Hse., the 5th, 1747.

My D[r] Lord, to hinder all mistax's I write this by the Messenger who go's to Cornwall. Nugent tells me that L[d] Role's has paid a Sum of mony to Mr. Fortescue, joint with Benson, I understand 'tis 1,200*l.* You told me he was willing to spend 1,000*l.*, with these 2,200*l.* I should hope you might carry it but Suppose there was need of more I am very willing to Stand it, be it 800*l.* to make it 3,000*l.* or 1,800*l.* to make it 4,000*l.* The Pelhams allow us 205, without Scotland, where I know of 10. The Confusion amongst 'em is great, as ev'ry body Says, and Several Changes are Spok'n off, which with the Miserys of Flanders, will destroy 'em, but I am afraid so late, that this Country will perishe with 'em. I hope to see You soon my D[r] Lord, and you'll find me allways Y[r] very affectionate,

FREDERICK P.

Great efforts were made by both sides in the next two months to secure the doubtfuls, to bring up out-voters, and to keep straight those who were already pledged. Here are some extracts from 'An account of expenses &c. Laid out' by a man who had been sent to Plymouth—

24th	£	*s.*	*d.*
Spent at the Globe at Torrington	2	12	0
Gave A. G. (who had his 21*l.* besides)	0	10	0
Left with M[r] B. to drink at his Publick House	0	5	0
p[d] for a horse and guide	0	2	0
Gave the servants at Winscott	0	2	0
Wednesday Morning,			
Spent at Oakehampton	0	6	0
Spent at Lanehead	0	2	0
Spent at the White Hart at Dock	1	16	0
Left with Mr. H. to drink after I was gone home as I intended in the morning	1	1	0
Boate on board the Salisbury	0	1	0
Gave Nicholas Moule (the voter)	0	2	6

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	£	s.	d.
Friday, 26th			
Gave James Allen to shew Crimke Passage	0	1	0
Passage forward and Backward	0	0	4
Boate to fetch Nicholas Moule a shoar	0	1	0
Noone			
Spent at Dock	0	1	0
Ale at the smith's shop to get George Coates	0	2	6
[This was money thrown away, for Coates was a blacksmith in the Dockyard, and therefore supported the Government candidate, Sir B. Wrey.]			
Spent more at the White Hart wth George Coates, Nich^{s} Moule, Quarter Masters of the Dock wt Harry and the officers of Marines	0	17	6
Night			
1 Bottle of wine when I had Moules furlow 2/, Serjeant's fee 2/6, Serj^{t} Maj^{rs} fee for the furlow 12^{d}	0	5	6
At Tavistock Supper wine ale Horses &c.	0	5	6
27th Night (Being back at Barnstaple)			
Gave Moule to put in his Pockett	0	5	6

The Pockett money was not, however, the last expense which the capture of the marine entailed; of course he was maintained, but that did not cost much, as I find that a fellow-freeman received 1*s.* in money and a leg of mutton 8*d.* in full for one week's subsistence; but he was still in Barnstaple on the 20th of October, when the Doctor enters in his account 'Gave Moule in his Temptation 1/,' and, over and above the modest sum which apparently sufficed to keep him straight, he received a complete kit in lieu of his uniform, as follows:—

D for Nichs Moule p Order.	£	s.	d.
3 yds. ¾ brod Cloth at 10/	1	17	6
5 yd. ¾ Shelloon at 16^{d}	0	7	8
1 yd. Brod Buckram	0	1	0
1 yd. ½ Wadding	0	0	9
1 yd. Cull^{d} fustin	0	1	0
2 yd. ½ white Do.	0	2	6
Ball o' Silk & twist	0	1	10½
2 yds. thread	0	0	6
2 Doz. ½ Coate buttens at 10^{d} . . .	0	2	1
1 Doz. ½ Vest Do.	0	0	7½
½ yd Canvas 4^{d} tape 2^{d}	0	0	6
p^{d} Walter Bowen for a hatt . . .	0	5	6
p^{d} for making as by ac^{t}	0	7	6
	3	9	0
2 shirts and a pair of Shoes . . .	0	17	6

The next letter is from a man who was sent direct from Castle Hill: 'Frugall' as he was, he wasted his eight guineas on Mr. Trapnell, who, being perhaps better used by the other side, appears in their list a week after this letter was written.

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Charles Holloway's Bill for Expense on freemen at *London.*

Sept^{r}. y^{e} 17th, 1747.

Mad^{m},—I Received your Letter yeasterday, and my account is as follows:

	£	s.	d.
p^{d} to Nich. Thomas	2	2	0
p^{d} to Thomas Courtis	7	7	0
p^{d} to Ditto's wife by order of Mr. Houndle	10	10	0
p^{d} to George Trapnell	8	8	0
p^{d} more for Ditto, to a surgeon and a Potecary	3	13	9
Have still to pay for ditto to Clear his Bail (which I got) from Y^{e} Court, about	0	5	0
p^{d} Offspring Brown	7	7	0
p^{d} to Ditto's wife by order of Mr. Eates	3	3	0
My own Expences in finding them and upon them	4	10	4
Tottall	47	6	1

in my Expences I have behaved as Frugall as I could to give content; but they would be used here something like what they new them at Barnstaple was used (and as they had been by the other side; both before I had to do in the affair and since) or else I could have done nothing with them.

I am Mad^{m}, your humble Ser^{t}, C. Holloway.

But it was not only the out-voters within the county and in London who were looked up, as witness the letters following. It is to be remarked that James Atchison's letter is quite as well written as the Prince of Wales's. In the register he is described as belonging to Col. Agnew Regiment and Company.

Barum: Aug. y^{e} 1st, 1747.

My Lord,—Inclosed you have the Poll as it now stands, according to the best Truth and Light I can learn.

Yesterday I received a Letter from my Brother James which I have sent inclosed, I told your Lordship that he was a Marine in St. Andrew's Regiment and Company now at Southampton, and he at the hospital there, but safe to direct to him at Mr. Brackstone's at the Bowling Green there.

In the doubtfull list you will find the names of Arthur Kimpland Sen^{r} Exciseman, and Arthur Kimpland Jun. Supervisor of Excise, who I am afraid will be against us if your Lordship do not write them in your own name.

The Old Arthur is an Officer of Excise at Hollowbridge near Plymouth and ye Young Arthur Supervisor of Excise at Taunton.

Also one Oliver Pike, who is a Tallow Chandler without Southgate, Exon, should be wrote to by your Lordship or Mr. ffortescue.

In the list of the Absent you will find one Andrew Pennybrooke, who we were informed was dead but are now informed is alive and lives either at Chelsea or Chelsea Hospital, being a decayed sailor who must be applied to with speed.

Also John Score, Clerk, whose patron is Mr. Hulford, who if he order himself and is earnest with him may prevail on him to be here at y^{e} election, otherwise will be absent.

This is all the Inteligence I can give your Lordship at Present, and am

With all sincerity

Your Lordship's most obedient humble Serv^{t},

John Atchison.

P.S. Mr. Benson seems very uneasy about y^{e} 500*l.*

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July y^e 25^th, 1747 : Southampton.

D^r Brother,—I sent a letter to my Lord Clinton Last Sundy and gave him the tender of my Vote: I have this day Rec^d a letter from my wife, and my Lord's footman has been with my wife to Desire my Vote, I Desire you will Lett my Lord know how to Direct to me if Occasion serves, pray Lett me know how the Election goes on in Regard to the Opposition, w^ch is all att present from your loving Brother

JAS. ATCHISON.

P.S. The sooner I am sent for the better Least I should be sent abroad.

The next canvass is dated the 24th of September, and notwithstanding all exertions Mr. Fortescue's prospects were much less favourable; only six voters remained doubtful, and the absentees had been reduced to seventeen, and Sir Bouchier Wrey had secured so much the largest share of the former that his pledges now stood at 152 against Mr. Fortescue's 148. Among the seventeen who are still classed as absent, one had previously promised Sir Bouchier, so he was better away; four were soldiers or sailors, and five were abroad; another was a relative of the other candidate, and though he had promised Mr. Fortescue was no doubt purposely absent for family reasons; while of the six remaining one was away in Cumberland, a dissenting teacher; so there was little to be hoped for from them. The policy of making 'proper and safe people' freemen had been tried, but with equal success on both sides, Sir John Chichester of Goulston being enlisted with three others among Mr. Fortescue's adherents, while Mr. Bouchier Wrey himself got enrolled with a similar contingent among his own. An attempt to get him another supporter was successfully frustrated by paying *5s.* to one Grace Vaughan, 'for her attendance in the hall to hinder young Halls from his freedom receipt;' but John and James Hooper, the sons of a Bristol supporter of Mr. Fortescue's, do not seem to have returned as expected from 'Jamacie.' My ancestor had had the worst of it, too, in the exchanges between the two sides, having only won over three of Sir Bouchier's voters. One of these, indeed, was a Common Councilman, but he was more than balanced by the loss of Thomas Benson, Esq., the sitting member, whose uneasiness about his *500l.* had become, we may suppose, more acute, and five others, of whom three had taken a loan from Mr. Fortescue's and only one returned it. Two others also, who are not mentioned in the earlier canvass book, now appear on the wrong side, and the only gain to be set against all these was the transference to the doubtful list of a single voter of Sir B. Wrey's. It is plain, too, that desertion was contagious, as witness the following:—

ffryday Morning.

Mrs. Nicks,—I desire you'l take care of Mr. Isaac Roberts and give him his breakfast Dinner and Supper at 18^d a day and in case he desires it Sixpence a day in Money to Spend where he pleases. Keep him as Sober as you can, and be

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sure prevent him from coming to Barnestaple or let any other person persuade him either to come to Barnestaple or engage himself untill you hear again

from Yr ffriend and servt

JOHN EXTER.

Jan. 11th 1748 Recd of John ffortescue Esq. by the Hands of Mr. John Exter ffour shillings and sixpence in full for Mr. Roberts' charges at my house in the late election.

The Mark of

MARGARET N NICKS.

And things seem to have gone from bad to worse, till they culminated in this despairing letter from Lord Clinton to Mr. Ayscough, the Prince of Wales' secretary:—

Sr—Being not willing to let even my own Servt know to whom I send ye inclos'd Letter, I must beg yt favour of you to give it to His Royal Highness, and to let him know yt I should have sent him an act before how ye Affair at Barnstaple stands, had I not expected yt Mr Pitt's Servt who brought me H.R.H.s and your Letters (of 5th and 10th Aug.), would have returned before now.

Be pleas'd to tell H.R.H. I have taken all ye care imaginable to examine ye inclos'd Poll, as likewise ye inclos'd expences, and have seen ye Vouchers every week, and tho' I have taken all ye pains I can to prevent expence, yet it will prove a very expensive affair.

I have had all ye disadvantages in ye World, for in ye first place, As I always knew it to be a very troublesome and Venal Borough, I had totally neglected it for these seven years last past, and resolved never to be concerned with it more; and ye two present Members, who now oppose me, have been making interest these two years; and by ye sudden Dissolution of ye Parlt I began only a few days before ye General Election, besides all ye influence of ye Govert against me; so yt had it not been to serve H.R.H., nothing should have tempted me to concern myselfe wth such an affair, for besides all ye Monsterous expence, I have been scarce quiet a day at my own House; however I wish it may turn out to H.R.H.'s satisfaction, tho' I think I can venter to assure him of success if H.R.H. cares to go on, and will probably secure ye Borough for ever after. I am

Sr Your most Faithfull & Obt Humble Servt

CLINTON.

My Servt has orders to stay in town for your Answer & yrs to return.

Castle Hill: Oct. ye 30th, 1747.

The reply was not long delayed, and its tenor seems to have been taken for granted, as, after the end of October, no fresh expenses worth mentioning were incurred. H.R.H.'s answer was as follows:—

Wednesday, 3 a clock.

My Dr Lord, tis of a Great Generall, to make a wise retreat, and I fear it must be our Case. Th' Expence would have grown enormous, therefore since they offer to pay, what has been laid out by You, I am for agreeing to that, and have done.

I can't help admiring the Politicall, fraternall, complimenting, and Soothing Letter of Mr. Littl. tis not the stile of the Persian Letters, nor St Ple Conversion,

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but give me leave to Say, tis part of an old French Song de tout un peu. Evry body longs to See Y^u here, but none more than Y^r very affectionate

FREDERICK P.

Nothing now remained but to settle up the bills and to recover 'what had been laid out' from Sir Bouchier Wrey; and the former task was not completed till the January following. The minor accounts were largely entrusted to a certain Dr. Barber, but though he endorses one bundle 'with those who have been assistants, I would not be too punctiliary,' and another, 'these bills seem to be very particular and carry an honest face,' the form of receipt 'received in full of all demands home to this day' is common and suspicious; and another batch is labelled 'some notes for money lent, & Bills not paid because not honest.' The remarks on some of the bills are very candid:—

Ant. Balles 1*l.* 1*s.* not allow'd A Rogue.
Mrs. Cornish 4*l.* 1*s.* Directly contrary to Express orders.
Wid. Penny's Bill not allow'd a Roguery.

Another paper is marked

Mr. S——'s Bond for 10*l.* I take this money to have been lent by J. E. because I secreted it on y^e compromise from Mr. ——.

Another bill deserves from its magniloquent language to be set out at length:—

AN Acc^t of Ale and Cyder drunk at my house by about 60 ffreemen of Barnstaple stil'd and distinguish'd by the name of the BLUES, whom they desire may be placed to the Acc^t of the Honourable John ffortescue, Esq.—who all desire a Moderate ffurther Continuance.

(to wit)

1747, July 7.	£	s.	d.
To a Barrell of Ale by Orders	2	2	0
Do. To a supper	0	5	0
AND from the said July the 7^th^ to August the 12^th^ ffollowing at severall times and Particularly the 2^nd^ of this instant Aug^st^, 50 of the said ffreemen being present and on the 9^th^ of the 3^d^ Month 20 being Collected together have drunk in Ale and Cyder to the amount of	5	3	0
	7	10	0

N^ce^.—The names of the said ffreemen (if desir'd) shall be given in a Particular List thereof.

This was cut down by Dr. Barber to 2*l.* 2*s.*, the rest being declared imposition; but Mr. Williams, not to be defeated, sent it in again for a larger amount, though in a slightly different form; and another sub-agent, to whom it was referred, sent it back with this note:—'As Mr. Williams Bailed severall ffreemen from under arrest at the time of Election and run a great risque in so doing, I think, In Justice, he ought to be paid'—so paid he was to the amount of 4*l.* 9*s.*, which he accepted in full of all demands.

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The 'notes' are all in the same form, the voter signing a paper in which he promises to pay Mr. (such an agent) on order the sum of twenty guineas on demand for value received. Only a few remain out of the hundred, and those must have been in the possession of the agents. It is noticeable that notwithstanding the general corruption in and out of Parliament, only one of the Corporation, two-thirds of whom supported Mr. Fortescue, accepted a bribe, and only one of the gentlefolk. The Mayor elect, indeed, had a loan of 50*l.*, but he repaid it honestly with 2*l.* 10*s.* interest, and there is a charge of 5*l.* 19*s.* 6*d.* for two casks of wine and carriage thereof given to Mr. Mayor for a present. By the price, too, it was good wine; for a barrel of exceeding good old port cost only 2*l.* 15*s.* 8*d.* And here it may be of interest if I give some details of the prices charged for a few articles, it being premised that wheat in 1744–5 averaged 21*s.* to 22*s.* the quarter, and that agricultural wages in the West of England were, in Arthur Young's time, 5*s.* and 6*s.* the week, having risen considerably since the date of which I write. Tay, suger, breed, fowles, candels, &c. were supplied to a voter at 3*s.* a week. Ribbon cost 8*d.* a yard, and not much more than a yard seems to have been given to any individual; cockades were 6*d.* and 8*d.* Blue and silver ribbon not less than 2*s.* a yard. Brown sugar was charged at 6*d.* the lb., but loaf sugar went as high as 10½*d.* Best tobacco, 1*s.* 4*d.*; 72 pipes, 1*s.*; brandy, 4*s.* the gallon; lemons, 1*s.* the dozen; 37 empty bottles not returned, 6*s.* 2*d.*; 12 wineglasses, 3*s.*; 2 punch bowls, 4*s.* 6*d.*; and 4 ladels, 2*s.* A cloak cost 5*s.*, as follows:—1 yard blue wrap, 4*s.* 6*d.*; 1 yard ferrett, 3*d.*; 3½ yards braid for edging, 3½*d.* = 5*s.* Cotton was 2*s.* the yard; a pair of stockings, 2*s.* 2*d.*; a pair of shoes, 3*s.* 10*d.* Red deal planks, 12 feet long and 1½ inch thick, 1*s.* 10*d.* each. Beef and mutton, as we have seen, were about 3*d.* the lb.; suet was 4*d.*, and 6 lb. of candles 2*s.* 10*d.* Hay and corn for a horse one night was but 1*s.*, and horse hire to Plymouth—sixty miles or so—only 8*s.*, while the expense of sending a messenger to Cornwall was 12*s.* For the longer journey to London these are the details: A messenger sent from Castle Hill to London appears to have covered the distance, about 200 miles, in five days between Saturday morning and Wednesday night, and the return journey in six days. He seems to have taken his own horse the whole way, and the cost, including 17*s.* 5*d.* for y^e^ London bill for four nights lodging for himself and horse, was only 1*l.* 19*s.* 6*d.* On another occasion, the messenger took his own horse to Sherborne, and leaving him there, posted to London and back, sleeping one night at Andover and two in town; and accomplished the whole journey within a week. The cost of the post-horses from London to Sherborne was only 2*l.* 18*s.* 6*d.*, the boys being 4*s.* more, ostlers 6*d.*, and turnpikes 1*s.* —a total of 3*l.* 4*s.*

Many of these items are small in amount compared with what

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they would be now at present prices; but the total, even according to the present standard, is a large one. Lord Clinton's descendants, therefore, have reason to be glad that he made a wise retreat in time, and did not go on keeping open house at Barnstaple till the new writ was issued in the January following. But the lengths to which corruption was carried both then and for many years afterwards in scores of places may well make us thankful for the alteration of public opinion that enabled the legislature to deal so decisively with that foul legacy of the 'good old times.'

EBRINGTON.

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AGNOSTICISM AND CHRISTIANITY.

Nemo ergo ex me scire quærat, quod me nescire scio, nisi forte ut nescire discat.
AUGUSTINUS, *De Civ. Dei*, xii. 7.

CONTROVERSY, like most things in this world, has a good and a bad side. On the good side, it may be said that it stimulates the wits, tends to clear the mind, and often helps those engaged in it to get a better grasp of their subject than they had before; while, mankind being essentially fighting animals, a contest leads the public to interest themselves in questions to which, otherwise, they would give but a languid attention. On the bad side, controversy is rarely found to sweeten the temper, and generally tends to degenerate into an exchange of more or less effective sarcasms. Moreover, if it is long continued, the original and really important issues are apt to become obscured by disputes on the collateral and relatively insignificant questions which have cropped up in the course of the discussion. No doubt both of these aspects of controversy have manifested themselves in the course of the debate which has been in progress, for some months, in these pages. So far as I may have illustrated the second, I express repentance and desire absolution; and I shall endeavour to make amends for any foregone lapses by an endeavour to exhibit only the better phase in these concluding remarks.

The present discussion has arisen out of the use, which has become general in the last few years, of the terms 'Agnostic' and 'Agnosticism.'

The people who call themselves 'Agnostics' have been charged with doing so because they have not the courage to declare themselves 'Infidels.' It has been insinuated that they have adopted a new name in order to escape the unpleasantness which attaches to their proper denomination. To this wholly erroneous imputation, I have replied by showing that the term 'Agnostic' did, as a matter of fact, arise in a manner which negatives it; and my statement has not been, and cannot be, refuted. Moreover, speaking for myself, and without impugning the right of any other person to use the term in another sense, I further say that Agnosticism is not properly described as a 'negative' creed, nor indeed as a creed of any kind, except in so far as it expresses absolute faith in the validity of a principle which is as much ethical as intellectual. This principle may be stated in various ways, but they all amount to this: that it is wrong for a

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man to say that he is certain of the objective truth of any proposition unless he can produce evidence which logically justifies that certainty. This is what Agnosticism asserts; and, in my opinion, it is all that is essential to Agnosticism. That which Agnostics deny and repudiate, as immoral, is the contrary doctrine, that there are propositions which men ought to believe, without logically satisfactory evidence; and that reprobation ought to attach to the profession of disbelief in such inadequately supported propositions. The justification of the Agnostic principle lies in the success which follows upon its application, whether in the field of natural, or in that of civil, history; and in the fact that, so far as these topics are concerned, no sane man thinks of denying its validity.

Still speaking for myself, I add, that though Agnosticism is not, and cannot be, a creed, except in so far as its general principle is concerned; yet that the application of that principle results in the denial of, or the suspension of judgment concerning, a number of propositions respecting which our contemporary ecclesiastical 'gnostics' profess entire certainty. And in so far as these ecclesiastical persons can be justified in their old-established custom (which many nowadays think more honoured in the breach than the observance) of using opprobrious names to those who differ from them, I fully admit their right to call me and those who think with me 'Infidels:' all I have ventured to urge is that they must not expect us to speak of ourselves by that title.

The extent of the region of the uncertain, the number of the problems the investigation of which ends in a verdict of not proven, will vary according to the knowledge and the intellectual habits of the individual Agnostic. I do not very much care to speak of anything as unknowable. What I am sure about is that there are many topics about which I know nothing; and which, so far as I can see, are out of reach of my faculties. But whether these things are knowable by any one else is exactly one of those matters which is beyond my knowledge, though I may have a tolerably strong opinion as to the probabilities of the case. Relatively to myself, I am quite sure that the region of uncertainty—the nebulous country in which words play the part of realities—is far more extensive than I could wish. Materialism and Idealism; Theism and Atheism; the doctrine of the soul and its mortality or immortality—appear in the history of philosophy like the shades of Scandinavian heroes, eternally slaying one another and eternally coming to life again in a metaphysical 'Nifelheim.' It is getting on for twenty-five centuries, at least, since mankind began seriously to give their minds to these topics. Generation after generation, philosophy has been doomed to roll the stone uphill; and, just as all the world swore it was at the top, down it has rolled to the bottom again. All this is written in innumerable books; and he who will toil through them

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will discover that the stone is just where it was when the work began. Hume saw this; Kant saw it; since their time, more and more eyes have been cleansed of the films which prevented them from seeing it; until now the weight and number of those who refuse to be the prey of verbal mystifications has begun to tell in practical life.

It was inevitable that a conflict should arise between Agnosticism and Theology; or rather I ought to say between Agnosticism and Ecclesiasticism. For Theology, the science, is one thing; and Ecclesiasticism, the championship of a foregone conclusion[1] as to the truth of a particular form of Theology, is another. With scientific Theology, Agnosticism has no quarrel. On the contrary, the Agnostic, knowing too well the influence of prejudice and idiosyncrasy, even on those who desire most earnestly to be impartial, can wish for nothing more urgently than that the scientific theologian should not only be at perfect liberty to thresh out the matter in his own fashion, but that he should, if he can, find flaws in the Agnostic position, and, even if demonstration is not to be had, that he should put, in their full force, the grounds of the conclusions he thinks probable. The scientific theologian admits the Agnostic principle, however widely his results may differ from those reached by the majority of Agnostics.

But, as between Agnosticism and Ecclesiasticism, or, as our neighbours across the Channel call it, Clericalism, there can be neither peace nor truce. The Cleric asserts that it is morally wrong not to believe certain propositions, whatever the results of a strict scientific investigation of the evidence of these propositions. He tells us 'that religious error is, in itself, of an immoral nature.'[2] He declares that he has prejudged certain conclusions, and looks upon those who show cause for arrest of judgment as emissaries of Satan. It necessarily follows that, for him, the attainment of faith, not the ascertainment of truth, is the highest aim of mental life. And, on careful analysis of the nature of this faith, it will too often be found to be, not the mystic process of unity with the Divine, understood by the religious enthusiast—but that which the candid simplicity of a Sunday scholar once defined it to be. 'Faith,' said this unconscious plagiarist of Tertullian, 'is the power of saying you believe things which are incredible.'

Now I, and many other Agnostics, believe that faith, in this sense, is an abomination; and though we do not indulge in the luxury of self-righteousness so far as to call those who are not of our way of thinking hard names, we do feel that the disagreement between ourselves and those who hold this doctrine is even more moral than intellectual. It is desirable there should be an end of any mistakes on this topic. If our clerical opponents were clearly aware of the

[1] 'Let us maintain, before we have proved. This seeming paradox is the secret of happiness' (Dr. Newman: Tract 85, p. 85).

[2] Dr. Newman, *Essay on Development*, p. 357.

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real state of the case, there would be an end of the curious delusion, which often appears between the lines of their writings, that those whom they are so fond of calling 'Infidels' are people who not only ought to be, but in their hearts are, ashamed of themselves. It would be discourteous to do more than hint the antipodal opposition of this pleasant dream of theirs to facts.

The clerics and their lay allies commonly tell us, that if we refuse to admit that there is good ground for expressing definite convictions about certain topics, the bonds of human society will dissolve and mankind lapse into savagery. There are several answers to this assertion. One is that the bonds of human society were formed without the aid of their theology, and in the opinion of not a few competent judges have been weakened rather than strengthened by a good deal of it. Greek science, Greek art, the ethics of old Israel, the social organisation of old Rome, contrived to come into being without the help of any one who believed in a single distinctive article of the simplest of the Christian creeds. The science, the art, the jurisprudence, the chief political and social theories, of the modern world have grown out of those of Greece and Rome—not by favour of, but in the teeth of, the fundamental teachings of early Christianity, to which science, art, and any serious occupation with the things of this world, were alike despicable.

Again, all that is best in the ethics of the modern world, in so far as it has not grown out of Greek thought, or Barbarian manhood, is the direct development of the ethics of old Israel. There is no code of legislation, ancient or modern, at once so just and so merciful, so tender to the weak and poor, as the Jewish law; and, if the Gospels are to be trusted, Jesus of Nazareth himself declared that he taught nothing but that which lay implicitly, or explicitly, in the religious and ethical system of his people.

> And the scribe said unto him, Of a truth, Teacher, thou hast well said that he is one; and there is none other but he: and to love him with all the heart, and with all the understanding, and with all the strength, and to love his neighbour as himself, is much more than all whole burnt offerings and sacrifices. (Mark xii. 32, 33.)

Here is the briefest of summaries of the teaching of the prophets of Israel of the eighth century; does the Teacher, whose doctrine is thus set forth in his presence, repudiate the exposition? Nay; we are told, on the contrary, that Jesus saw that he 'answered discreetly' and replied, 'Thou art not far from the Kingdom of God.'

So that I think that even if the creeds, from the so-called 'Apostles'' to the so-called 'Athanasian,' were swept into oblivion; and even if the human race should arrive at the conclusion that, whether a bishop washes a cup or leaves it unwashed, is not a matter of the least consequence, it will get on very well. The causes which have led to the development of morality in mankind, which have guided or impelled us all the way from the savage to the civilised state, will not cease to

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operate because a number of ecclesiastical hypotheses turn out to be baseless. And, even if the absurd notion that morality is more the child of speculation than of practical necessity and inherited instinct, had any foundation; if all the world is going to thieve, murder, and otherwise misconduct itself as soon as it discovers that certain portions of ancient history are mythical; what is the relevance of such arguments to any one who holds by the Agnostic principle?

Surely, the attempt to cast out Beelzebub by the aid of Beelzebub is a hopeful procedure as compared to that of preserving morality by the aid of immorality. For I suppose it is admitted that an Agnostic may be perfectly sincere, may be competent, and may have studied the question at issue with as much care as his clerical opponents. But, if the Agnostic really believes what he says, the 'dreadful consequence' argufier (consistently I admit with his own principles) virtually asks him to abstain from telling the truth, or to say what he believes to be untrue, because of the supposed injurious consequences to morality. 'Beloved brethren, that we may be spotlessly moral, before all things let us lie,' is the sum total of many an exhortation addressed to the 'Infidel.' Now, as I have already pointed out, we cannot oblige our exhorters. We leave the practical application of the convenient doctrines of 'Reserve' and 'Non-natural interpretation' to those who invented them.

I trust that I have now made amends for any ambiguity, or want of fulness, in my previous exposition of that which I hold to be the essence of the Agnostic doctrine. Henceforward, I might hope to hear no more of the assertion that we are necessarily Materialists, Idealists, Atheists, Theists, or any other *ists*, if experience had led me to think that the proved falsity of a statement was any guarantee against its repetition. And those who appreciate the nature of our position will see, at once, that when Ecclesiasticism declares that we ought to believe this, that, and the other, and are very wicked if we don't, it is impossible for us to give any answer but this: We have not the slightest objection to believe anything you like, if you will give us good grounds for belief; but, if you cannot, we must respectfully refuse, even if that refusal should wreck morality and insure our own damnation several times over. We are quite content to leave that to the decision of the future. The course of the past has impressed us with the firm conviction that no good ever comes of falsehood, and we feel warranted in refusing even to experiment in that direction.

In the course of the present discussion it has been asserted that the 'Sermon on the Mount' and the 'Lord's Prayer' furnish a summary and condensed view of the essentials of the teaching of Jesus of Nazareth, set forth by himself. Now this supposed *Summa* of Nazarene theology distinctly affirms the existence of a spiritual

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world, of a Heaven, and of a Hell of fire; it teaches the Fatherhood of God and the malignity of the Devil; it declares the superintending providence of the former and our need of deliverance from the machinations of the latter; it affirms the fact of demoniac possession and the power of casting out devils by the faithful. And, from these premises, the conclusion is drawn, that those agnostics who deny that there is any evidence of such a character as to justify certainty, respecting the existence and the nature of the spiritual world, contradict the express declarations of Jesus. I have replied to this argumentation by showing that there is strong reason to doubt the historical accuracy of the attribution to Jesus of either the 'Sermon on the Mount' or the 'Lord's Prayer'; and, therefore, that the conclusion in question is not warranted, at any rate on the grounds set forth.

But, whether the Gospels contain trustworthy statements about this and other alleged historical facts or not, it is quite certain that from them, taken together with the other books of the New Testament, we may collect a pretty complete exposition of that theory of the spiritual world which was held by both Nazarenes and Christians; and which was undoubtedly supposed by them to be fully sanctioned by Jesus, though it is just as clear that they did not imagine it contained any revelation by him of something heretofore unknown. If the pneumatological doctrine which pervades the whole New Testament is nowhere systematically stated, it is everywhere assumed. The writers of the Gospels and of the Acts take it for granted, as a matter of common knowledge; and it is easy to gather from these sources a series of propositions, which only need arrangement to form a complete system.

In this system, Man is considered to be a duality formed of a spiritual element, the soul; and a corporeal[3] element, the body. And this duality is repeated in the Universe, which consists of a corporeal world embraced and interpenetrated by a spiritual world. The former consists of the earth, as its principal and central constituent, with the subsidiary sun, planets and stars. Above the earth is the air, and below it the watery abyss. Whether the Heaven, which is conceived to be above the air; and the Hell in, or below, the subterranean deeps, are to be taken as corporeal or incorporeal is not clear.

However this may be, the Heaven and the air, the earth and the abyss, are peopled by innumerable beings analogous in nature to the spiritual element in man, and these spirits are of two kinds, good and bad. The chief of the good spirits, infinitely superior to all the others, and their Creator, as well as the Creator of the corporeal world and of the bad spirits, is God. His residence is Heaven, where

[3] It is by no means to be assumed that 'spiritual' and 'corporeal' are exact equivalents of 'immaterial' and 'material' in the minds of ancient speculators on these topics.

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he is surrounded by the ordered hosts of good spirits; his angels, or messengers, and the executors of his will throughout the universe.

On the other hand, the chief of the bad spirits is Satan—*the* devil *par excellence*. He and his company of demons are free to roam through all parts of the universe, except Heaven. These bad spirits are far superior to man in power and subtlety, and their whole energies are devoted to bringing physical and moral evils upon him, and to thwarting, so far as their power goes, the benevolent intentions of the Supreme Being. In fact, the souls and bodies of men form both the theatre and the prize of an incessant warfare between the good and the evil spirits—the powers of light and the powers of darkness. By leading Eve astray, Satan brought sin and death upon mankind. As the Gods of the heathen, the demons are the founders and maintainers of idolatry; as the 'powers of the air' they afflict mankind with pestilence and famine; as 'unclean spirits' they cause disease of mind and body.

The significance of the appearance of Jesus, as the Messiah or Christ, is the reversal of the satanic work, by putting an end to both sin and death. He announces that the kingdom of God is at hand, when the 'Prince of this world' shall be finally 'cast out' (John xii. 31) from the cosmos, as Jesus, during his earthly career, cast him out from individuals. Then will Satan and all his devilry, along with the wicked whom they have seduced to their destruction, be hurled into the abyss of unquenchable fire—there to endure continual torture, without a hope of winning pardon from the merciful God, their Father; or of moving the glorified Messiah to one more act of pitiful intercession; or even of interrupting, by a momentary sympathy with their wretchedness, the harmonious psalmody of their brother angels and men, eternally lapped in bliss unspeakable.

The straitest Protestant, who refuses to admit the existence of any source of Divine truth, except the Bible, will not deny that every point of the pneumatological theory here set forth has ample scriptural warranty: the Gospels, the Acts, the Epistles, and the Apocalypse assert the existence of the devil and his demons and Hell, as plainly as they do that of God and his angels and Heaven. It is plain that the Messianic and the Satanic conceptions of the writers of these books are the obverse and the reverse of the same intellectual coinage. If we turn from Scripture to the traditions of the Fathers and the confessions of the Churches, it will appear that, in this one particular, at any rate, time has brought about no important deviation from primitive belief. From Justin onwards, it may often be a fair question whether God, or the devil, occupies a larger share of the attention of the Fathers. It is the devil who instigates the Roman authorities to persecute; the gods and goddesses of paganism are devils, and idolatry itself is an invention of Satan; if a saint falls away from grace, it is by the seduction of the demon; if a heresy

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arises, the devil has suggested it; and some of the Fathers [4] go so far as to challenge the pagans to a sort of exorcising match, by way of testing the truth of Christianity. Mediæval Christianity is at one with patristic, on this head. The masses, the clergy, the theologians and the philosophers alike, live and move and have their being in a world full of demons, in which sorcery and possession are everyday occurrences. Nor did the Reformation make any difference. Whatever else Luther assailed, he left the traditional demonology untouched; nor could any one have entertained a more hearty and uncompromising belief in the devil, than he and, at a later period, the Calvinistic fanatics of New England did. Finally, in these last years of the nineteenth century, the demonological hypotheses of the first century are, explicitly or implicitly, held and occasionally acted upon, by the immense majority of Christians of all confessions.

Only here and there has the progress of scientific thought, outside the ecclesiastical world, so far affected Christians, that they and their teachers fight shy of the demonology of their creed. They are fain to conceal their real disbelief in one half of Christian doctrine by judicious silence about it; or by flight to those refuges for the logically destitute, accommodation or allegory. But the faithful who fly to allegory in order to escape absurdity resemble nothing so much as the sheep in the fable who—to save their lives—jumped into the pit. The allegory pit is too commodious, is ready to swallow up so much more than one wants to put into it. If the story of the temptation is an allegory; if the early recognition of Jesus as the Son of God by the demons is an allegory; if the plain declaration of the writer of the first Epistle of John (iii. 8), 'To this end was the Son of God manifested that he might destroy the works of the devil,' is allegorical, then the Pauline version of the Fall may be allegorical, and still more the words of consecration of the Eucharist, or the promise of the second coming; in fact, there is not a dogma of ecclesiastical Christianity the scriptural basis of which may not be whittled away by a similar process.

As to accommodation, let any honest man who can read the New Testament ask himself whether Jesus and his immediate friends and disciples can be dishonoured more grossly than by the supposition that they said and did that which is attributed to them; while, in reality, they disbelieved in Satan and his demons, in possession and in exorcism? [5]

An eminent theologian has justly observed that we have no right to look at the propositions of the Christian faith with one eye open

[4] Tertullian (*Apolog. adv. Gentes*, cap. xxiii.) thus challenges the Roman authorities: let them bring a possessed person into the presence of a Christian before their tribunal; and, if the demon does not confess himself to be such, on the order of the Christian, let the Christian be executed out of hand.

[5] See the expression of orthodox opinion upon the 'accommodation' subterfuge, already cited. *Nineteenth Century*, February 1889, p. 173.

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and the other shut. (*Tract* 85, p. 29.) It really is not permissible to see, with one eye, that Jesus is affirmed to declare the personality and the Fatherhood of God, his loving providence and his accessibility to prayer; and to shut the other to the no less definite teaching ascribed to Jesus in regard to the personality and the misanthropy of the Devil, his malignant watchfulness, and his subjection to exorcistic formulæ and rites. Jesus is made to say that the devil 'was a murderer from the beginning' (John viii. 44) by the same authority as that upon which we depend for his asserted declaration that 'God is a spirit' (John iv. 24).

To those who admit the authority of the famous Vincentian dictum that the doctrine which has been held 'always, everywhere, and by all' is to be received as authoritative, the demonology must possess a higher sanction than any other Christian dogma, except, perhaps, those of the Resurrection and of the Messiahship of Jesus; for it would be difficult to name any other points of doctrine on which the Nazarene does not differ from the Christian, and the different historical stages and contemporary subdivisions of Christianity from one another. And, if the demonology is accepted, there can be no reason for rejecting all those miracles in which demons play a part. The Gadarene story fits into the general scheme of Christianity, and the evidence for 'Legion' and their doings is just as good as any other in the New Testament for the doctrine which the story illustrates.

It was with the purpose of bringing this great fact into prominence, of getting people to open both their eyes when they look at Ecclesiasticism; that I devoted so much space to that miraculous story which happens to be one of the best types of its class. And I could not wish for a better justification of the course I have adopted than the fact that my heroically consistent adversary has declared his implicit belief in the Gadarene story and (by necessary consequence) in the Christian demonology as a whole. It must be obvious, by this time, that, if the account of the spiritual world given in the New Testament, professedly on the authority of Jesus, is true, then the demonological half of that account must be just as true as the other half. And, therefore, those who question the demonology, or try to explain it away, deny the truth of what Jesus said, and are, in ecclesiastical terminology, 'Infidels' just as much as those who deny the spirituality of God. This is as plain as anything can well be, and the dilemma for my opponent was either to assert that the Gadarene pig-bedevilment actually occurred, or to write himself down an 'Infidel.' As was to be expected, he chose the former alternative; and I may express my great satisfaction at finding that there is one spot of common ground on which both he and I stand. So far as I can judge, we are agreed to state one of the broad issues between the consequences of agnostic principles (as I draw them), and the consequences of ecclesiastical dogmatism (as he accepts it), as follows.

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Ecclesiasticism says: The demonology of the Gospels is an essential part of that account of that spiritual world, the truth of which it declares to be certified by Jesus.

Agnosticism (*me judice*) says: There is no good evidence of the existence of a demonic spiritual world, and much reason for doubting it.

Hereupon the ecclesiastic may observe: Your doubt means that you disbelieve Jesus; therefore you are an 'Infidel' instead of an 'Agnostic.' To which the agnostic may reply: No; for two reasons: first, because your evidence that Jesus said what you say he said is worth very little; and secondly, because a man may be an agnostic in the sense of admitting he has no positive knowledge; and yet consider that he has more or less probable ground for accepting any given hypothesis about the spiritual world. Just as a man may frankly declare that he has no means of knowing whether the planets generally are inhabited or not, and yet may think one of the two possible hypotheses more likely than the other, so he may admit that he has no means of knowing anything about the spiritual world, and yet may think one or other of the current views on the subject, to some extent, probable.

The second answer is so obviously valid that it needs no discussion. I draw attention to it simply in justice to those agnostics, who may attach greater value than I do to any sort of pneumatological speculations, and not because I wish to escape the responsibility of declaring that, whether Jesus sanctioned the demonological part of Christianity or not, I unhesitatingly reject it. The first answer, on the other hand, opens up the whole question of the claim of the biblical and other sources, from which hypotheses concerning the spiritual world are derived, to be regarded as unimpeachable historical evidence as to matters of fact.

Now, in respect of the trustworthiness of the Gospel narratives, I was anxious to get rid of the common assumption that the determination of the authorship and of the dates of these works is a matter of fundamental importance. That assumption is based upon the notion that what contemporary witnesses say must be true, or, at least, has always a *primâ facie* claim to be so regarded; so that if the writers of any of the Gospels were contemporaries of the events (and still more if they were in the position of eye-witnesses) the miracles they narrate must be historically true, and, consequently, the demonology which they involve must be accepted. But the story of the *Translation of the blessed martyrs Marcellinus and Petrus*, and the other considerations (to which endless additions might have been made from the Fathers and the mediæval writers) set forth in this Review for March last, yield, in my judgment, satisfactory proof that, where the miraculous is concerned, neither considerable intellectual ability, nor undoubted honesty, nor knowledge of the world, nor proved faithfulness as civil historians, nor profound

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piety, on the part of eye-witnesses and contemporaries, affords any guarantee of the objective truth of their statements, when we know that a firm belief in the miraculous was ingrained in their minds, and was the pre-supposition of their observations and reasonings.

Therefore, although it be, as I believe, demonstrable that we have no real knowledge of the authorship, or of the date of composition of the Gospels, as they have come down to us, and that nothing better than more or less probable guesses can be arrived at on that subject, I have not cared to expend any space on the question. It will be admitted, I suppose, that the authors of the works attributed to Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, whoever they may be, are personages whose capacity and judgment in the narration of ordinary events are not quite so well certified as those of Eginhard; and we have seen what the value of Eginhard's evidence is when the miraculous is in question.

I have been careful to explain that the arguments which I have used in the course of this discussion are not new; that they are historical and have nothing to do with what is commonly called science; and that they are all, to the best of my belief, to be found in the works of theologians of repute.

The position which I have taken up, that the evidence in favour of such miracles as those recorded by Eginhard, and consequently of mediæval demonology, is quite as good as that in favour of such miracles as the Gadarene, and consequently of Nazarene demonology, is none of my discovery. Its strength was, wittingly or unwittingly, suggested, a century and a half ago, by a theological scholar of eminence; and it has been, if not exactly occupied, yet so fortified with bastions and redoubts by a living ecclesiastical Vauban, that, in my judgment, it has been rendered impregnable. In the early part of the last century, the ecclesiastical mind in this country was much exercised by the question, not exactly of miracles, the occurrence of which in biblical times was axiomatic, but by the problem: When did miracles cease? Anglican divines were quite sure that no miracles had happened in their day, nor for some time past; they were equally sure that they happened sixteen or seventeen centuries earlier. And it was a vital question for them to determine at what point of time, between this *terminus a quo* and that *terminus ad quem*, miracles came to an end.

The Anglicans and the Romanists agreed in the assumption that the possession of the gift of miracle-working was *primâ facie* evidence of the soundness of the faith of the miracle-workers. The supposition that miraculous powers might be wielded by heretics (though it might be supported by high authority) led to consequences too frightful to be entertained by people who were busied in building their dogmatic house on the sands of early Church history. If, as the

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Romanists maintained, an unbroken series of genuine miracles adorned the records of their Church, throughout the whole of its existence, no Anglican could lightly venture to accuse them of doctrinal corruption. Hence, the Anglicans, who indulged in such accusations, were bound to prove the modern, the mediæval Roman, and the later Patristic, miracles false; and to shut off the wonder-working power from the Church at the exact point of time when Anglican doctrine ceased and Roman doctrine began. With a little adjustment—a squeeze here and a pull there—the Christianity of the first three or four centuries might be made to fit, or seem to fit, pretty well into the Anglican scheme. So the miracles, from Justin say to Jerome, might be recognised; while, in later times, the Church having become 'corrupt'—that is to say, having pursued one and the same line of development further than was pleasing to Anglicans—its alleged miracles must needs be shams and impostures.

Under these circumstances, it may be imagined that the establishment of a scientific frontier, between the earlier realm of supposed fact and the later of asserted delusion, had its difficulties; and torrents of theological special pleading about the subject flowed from clerical pens; until that learned and acute Anglican divine, Conyers Middleton, in his *Free Inquiry*, tore the sophistical web they had laboriously woven to pieces, and demonstrated that the miracles of the patristic age, early and late, must stand or fall together, inasmuch as the evidence for the later, is just as good as the evidence for the earlier, wonders. If the one set are certified by contemporaneous witnesses of high repute, so are the other; and, in point of probability, there is not a pin to choose between the two. That is the solid and irrefragable result of Middleton's contribution to the subject. But the Free Inquirer's freedom had its limits; and he draws a sharp line of demarcation between the patristic and the New Testament miracles —on the professed ground that the accounts of the latter, being inspired, are out of the reach of criticism.

A century later, the question was taken up by another divine, Middleton's equal in learning and acuteness, and far his superior in subtlety and dialectic skill; who, though an Anglican, scorned the name of Protestant; and, while yet a Churchman, made it his business to parade, with infinite skill, the utter hollowness of the arguments of those of his brother Churchmen who dreamed that they could be both Anglicans and Protestants. The argument of the *Essay on the Miracles recorded in the Ecclesiastical History of the Early Ages*,[6] by the present Roman Cardinal, but then Anglican Doctor, John

[6] I quote the first edition (1843). A second edition appeared in 1870. Tract 85 of the *Tracts for the Times* should be read with this *Essay*. If I were called upon to compile a Primer of 'Infidelity' I think I should save myself trouble by making a selection from these works, and from the *Essay on Development* by the same author.

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Henry Newman, is compendiously stated by himself in the following passage:—

> If the miracles of Church history cannot be defended by the arguments of Leslie, Lyttleton, Paley, or Douglas, how many of the Scripture miracles satisfy their conditions? (p. cvii.)

And, although the answer is not given in so many words, little doubt is left on the mind of the reader, that, in the mind of the writer, it is: None. In fact, this conclusion is one which cannot be resisted, if the argument in favour of the Scripture miracles is based upon that which laymen, whether lawyers, or men of science, or historians, or ordinary men of affairs, call evidence. But there is something really impressive in the magnificent contempt with which, at times, Dr. Newman sweeps aside alike those who offer and those who demand such evidence.

> Some infidel authors advise us to accept no miracles which would not have a verdict in their favour in a court of justice; that is, they employ against Scripture a weapon which Protestants would confine to attacks upon the Church; as if moral and religious questions required legal proofs, and evidence were the test of truth[1] (p. cvii.)

'As if evidence were the test of truth'!—although the truth in question is the occurrence or non-occurrence of certain phenomena at a certain time and in a certain place. This sudden revelation of the great gulf fixed between the ecclesiastical and the scientific mind is enough to take away the breath of any one unfamiliar with the clerical organon. As if, one may retort, the assumption that miracles may, or have, served a moral or a religious end, in any way alters the fact that they profess to be historical events, things that actually happened; and, as such, must needs be exactly those subjects about which evidence is appropriate and legal proofs (which are such merely because they afford adequate evidence) may be justly demanded. The Gadarene miracle either happened, or it did not. Whether the Gadarene 'question' is moral or religious, or not, has nothing to do with the fact that it is a purely historical question whether the demons said what they are declared to have said, and the devil-possessed pigs did or did not rush over the cliffs of the Lake of Gennesareth, on a certain day of a certain year, after A.D. 26 and before A.D. 36: for vague and uncertain as New Testament chronology is, I suppose it may be assumed that the event in question, if it happened at all, took place during the procuratorship of Pilate. If that is not a matter about which evidence ought to be required, and not only legal, but strict scientific proof demanded by sane men who are asked to believe the story—what is? Is a reasonable being to be seriously asked to credit statements, which, to put the case

[1] Yet, when it suits his purpose, as in the Introduction to the *Essay on Development*, Dr. Newman can demand strict evidence in religious questions as sharply as any 'infidel author;' and he can even profess to yield to its force (*Essays on Miracles*, 1870, note, p. 391).

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gently, are not exactly probable, and on the acceptance or rejection of which his whole view of life may depend, without asking for as much 'legal' proof as would send an alleged pickpocket to gaol, or as would suffice to prove the validity of a disputed will?

'Infidel authors' (if, as I am assured, I may answer for them) will decline to waste time on mere darkenings of counsel of this sort; but to those Anglicans who accept his premises, Dr. Newman is a truly formidable antagonist. What, indeed, are they to reply when he puts the very pertinent question:—

'whether persons who, not merely question, but prejudge the Ecclesiastical miracles on the ground of their want of resemblance, whatever that be, to those contained in Scripture—as if the Almighty could not do in the Christian Church what He had not already done at the time of its foundation, or under the Mosaic Covenant—whether such reasoners are not siding with the sceptic,'

and

'whether it is not a happy inconsistency by which they continue to believe the Scriptures while they reject the Church'[8] (p. liii.)

Again, I invite Anglican orthodoxy to consider this passage:—

the narrative of the combats of St. Antony with evil spirits, is a development rather than a contradiction of revelation, viz. of such texts as speak of Satan being cast out by prayer and fasting. To be shocked, then, at the miracles of Ecclesiastical history, or to ridicule them for their strangeness, is no part of a scriptural philosophy (p. liii.-liv.)

Further on, Dr. Newman declares that it has been admitted

that a distinct line can be drawn in point of character and circumstance between the miracles of Scripture and of Church history; but this is by no means the case (p. lv.). . . . specimens are not wanting in the history of the Church, of miracles as awful in their character and as momentous in their effects as those which are recorded in Scripture. The fire interrupting the re-building of the Jewish temple, and the death of Arius, are instances, in Ecclesiastical history, of such solemn events. On the other hand, difficult instances in the Scripture history are such as these: the serpent in Eden, the Ark, Jacob's vision for the multiplication of his cattle, the speaking of Balaam's ass, the axe swimming at Elisha's word, the miracle on the swine, and various instances of prayers or prophecies, in which, as in that of Noah's blessing and curse, words which seem the result of private feeling are expressly or virtually ascribed to a Divine suggestion (p. lvi.)

Who is to gainsay our Ecclesiastical authority here? 'Infidel authors' might be accused of a wish to ridicule the Scripture miracles by putting them on a level with the remarkable story about the fire which stopped the rebuilding of the Temple, or that about the death of Arius—but Dr. Newman is above suspicion. The pity is that his list of what he delicately terms 'difficult' instances is so short. Why omit the manufacture of Eve out of Adam's rib, on the strict historical accuracy of which the chief argument of the defenders of

[8] Compare Tract 85, p. 110: 'I am persuaded that were men but consistent who oppose the Church doctrines as being unscriptural, they would vindicate the Jews for rejecting the Gospel.'

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an iniquitous portion of our present marriage law depends? Why leave out the account of the 'Bene Elohim' and their gallantries, on which a large part of the worst practices of the mediæval inquisitors into witchcraft was based? Why forget the angel who wrestled with Jacob, and, as the account suggests, somewhat over-stepped the bounds of fair play, at the end of the struggle? Surely, we must agree with Dr. Newman that, if all these camels have gone down, it savours of affectation to strain at such gnats as the sudden ailment of Arius in the midst of his deadly, if prayerful,[9] enemies; and the fiery explosion which stopped the Julian building operations. Though the *words* of the 'Conclusion' of the *Essay on Miracles* may, perhaps, be quoted against me, I may express my satisfaction at finding myself in substantial accordance with a theologian above all suspicion of heterodoxy. With all my heart, I can declare my belief that there is just as good reason for believing in the miraculous slaying of the man who fell short of the Athanasian power of affirming contradictories, with respect to the nature of the Godhead, as there is for believing in the stories of the serpent and the ark told in Genesis, the speaking of Balaam's ass in Numbers, or the floating of the axe, at Elisha's order, in the second book of Kings.

It is one of the peculiarities of a really sound argument that it is susceptible of the fullest development; and that it sometimes leads to conclusions unexpected by those who employ it. To my mind, it is impossible to refuse to follow Dr. Newman when he extends his reasoning from the miracles of the patristic and mediæval ages backward in time as far as miracles are recorded. But, if the rules of logic are valid, I feel compelled to extend the argument forward to the alleged Roman miracles of the present day, which Dr. Newman might not have admitted, but which Cardinal Newman may hardly reject. Beyond question, there is as good, or perhaps better, evidence for the miracles worked by our Lady of Lourdes, as there is for the floating of Elisha's axe, or the speaking of Balaam's ass. But we must go still further; there is a modern system of thaumaturgy and demonology which is just as well certified as the ancient.[10] Veracious,

[9] According to Dr. Newman, 'This prayer [that of Bishop Alexander, who begged God to "take Arius away"] is said to have been offered about 3 P.M. on the Saturday; that same evening Arius was in the great square of Constantine, when he was suddenly seized with indisposition' (p. clxx.). The 'infidel' Gibbon seems to have dared to suggest that 'an option between poison and miracle' is presented by this case; and, it must be admitted, that, if the Bishop had been within reach of a modern police magistrate, things might have gone hardly with him. Modern 'Infidels,' possessed of a slight knowledge of chemistry, are not unlikely, with no less audacity, to suggest an 'option between fire-damp and miracle' in seeking for the cause of the fiery outburst at Jerusalem.

[10] A writer in a spiritualist journal takes me roundly to task for venturing to doubt the historical and literal truth of the Gadarene story. The following passage in his letter is worth quotation: 'Now to the materialistic and scientific mind, to the

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excellent, sometimes learned and acute persons, even philosophers of no mean pretension, testify to the 'levitation' of bodies much heavier than Elisha's axe; to the existence of 'spirits' who, to the mere tactile sense, have been indistinguishable from flesh and blood, and, occasionally, have wrestled with all the vigour of Jacob's opponent; yet, further, to the speech, in the language of raps, of spiritual beings, whose discourses, in point of coherence and value, are far inferior to that of Balaam's humble but sagacious steed. I have not the smallest doubt that, if these were persecuting times, there is many a worthy 'spiritualist' who would cheerfully go to the stake in support of his pneumatological faith, and furnish evidence, after Paley's own heart, in proof of the truth of his doctrines. Not a few modern divines, doubtless struck by the impossibility of refusing the spiritualist evidence, if the ecclesiastical evidence is accepted, and deprived of any *à priori* objection by their implicit belief in Christian Demonology, show themselves ready to take poor Sludge seriously, and to believe that he is possessed by other devils than those of need, greed, and vainglory.

Under these circumstances, it was to be expected, though it is none the less interesting to note the fact, that the arguments of the latest school of 'spiritualists' present a wonderful family likeness to those which adorn the subtle disquisitions of the advocate of ecclesiastical miracles of forty years ago. It is unfortunate for the 'spiritualists' that, over and over again, celebrated and trusted media, who really, in some respects, call to mind the Montanist[11] and gnostic seers of the second century, are either proved in courts of law to be fraudulent impostors; or, in sheer weariness, as it would seem, of the honest dupes who swear by them, spontaneously confess

uninitiated in spiritual verities, certainly this story of the Gadarene or Gergesene swine presents insurmountable difficulties; it seems grotesque and nonsensical. To the experienced, trained, and cultivated Spiritualist this miracle is, as I am prepared to show, one of the most instructive, the most profoundly useful, and the most beneficent which Jesus ever wrought in the whole course of His pilgrimage of redemption on earth.' Just so. And the first page of this same journal presents the following advertisement, among others of the same kidney:—

'To WEALTHY SPIRITUALISTS.—A Lady Medium of tried power wishes to meet with an elderly gentleman who would be willing to give her a comfortable home and maintenance in Exchange for her Spiritualistic services, as her guides consider her health is too delicate for public sittings: London preferred.—Address "Mary," Office of *Light*.'

Are we going back to the days of the Judges, when wealthy Micah set up his private ephod, teraphim, and Levite?

[11] Consider Tertullian's 'sister' ('hodie apud nos'), who conversed with angels, saw and heard mysteries, knew men's thoughts, and prescribed medicine for their bodies (*De Anima*, cap. 9). Tertullian tells us that this woman saw the soul as corporeal, and described its colour and shape. The 'infidel' will probably be unable to refrain from insulting the memory of the ecstatic saint by the remark that Tertullian's known views about the corporeality of the soul may have had something to do with the remarkable perceptive powers of the Montanist medium, in whose revelations of the spiritual world he took such profound interest.

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their long-continued iniquities, as the Fox women did the other day in New York.[12] But whenever a catastrophe of this kind takes place, the believers are no wise dismayed by it. They freely admit that not only the media, but the spirits whom they summon, are sadly apt to lose sight of the elementary principles of right and wrong; and they triumphantly ask: How does the occurrence of occasional impostures disprove the genuine manifestations (that is to say, all those which have not yet been proved to be impostures or delusions)? And, in this, they unconsciously plagiarise from the churchman, who just as freely admits that many ecclesiastical miracles may have been forged; and asks, with the same calm contempt, not only of legal proofs, but of common-sense probability, Why does it follow that none are to be supposed genuine? I must say, however, that the spiritualists, so far as I know, do not venture to outrage right reason so boldly as the ecclesiastics. They do not sneer at 'evidence'; nor repudiate the requirement of legal proofs. In fact, there can be no doubt that the spiritualists produce better evidence for their manifestations than can be shewn either for the miraculous death of Arius, or for the Invention of the Cross.[13]

From the 'levitation' of the axe at one end of a period of near three thousand years to the 'levitation' of Sludge & Co. at the other end, there is a complete continuity of the miraculous with every gradation from the childish to the stupendous, from the gratification of a caprice to the illustration of sublime truth. There is no drawing a line in the series that might be set out of plausibly attested cases of spiritual intervention. If one is true, all may be true; if one is false, all may be false.

This is, to my mind, the inevitable result of that method of reasoning which is applied to the confutation of Protestantism, with so much success, by one of the acutest and subtlest disputants who have ever championed Ecclesiasticism—and one cannot put his claims to acuteness and subtlety higher.

> . . . the Christianity of history is not Protestantism. If ever there were a safe truth it is this. . . . 'To be deep in history is to cease to be a Protestant.'[14]

I have not a shadow of doubt that these anti-Protestant epigrams are profoundly true. But I have as little that, in the same sense, the 'Christianity of history is not' Romanism; and that to be deeper

[12] See the New York *World* for Sunday, October 21, 1888; and the *Report of the Seybert Commission*, Philadelphia, 1887.

[13] Dr. Newman's observation that the miraculous multiplication of the pieces of the true cross (with which 'the whole world is filled,' according to Cyril of Jerusalem; and of which some say there are enough extant to build a man-of-war) is no more wonderful than that of the loaves and fishes is one that I do not see my way to contradict. See *Essay on Miracles*, 2nd ed. p. 163.

[14] *An Essay on the Development of Christian Doctrine*, by J. H. Newman, D.D., p. 7 and 8. (1878.)

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in history is to cease to be a Romanist. The reasons which compel my doubts about the compatibility of the Roman doctrine, or any other form of Catholicism, with history, arise out of exactly the same line of argument as that adopted by Dr. Newman in the famous essay which I have just cited. If, with one hand, Dr. Newman has destroyed Protestantism, he has annihilated Romanism with the other; and the total result of his ambidextral efforts is to shake Christianity to its foundations. Nor was any one better aware that this must be the inevitable result of his arguments—if the world should refuse to accept Roman doctrines and Roman miracles—than the writer of Tract 85.

Dr. Newman made his choice and passed over to the Roman Church half a century ago. Some of those who were essentially in harmony with his views preceded, and many followed him. But many remained; and, as the quondam Puseyite and present Ritualistic party, they are continuing that work of sapping and mining the Protestantism of the Anglican Church which he and his friends so ably commenced. At the present time, they have no little claim to be considered victorious all along the line. I am old enough to recollect the small beginnings of the Tractarian party; and I am amazed when I consider the present position of their heirs. Their little leaven has leavened, if not the whole, yet a very large, lump of the Anglican Church; which is now pretty much of a preparatory school for Papistry. So that it really behoves Englishmen (who, as I have been informed by high authority, are all, legally, members of the State Church, if they profess to belong to no other sect) to wake up to what that powerful organisation is about, and whither it is tending. On this point, the writings of Dr. Newman, while he still remained within the Anglican fold, are a vast store of the best and the most authoritative information. His doctrines on Ecclesiastical miracles and on Development are the corner-stones of the Tractarian fabric. He believed that his arguments led either Romeward, or to what ecclesiastics call 'Infidelity,' and I call Agnosticism. I believe that he was quite right in this conviction; but while he chooses the one alternative, I choose the other; as he rejects Protestantism on the ground of its incompatibility with history, so, *à fortiori*, I conceive that Romanism ought to be rejected, and that an impartial consideration of the evidence must refuse the authority of Jesus to anything more than the Nazarenism of James and Peter and John. And let it not be supposed that this is a mere 'infidel' perversion of the facts. No one has more openly and clearly admitted the possibility that they may be fairly interpreted in this way than Dr. Newman. If, he says, there are texts which seem to shew that Jesus contemplated the evangelisation of the heathen:

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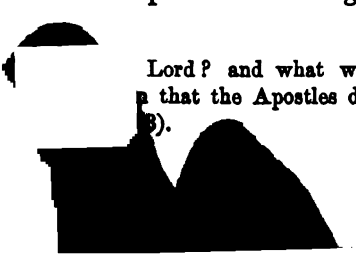

Lord? and what was *their* impression
a that the Apostles did not gather this
3).

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He said, 'Preach the Gospel to every creature.' These words *need* have only meant 'Bring all men to Christianity through Judaism.' Make them Jews, that they may enjoy Christ's privileges, which are lodged in Judaism; teach them those rites and ceremonies, circumcision and the like, which hitherto have been dead ordinances, and now are living: and so the Apostles seem to have understood them (*ibid.*, p. 65).

So far as Nazarenism differentiated itself from contemporary orthodox Judaism, it seems to have tended towards a revival of the ethical and religious spirit of the prophetic age, accompanied by the belief in Jesus as the Messiah, and by various accretions which had grown round Judaism subsequently to the exile. To these belong the doctrines of the Resurrection, of the Last Judgment, of Heaven and Hell; of the hierarchy of good angels; of Satan and the hierarchy of evil spirits. And there is very strong ground for believing that all these doctrines, at least in the shapes in which they were held by the post-exilic Jews, were derived from Persian and Babylonian[15] sources, and are essentially of heathen origin.

How far Jesus positively sanctioned all these indrainings of circumjacent Paganism into Judaism; how far any one has a right to say that the refusal to accept one or other of these doctrines as ascertained verities comes to the same thing as contradicting Jesus, it appears to me not easy to say. But it is hardly less difficult to conceive that he could have distinctly negatived any of them; and, more especially, that demonology which has been accepted by the Christian churches in every age and under all their mutual antagonisms. But, I repeat my conviction that, whether Jesus sanctioned the demonology of his time and nation or not, it is doomed. The future of Christianity as a dogmatic system and apart from the old Israelitish ethics which it has appropriated and developed, lies in the answer which mankind will eventually give to the question whether they are prepared to believe such stories as the Gadarene and the pneumatological hypotheses which go with it, or not. My belief is they will decline to do anything of the sort, whenever and wherever their minds have been disciplined by science. And that discipline must and will, at once follow and lead, the footsteps of advancing civilisation.

The preceding pages were written before I became acquainted with the contents of the May number of this Review, wherein I discover many things which are decidedly not to my advantage. It would appear that 'evasion' is my chief resource, 'incapacity for strict argument' and 'rottenness of ratiocination' my main mental

[15] Dr. Newman faces this question with his customary ability. 'Now, I own, I am not at all solicitous to deny that this doctrine of an apostate Angel and his hosts was gained from Babylon: it might still be Divine nevertheless. God who made the prophet's ass speak, and thereby instructed the prophet, might instruct His Church by means of heathen Babylon' (*Tract* 85, p. 83). There seems to be no end to the apologetic burden that Balaam's ass can carry.

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characteristics, and that it is 'barely credible' that a statement which I profess to make of my own knowledge is true. All which things I notice, merely to illustrate the great truth, forced on me by long experience, that it is only from those who enjoy the blessing of a firm hold of the Christian faith that such manifestations of meekness, patience, and charity are to be expected.

I had imagined that no one who had read my preceding papers, could entertain a doubt as to my position in respect of the main issue as it has been stated and restated by my opponent:

> an Agnosticism which knows nothing of the relation of man to God must not only refuse belief to our Lord's most undoubted teaching, but must deny the reality of the spiritual convictions in which he lived and died.[16]

That is said to be 'the simple question which is at issue between us,' and the three testimonies to that teaching and those convictions selected are the Sermon on the Mount, the Lord's Prayer, and the Story of the Passion.

My answer, reduced to its briefest form has been: In the first place, the evidence is such that the exact nature of the teachings and the convictions of Jesus is extremely uncertain, so that what ecclesiastics are pleased to call a denial of them may be nothing of the kind. And, in the second place, if Jesus taught the demonological system involved in the Gadarene story—if a belief in that system formed a part of the spiritual convictions in which he lived and died—then I, for my part, unhesitatingly refuse belief in that teaching, and deny the reality of those spiritual convictions. And I go further and add, that exactly in so far as it can be proved that Jesus sanctioned the essentially pagan demonological theories current among the Jews of his age, exactly in so far, for me, will his authority in any matter touching the spiritual world be weakened.

With respect to the first half of my answer, I have pointed out that the Sermon on the Mount, as given in the first Gospel, is, in the opinion of the best critics, a 'mosaic work' of materials derived from different sources, and I do not understand that this statement is challenged. The only other Gospel, the third, which contains something like it, makes, not only the discourse, but the circumstances under which it was delivered very different. Now, it is one thing to say that there was something real at the bottom of the two discourses —which it is quite possible; and another to affirm that we have any right to say what that something was, or to fix upon any particular phrase and declare it to be a genuine utterance. Those who pursue theology as a science, and bring to the study an adequate knowledge of the ways of ancient historians, will find no difficulty in providing illustrations of my meaning. I may supply one which has come within range of my own limited vision.

[16] *Nineteenth Century*, May 1889 (p. 701).

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In Josephus' 'History of the Wars of the Jews' (chap. xix.) that writer reports a speech which he says Herod made at the opening of a war with the Arabians. It is in the first person, and would naturally be supposed by the reader to be intended for a true version of what Herod said. In the 'Antiquities,' written some seventeen years later, the same writer gives another report, also in the first person, of Herod's speech on the same occasion. This second oration is twice as long as the first, and though the general tenour of the two speeches is pretty much the same, there is hardly any verbal identity, and a good deal of matter is introduced into the one, which is absent from the other. Now Josephus prides himself on his accuracy; people whose fathers might have heard Herod's oration were his contemporaries; and yet his historical sense is so curiously undeveloped, that he can, quite innocently, perpetrate an obvious literary fabrication; for one of the two accounts must be incorrect. Now, if I am asked whether I believe that Herod made some particular statement on this occasion; whether, for example, he uttered the pious aphorism, 'Where God is, there is both multitude and courage,' which is given in the 'Antiquities,' but not in the 'Wars,' I am compelled to say I do not know. One of the two reports must be erroneous, possibly both are: at any rate, I cannot tell how much of either is true. And, if some fervent admirer of the Idumean should build up a theory of Herod's piety upon Josephus' evidence that he propounded the aphorism, is it a 'mere evasion' to say, in reply, that the evidence that he did utter it is worthless?

It appears again that, adopting the tactics of Conachar when brought face to face with Hal o' the Wynd, I have been trying to get my simple-minded adversary to follow me on a wild-goose chase through the early history of Christianity, in the hope of escaping impending defeat on the main issue. But I may be permitted to point out that there is an alternative hypothesis which equally fits the facts; and that, after all, there may have been method in the madness of my supposed panic.

For suppose it to be established that Gentile Christianity was a totally different thing from the Nazarenism of Jesus and his immediate disciples; suppose it to be demonstrable that, as early as the sixth decade of our era at least, there were violent divergencies of opinion among the followers of Jesus; suppose it to be hardly doubtful that the Gospels and the Acts took their present shapes under the influence of these divergencies; suppose that their authors, and those through whose hands they passed, had notions of historical veracity not more eccentric than those which Josephus occasionally displays: surely the chances that the Gospels are altogether trustworthy records of the teachings of Jesus become very slender. And as the whole of the case of the other side is based on

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the supposition that they are accurate records (especially of speeches, about which ancient historians are so curiously loose), I really do venture to submit that this part of my argument bears very seriously on the main issue; and, as ratiocination, is sound to the core.

Again, when I passed by the topic of the speeches of Jesus on the Cross, it appears that I could have had no other motive than the dictates of my native evasiveness. An ecclesiastical dignitary may have respectable reasons for declining a fencing match 'in sight of Gethsemane and Calvary'; but an ecclesiastical 'Infidel'! Never. It is obviously impossible that, in the belief that 'the greater includes the less,' I, having declared the Gospel evidence in general, as to the sayings of Jesus, to be of questionable value, thought it needless to select for illustration of my views, those particular instances which were likely to be most offensive to persons of another way of thinking. But any supposition that may have been entertained that the old familiar tones of the ecclesiastical war-drum will tempt me to engage in such needless discussion had better be renounced. I shall do nothing of the kind. Let it suffice that I ask my readers to turn to the twenty-third chapter of Luke (revised version), verse thirty-four, and he will find in the margin

> Some ancient authorities omit: And Jesus said, 'Father forgive them, for they know not what they do.'

So that, even as late as the fourth century, there were ancient authorities, indeed some of the most ancient and weightiest, who either did not know of this utterance, so often quoted as characteristic of Jesus, or did not believe it had been uttered.

Many years ago, I received an anonymous letter, which abused me heartily for my want of moral courage in not speaking out. I thought that one of the oddest charges an anonymous letter-writer could bring. But I am not sure that the plentiful sowing of the pages of the article with which I am dealing with accusations of evasion, may not seem odder to those who consider that the main strength of the answers with which I have been favoured (in this Review and elsewhere) is devoted not to anything in the text of my first paper, but to a note which occurs at p. 171. In this I say:

> Dr. Wace tells us: 'It may be asked how far we can rely on the accounts we possess of our Lord's teaching on these subjects.' And he seems to think the question appropriately answered by the assertion that it 'ought to be regarded as settled by M. Renan's practical surrender of the adverse case.'

I requested Dr. Wace to point out the passages of M. Renan's works in which, as he affirms, this 'practical surrender' (not merely as to the age and authorship of the Gospels, be it observed, but as to their historical value) is made, and he has been so good as to do so. Now let us consider the parts of Dr. Wace's citation from Renan which are relevant to the issue:—

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The author of this Gospel [Luke] is certainly the same as the author of the Acts of the Apostles. Now the author of the Acts seems to be a companion of St. Paul—a character which accords completely with St. Luke. I know that more than one objection may be opposed to this reasoning; but one thing, at all events, is beyond doubt, namely, that the author of the third Gospel and of the Acts is a man who belonged to the second apostolic generation; and this suffices for our purpose.

This is a curious 'practical surrender of the adverse case.' M. Renan thinks that there is no doubt that the author of the third gospel is the author of the Acts—a conclusion in which I suppose critics generally agree. He goes on to remark that this person *seems* to be a companion of St. Paul, and adds that Luke was a companion of St. Paul. Then, somewhat needlessly, M. Renan points out that there is more than one objection to jumping, from such data as these, to the conclusion that 'Luke' is the writer of the third gospel. And, finally, M. Renan is content to reduce that which is 'beyond doubt' to the fact that the author of the two books is a man of the second apostolic generation. Well, it seems to me that I could agree with all that M. Renan considers 'beyond doubt' here, without surrendering anything, either 'practically' or theoretically.

Dr. Wace (*Nineteenth Century*, March, p. 363) states that he derives the above citation from the preface to the 15th edition of the *Vie de Jésus*. My copy of *Les Evangiles*, dated 1877, contains a list of Renan's *Œuvres Complètes*, at the head of which I find *Vie de Jésus*, 15e édition. It is, therefore, a later work than the edition of the *Vie de Jésus*, which Dr. Wace quotes. Now *Les Evangiles*, as its name implies, treats fully of the questions respecting the date and authorship of the Gospels; and any one who desired, not merely to use M. Renan's expressions for controversial purposes, but to give a fair account of his views in their full significance, would, I think, refer to the later source.

If this course had been taken, Dr. Wace might have found some as decided expressions of opinion in favour of Luke's authorship of the third gospel as he has discovered in *The Apostles*. I mention this circumstance because I desire to point out that, taking even the strongest of Renan's statements, I am still at a loss to see how it justifies that large-sounding phrase 'practical surrender of the adverse case.' For, on p. 438 of *Les Evangiles*, Renan speaks of the way in which Luke's 'excellent intentions' have led him to torture history in the Acts; he declares Luke to be the founder of that 'eternal fiction which is called ecclesiastical history'; and, on the preceding page, he talks of the 'myth' of the Ascension—with its *mise en scène voulue*. At p. 435, I find 'Luc, ou l'auteur quel qu'il soit du troisième Evangile'; at p. 280, the accounts of the Passion, the death and the resurrection of Jesus are said to be 'peu historiques'; at p. 283 'La valeur historique du troisième Evangile est sûrement moindre que celles des deux premiers.'

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A Pyrrhic sort of victory for orthodoxy this 'surrender'! And, all the while, the scientific student of theology knows that the more reason there may be to believe that Luke was the companion of Paul, the more doubtful becomes his credibility, if he really wrote the Acts. For, in that case, he could not fail to have been acquainted with Paul's account of the Jerusalem conference, and he must have consciously misrepresented it. We may next turn to the essential part of Dr. Wace's citation (*Nineteenth Century*, p. 365) touching the first gospel:—

St. Matthew evidently deserves peculiar confidence for the discourses. Here are 'the oracles'—the very notes taken while the memory of the instruction of Jesus was living and definite.

M. Renan here expresses the very general opinion as to the existence of a collection of 'logia,' having a different origin from the text in which they are embedded, in Matthew. 'Notes' are somewhat suggestive of a shorthand writer, but the suggestion is unintentional, for M. Renan assumes that these 'notes' were taken, not at the time of the delivery of the 'logia' but subsequently, while (as he assumes) the memory of them was living and definite; so that, in this very citation, M. Renan leaves open the question of the general historical value of the first gospel, while it is obvious that the accuracy of 'notes,' taken, not at the time of delivery, but from memory, is a matter about which more than one opinion may be fairly held. Moreover, Renan expressly calls attention to the difficulty of distinguishing the authentic 'logia' from later additions of the same kind (*Les Evangiles*, p. 201). The fact is, there is no contradiction here to that opinion about the first gospel which is expressed in *Les Evangiles* (p. 175).

The text of the so-called Matthew supposes the pre-existence of that of Mark, and does little more than complete it. He completes it in two fashions—first, by the insertion of those long discourses which gave their chief value to the Hebrew Gospels; then by adding traditions of a more modern formation, results of successive developments of the legend, and to which the Christian consciousness already attached infinite value.

M. Renan goes on to suggest that besides 'Mark,' 'pseudo-Matthew' used an Aramaic version of the Gospel originally set forth in that dialect. Finally as to the second gospel (*Nineteenth Century*, p. 365):—

He [Mark] is full of minute observations, proceeding, beyond doubt, from an eyewitness. There is nothing to conflict with the supposition that this eyewitness . . . was the Apostle Peter himself, as Papias has it.

Let us consider this citation also by the light of *Les Evangiles*:—

This work, although composed after the death of Peter, was, in a sense, the work of Peter; it represents the way in which Peter was accustomed to relate the life of Jesus (p. 116).

M. Renan goes on to say that, as an historical document, the

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Gospel of Mark has a great superiority (p. 116), but Mark has a motive for omitting the discourses; and he attaches a 'puerile importance' to miracles (p. 117). The Gospel of Mark is less a legend than a biography written with credulity (p. 118). It would be rash to say that Mark has not been interpolated and retouched (p. 120).

If any one thinks that I have not been warranted in drawing a sharp distinction between 'scientific theologians' and 'counsel for creeds;' or that my warning against the too ready acceptance of certain declarations as to the state of biblical criticism was needless; or that my anxiety as to the sense of the word 'practical' was superfluous, let him compare the statement that M. Renan has made a 'practical surrender of the adverse case' with the facts just set forth. For what is the adverse case? The question, as Dr. Wace puts it, is, 'It may be asked how far can we rely on the accounts we possess of our Lord's teaching on these subjects.' It will be obvious, that M. Renan's statements amount to an adverse answer—to a 'practical' denial that any great reliance can be placed on these accounts. He does not believe that Matthew, the apostle, wrote the first gospel; he does not profess to know who is responsible for the collection of 'logia' or how many of them are authentic; though he calls the second gospel the most historical, he points out that it is written with credulity and may have been interpolated and retouched; and, as to the author 'quel qu'il soit' of the third gospel, who is to 'rely on the accounts' of a writer who deserves the cavalier treatment which 'Luke' meets with at M. Renan's hands?

I repeat what I have already more than once said, that the question of the age and the authorship of the Gospels has not, in my judgment, the importance which is so commonly assigned to it; for the simple reason, that the reports, even of eyewitnesses, would not suffice to justify belief in a large and essential part of their contents; on the contrary, these reports would discredit the witnesses. The Gadarene miracle, for example, is so extremely improbable, that the fact of its being reported by three, even independent, authorities could not justify belief in it unless we had the clearest evidence as to their capacity as observers and as interpreters of their observations. But it is evident that the three authorities are not independent; that they have simply adopted a legend, of which there were two versions; and instead of their proving its truth, it suggests their superstitious credulity: so that if 'Matthew,' 'Mark,' and 'Luke' are really responsible for the Gospels, it is not the better for the Gadarene story, but the worse for them.

A wonderful amount of controversial capital has been made out of my assertion in the note to which I have referred, as an *obiter dictum* of no consequence to my argument, that, if Renan's work [17] were non-

[17] I trust it may not be supposed that I undervalue M. Renan's labours or intended to speak slightingly of them.

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extant, the main results of biblical criticism as set forth in the works of Strauss, Baur, Reuss, and Volkmar, for example, would not be sensibly affected. I thought I had explained it satisfactorily already, but it seems that my explanation has only exhibited still more of my native perversity, so I ask for one more chance.

In the course of the historical development of any branch of science, what is universally observed is this: that the men who make epochs and are the real architects of the fabric of exact knowledge are those who introduce fruitful ideas or methods. As a rule, the man who does this pushes his idea or his method too far; or, if he does not, his school is sure to do so, and those who follow have to reduce his work to its proper value, and assign it its place in the whole. Not unfrequently they, in their turn, overdo the critical process, and, in trying to eliminate errors, throw away truth.

Thus, as I said, Linnæus, Buffon, Cuvier, Lamarck really 'set forth the results' of a developing science, although they often heartily contradict one another. Notwithstanding this circumstance, modern classificatory method and nomenclature have largely grown out of the results of the work of Linnæus; the modern conception of biology, as a science, and of its relation to climatology, geography and geology are as largely rooted in the results of the labours of Buffon; comparative anatomy and palæontology owe a vast debt to Cuvier's results; while invertebrate zoology and the revival of the idea of evolution are intimately dependent on the results of the work of Lamarck. In other words, the main results of biology up to the early years of this century are to be found in, or spring out of, the works of these men.

So, if I mistake not, Strauss, if he did not originate the idea of taking the mythopœic faculty into account in the development of the Gospel narratives; and, though he may have exaggerated the influence of that faculty, obliged scientific theology hereafter to take that element into serious consideration; so Baur, in giving prominence to the cardinal fact of the divergence of the Nazarene and Pauline tendencies in the primitive Church; so Reuss, in setting a marvellous example of the cool and dispassionate application of the principles of scientific criticism over the whole field of Scripture; so Volkmar, in his clear and forcible statement of the Nazarene limitations of Jesus, contributed results of permanent value in scientific theology. I took these names as they occurred to me. Undoubtedly, I might have advantageously added to them; perhaps I might have made a better selection. But it really is absurd to try to make out, that I did not know that these writers widely disagree; and I believe that no scientific theologian will deny that, in principle, what I have said is perfectly correct. Ecclesiastical advocates, of course, cannot be expected to take this view of the matter. To them, these mere seekers after truth, in so far as their results are unfavourable to the creed the clerics have to support, are more or less 'infidels,' or

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favourers of 'infidelity'; and the only thing they care to see, or probably can see, is the fact that, in a great many matters, the truth-seekers differ from one another, and therefore can easily be exhibited to the public, as if they did nothing else; as if any one who referred to them, as having each and all contributed his share to the results of theological science, was merely showing his ignorance; and, as if a charge of inconsistency could be based on the fact that he himself often disagrees with what they say. I have never lent a shadow of foundation to the assumption that I am a follower of either Strauss, or Baur, or Reuss, or Volkmar, or Renan; my debt to these eminent men—so far my superiors in theological knowledge—is, indeed, great; yet it is not for their opinions, but for those I have been able to form for myself, by their help.

In 'Agnosticism: a Rejoinder' (p. 484), I have referred to the difficulties under which those professors of the science of theology, whose tenure of their posts depends on the results of their investigations, must labour; and, in a note, I add—

> Imagine that all our chairs of Astronomy had been founded in the fourteenth century, and that their incumbents were bound to sign Ptolemaic articles. In that case, with every respect for the efforts of persons thus hampered to attain and expound the truth, I think men of common sense would go elsewhere to learn astronomy.

I did not write this paragraph without a knowledge that its sense would be open to the kind of perversion which it has suffered; but, if that was clear, the necessity for the statement was still clearer. It is my deliberate opinion: I reiterate it; and I say that, in my judgment, it is extremely inexpedient that any subject which calls itself a science should be entrusted to teachers who are debarred from freely following out scientific methods to their legitimate conclusions, whatever those conclusions may be. If I may borrow a phrase paraded at the Church Congress, I think it 'ought to be unpleasant' for any man of science to find himself in the position of such a teacher.

Human nature is not altered by seating it in a professorial chair, even of theology. I have very little doubt that if, in the year 1859, the tenure of my office had depended upon my adherence to the doctrines of Cuvier, the objections to those set forth in the *Origin of Species* would have had a halo of gravity about them that, being free to teach what I pleased, I failed to discover. And, in making that statement it does not appear to me that I am confessing that I should have been debarred by 'selfish interests' from making candid inquiry, or that I should have been biassed by 'sordid motives.' I hope that even such a fragment of moral sense as may remain in an ecclesiastical 'infidel' might have got me through the difficulty; but it would be unworthy to deny or disguise the fact that a very

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serious difficulty must have been created for me by the nature of my tenure. And let it be observed that the temptation, in my case, would have been far slighter than in that of a professor of theology; whatever biological doctrine I had repudiated, nobody I cared for would have thought the worse of me for so doing. No scientific journals would have howled me down, as the religious newspapers howled down my too honest friend, the late Bishop of Natal; nor would my colleagues the Royal Society have turned their backs upon me, as his episcopal colleagues boycotted him.

I say these facts are obvious, and that it is wholesome and needful that they should be stated. It is in the interests of theology, if it be a science, and it is in the interests of those teachers of theology who desire to be something better than counsel for creeds, that it should be taken to heart. The seeker after theological truth and that only, will no more suppose that I have insulted him, than the prisoner who works in fetters will try to pick a quarrel with me, if I suggest that he would get on better if the fetters were knocked off; unless indeed, as it is said does happen in the course of long captivities, that the victim at length ceases to feel the weight of his chains or even takes to hugging them, as if they were honourable ornaments.[18]

T. H. HUXLEY.

[18] To-day's *Times* contains a report of a remarkable speech by Prince Bismarck, in which he tells the Reichstag, that he has long given up investing in foreign stock, lest so doing should mislead his judgment in his transactions with foreign states. Does this declaration prove that the Chancellor accuses himself of being 'sordid' and 'selfish,' or does it not rather show that, even in dealing with himself, he remains the man of realities?

The Editor of THE NINETEENTH CENTURY *cannot undertake to return unaccepted MSS.*

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